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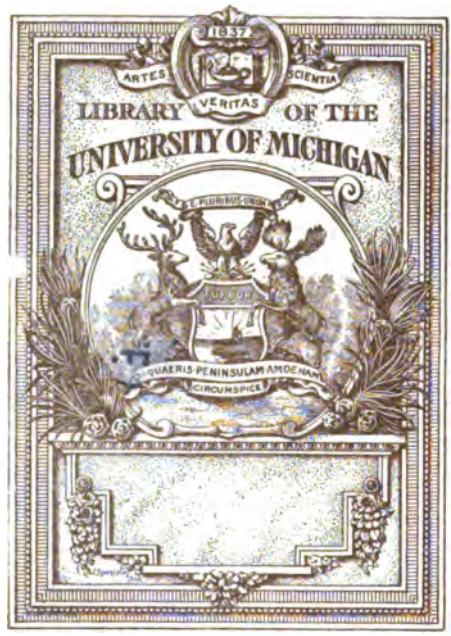
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NEW SERIES. VOL. XV.

JANUARY TO JUNE 1877

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1877.

JÒN JÒNSONN'S SAGA:

THE GENUINE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MODERN ICELANDER.

EDITED BY GEORGE RALPH FITZ-ROY COLE, C.E.

ICELAND, though much visited of late, is but little known. Those who have penetrated into the land of Sagas bring back a strong interest in the strange country, its grand natural phenomena, and the quaint simple people who dwell there. Some who have explored the North of Iceland may remember a remarkable character, by name Jòn Jònsonn, whose abode lay near Lake Myvatn, and whose delight was to welcome travellers. Proud of his acquirements, for he had educated himself, in spite of all difficulties, far above his surroundings, he was ever eager to add to his knowledge, and his chief pleasure was to practise the 'English tongue,' which he had taught himself. Travellers (among whom Sir G. W. Dasent, Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. Henderson are named) found that they could not better requite his hospitality than by presenting him with an English book. He amused his leisure hours by compiling the following account of his life in English.

In 1875 a party of travellers, led by Captain Burton, of African celebrity, encamped near Lake Myvatn, and in the intervals of their exploration of the natural features of that district, wherein the marvellous achievements of volcanic effort are so strangely recorded, sought out Jòn Jònsonn's abode. He was some years dead;[1] but his fame survived, and he was spoken of in the countryside as a marvel of enterprise and attainments. His autobiography, written as it was in English, was a sealed book to his surviving family, their 'having' in that tongue extending but to few words. His widow presented the manuscript to the writer on the 17th of July, 1875, as a practical answer to his inquiries respecting her husband.

Perhaps this simple, genuine 'Saga,' telling of the inner life of modern Iceland, may interest readers who have read old Icelandic Sagas, and may give them fresh reason to believe those stories of a people who played no mean part in the early history of Europe, and were not unconnected with the New World to which many of them are now migrating. The style of this homely narrative is strangely like that of the old story of 'Burnt Njal,' the Orkney Saga, and others which have been translated of late years from Icelandic. In the present case it is the style of a simple Icelander who had learned to ex-

[1] The exact date of his demise was not ascertained, but it is believed to have occurred in the winter of 1868.

press his thoughts in English. It is the Saga of Jòn Jònsonn, written by him in a foreign language from his own Icelandic thoughts; the story of that calm, quiet life which men lead now-a-days out in Iceland, where life was so stormy of old. We keep the original spelling throughout, as part of the character of this autobiography. The writer improves in the use of the language as he goes on.

Jòn Jònsonn.—Vogum.

My past live.

My biograph, and my farming or housekeep, my journi, and sojourn i Copenhagen, besides the manners, and the change of manners from my childhood to the present time in Icland, and the reckoning of my fishing of trout, eggs, sheep.

I am borne the year 1829, September 8, in the cottage Itrinesland, by Myvatn. My father died the same year, in the spring, 18 weeks before my birthday, at Reikjalid, by Myvatn, wher he served a wealthy landholder who vere his uncle. he vas 34 years old, when he died, and had lived 3½ year in marriage with my mother. He left one daughter when he died, 2½ year older than I Conceqvently our mother vas at this time a grieving widow. My parents had appointed to begin houskeeping at Itrineslandum in the Spring, this very same year, and my mother vere therfore obliged to remove thither; for the old Farmer Porstein (it was his name) died early in the Winter this year, and his son, the preast in the parishes about Myvatn, removed to Reikjahlid from Vogum, the nearest cottage farm. My mother then began houskeeping or farming, and got a faithfull man-servant to look after her sheep and horses, and to work by hay harvest in summer. But my father, as he had served the old man Porstein i Reikjahlid from his childhood, and vas ferryman on a river in great distant (26 English miles) to east from Reikjahlid, and during winters looked at more than 100 rams, often in snowy and bad weather. Thorstein, his aunt, gaf or bequeathed to him on deathbed the half of all land and houses in Vogum, which is spacious, and somewher fertile and grassy land. And besides, ther are some holms and isles that belong to Vogum wher many birds and ducks lay and hatch eggs, and besides that there is plenty of grass and Angelica bushes. As the country house Vogum stand hard by the water, there is also fishing of trout, some years of considerably quantum, especially of gilthead, which in autumn go clos under land and lay spawn, and is then easely intangled in net. But as to the land, it lies beside the eastern side of the north-east part of Myvatn, which is called in Icland tongue Itriftos, and extend itselv to and above the nearest hills, and is excellent pasturage, wher 300 rams and lambs pasture in the Summer. But nearest to the water is grassy meadows, and sometimes good hay harvest (the time for making hay last generally 8 or 9 weeks on Icland), but a great part of this land is barren black sand and rough lava from Volcano. From this contryhous is a spacious and beautiful Shew to the surrunding mountains, and over the lake, and its holms and islets. The lake is crowded of several kinds of birds in Spring and Summer, and most of them is birds of passing, but certain kinds of them remain the whole winter becaus the water around Vogum never freezes in the severest winter, for it is warm and it is for the veins of subterraneous water that fall in the lake, and come from the brimstone mines. These mines lie about 3 to 4 english miles from Vogum. It is but this small part of the lake Myvatn

that is not covered of thick ice during the winters, and therefore the remaining birds use to go thither to get shelter and food in the austere season of the year, and squeak cheerfully many a day swiming on the warm water. Besides this now describet land, the old farmer Thorstein gave my parents some sheep (about 20), one cow, one horse, and some furniture for houskeeping, and 100 dollars to boot, but he was not destined to reap the fruit of his labour in this World.

I the other of his offspring (for I had one sister 2½ year older than I) vere unborne, as above mentioned. I say I vere then the inherit of a part of their possessions, and therefore the division was delaied, till I came to the world, and as I vas a male child I got double as much as my sister, and double lesser than my mother, for she got the half of the whole propriety, but to me was distributed by the Jurist, the half of the land, and my mother the half of the land belonging to Vogum, but the other half land around this hous fall by portion to the priest in this parish, the son of Thorstein in Reikjahlid. When I was borne my nurse tok me home at her house Reikjahlid, where I vas nursed for 3 weeks according to the custom in Icland in those days, for then the food for infants consisted in the best cow milk, but no women gave suck. After these 3 weeks I were borne to my mother's housv, and there I vas nursed for the 3 successive years together with my sister (Sigridi, the name of her). But in this last year, my mother secondly married a peasant from the vicinity, and therafter they changed abode, and dwelt next 2 years in Hofstodum, a country-house near Laxa, or the Salmon river, which falls from Myvatn to the ocean. When these 2 years had elasped, they turned servants, and removed to Grimstada, to a rich farmer. This Cottage stands north of Myvatn, about one english mile to west from Reikjahlid, close by a conciderable plain of lava, which vere casted upp the years 1724, and 1728, from Krabla and Langaleirhujúk twa Volcans. My mother and stepfather served two years at this farmer's house, but after these years my famely dispersed. I went to Itrinesland but the others to Geirastada, few miles from Grimstad. My occupation vas to look after about 30 ewe in the summer months, whilst the people vas occupied in make hay. I shifted dwelling after one year, and went to my mother's friend in Injoskadal, about 20 english miles from Myvatn. When I had been ther one year, I turned to my lovely lake Myvatn again because my stepfather (Andres, that is his name) began houskeeping in Itrineslond, and my famely joined onse again. We were 5, for now I had a half-brother, who was 3 year younger than I. We two boys vere charged as shepherd's boys, to take care of a few ewe which belonged to my stepfather, and another peasant (for they vere then two in Itrinesland), and by this time I began to learn grass cutting, for now I vas grown bigger, and could do many works by houskeeping, and besides I had learnt reading of my mother, as is common on Icland, for here are not schools for children's education. Many times we brethren met with 2 neighbouring boys, that also were occupied at sheepkeeping, and we used to amuse ourselves by several sport and playing, viz., go in the water even to the mouth, go in search after eggs, fling stones at flying birds, whilst the sheep vas in rest, and the weather pleasant. I had alwais a great longing to come and live in Vogum, but my uncle Pal' Johns dwelt ther, and could no remove, though he now becam

very old. When we had dwelt 3 years in Itrinesland, my uncle removed from Vogum, and went to the priest, on 'háls i Injoskadal' who was his father, and the half of land and house in Vogum become vacant, for future abide to my stepfather and his family, which now consisted of 6 persons, for he had a manservant. I dreamd and I fanced by day and night, of my blessed Paradis Vogum, and I ever remember the cheerful day, next Saturday to Whitsuntide 1840, when Andrès had transferred all the furniture on a boat, and driven the few sheep to Vogum, and it was appointed early in the morning that we should part with this dwelling-place and remov to Vogum. I and Sigrida my sister, should lead the single cow they possessed about the northly water on horseback, for the rest of the famely went by water in the boat. I and my sister had a pleasant trip, and stayed awhile, both on Grimstad and Reikjahlid, and arrived to Vogum in the afternoon. Here vas another peasant, Petur vas his name, and in both famelies were 12 persons. Now I and my brother vere obliged to tak care of the sheep and cows, because they would not stay a moment in this new place. But as to me, it vas the contrary. I was very glad and delighted at this land and water, which vas studded of trout, and covered of birds, and became in my childish imagination the very Paradis, and besides I vas aware that a conciderable part of the land belonged to my. I remember my joifullness, when I and my brother Benidict drove the sheep along the water shore to the Pasturage, which vas surrounded of the water on three sides, and we had but to look after them on the one. We met every day two neighbouring boys, which vere charged to take care of a herd of sheep; we played and conversed continually day after day. When the weather vas fine, I lived very contentful and pleasant in this maner for awhile, but the following Summers as I grew bigger, I vas emploied at hay-cutting and harvest for som weeks at that season, and some days I kept in savety the ewes. But as I vas a bookish lad, I used to read a great variety of Iclandish books, especially the biographs or Saga of the former days' inhabitants in Icland, and their great exploits; and besides I learned by mysel from books, the Arithmetic. And by all opportunities I went in the water in order to learn swimming, and at length I succeeded and could swim in deep water, but at this period here vas nobody who understood to swim at Myvatn. This vas my dayly amusement at leisures. When 2 years had elapsed, the other peasant Petur removed, but his successor in Vogum became a young priest (Sir Thortakur), a son of old Sir John in Reikjahlid, this Thortakur should be his father's adjutor at Divine Service, or curate. As for me, I vas very much contented at this change, for I beleaved that I could get opportunities to receave instruction of him in the Intellectuals I had applied to, and especially to be perfect in the arithmetic, and learn to read and understand the Denish language, which I then began to read by myselv. But in the summer months here vas always hurry of bussiness at several works, viz., fishing trout, search and gather eggs, cultivate the meadows, carry on horses several necessaries from town, dress and make 'Skir' [curds] of the abundant milk, and above all, cutt and make hay, and therefore I, as well as the others, had scarsely time to rest or sleep. But as the winter approched I set to work, and began to learn writing and arithmetic, and read Denish, and I sussided to learn all this in the winter 1843–44. But in 1845 I turned servant, and went to Reikjahlid and served the old

priest Sir John, in his farmhouse. I worked for a fee of 20 dollars a year, but had always much to do of severall work, especialli in the hay harvest.

But about this time I had got a great longing to go abroad to Denmark, and learn one or other profession; this I told to the old priest, and imediatly got permission of him, and his son Petur (whom I served some months of the year), and besides the reverend priest assisted me in my intention. In autumn of 1847, I prepared myselv to the voyage, with mony and clothes, and had then in possession 220 dollars, and did not however sell my land in Vogum, but my garments, and other things that I possessed, and thus I prepared myselv to the voyage, and took leave with all my frennds and relations, not without a mixet and perturbed mind, both of sorrow and joyfull hope, for I had then great longing for to see and sojourn in foreign country, and beside to learn ther the joinery. My mother followed me on horseback to the town Husavik, there I took leave with her and likewise my only sister. I went on board a little yat, called *Neptunus*, that was loaded of mutton. She departed from the harbour Oktober 14, 1847. It was my first day on sea, I had therefore many things to observ. I began also to write a memorandum or daybook, and have continued it from this time, both in Denmark and Icland, I can therefore easely and exaktly recollect all the adventures during my sojourn in Copenhagen. But my mother wrot and sent to me in Copenhagen, a briefly written annual journal, from her farm Vogum, for the most concerning the weather and œconomy, and some reports from the war in Denmark, that she heard from the mercants and sailors. But most of this reports was wrong and absurd, viz. a bombardment of Copenhagen! the king's dead! But I wrote her letters, and told all the adventures, that I heard from the war and I knew to be truthfull, for she was always afflicted for me, during the time of War.

I was attacked a litle of seasickness the two first days. We had a favourable gale to the 23rd, then we was overtaken of a violent storm, that began in the night; the sea roared, the wind whistled throgh the sail and robes, and the small yat was shaken violently of the great billows. I lay praying in my bed in great fright, and expected every moment that the ship would go under, or be driven on a shallow, and my terror did not diminish when, in a sudden, I heard a great nois on the deck, and the loud vois of the crew. I thought the ship had struck against a shallow, and we were lost. But in the very moment I heard one desend the stairs, and that was my freand and countryman Ole Berring (the cooper). He spook to me, and asked, 'Ist thou afread, John?' I confessed, especialli for the nois on deck; he said 'it was a sailyard that fell from the mast, and nobody is hurt of it. I think, likewise, the storm will soon decrease, but we are driven about 20 english [miles?] back, and we are all dead fatiged in this terrible storm.' He then asended, but I was remedied of the fear afterwards. The day came on, I dressed myselv, and went upon deck, and saw over the wast and roaring ocean, in wondering horror, when at once a great billow embraced me, and I became almost wet throughout; but could not feel it pleasant to get another embracment, and therefore went to the cabin again, but not without mocking of the sailors. I remained below stairs the whole day. But the wether changed, and we got a favourable wind, and the next morning I saw for the first time a foreighn country, viz. Norway. When we approched I could distinctly see the

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look at the great buildings, and several works of men which all was new for my eyes, but yet I wanted a good freand. however, I used to go wher some of my countrymen lived together, every Sunday, and became aquainted with them.

At this time it was agreed in my behalf, between Mr. Hemmert and Lassen, my master, that I should live for 3 sussessive years at his hous, which was the appointed time for my apprentisship, and this aggreement vere then written on stamped paper, it was likways in the contract, that I should pay 80 dollars to Mr. Lassen for his instruction, and besides he promised to learn me drawing. I was fond of the trade and worked asseduously. We got upp at 6 o'clock every morning, but stoped at 8 o'clock in evening. Therefore I had always hours free before I went to bed, and as I was greatly fond of books, I borowed them, as many as I could read, all of course in denish language, and read perpetually. A Jew, the owner of the hous, had a litle library, and lent me several amusing works, some of them were translated from English, viz: 'Jacob Faithfull,' 'Peter Simple,' 'Japhet in search of a Father.' I liked these works so well that I at once determined to begin learning the English tongue, and therefor I bought a Pocket Dictionary, a Gramar and Dialogues, and began by myselv to learn of these books at all my leisure hours, but found it very difficult at first, especialli in the pronounsing, and as I have to the present day read and by opportunities spoken this language I at last understand it on books, but am though not able to write it without blunders, and have not yet use of the common phrases. I have never had a master to teach myselv, but have sometimes met with travelling Englishmen, and attended their pronounsing in some words. They have likeways in a kindly manner teached me in difficult expressions in this tongue. Although I have always been very lusting for to get English books, I have yet a limited number of them, though I knew some of the authors, and has but seen the title pages of their works. At Christmas I went in the Royal Church, and got opportuncty to see King Christian the 8, he was a stout and corpulent man. I had several pleasures in this holyday, in company with my countrymen, but I could not agree with some of them, because I had gone in 'entire temperance,' to taste not a single glass of wine, but some of them liked to go into the taverns and therefore they thought I was of a melancoly temper, when I would not at all follow their manner in this. However, I had plenty of pleasures in the first year, but afterwards I went out of my temperance and [was?] conquered of the temptations that surrounded me in this misleading place. But I was obliged to work every day, and even on Sunday to 12 o'clock, but then I walked in the City, in order to search after pleasures. About this time a great occurence came to pass in the history of denmark, by the dead of His Majesty King Christian the 8, which happened the 20 Januar, 1848, after fifteen days' sickness. I was granted, as the whole people in Copenhagen, to see him in his bed of state, as well as his coffin. a was among a great multitude of the inhabitans that went in of one door and out of another, in Amalienborg, and glanced only at the royal body in a deep silence. At the time when he was conveyed from the City to Roskildi, in Februar, then almost all the whole inhabitans were gathered in crowds in 'Kongensnytore,' the spacious place, and wayted there till the hearse passed, and the royal famely besides a numerous host of warriors who went before and behind the

houses at the seashore, as well as the high trees in the forest. We passed Udandesness, but the next day, 25 October, we got sight of Denmark. The wether was clear and calm, and I was much delighted to look around to the numerus ships that sailed to and fro on the ocean, it was all news for my senses, and I had many things to observe, especially when I first got a steamer in view, for I had never seen such a ship before. We reached to Öresund the 27th, but could not advanse any longer, for contrary wind and tide. But it happened that a old man came to us in a boat, with 2 of his sons, and let them (according to the wish of the captain) draw the ship nearer to the coast, wher the current run in direction to Kronborg. we were then at last aside Helsingaar, wher the strait is most narrow, but we were obligated to remain here the night. It was calm weather, and one could distinctly hear the rattles from the wagons on the roads, as well as the nois from the ships that lai around us. early in the next morning, October 28, went under sail, although the wind and stream were against us, as the other ships that sailed in the same direction. We could not advanse much for this day and likewise the next, but on the 30th the wind began to be favourable, and half an hour past eight we got view of the steeples i Copenhagen, and soon afterwards the vessel was drawn in the harbour. Then I was very glad, for I began to be tedious of the voiage.

Here in Copenhagen I had appointed to sojourn for some years, in order to learn the joinery. I knew nobody in this city, but the crew on the vessel, but I had a letter from the old priest, Sir John, to his freand the merkant Andrew Hemmert, conserning me. When I got opportunity I went to his office and brought him this letter, and after reading it, he spoke very kindly to me, and said he would willingly procure an apprentiship for me, in an honurable house, for he was a freand to my father, who had frequently ferried him over the river Jokulra, when he was travelling in Icland on comercial affairs, and besides, he gave me my passage to Copenhagen, that was comonly 20 dollars. I remained a couple of days in the ship, as he required this time to find a master for me, and when this was done he sent his son to me, in order to guide myselv to the hous, and I followed him to No. 187, in the street that is called in Denish tongue, Over gaden over vandet, or the street beyond the water. we entered the hous that was destined my dwelling place for 3 sussessive years. My trunk and other things vere brought thither to me, and the same day I began to plaine. The master kept one other Denish apprentic and a journyman—the master was then unmarried, but he lived at his stepfather's Jorgenson, who was a schoolmaster, and was every day occupied in instructing boys and girls in writing, arithmetic and music. His whole family was very kind and amiable to me, but the youngster, my fellow-apprentic, could never agree with me, for I was not yet able to speck correct the Denish tongue, and therefore he mocked my incessantly, and it came to blows and quarrel between us every day. He thought I and my country-people were very sheepish set of people, but as I could not bear or accept this blame, without bad words again, the peac was caste out, and it came to blows in the master's absence. I began to long for a better fellow, but on Sunday à was free, and became aquainted with some of my own countrymen, that were many in the city, and amused myselv with them. There I found plenty of pleasureings in wandering about the city, and

look at the great buildings, and several works of men which all was new for my eyes, but yet I wanted a good freand. however, I used to go wher some of my countrymen lived together, every Sunday, and became aquainted with them.

At this time it was agreed in my behalf, between Mr. Hemmert and Lassen, my master, that I should live for 3 sussessive years at his hous, which was the appointed time for my apprentisship, and this aggreement vere then written on stamped paper, it was likways in the contract, that I should pay 80 dollars to Mr. Lassen for his instruction, and besides he promised to learn me drawing. I was fond of the trade and worked assednously. We got upp at 6 o'clock every morning, but stoped at 8 o'clock in evening. Therefore I had always hours free before I went to bed, and as I was greatly fond of books, I borowed them, as many as I could read, all of course in denish language, and read perpetually. A Jew, the owner of the hous, had a litle library, and lent me several amusing works, some of them were translated from English, viz: 'Jacob Faithfull,' 'Peter Simple,' 'Japhet in search of a Father.' I liked these works so well that I at once determined to begin learning the English tongue, and therefor I bought a Pocket Dictionary, a Gramar and Dialogues, and began by myselv to learn of these books at all my leisure hours, but found it very difficult at first, especialli in the pronounsing, and as I have to the present day read and by opportunities spoken this language I at last understand it on books, but am though not able to write it without blunders, and have not yet use of the common phrases. I have never had a master to teach myselv, but have sometimes met with travelling Englishmen, and attended their pronounsing in some words. They have likeways in a kindly manner teached me in difficult expressions in this tongue. Although I have always been very lusting for to get English books, I have yet a limited number of them, though I knew some of the authors, and has but seen the title pages of their works. At Christmas I went in the Royal Church, and got opportuncty to see King Christian the 8, he was a stout and corpulent man. I had several pleasures in this holyday, in company with my countrymen, but I could not agree with some of them, because I had gone in 'entire temperance,' to taste not a single glass of wine, but some of them liked to go into the taverns and therefore they thought I was of a melancoly temper, when I would not at all follow their manner in this. However, I had plenty of pleasures in the first year, but afterwards I went out of my temperance and [was?] conquered of the temptations that surrounded me in this misleading place. But I was obliged to work every day, and even on Sunday to 12 o'clock, but then I walked in the City, in order to search after pleasures. About this time a great occurence came to pass in the history of denmark, by the dead of His Majesty King Christian the 8, which happened the 20 Januar, 1848, after fifteen days' sickness. I was granted, as the whole people in Copenhagen, to see him in his bed of state, as well as his coffin. a was among a great multitude of the inhabitans that went in of one door and out of another, in Amalienborg, and glanced only at the royal body in a deep silence. At the time when he was conveyed from the City to Roskildi, in Februar, then almost all the whole inhabitans were gathered in crowds in 'Kongensnytore,' the spacious place, and wayted there till the hearse passed, and the royal famely besides a numerous host of warriors who went before and behind the

hears, all the streets were illuminated wher they passed through. The Artisans sang a song, or their good-by to their blessed freand, for when living he was fond of the art, and assisted the Artisans. At his dead, his son Fridrik the 7, came to the throne in Denmark, but his reign did not begin peasably, for in March 1848, the war broke out in the dukedoms Sleswig and Holstein. The army was made ready to meet the enemies, the fleet also were set out, and there were much business in the City in several preparations for the commensement of these hostilities, every man were specking of these treacherous people, and every one had good expectations that they would speedely be subdued. But it would not be so easy matters when the prussians and the United troops from Germany came to assist and protect the dukedoms. I had often opportunity to look at the departur of the army, as well as the military exercises which were but to increas my pleasures, for I thougt there were no danger and the City were unconquerable when they had fortified around it, especially towards the seaside, for accidental arrival of hostile fleet. At last the reputation went throug the City that a fleet from England were approching, and had even reached the strayt Öresund. I believed this, and therfore in my leisure hours asended the highest towers, borrowed a teleoscope and looked around, but there were nothing to be seen in the shape of a hostile fleet. Many of the citizens went as volunteers to the war, and I caught the idea to go to the campaign voluntairly, as 3 of my countrymen, but I was hindered in my scope of my master. The rapports came dayly in the city, and by and by the Germanish prisoners were transferred to Copenhagen, as well as a great number of merkant vessels from Germany that were obliged for a while to lay in the harbour, but at the truce the prisoners and ships obtained liberty as well as the Denish prisoners in the Dukedom.

It is needless for me to describe the progress of this war, which is known everiwhere, but to turn again to my own narration though very monotonous, during my stay in Copenhagen. My chief aim was then to observ, and learn as much as I had time and acceptableness for, and my inclination to books was ever my prevailing lust. Therefore I read at all my leisure hours, even in the night, various books. At last I entered into the Sunday Schools, and found great pleasure by it, and besides that it do not cost a farthing, and the time was my own on the Sabbat. I sat there among some 50 youngsters and reseaved instruction from 3 schoolmasters, in writing, accounts, denish gramar and ortography, and devoted myselv to the study during the 3 hours the instruction lasted. By and by I entered the drawing school, and began to draw during 2 hours, thus I sat in schools 5 hours every Sunday, and had the 3 advantages by it, viz.: amusing, learning, and saving of mony. I had the custom to spend not more than 16 skilling (4 pens) on Sunday the first year, for I was compelled to save my litle mony and to use it for other nessessaries, and therefore very seldom went to the play. But I had great longing for to learn playing on violin, and got permission of an old man to come to him every Sunday evening in order to learn the play, during 2 hours, which cost me about 4 pens. Besides I played by myselv every eve i the workshop, and began soon to learn some of the most common melodies in the city, and as I have to present day collected and learnt many melodies. I am the sole person in the shire Thingosissel in Icland, that can have the name of a musical,

for the people on the northward Icland have not the least understanding of music, exept in the town Öfjord, and one cannot gain a farthing by playing. But they like best to hear the common salms be played which they are wont to sing in the churches and at Domical servise. The only advantage I have of this musical learning consist in the amusement to myselv, becaus I am greatly fond of this branch of sciense or art, and could not resist to lay out some of my scanty mony in this view. Indeed, I devoted all my time of my sojourn i Copenhagen to learning of different kind, notwithstanding I determined to return to my loved lake Myvatn again, and at last be a farmer in Vogum.

I read and played on my violin by every opportunity, and yet I recollect when the old Mrs. Jorgenson saw me somtimes reading, that she sayed 'Thou canst never be a preast, John; learn but the joinery touroughly, it is enough for thee.' I had a very bad and unbearable companion in Julivas, the other apprentice, and had always great aversion to him, but to my great satisfaction the master discharged him late in the winter 1848, for nobody could like him, he was an insolent idler. In the following Spring his sussessor became a countryman of mine, and in the Sumer the master took one other, so we were 3 Iclanders that worked in his shop so long as I lived in Copenhagen, and I found their company more pleasant than that I had formerly, althoug we were of a different disposition, and each of us went in the leisur hours to his pleasures. I used sometimes to walk to Frederiksburg, about one english mile from this City, there one had very fine prospect above the metropol, or I went into Tivolee, which cost but 4 pens. There were always many remarkableness to observ, but I payed most attention to the music, and I wondered to see the athletic art that was performed of some Englishmen in the Sunday evenings. I used to visit the coffee rooms, and had there opportunity to read the newspapers and be aquainted with the affairs in the war, besides many other adventures that occured in Europe, namely, the revolution in Paris. In this manner I passed my time very agreeably, and was always at home at 10 o'clock, and as I had very good books in my litle library I diverted myselv by reading before I went to bed. I had sometimes permission to visit the great exibitions of art and phisical things, that were free and open for everybody once or twic in a week, namely, Thorwaldsen's Museum, one of the most beautefull and decorated building in the city, and where the most wonderfull works of art had been collected, after the great master, Thorwaldsen. I could calculate he was a countryman of mine becaus he desended from Icland, as his father, Thorwaldsen, was an Iclander, and had went down to Copenhagen and learned the sculptery. He married with a Denish lady, and lived all his days in Copenhagen.

Sometimes I visited the great exibition of several pictures in the royal palace, Kristianborgflot, and found great pleasure in the view of this admirable works of art that were collected in the second floor of this palace, and as I had the catalogue I was able to know the name of the painters from different countries Likewise I do not omit to visit the spacious rooms with the zoologist collections, for there were numerous kinds to be seen, especialli of birds, and many of them from my native country, Icland, and I found myselv almost at home in their company, although they were but skins of birds. As they were artificially stuffed it appeared as living birds sitting on their nest, similar to the hatching

places in Myvatn, but here were wanting the charming nature, and beautefull verdure, as well as the cheerfull chattering of the birds in the sumer months at Myvatn. At this time I was thinking of my former home in Icland, and compared it by that now was my home, viz., Copenhagen. I could not think it more agreeable, but it was true I had opportunity to learn and see many pleasant things, and had no cause to complain over my master. But I was obliged to work the day long in his workshop, and never be absent one single night, contrary to my former live, for on Icland is unlimitable liberty even for the servants, and plenty recreation for the youth. This was time of war, but on Icland the war is never known nowadays, although they were a warlike tribe in former days, when the republic existed in Icland. During the winter nights prayer or domestical service is a coustom above the whole island, which is scarsely a coustom in other countries.

In the letters I reseaved from home my mother and relations wished that I would return to Icland as soon as I had finished my learning, and therefore I settled by myselv to leav the city early in the spring 1851. I maked a chest of drawers as a proof of my abelity in the trade, after the costom in Denmark, this chest was brougt up on the town hous, and compared to the drawing which I had drawn before, and as it passed through and was accepted I got my liberty this same day. How joifull day for us all, the youngsters that becam jornimen joiners, we were 15 in number, and went from one pleasure to another.

It was the 3 Januari 1851 that I got my liberty, after I had been under the controll as apprentice for 3 year and 2 months, but now I longed for to change abode, and was engaged with another master, and lodged in a littel chamber that cost 2 shilling and 3 pens a week. thus I worked and lived to the begining of March. I had vere littel mony by this tim, and my fee was about 9 shilling a week. I maked my address to the Gouvernment for mony for tools, and got in this way 30 dali (about 3*l.* 8 shillings), and bought for it several tools that I wanted.

I got a passage with a vessel from Mr. Wulf and Hemert, that was almost readi to begin the voiage to Husavik, therefore I prepared myselv to the voiage, and collected all the things and tools that belonged to me in three trunks, and carried it on board in the 'Young Goose,' the name of the ship. I took leav with all my freands i Copenhagen, and at last the city itselv, which had been my home for 3½ year, and we went out of the harbour the 31st March. We advanced to Cronberg the first day, but one occurrense perturbed all on board, viz., the ship was out of equilibrium, and leaned much to one side. The sailors said it was a fatal or bad omen for the voyage, and beleaved we could never come to Icland, indeed it was very onpleasant to be in this ship for this cause. But the captain was a daring man, and used to set all sail even in strong wind, and therefore the ship went on, and when we reached Adandines there sprang up a favourable breeze. So we were within 3 days under the Farö Isles, but could not advanse any more becaus calm weather, but thereafter we got an easterly breeze, and we got my loved nativv country in vew. How I rejoised! but we were still far from the expectid harbour, Husavik, and when we passed Langaness, the most north-easterly part of Icland, we encountered with a terrible storm and snowdrift, and the ship was cast out of the cours, and leaned so much that the keel was above the sea between the great billows. I that was unwont the naval,

could scarsely keep myselv standing or sitting in the ship. How it was dreadfull I cannot describe, and this bad wether lasted continualli 24 hours, and we had a good breeze even to the harbour (17 April) wher the ship was moored. Then I did not tarry to go on shore and thank God for His protection on me throug the time of 42 months that I had lived abroad, and especialli on this hazardus voiage.

Next day I started on foot from Husavik, in order to come unexpected to my home, Vogum. But the way is about 24 English miles, wherfore I rested in a farm the next night. The following day I hurried on, and came late in the evening to my home, whilst the people was about to go to bed. I knocked at the door, and it was opened of my mother, but one can easily imagine her wondering to see me stand there and salute her, when she thought I must be in Copenhagen, and nobody had heard or expected the arrival of a ship so early. (It was namly the Saturday eve for Easter, 20 April.) She even must imagine it were but an apparation of me, that I stood there before her. I therefore sped to tell and explain for her the arrival of the vessel, and the lucky voiage from Copenhagen. So she rejoised instead of to be perturbed by my sudden and unexpected arrival, and heartily said me wellcome, and I entered into my wellknown country hous, Vogum, after I had been absent for 42 months on a foreign country and betwixt foreign people, and thanked God for His protection from damage, eather by land or sea. I had become acquainted with many unseen and unheard of things in Icland, and could, however, not but long for to live in my own nativ country, how ever miserable it is in comparation to other Southwardly countries. I greeted all my former freands and relations that abode in the hous, and told them some of my adventures, especially on the last voiage, till I fell asleep in a agreeable bed, and had a good rest after the disagreeable voiage, to the next Easter morning. After I had read the comonly prayers I walked with my mother to the nearest farm, Reikjalid, to salute my freands that remained there, but my old freand and relation, Sir John, was removed to another parish in the east of Icland, and lived there on a farm called Kirkjuba, about 80 miles from Reikjalid.

The curiosity is unlimited in my countrymen, and they asked me so much that I became sometimes irresolute to answer these questions. They ask generally of the victuals I had had, of my master and his family, of the king, of the several affairs in the war, of the city, of the height of the houses, of the country itselv, its climat, of the heigt of the trees in the forest, of the animals in Denmark. I answered all these questions after my litle knowledge as well I could, but I had all my things in the ship yet, and among them a great collection of engravings and wood cuts, besides some few Denish books of several contents, which I promised to present for them and explain for them the pictures. Some few days thereafter, I rode with another man to Husavik, and had 2 baggage horses and carried on them all my tools and other things, to Vogum, and on this trip, I got opportunity to visit my sister on a farm. She served by this time an old preast in Grenjadastad. I met with great hospitality in the hous of this old clergyman, and stayed there 2 days together with my mother, but my companion went on with the 2 baggage horses to Vogum.

I was much contented when I had all my things in savety in Vogum in 3 trunks, that consisted of fine clothes, books, tools, guns, musical instruments, and several other things, that was worth about

20*l.* sterling. I had litle to do for some few weeks, and went on shooting birds everi day, which I found a great pleasure. I was invited to a wedding, in Skututodsum, which is the name of the farm, about 4 english miles from Vogum. That day was very delightful for me, as well as other men that visited this wedding. The old farmer that became married this day to his second wive, became afterwards my Father in law, and in this same day, his elder daughter became united to a young peasant. His younger daughter Gudrün was of cours at her father's wedding, and was destined after 3 years to become my Wife, but it was far from my thoughts at this time, for I did not at all think of marriage. There was plenty of wine and bread, as it generalli is on Icland at these occassions, and the visitors were very glad in the afternoon, and I was obliged to answer many questions conserning Denmark, Copenhagen, and the customs of the people.

A few days after, I reseaved a letter from Sir John, the old preast on Kirkjuba, he desired of me to come thither in order to work at a church, that he would erect all of wood. Wherefore I prepared myselv to go thither as soon as I could, and bought 1 ride horse, and 1 baggage horse, and I went on the jorney in company with Sigurgeir, a son of old Sir John, which got a farm near his father, in the district that is named Funga, (that means tongue, becaus it lies between the two rivers Lagarflyot, and Jokulsa.) The jorny went on very slowly, as he had many baggage horses with heavy loading, and 4 children, but after a travelling of 5 days, we arrived at Kirkjuba, and my good relation the old preast said me heartely wellcome, as well as all his family. He desired of me to be at his hous this year in order to work at the church, and I agreed with it. We were then 7 workmen at the building, even to the beginning of the hay harvest, but for the time it lasted, we were scattered, and occupied on the meadows the day long. When the 8 weeks were elapsed, we began our work again, and the church becam almost accomplished some few days before Christmass. The old preast preached for the first time in this new church on Christmass, and there was a great assembly of people at the sermon.

After this time till Spring I made several furnitures, viz., trunks, chairs, tables, for the preast, but in May I went on horseback to his son Sir Hallgrun, on the farm Hohmum, and painted the Church there with another man. There I was about a month, till the old preast resigned, and removed from Kirkjuba, to his son in Hohmum with his family.

I reseaved about this time a letter from Sir Johnson, the merchant on Husavik, whereby he entreated me to come thither by the first opportunity in order to paint a Church, wherefore I prepared myself to the journey. When my freand Sir John had paid to me my annual wages, namely 80 dal, or about 10*l.* sterling, I took leave with him for ever, and his good wife Buridi, and started on the long travelling from Hohmum to Husavik. I travelled alone for the first 4 days very slowly, for I had a baggage horse heavy loaded. After these 4 days I reached to the farm Modrudal, when I was invited to rest me and my horses one night. The next morning I went on my travelling in company with a youngster which amused me with his frolickness and chattering, and spread the clouds of sadness which hung over me when I was travelling alone in the spacious wilderness that lies eastwardly from Modrudal, about a space of 30 English miles, where not a living thing is to be seen, but it is a barren and scragged part of land. We soon reached to the farm Grimstadir,

when I parted with my pleasant companion, and staid there during the night. From thence I had a day's jorny to my dear home Vogum, and arrived at 6 o'clock the next day to Vogum. But indeed I had no home at the time. My brother Benedik had married, and I had leased out my part of this farm to him. I rested myselv in Vogum a couple of days, and so I went horseback to Husavik, and began the painting which I completed in 6 weeks, and earned by it about 4 pound.

Thereafter I was engaged to work at the Church Modruvollum in the autum. There is the residence of the bailiff of the North and East part of Icland, but his clerk Sveinn was married with my sister Sigridi, and I had my fare or free board in their room during my stay on this great farm, which lasted towards Advent. Then I retired again to Vogum, and worked in the vicinity of Myvatn at the farmers. When the spring approched I was demanded of my sister's husband Sveinn, to come again to Muodruvalla and paint the Church. This I very willingly undertook to do, and rode thither immediatly. We were two at the painting to [till] the hay harvest, then we left the church and worked by haymaking, likwise I accompanied a student to Grufaros, a merchant town far from Modruvalla. I found this travelling very pleasant, for on my return I rode over the glacier, that is called in Icelandish tongue Unudalsjökull. There were many chinks upon this glacier, and the passage lays between them. As they were very high, there was a spacious overlook from their summit above the surrounding country, and the clos by laying vallies which are very grassy in the Sumer months, in them are also numerous farms. I descended and came down in the end of one of these vales, and rode through it some few English miles. It was interesting indeed to ride in the western sunbeams that gilded the glacier and sides of the adjacent hills. I rested this night at a farm in the valley, and rode to Modruvalla the following day. There I remained till the Church was compleatly painted. Then I retreated to Myvatn again and served at the farmers, around the lake.

Now I begun to be tedious of my vague manner of live, and courted a maiden Gudrun Arnadottir from the farm Sveinstrand by Myvatn and she became my betrothed, but as I had leased out my land in Vogum to my brother, I could not marry. She lived therefore the next year at her father's hous Sveinstrand, but I worked in different farms, to earn for my livlyhood, and some money, before I began my farming. In the meantime my brother got another farm far from Myvatn named 'As,' wherewith the half of the land in Vogum became vacant for me, but the ¼ of the land belonged to my stepfather and my mother, wherefore I bought his part of him.

Gudrun my betrothed, removed to my farm early in the month of May, 1854, with all what she had inherited after her deceased mother. Which consisted in ¼ of the land in Hofstodun, worthy of [worth] about 40 pound, 1 cow, 1 hors, about 30 sheep, and som furniture, but no mony, and when that I had in possession became assembled to hers, it was rather considerable riches, or good livlyhood in Icland at this time. When one is beginning farming in Icland, it is the case most often that they have not victuals in their first years, and is in want of their most nessessary things in next Spring, especialli if they keep too large family. My family consisted of 6½ men, for I had a manservant and a maidenservant, my mother, and an old woman half the year, and a child from my sister Sigridi.

THE FARMING.

The last 3 years I had travelled, and served other men and farmers, and not had a steadfast home. I had in these 3 years not orderly written a day book of my adventures, but now as I had a home, and could work for myselv, I began a new maner of lif, and wrote in day book all that was worth to notify in the past periode of my farming, and detail it in the following lines, as it can give a idea of a farmer's live in Icland in good and sever years. In the tables that follow, is the account of my fishing of trout, gathering of duck eggs, my cow, horses, and ewes or milking sheep (in the summer) and goats—the victuals bought in the merchant town, potatos from my garden, and turnips, my debt in the month of April, the numer of my family every year.

The 28 of June, 1854, I became united by marriage with Gudrun, my wife. It took place on Skutustodum, and there was a considerable body of people invited to our wedding. They were all feeded with fine bread, coffee and brandy, as is usual by these occasions in my nativ country. As above mentioned, I had partaked in her father's wedding 3 years ago, and seen her first by that opportunity. She was now in her 19th year, but I in my 25. I was then contented, and have ever been so since with this election of the Providens to my future cours of live. She had hitherto sincerly loved me, as well as I had loved her. She is of a temper mixed of a little choleric and melancoly, and her wrath pass soon over. She is beneficent to everyone after our litle ability, and merit of me to be called the best wive in every respect toward me and other. We at first worked for ourselves in the spring, and had great business in several work, viz., gathering eggs and fishing trout, and look after my few sheeps, and transfer victuals from the town, which lies about 24 English statute miles from Vogum. We had plenty of eggs this sumer, and sold some of them for a very moderat price, viz., 120 for 1 shilling 10 pens, but the remainent was consumed in my own hous. I gave likwise and sold much of trout to the farmers that come annually to Vogum, in order to buy trout. We had also plenty of cowmilk, besides milk of sheep and goats. In *July*, we all began the hay harvest, but this Sumer the grass grew very scantily. I got, though, hay for my 2 cows, 50 bagga for each—1 baggi in Icland is about 9 *stone* weight of dry hay. I owned 8 nets this sumer for the fishing of trout, and got many of trout to my housekeeping, and besides plenty of duck eggs, as above mentioned, but I *had* no garden of potatos or cabbages this sumer. I found that the livlyhood of my famely depended on my industry in œconomical works, and the same did my servants. The other peasant Asmundur was a pius and kind man, about 60 years old by this time. It has alway been a good consent between us, which is seldom the case in Icland, where two farmers live together on the same farm, but the internal accidents in the history of Icland is unknown or consealed, for here is non that can be called romancist, or biographist now-a-days.

The winter approched as usual in the month of October, and the frosty weather and drift of snow came on. My manservant was charged to take care of my little herd of sheep, which were then in number (the lambs included) 60, but I myselv, that had no liking for herdmanship, went to the lake every day fishing, and had much pleasure in this work, especially when the weather was fine, and when I fished well. In this winter I had generalli 6 nets under the ice, each consisted of 10 fathoms in length. Besides these nets, I

had 8 or 12 short nets about 2 or 3 fathoms in length, which I laid with a long pole in the ice-free water around my farm, but it is very unpleasant and painfull task in bad or frosty weather to take care of nets at Myvatn, as the snowdrift is so thick that one canot see a yard about him many days in the sever winters that we had had these preceding winter seasons. Yet I omited not a single day to go to fishing in the time of spawning, which lasts from late in the month of September to January, but the next two months one cannot get trout here in Vogum, and it was a time of rest for me in the 2 following months from water works. In April we begin again to lay our nets in the lake, when the ice comonly begins to melt off the water.

A peculair maner of fishing here in Vogum is that we call 'ad Setja indur,' and lasts the general spawning time, viz., from the beginning of November till New Year. This maner of fishing is as follows: we go two men in the boat, and have three nets with us, then we row silently to certain shallows which lai close by the beach of the lake, a short distant from the farm, and lai the nets in the shape of a half-cirkle around the spawning place, and put the oars very softly to the water, that the fish may be undisturbed while the snare is laid about them (it requires of cours, entirely calm weather). But even as we are laying the nets, the trout gilthead become aware of the litle movments of the calm surface, and when they in haste will seek to the deeper water, they become entangled in the nets, and endivouring to disentangle themselves be the more inwraped. As the trout is struggling below the calm surface, the water becomes here and there bubbling. As we have laid all the nets, we go on the beach of the water, and throwing stones in all directions, in order to start the still-lying trout into the nets. After that we go again in the boat and draw the nets in, which is a great amusement when there is many of trout in them, and as they are taken in the boat they spring and struggle for awhile around our feets in the total darkness. We get sometimes some biger trout, even ten or twelve pounds, and from ten to twenty in number in this same manner. We resume this methode of fishing on 6 to 10 shallows in a night, which takes a time of 2 or 3 hours. In former days this manner of fishing were very lucrous [lucrative] as the farmers fished from twenty to eighty some evenings, but it have lamentably diminished in this latter and more severe winters. This trout is a nutritive and good food when salted and smoke dried, and resembles pickled salmon; the smaller fish is but dried in the wind, and have agreeable taste. I went to this fishing with my wife when the weather allowed. My most amusement during the winter was generalli in fishing of trout in the day time, but in the evenings to make the nets, and besides to read aloud for my and my family several stories, both in Denish and Iclandish tongue. I never could get stories in English, although I had great longing for it, for my small propriety did not allow me to buy books in this language, and I had not yet made any acquantance to English travellers, in order to ask them after the cheaper and amusing books in theyr tongue.

In the spring (1855) I lost some of my sheep for wanting of provender, which is a most lamentable accident that befals the Iclandish farmer, to see his most usefull animals starving for wanting of food, around his farm, as it is searching on the snow covered pasture land. Yes it is a heartrending sight to looke on it, when the poor animals

go so very slowly to their cotes and caves, almost unable to support themselves for hunger. But nobody can help it when all the hay is consumed and there is nothing to be done but kill the animals. This occurs almost annualli in the severe Winters and Springs which now successivly visit Icland, wherefore the wealth and possession of sheep gradualli diminish among the inhabitans of our starving country. It is now a coustom that some farmers compair the number of sheep and 'bagga' or cvantum of hay in the autumn in every farmhouse, in order that they do not risk to keep more sheep or cows than they have enough food for.

Early in the spring of 1855, I began to work at a hedge round a litle potato garden, about thirty fathoms north from my farm. It has never been tried before to cultivate this useful plant at my home Vogum. This time I sowed but a ¼ bushel. In this same spring I likewise digged a long but narrow ditch in the 'tùn,' which means a plot of cultivated grass-fjeld around every farm-hous in Icland, and is in many farms separated from the medows and baiting-places by a hedge or inclosure. But the hay of these tùns is solely appointed for winter food to the milk cows, as it is the best hay which the peasants can get in their barns. I had a desire to amend the tilling of my part of the tùn in Vogum in the best manner, but the tilling of this part of ground is indeed very simple, and just made in the same manner as the notable lawier Njal did about 9 centuries ago, viz.: to transport the cowdung on to the tùn, crumble it, and spread it over the green turf, and thus is the cultivating completed.

In the latter part of Juni I was intreated to go to Lundarbrekka, a farm near the river Skalfandafljot, in order to paint a Church within, with a fellow worker. This was one of the four men who went to Brasil in the summer of 1863, viz.: Jonas Hallgrimson. We finished his work within ten days. We were then invited to a wedding that took place the 3 of July, the wine 'brandy' went in torrents, as well as coffi, and plenty of bread as usual in these weddings, but no music or other merriments. The next day I rode to my home. About these days there were plenty fishing of trout in Strönd, the nearest farm southward from Vogum; they got there from 4 to 8 barrels a day. I was there one day by this fishing, which was pleasant to drag in a net numberless of this excellent gold-coloured trout on the level sand-beach. They were then sold so very cheap, that a barrel could be got for 4 shillings and 6 pens.

The 14 of July I began my hay harvest, which lasted to the 12th of September, and this time passed without accident. My crop of potatoes became about 3½ bushel, and I kept some of it for seed. This autumn I worked for my fellow farmer Asmund at the wainscot and bedsteads in his drawing-room, that he had lately builded, and which took a time of some weeks for me. As usual the time of fishing of gilthead by Nidurseta began, and I fished pretty well in the spawning time. This year we had a good crop of juniperberries, and I wandered som days a great distant from my home in eastward direction to gather these berries, but they grew not till the 6 or 7 year. A very amusing sort of fishing sometimes happens, viz.: when the water have frozen in entirely calm weather, then becomes the ice transparent and clear as crystal, so that every atom can be seen at the bottom of the lake which is not deeper than one or two yards. When the ice is strong enough to bear the weight of a man's body, I used to run to and fro on this clear ice and search out the trout.

When I got vew of one, I pursued it in full speed in order to wear it out, below my feet, which lasts some few minutes. During this short time one is compelled to run of all might in a zigzag to follow the many turnings of the trout. At last it is so weary, that it goes very slowly on and stopps at once, and puts the head in the muddy bottom, without moving a fin. I made a hole in the ice and hooked the motionless trout. It happened some few days that I went on this sort of fishing but caught few, or could sometimes not run as fast as the trout, and lost it of sight.

The 27 Decemb my wife bore our first child, a daughter, she was baptised the 1st of January 1856, and named Sigridur. I maked a wooden cradle for the infant, thereafter I wainscotted a litle apartment, which were then my abode or drawing-room. This work I finished in the first days of Februar. The 8 of March I went on a jorney to Modruvalla, to visit my sister Sigridi and her husband, who was a clerk to the Bailiff of North East Icland. I stayed there a couple of days, whereafter I returned home after a pleasant jorny. This winter we had such very good and serene weather that the farmers drove their numerous sheep to the summer runs in the midst of March, and late in April we began our simple cultivation of the tùn. I began the building of barn for the hay to my two cows, and this work I could scarsely finish for the beginning of the hay harvest time, as I worked alone and needed to carry much stones on baggage horses. In the spring I bought a litle part of land in Vogum, or $\frac{1}{30}$ of the whole farm, of my mother for 40 Danish daler, about 4*l.* 10*s.* sterling, for she removed from me to a farmer that abode a little distant from Husavik, and my stepfather Andres removed to his son, but I took another manservant, his name was Einar, as well as a maidenservant, so my family was 6 persons for this year.

A German traveller came to Myvatn in June this summer, and staid in Reikjahlid some weeks. He collected eggs and young birds, likwise a great variety of butterflies and midges. I guided him on his excursions, as I understood him a litle, and did a trip with him round the whole lake on horseback, and helped him in the collection of eggs and certain birds. He got two living falcons and a young fox, which he transported with him as a rarity. The 20th of September my father-in-law Arni at Sveinstrand, died after sickness of one week. I and my wife were at his funeral, the 27. She mourned him greatly as he had always merited, for he loved her very tenderly, and I consoled her as I could. He had always helped, and given us victuals and provender when we wanted it; he was a wealthy farmer, and had frequently given to the poor in his days of live, but his fortune increased every year, and he possessed a numerous flock of sheep at his decease, which becam inherited of his 5 living children and the widow Gudbjorg, his second wife. This autumn my crop of potatoes became 18 bushels. at this time no peasant round Myvatn had so much of them, or even had a yard to cultivate this usefull plant, save Petur in Reikjahlid, so they entreated me to sell them of my great crop, which they called so, and some of them had a mind to try to cultivate them on their farm.

This year passed away without any remarkable accident to me or my family, which is worth to notify. As usual I held the Christmass and New Year with our rural festivity and joifulness, and regaled my family with coffi and fine bread, besides smok-dried mutton, which is only given on feast days at Myvatn, and is very nutritive food. I glad-

dened myselv by a little of brandy, and played on these holy evenings on the fiolin perpetualli, for some young girls from the nearest farms, that had no plesures at their homes, but were fond of music. They entreated me to sing and play for them. However, I did not omit to hold prayers in my hous, and visit our litle church at Reikjahlid in the daytime, and thank the Lord for his mercy over the inhabitans of North Icland, which were saved from the great loss of sheep by the pest which raged over the South part of our island at this time. Many of the farms lost almost all their animals.

In February I made a chest of drawers, which I sold for about a pound sterling, and thereafter I went to a farm Belg, and wainscoted there a room for the peasant. This work I complished in three weeks, and returned to Vogum the 15 March, and earned another pound in this time. On the 22nd of the same month, I was summoned to stay some days in Sveinstrand, at the parting of the possessions of the deceased, to his 5 children and the wife. The children should get equal parts each, but the widow in heritage the half. The inherited portion which came by dividing to my wife, was in value about 200 daler (or 22*l.*), however we got no farthing in ready mony, but a part of land in a farm Hofstodum, and 20 sheep, 1 horse, and somewhat of furnitures. My flock of sheep increased conciderably by this portion, but the part of land I sold soon afterwards for 100 dale, as I was in debts, and quited them. The first of May my wife was delivered of our second daughter. She received in baptism the name Arnina. We entertained the whole body of people in Vogum, as well as some few guests that came here on this occasion, with fine bread and coffi. At this time I built a cabbage garden close by my farmhouse, for I thought it could grow here in the warm soil better than elsewhere around the lake. When this work was finished, I sowed potatoes, oats, and cabbage in my 2 gardens. I shifted servants and got a lad and lass for this year to serv me a little, my mother returned to me likewise this spring, so my famely consisted of 8 man this year. When the lambs was as usual separated from the yews, I drew my 27 milking sheeps to the farm Grimstada for there is very good pastur land, and spacious runs for sheep in the summer months.

My 2 young servants folowed the flock to take care of it, and dress the milk. I rowed thither once a week to transport milk, 'Skir' and butter. As I was rowing thither early in the morning 30 of June, I observed a great tent which stood close by the tùn. As I arrived, I recaved the news that 2 Englishmen, accompagnied of 2 Iclanders, were come there. I availed myselv of this opportunety, and walked to their tent, in order to try my pronunciation in their tongue. Those gentlemen answered me very kindly, although I troubled them by my too early visit in their sleep. They had come in a steamer to Grimsey (a little island north-west from Husavik) and were going to the harbour at Akureyri. It was the first steamer that arrived to the north part of Icland. The other, or the commander of the ship (as I afterwards heard) desired me to stay for him till noon, or whilst they rode to the brimstone mines, for he had a mind to try fishing in the lake. When he returned I did so, and as he came again, I and my young servant went on the lake with him in my small boat, and crossed the northern part of the lake, but it was in vain, he could not get a single trout, which is an impossibility to hook in the summer season, when the trout have plenty of flies or midges on the surface of the waters. I rowed, therefore, to my

nets and caught 6 trout, which I sold him. I had a pleasure to look at his handsome fishing rod, line, and hooks, which he told me was of 2*l.* value, but our simple hook and fishing rod, cost not more than 2 or 3*d.* in English money, and yet we get many trout in a day when the Ice covers the lake. As we parted, they paid me one daler, and gav me some wine, and in the evening they all started from Grimstadl.

This autumn I had pretty good crops, both of potatoes and cabbages, and could save my ric and groats. Last in September, I was visited of a gentleman from Sweden. He was searching for certain birds, Hurond [Heron?] and could not find them; he therefore desired of me to shoot a couple of them. I sussided, and he paid me 2 daler for them. The weather was rather mild in the beginning of this winter, so the lake did not froz over till in midst of November. I had much to do during this winter, and was obliged to take care of my flock of sheep, and likewise look dayly after my nets, but my youngster assisted me a litle in my works.

So this year passed away, so monotonously as the others, in our farms on Icland. We have very few pleasures or divertisments. I selected for my reading the few new books that I could borrow or buy. Sometimes to go on Skaters over the plain Ice by daytime is very pleasant, when the weather is fine. Occasionally I was tempted to drink brandy, for it is in vogue in Icland as in other countries, and especially when one is travelling. For we grew tired of wanting of pleasures in our situation, and then we is apt to fall to these extravagances. But there is few that can keep or save brandy to the winter, for else it would be drunk double so much. I did not drink more than a pint at once, and not more than once in a month, and could not, therefore, have the name of a drunkard.

The weather changed in the month of Januar 1858, and grew very cold and snowy. At this time I was compelled to sell my gun for wanting of money to buy nessessaries and food for my family. The 20th of February I visited a meeting of the farmers at Myvatn on Skutustad; and we all agree to give ½ of our flock of sheep to the shire [of] Hunavatns isla, as they had butchered the most part of their sheep in order to stop the dangerous pest which had reached thither from the Southland. On March 23d there was another meeting of all manservants at Myvatn. They came all, together in an islet called Mikley, who lies in the southward part of the lake. I visited this meeting, and [so did] some few other farmers. We founded there a society for reading for all around the lake, and for the collection of books, each fellow of this society should annually pay one daler (or 2*s.* 3*d.*). Likewise the servants founded a money-box, or promised to lend out their money to the peasant for any small interest. Some of us agreed to go a year in total abstinence, and we kept our words for the succeeding year. Early in the spring I began a new building or dwellinghouse, and builded it in a new fashon. I finished the walls 'last' in [at the end of] June. The house is 6½ yards in length, and 4 yards breadth within the walls. They are built of stone and of green turf. I had shifted servants, and got a well fit man to serv me for next year, his name was Sigurjon. We transported wood from Husavik (which I bought at the merkant) on my 3 baggag horses, and wainscoted the upper part of the hous, as I intended to have it for my dayly abode, and as the hous-front faced the lake, I had a spacious and fine view from the win-

dows over the lake and its environs. But I could not complete the house this summer, as we were occupaid at other œconomish works, and the walls required to be dried ere it could be comfortable for man to live within them.

The prices of rye and groats in the town were very high this summer, and much pressing for the poor peasants, but I had by this time a great cvantum [quantum] of wool and tallow, and could therefore buy my victuals and other nessessaries.

July 19th, 1858. I began the haymaking, but as we had very rainy weather almost during all the time of hay harvest, so the hay could not be dried sufficently, and could not at all be good food for sheep in the next winter. The haymaking was finished the 17 September. The winter season began rather early, so we had snowy and stormy weather last in September, and it lasted during 2 weeks, that the snow became so thick that one was not able to go to the nearest farms but on snowshoes—'Skidum.' Hundreds of lifing sheep were buried under this horrible snow, and no lifing animals could find their food, so one was compelled to go and seek them far distant from the farms, and draw them home, which was a very unpleasant task for our manservants. The weather at last cleared up the 11 October, and we got thawing southwinds for some days. Now was the time of butchery, and as the winter began so early, the farms which had a bad omen for the approaching winter slaughtered much more sheep than usual in order to leave enough of provender to the rest. I butchered 20 of my flock, and an horse, but owned over 90, 7 goats inclusive. Althoug every farmer could clearly see that they had too little hay for their sheep herd if the winter grew so sever that they were compelled to wintring of their flock, they, or we (as I was inclusive), put to hazard, and butchered by far too little of our sheep. I saw, although too late, that I could have saved my elder sheep if I had in the autumn slaughtered all my lambs, 28 in number. The frosty, stormy, and snowy weather, came on again in the first days of November, and lasted almost continually till Easter, on the 24th April, 1859, and to increase our mischief and calamities in this tremendous winter, the ice (Greenland ice) surrounded the whole north, east, and west part of our Island, and covered the ocean as far as one could see from the hill tops adjasent to the seashore. Of cours we were obliged to feed our beasts as long as we had food in possession, but it was rather too early consumed, for early in the month of March many of the farmers had no hay left but for their cows. Some of them, therefore, drew their hungry sheep to the benevolent farmers that had enough food yet, and could help the poorer for awhile for not losing their usefull animals. Some peasants began already to slaughter their starving flock, and that was far better than [to] let the innocent beast be tormented, to fall at last for starvation when searching for the scanty food upon the winter runs. It happened also dayly that there was avanting 2 or 3 in the evening, which of cours were fallen as victims to starvation and meagerness, not able to go to the sheep-cot. The first of March, when I had almost emptied my haybarn, I sent my servant with 20 sheep to the peasants around Myvatn that had hay yet, but the 22 [22nd] in same month I slaughtered 10 ewes, they could not support themselves for meagerness. I wandered every day to the bushes, and carried on my back great bundles of the small branches, trying to support my remanent flock, but it could not

help them, I lost them every day, and when this ever memorable winter was ended, I had lost 65 sheep and goats, and owned yet 25.

This great loss was a shock in my houskeeping, and amounted to a value of 33*l.* sterling. I could therefore not see how I should get livlyhood for my family in the future. I discharged my male and female servants, so my famely consisted of 6 persons, for the next year. I was not the only peasant who lost more than ¾ of the flock, for every one lost more or less of their herd of sheep. I resolved to try and live upon the fishing of trout, as well as potatos, and encreased the number of fishingnets. My 2 cows lived likewise, so I expected to have somewhat of milk in this approching summer. My spous salted and dried the flesh of the slaughtered sheep, so we in the following summer had plenty of victuals to entertain our family. Now I had completed my new abode, and we all shifted our dwellingroom, and left the old ruinous abode. I had wainscoted all this new room within the upper walls, and found it very comfortable to live there, especially in the summer, but in frosty storms in the winter, it proofs rather too cold. I had intended to wainscote the under-room, but had no ability to do it for my great loss I had suffered in the winter. The haymaking began as usual in the midst of July, and we all in the famely, save the children, were occupaid by this work the livelong day. Although I owned very few sheep to feed the next winter, I saw that the possession of hay could prevent the loss of sheep in future, if my flock increased. I owned but ten ewes or milking sheep, but their lambs died, all save two, in the spring, for wanting of milk from their mother, so I 'drew' them to the summer runs, and had no sheep-milk to dress 'skir' of for this year. Having ended the hayharvest, I took up my potatos, and got a crop of 4 barrels, and one of cabbage, a pretty good crop. The 3 Oktober I began to take up stones 'to' a wall which I intended to build around my lawn adjacent to my house, or the tùn as we name it. This was a work of importance for the tilling of this fertile bit of ground, as it could hinder the horses from browzing on it. I began to build this stone wall the 11 October, for the weather was very fine to the 17, when the snowy weather came on. I was then compelled to change my work and take care of my few sheep. As I had plenty of food for them, they were well fattened the whole winter.

My little daughter Arnina grew weak early in Novemb., so I fetched medisin to [from] the homœopathic preast in Grenjadirstad and she recovered soon after. This year ended without any accident worth to relate.

At New Year 1860 I was visited of some girls, the daughters of 'Petur,' the farmer in Reikjahlid, to hear me playing on the fiolin, and showing them my numerous pictures and engravings, which they found very amusing. About this time the rumour spread out that some peasants had a mind to do an emigration to Amerika, either to Canada or Brasil. They founded a fund in this design, and every man that went into this society should pay 4 rixdaler = 8 shillings and 8 pence, in order to assist them who undertook to go first thither.

My wife was delivered the 10 Februar. of a male child. I was very glad to get a son. We let him be called Jòn Friman. As she arose from her bed the 16 in same month, we entertained the people in the farm, about 20 in number, with fine bread and coffee. At this time I was occupaid by drawing stones on a sledge to the enclosure around my tùn; it was a very fatiguing work.

Early in the month of May we

could distinctly hear the incessant claps and thunder like nois from a Volcan, on the Southland, but could not know whether it came from Hekla or Katla, till the rumour spread out that Katla was activ, throwing imense rocks and pieces of glacis to a far distant round her, and was inwrapt in a large and dens column of smoke, but as the wind was northly about these days, the smoke and ashes was directed to the sea, so the land became saved from this unwholesome and dangerous ashes and smoke, and the Volcan ceased totally last in same month. The people had been much frightened during the eruption.

As the ice lay on the lake till in the midst of June, I went on fishing almost every day, and fished well by hook, viz. from 20 to 50 a day. The ice was studded of fishing men, who sat on a shrine the livelong day, now and then drawing the trout from about four fathoms deep water, and so baiting with a certain maggot, which was white and the best bait for the trout. In this Spring Mr. Henderson erected a new building near the farm called Laxamere, close by the running out of the salmon river. He had resolved to buy and boil all the salmon of the farmer Johanes on Laxamere. I met with this Englishman on my journey to Husavik, the 29 June, and stayed some few hours at their chamber on Laxamire. I tried to speak with them, and before I took leaf they gave me some pieces of *Reynolds' Miscellany*.

The 2 Juli I was invited to a nuptial collation at Reikjahlid, for the eldest daughter of Petur was to be married with Jakob, a son of a neighbouring farmer. I was the singular [single] musician at this festival, and played several melodies for the people even to midnight, when we took leave with the benevolent couple, but were not able to walk to our home, as we had drunk rather too much cvantum of punsh and brandy.

The 12 of July I heard that 3 Englishmen from Manchester, and a Germanish had arrived to Reikjahlid, in the purpose to collect eggs and birds. I was curious enough to be aquainted with all the strangers that come to Myvatn, as I was the sole person who understood and spoke a little of English, and offered them my servise as guide, and had by it opportunity to exercise myselv in the pronounsation of their tongue. They staid at Reikjahlid to the 18 inst. I followed them when they went on shooting, and directed them to the places where were plenty of several kinds of birds to be shot, and besides procured different eggshells which I sold them for some pence. It was singular and even odd that we felt a little earthquake the same day they arrived, and eclipse of the sun when they went from Myvatn.

The 20 July I began the hay harvest, and wrought assiduously while the harvest lasted. My crop of potatos becam 5 barrels in the autumn. As usual, I put my nets under the ice last in October, and looked after them every day, and besides took care of my sheep every other week, when my stepfather was at the other farm where he served.

This year passed away, and we salutid the new year 1861 with our common rural festivals. In Januar I contracted a friendship with an ingenious man of art named Arngrimur. Though not learned, he began to draw pictures of some men in the neighbourhood, and he sussided to get his drawings very like the persons. He had got a great propensity to learn music, and by opportunities visited me, to get instructions in playing on fiolin, and he did soon progress in the art of music, and as he wrote a fair hand, he collected, and procured me many new and amusing melodies. He likewise understood the playing

on flute, notwithstanding he was very poor, and was compelled to work for his wife's and his own lifelihood (for he was married and had a child), at the hay crop. For no man of art can be prosperous in Icland, as the most of the peasantry hate this inutile and trifling business, as they call drawing and music, but they like better the poetical art. The 30 Januar: I was obliged to draw my tallow on a sledge to the town Husavik, to pay my debt there. On my journey I came to Grinjastada, and was a' night at the good priest Sir Magnus Jonsonn's. He had several English books in his library, as he and his 3 sons understood somewhat this English language. He lent me a couple of them, for reading at my home. I found them very amusing, especially *The Adventures of Ledbury*, by Smith; the other was *Twelve Years at Sea*, by a Midshipman. The 10 April, my mother came to me from Mödruval, where she had stayed this winter at her daughter's, Sigridi. My sister sent me with her some garments to my children, as well as somewhat of coffee and sugar. This spring we heard the news that the Nord Atlantic Telegraff should be laid through Icland, in this summer, but it will be delayed.

The 2d and 3d of May I sowed my potatoes, as we had by this time very fine and serene weather, so we had even fine grass in the midst of May. At this time I was obliged to discharge my stepfather Andres, and I was alone to work for my family the next year. By all opportunities, I was occupaid by the building of the stone wall around my tùn as above mentioned. The calamity occurred in the middle of the hatching time, that our islets and holms were visited of immense swarms of ravens, which robbed and carried away almost every egg that the ducks laid in the nests, so we lost thus a third part of the collection of eggs we formerly got in the former summer seasons, but this accursed robber we was not able to frighten away. Their spoil ceased a little as the grass and angelica was full grown, for the nestes became then covered, so the raven could not find them as easely as when open.

The 2nd June, a merchant ship at last arrived at the harbour in Husavik, but the people had for some time suffered the wanting of corn and groats and other nessessaries. I sent therefore a horse to town, and got it loaded of corn and groats after some few days. I travelled myselv to Husavik, last in the same month, and met with Mr. Henderson, a merchant from Edinburgh [the owner of the house for salmon boiling, above mentioned]. He intended to send a vessel with goods to Husavik. He gave me a number (8 June, 1861) of the *Illustrated London News*.

The 4 July, and 6 following days, I was occupyed at painting a parlour room at Reikjahlid. It is the third painted room at present in the environs at Myvatn.

The 9th I began the hay harvest. I had fine and plenty grass on my tùn, and got hay enough for my 2 cows of this little spot.

The 14 Agust, when I was occupaid at grass-cutting, I saw a boat, and looking in my glass I perceaved there were foreigners in it, they had come from Skutustad, and came to Reikjahlid in the afternoon. I heard when I came home that one in the boat had been Mr. Dasent (the translator of our most pleasant Saga, or history Njala), and besides him were two other Englishmen and one Denish, a painter that arrived to Reikjahlid. My curiosity drew me to Reikjahlid the day following, to have an interview with these gentlemen. I spoke for a while with them. The painter showed me many drawings that he had drawn in his journey of Icland. I took leave with them, as they on same day went on their travelling.

The 28 Agust, I was visited of two Englishmen, Mr. Holland and Mr. Shepherd, they had travelled from Reikjavik along the sea coast, of the south-east part of Icland, and had ascended the great glacier named Orafajökul, and had encountered some difficulties on their journey in crossing the great and rapid rivers that fall from the glaciers on on south-east Icland. They staid for a week at Reikjahid, and ascended the hills adjasent to the north-eastward side of the lake. I became a little aquented with them before they started from Reikjahlid. They were so very kind to me, and promised to send me an English book by the post from their home.

The 18 September, I rode to Hraunsrjett. It means a great square of stone wall, whither the immense flock of sheep is driven from the summer runs, to be separated in this fold by every sheepowner, and then driven to the farms. It was very fine weather this day, and an innumberous multitude of sheep, horses, dogs, and men were come together on this occasion, and there was an accursed tumult and cries, as many became intoxicated, especialli at the end of the day. I rode homeward the following night.

The 29 September I met with an English traveller in Reikjahlid (Mr. Ralph Milbanke), who intended to sojourn next winter in Icland, and as he had travelled round the south-east part of Icland, he alreadi had got some knowledge of our tongue. He came to reside on Grenjadirstad, and did wonderfull progress in the language. I had a little correspondence with him in the next winter, and made some few verses to him—'Pu Sast vid Laxàr Snaranstraum.' I likwise sold him some of my Icland books and clothes, which were made after our old fashion. As he perceaved my propensity to learn and read English, he promised to send me an amusing book as a present when he arrived to England.

Early in Januar 1862 I borrowed the *Wandering Jew*, and perused this amusing romance in the evenings, and after I had read this romance, I began the reading of Walter Scott's romances, and found them very good also.

The 10 of March I went on a journi to Modruvalla, for my sister had in her last letters entreated me to visit her once in this winter. I reached Ljosvatn the first day, after walking about 14 miles, and got lodging for the night at the farmer's. The following day I rose early and continued my travelling, althoug in very stormy weather and dense snowdrift, and reached in the afternoon to the bay that is called Eyafjordur. As I intended to cross this bay in a boat I walked to a farm 'tunga,' and begged the farmer to hire me boat and men, but he replied that the boat was not at hand, and said he expected it would come in the evening from the merchant town Akureyri. He begged me enter into his hous and wait for awhile. I thanked him and did so, and was entertained with coffee and bread. As I had staid there for about 3 hours, I began to be tedious for could not pursue my journy, and the boat was not arrived at the expected hour. But the husband was so kind as to offer me lodging for the night, which I accepted with thanks. One of his manservants was in the boat too. I got up early the next morning. Then a man came and told the sad news that the boat, on its returning homewards, had overturned with all the men, 7 in number, in the tempestuous weather the previous day. They had all perished in the waves save one, the manservant from the farm Tunga, before some men in a boat could help them, although they had all at first come on the keel of the boat, but were soon casted off of the great billows. As I heard this calamity I had not a mind to cross the bay in a boat,

and therefore went forward on foot around this long bay, and came at noon to Akureiri. I stayed there for awhile, was entertained with brandy and beer at my freand's which I met with, and after this recreation I went to the provincial judge, as I had an errand to him concerning some mony that I had inherited after a kinswoman of mine. He delivered me the money, 28 dollars—52 skilling in Danish coin—then I started for Modruvalla in company with a man that was to go the same way. As we had gone to a small river, not far northward from Akureyri, a sudden gust took the hat off my head, and even though I ran in full speed after it to the sea shore, I could not get hold of it before it was lost for ever in the foaming Sea! By this little unhappi accident, the caus preliminari to one other that the reader shall hear in the following lines, I was compelled to stop my travelling. We returned therefore to an alehouse that stands a short distant from the town, in order to borrow a hat, but as I could not get it there, my travelling companion offered me to run in town and fetch one I had left there. Whilst he was on this errand I sat and awaited him in the alehouse, and bespoke brandy and coffee for us when he arrived. Within half an hour he came and brought me my old hat, and I entertained him with the beverage above mentioned for his pains, and he seemed to have good appetit upon the brandy. I likewise took too many glasses of the liquor, and began to be fuddled. The day was advanced, so we were obliged to take leave, but I took up my money in order to pay the hostess before we went out of the hous. As I was counting the money to her, a ragged young man entered into the hous, and asked whither we were going, and as we told him, he said 'Very well, I intend to accompani you the same way.' He then bought a pint of brandy, and begged me to keep it in my pocket, as I did for him, but my money I wrapt in a handkerchief and tied it together, for as I said farewell to the hostess she cried to me 'Take care of your money, John.' As we, on the road, were chattering about several things, the ragged youngster walked behind us, and now and then begged me to hand him the bottle, and gave me and my other companion to taste of his brandy. We went thus forwards on the road, and came near a farm in the twilight named Skjaldarvik. Then my former companion saw a man in a short distant from us, and begged us to wait a little while for him as he wanted to speak with this man he saw. We sat us therefore down under a low wall, and conversed for a while. He begged me to hand his bottle, and to drink a little with him, but I denied, and said I had already got enough. I now found an irresistible declination to sleep, and leaned towards the wall, and within a moment, I fall in sleep. After about a quarter of an hour, I was awakened of John, my former companion, but the ragged scoundrel stood ready to part with us, and said he would go to a certain farm Glœsibe. So he parted with us, but we went to the nearer farm Skjaldarvik, and begged for lodging for the night. My drunkenness had somewhat abated, so I found it fit to examine my pocket. When I drew up my handkerchief I perceaved that I had been robbed of my money, for the handkerchief was all torned and som few dollars remaining. I found 12 dollars wanting, and a gold ring of 3 dollars value. I at first do not know how to do, I though resolved to stay and rest in the farm for the night, and pursue the thief the next day. I had an uneasi sleep during the night. The day following, after we had drunk a cup of coffe, we hurried forward, and reached soon to the farm Glœsibe,

but the ragged villain Jack (it was his name) was run away for a little while, wherefore we hastened from thence in our pursuit. When we got to the nearest farm, we saw four or five men standing out doors, and as they saw us coming, one of them hastened away as thunderstruck. I immediately called aloud 'Jack, Jack, wait, wait!' but he did not stop his running till we lost him of sight behind an outhouse. When we were run thither, he was standing there in a great uneasiness and perturbation. I asked him of my lost money, he replied 'I do not know of thy money, and have not touched a peny of it.' Then said John, 'Thou art thief, and hast stolen the money. We will go in searching in thy garments. Thou, villain, shalt be drawn before the judge, if thou wilt not confess thy guilt.' He then stammered to me, in a faltering and trembling voice, 'It was indeed me that found some dollars that you had lost on the road yesterday evening, and I would keep them in savety for you.' 'How long?' asked I, but he could not answer for shame. I said, 'Let me have my money directly.' Then he walked some few yards from us, and searched after his footprints in the snow, he at once stooped down and began to digg the snow with his hands, till he took upp a bundle and handed it to me. I untied it and found it contain 8 dollars. I asked him where he had concealed that was wanting, viz., 4 dollars and the gold ring, but he denied to have stolen more of me. I was not contented with his answer on me questions, and ordered him to go with me before the provincial judge, if he then would sincerly confess his guilt. I then took leave with John, and went back again with this villain to Glœsibe, for I hoped he would confess when we were two together. But it was in vain, we went to Skjaldarvik, and I resolved to bring him before the judge in Akureyri. At once he said to me, 'I will leave you for a minute, and then I come again.' I stood and waited, and believed he would come and bring me that was wanting, when at once I became tired of to wait ther, and looked after him. I then saw where he was amounting a horse, which he stole in the field, and gallopered away, and was soon out of sight.

I then at last walked to Modruvalla in bad humour, till I arrived and came to my sister, who bad me heartily welcome, and I entered into her hous, and told her my calamities on my travelling. Her husband, who is a clerk at the Baiff [to the Bailiff] of North and East Icland, was very amiable to me, and desired me to abide at his hous for some days. His library was open for me, so I amused myselv by reading when he was occupaid at the writing table. The 15 of March, I set on my travelling from Modruvalla, and my brother-in-law Sweinn accompanied me almost to Skjaldarvik, about 2 statute miles There I took leave with him, and walked to a farm, where I met with some women that told me my lost gold ring and about one dollar in change, were found there close by the hous, of a child, when Jack and I had departed the preseding day. The change had been spied by a man, and the ring lay uppermost, which Jack indeed had did before he departed on the horse. I knew immediatly it was my ring and money, so I at last got my money, save about 3 dollars were yet wanting, and was very glad by this happiness. I walked to Akureiri this same evening and got lodging for the night at an acquanter. The next day was a Sunday so I tarried in the town, and was invited of some of my freands and acquanters. I had likwise opportunity to look at some libraryes especialli for English books. I borrowed one volume of

Household Words, by Charles Dickens, and the *North Atlantic Telegraff*, by Shaffner. I was at prayers in the hous of Mr. Samundson, and at seven o'clock in the afternoon I entered a new playhous, a new establishment in this town. The play was pretty well performed, as the players was not at all versed in the art, though they amused the spectators with their comical performances, especialli in love histories. The players were all Icelandish men save one who was Danish. When the comedie was ended, I set on my journey in the night, and wandered in moonlight to east from Akureiri, and was on the following day advanced to the river Skjalfandafljot, and the next day I arrived at my home (the 18). My wife, mother and children said my heartily welcome, I presented them coffee and fine bread, so my wife dressed a little banquet for us all, and I told them all my bad and good adventures on my journey.

At this time we had severe weather, so some of the peasants was in wanting of food for their sheep. I had plenty of hay and could help some creatures from starvation, but I had scanty of victuals for my family, but milk and corn, so I bought fish from Husavik, but in April the fishing of trout increased, so we had enough fare.

In May I prepared and digged my gardens, and sowed cabbage and potatos as usual. In June the people became subject of a certain illness or catarrhal sickness, so several men died of it. I and most of my family suffered of this illness for some time, but recovered before the time of hay harvest. The 28 of July I was seeking on horseback after 4 ewes that were gone astray to the hills. In the afternoon I was overtaken by terrific thunderings, the rain poured down in torrents, the poor horse became raving mad, so I was compelled to dismount, and lead the horse a long with me. This great storm lasted about 3 hours. I have never been more delighted when it left off, and the western sunbeams enlivened the poor brutes in the fields, which stood closely in crowds, or had fled in the caves, and I grew dried of my wetness. Some days after we perceaved a dens smoke in the air that showed that a Volcan was in eruption. We at last got the news from the Southland that it was in a glacier, which burnt for a part of the summer, and it was, indeed, the main cause for the rainy and cold summer season we then had.

The 9 of July I heard that some Englishmen were arrived to Reikjahlid, and hearing the news, I made haste to go and visit them. I was very glad when my freand Mr. Shepherd was one of them, and offered them my servitude, as they were seeking after birds and eggs. The 10th I guided them on the lava in order to seek out a nest of a certain bird, who I thought were Midgraond, but when the bird was killed of their gunshots, it proved not to be the bird they asked for. I invited them, Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Fowler, to my hous, and as Mr. Shepherd remembered his promise to me the last summer, viz., to send me a book as a freandly present, he heard of me that I had a mind to have a little bible, he was, therefore, so amiable as to give me his pocket bible, and wrote this sentence on it from the Proverbs: 'Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasures and trouble therewith;' and 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' The 14 in same month they departed from Reikjalid. I began the haymaking the 22nd of July, but the grass was rather little in this cold summer. I got though enough for my few sheep, cows, and goats. I had finished to cut the grass of my meadows 12 September.

The 16 Septr. I rode with many other in Gaungur, which means

to search after sheep between the mountains far off in southward direction from Myvatn. The 17 we found many sheep, the 18 the flock increased considerably, but the 19 the great and innumberous collection of sheep was driven of a numbrous body of riding men, but we had to drive them in a stormfull day to the Rjett, where this sheep should be separated, and a multitude were assembled at the Rjett, or large sheepfold, that day. I rode home this same evening in company with men and women that had visited the Rjett, many of them but for pleasure. My crop of potatos was very little this autumn, viz., only 4 bushels, or half a barrel, which I appointed to keep savely the coming winter in order to sow them the next spring.

I and my wife were invited to a wedding feast on a farm called Gardur. Here, at Myvatn, the visitors were entertained with abundance of mutton, rice, coffe, and fine bread and brandy. I was compelled to awake the whole night, as I was the sole musicer for the young people that was fond of music, but at last I was conquered of the strong drink, and fell asleep when I was in the boat that caryed me in savety at home early in the morning of the following day. In the month of October I began to build the stone wall, and laid myselv dead fatigued in the bed after I had trudged the whole day in lifting great stones and shovelling mould or small stones in the midst of the wall. When I left off this work the length of the wall was 150 fathoms, but there were 50 fathoms still after to finish the whole wall around my part of the tùn. This autumn I changed one of my cows as she did not milk well, and got a great red cow again, so I had now 2 red cows in my byres, and from them I had plenty of milk for the support of my family, but of other victuals I had rather too little. I however hoped that the fishing of trout during the spawning time would, as usual, encrease my store of victual for the approching winter season.

The 1st Novemb. I put my nets under the ice and walked to them every day, now and then in bad and frosty weather, and fished 4 or 5 or 6 each day, besides smaller trout. Gilthead from 4 or 5 to 10 or 12 or thereabout. The trout were all dried in the air and kept for winter food. This year passed away without any remarkable adventure to me or to my family, and we saluted the coming new year, 1863, with our common festivals at Christmas and New Year's Day.

In this month (Januar.) I borrowed the new Danish Encyclopædia and read the book at all my leisure hours, as I found it very instructive in all sciences.

The unhappiness occurred one day in the latter part of January, that when I returned home from my nets all my little herd of sheep stood crowded together at the door of their cote, and I soon perceaved that one of my lambs was all covered on his forehead with blood. I ran to l[illegible] at him, and as I had counted t[illegible] in haste, I found one lamb war[illegible] The fox had of cours chase[illegible] herd and bitten a lamb and l[illegible] the one that was wanting. I r[illegible] among the lava in order to s[illegible] after the ca[illegible]ass, and after a[illegible] search I fo[illegible] the dead lamb[illegible] a rock, bu[illegible] of russe[illegible] ran away [illegible]ceive[illegible] proching. [illegible]d [illegible] of the lamb[illegible] liged to go [illegible] in among t[illegible] pasturing, a[illegible] long day, [illegible] bad weathe[illegible] in order t[illegible] hours, most[illegible] cyclopædia. [illegible] to leave my[illegible] ing a lamb [illegible] fox had kil[illegible]

I lost thus 4 lambs, which was the more piteous as I had endured the loss of 8 sheep before in this winter, so my little herd diminished when I wanted it to increase in proportion to my family, who should for the most part have its livelyhood and nessessaries from the herd, that were now only 46 in number. During this winter this same fox killed almost 30 sheep at the farms around Lake Myvatn. Last in April, when the fine weather came on I left my sheep to themselves, for the fox had at last quitted the neighbourhood, and I began the outhous works which my economy required, as to carry stones to the wall, lay dung on the tùn, and besides lay the nets every night in the lake, and take them in my boat in the morning. Some of the peasants were as usual in wanting of hay for their creatures, so they were compelled to borrow hay from them that had plenty of it. I had plenty of hay and was able to lend to the poorer. The 14 May (which is the appointed day for shifting and discharging of the serving people) I took a manservant for the third part of the year, so he worked for me every third week. His name was Sigurjòn, he had served me before half a year.

Late in May I sowed potatos and cabbage in my 2 gardens but it was not likely that it vould grow, as the weather was extremly cold about this time, and sometimes thick drift of snow, and the grass grow so scantily that the cows were wintering in their byre till early in June.

The artist Arngrimur abovementioned, begun to teach swimming to some young boys in a fjord distant from my hous, as here was some warm water, and the more agreeable for the youngsters to go in it in the stormy and cold days we had in June this year. Arngrimur visited me every day, and all his schoolboys, 10 or 12 in number. He had his flute or fiolin, so we practised music together, and applied ourselves to learn and so progress in this amusing art. I worked assiduously at the stone wall, and finished this great work the 8 of July, which I had made alone round the half tùn in Vogum and I expect that this wall will stand so long as the country is inhabited. About this same time the other farmer Asmundur finished the wall he had built about his part of the tùn, which were as durable as mine, so now could no horses or cattle enter into this fertil spot to spoil and trod it. The 6 July my wife bare a male child, so we had now 2 sons and 2 daughters. He were called Arni Julius, after his grandfather, Arni a Sveinstrond, and the other name after the month which he was born. My family had now increased to 9½ men and all unable to work save I and my manservant, when he was in my hous. My wife had enough to take care of the children and dress the meat for us all. However the time of business at haymaking drew near at hand, and I begun to cut the grass down with my sithe the 17th of July. My old mother raked the grass together, with an old woman which I kept in my hous, my elder daughter Sigridur, and my little niece Kristin took care of our milking sheep.

The 14: August, a Quaker, Mr. Sharp, came to Reikjalid, and with him an Iclander, Mr. Eirikur Magnusson, as his interpreter. The following day he preached in the little church at Reikjahl. I went this day to Reikjalid to hear his sermon, which the people found excellent and praisefull, and some of them even got by heart some sentences. The interpretation of Mr. Eirik was so excellent, that not a single word was lost for the hearers of the good and awakening admonition to the little assembly, to repent their sins and turn again on the way that led us to heaven.

As this amiable man knew that I had somewhat knowledge in his nativ language, he promised to send me one book from his abode, so I thanked him heartily, his kindness to me and I hope for this book next Spring. He took leave with us, and rode to Grenjadarstada in the afternoon, but the hearers returned to their hous, and kept his admonitory words in their heart, we wished ardently that he would come the next summer to our parish, to preach for us again.

The 23 inst: I was visited of a Danish doctor, Mr. Harald Krabbi, he intended to look at the brimstone mines. I rode with him and his manservant thither, in fine clear weather in the afternoon. He looked attentively at the boiling mud craters by the side of the hill. He bought and killed dogs, in order to look in their guts after the worm that is believed to be the main cause of the hepatic disorder that is so frequent sickness among the inhabitans of Icland. He paid about 10 pence for each dog he bought. He departed from Reikjahlid the next day to Akureiri.

Last in this month, Agust, I rode to the merchant town Húsavik, and bought [so] much of corn and other nessessaries, [that] I was able to pay the merchants, likewise I bought wood fit for the wainscoting of my parlour. There were a multitude of people assembled at Húsavik in these days, for the rye was too scanty. Every one wished to have as much as he wanted for housholding, but it were all sold when the last came, so they were compelled to drive their baggage horses unloaded to their farms.

The 11 September I finished the grasscutting in my meddows, but the last I had cut was yet undried when the weather changed, so we had every day cloudy, rainy, and stormy air, and it altered to thick snowdrift in the latter part of the month. The hay lay continually undried, and the poor peasants were afraid of losing it under the snow. Some of them owned 2 to 4 or 6 fodders for a cow the whole winter, thus lost or corrupted, and at last buried under the thick snow, which increased one day after another. I lost not more than 5 'bagga' (each 10 stone weight.)

28 Sept: Most of the farms at Myvatn were invited to a wedding at Reikjahlid, as the farmer Petur married his second daughter to a young man. Even though the weather was sleety this day, most of the invited people came to Reikjahlid in the morning. I was intreated to bring my fiolin, and my friend Arngrim had likewis his fiolin. All the guests were sufficiently entertained with coffi and wheat bread, mutton, rice, brandy, and punch, so the cheerfulness increased in the evening. We played on our fiolins perpetually the former part of the night, but at last the wine and sleep overpowered us, so we prostrated ourselves on a bed and slept to the noon-hour of next day. When we all had got a cup coffi and a glass of brandy, we returned to our abode with only the remembrance of this merryment. At this time, all were busy in searching after the rambling sheep in the spacious wilderness about the lake. As it snowed every day, it would be very difficult to find or drive the flock to the farms, and many a sheep was wanting when the search was ended, and many of them was consequently buryed living under the thick snow. When the slaughtering time had passed away, some few farmers were selected to look at the store of hay on each farm, and advise or command the peasants, to keep not more sheep or cows than they had enough provender for, the approching winter. But their work and advises were in vain, as the reader shall hear later in this narration. Some of them obeyed not the good advise, but set all their stores of living creatures in hazard. I remembered my great loss in the

severe winter 1848-49 and had not too many sheep, but 2 horses, 2 cows and a calf on my hay-store, so I had plenty of hay even in the most severe winter. This autumn I got not one single potato from my gardens, they had all perished and gone in rottenness in the frosty summer, but I got about 6 bushels of turnips, and digged them from the snow that covered my garden. It was very piteous for me to loos thus my potatos and to have no to sow the next spring.

When the ice covered the lake and was passable, I went with six nets and put them under the ice, and went every day to look at them, and take or extricate the trout that had entangled themselves during the darkness of the long winter night.

My freand Arngrim visited me on his journey to a Parsonage hous called Skinastadir, where he should paint a Church within, during this winter. I gave him lodging at my hous the approching night, but as the young people in Reikjahlid heard the news from somebody that happened to come there, that we were playing together he on the flute, and I on the fiolin, they came 7 in number and solicited us to play for them different melodyes, so we played uninterrupted till twelf at clock in the night, and after this amusement they returned. They had a great liking for music, especialli the 3 unmarried daughters of the farmer Petur, as well as his 3 sons. Arngrim went on his long travelling the next day, as he had finished a picture of me, that resembled very well, as all that he drawed.

This winter I fished pretty well, and better on the spawning shallow than in the 3 last winters, especialli of the gilthead, so we had in possession, a hundred of dried trout 'band' at New Year. A band of trout means 2 trouts, hanged together in a string. Last in Februar, I left off my winter fishing, as the trout is then gone away or killed at the spawning places.

I had several amusing books to read this winter viz: *Jerusalem Revisited, The Vicar of Wakefield, The Family Sonhalden*, likewise I read the *Voyage of Galatea round the Globe in* 1845-46-47, by Steen Bille, in 3 volumes, and beside this, some new Icelandic books, but indeed it is very few books that is published now-a-days in Icland, because the poor people have no money, or find out no means to buy any books, although they are generalli very fond of reading.

We had most often snowy and frosti weather to New Year 1864, but then rather mild weather to the later part of Febru: then it changed again, and frost and dens snowdrift, with great Northerly and Easterly wind, that lasted to the midst of April. In this space of time the farmers at Myvatn became in want of hay, though not all, there were some few among that were able to assist, and either lended hay, or took the sheep to their own homes and fed them, while the austere weather lasted. As the snow was much less in the farms east of the lake, we had plenty of hay in the farms of Vogum, Strond and Reikjahlid, so numberous flocks of sheep were driven to our farms, which lived on our pasture lands almost without hay. Likewise we took many horses. I lended to the poor farmers somewhat of hay. Some farmers however lost their sheep, or were compelled to kill their cows, that they should have provender for the sheep. Now I had last began the 1st of Marts to wainscot my little parlour and worked at it for six weeks, and completed the wood-work and floor within it, but the tapestry were yet unfinshed, for I wanted the linen under it. I had long been desirous after a comily little room, but had not before found out

means to accomplish it. I had a mind to adorn this room as much as I was able, and as I had bought tapestry to it, so although lesser than some of the parlours of the wealthier peasants, mine were the handsomest, for nobody had yet tapestered their rooms, even on the whole North-East Icland, save in the towns, but some few were painted. I had likwise fine pictures to decorate the walls.

The 14 April a merchant vessel came to Husavik, the people was very gladdened by this news, as it were in wanting of rye and other nessessaries, and even bordered to famine in some families, so they hastened to fetch and tug on sledges the victuals to their houses. But the sad news were told of the crew on the ship, and likewise was written to the merchants that our good King of Denmark Fridrik VII. was died, and hostilities were commenced between Denmark and Germany, concerning the dukedoms Slesvig and Holstein, and it is very likely that this will be the last war about these dukedoms and that Denmark lose them for ever, if not the English Government assist the Danish King, and I wish earnestly they will do so, and thus recompense the plundering of the fleet of poor Denmark, and the bombarding of the metropole in the commencing of this century, for I hear it is a good concord between these two countries at present. But if Denmark lose these good provinces I wish for the separation of Denmark in following manner—that Zealand and the adjacent islands, viz.:—Fjon Falster Langaland, be a Dukedom, to the desendants of the Danish regal family, Jutland be conjoined to Sweden, the Faro islets to Norway, but Icland and Greenland be combined to Great Britain.

But it is not for me to write of the destination of the Danish monarchy, I will therefore turn again to my own relation in my peacefull and pleasant country house, and detail what happens this day, as it is the last day that I write at present of my past livetime, but the first day in the summer, the 21st April 1864. The first day in the summer is always Thursday that falls between the 18th and 25th April, and is a joyfull festival day above the whole Icland, especialli for the presents that we call Sumargjaver, that means summer gifts of various things among the inhabitants in each country hous. My mother got upp at 5 o'clock in the morning and dressed coffi to us, she is yet healthy and in good cheer, in a age of 72. As we had drunk our coffi, and our children, 4 in number, and Kristin the fivth (the daughter of my sister) had got a cup of warm milk and sugar each, I began to sing a song before prayers. When I had sung, I read 15 pages on a good sermon-book, all about the coming summer, and thanking to our Lord for his protection of his poor people in Icland the past winter. I sung a song after the sermon and then finished it, then I went out doors, made the sign of the Cross on my face. I perceaved the change of weather, for it were serene and thawing this morning, instead of frost and foggi for the past days, and all snow was molten away near the water, but further off the land was yet covered of thick snow, and was enlightened here and there of the morning sunbeams; but dark blue clouds were scattered over the sky, and the sun sent occasionalli his rays between them, as a breeze pressed on in the upper regions. I went first to my sheepcote, and distributed plenty of hay to them, for I thought it fit that they should likewise have a suffisent meal on this joyfull day. At the same time my mother worked in the byre, and my wife milked the cows. As it were finished, I and my wife entered in the boat and rowed a little distant from the hous, and drew in our 6 nets. We got 8 little trouts in them. At 9 o'clock my wife brought the abundant

breakfast on the table, which consisted in the best dried trout, a piece of exquisite mutton, bread and butter, and plenty of cow milk to boot, and although it were dressed in a simple manner, we sat as contented at this fare, as some of the weathier at their meal from the finer cookeri. As we had eaten sufficently, I took my violin, for I held the day for a day of recreation, and my children stood round me and sang the melodies they understood for awhile, but my wife sat and gave suck to the youngest one listening to the music.

All my children are healthy and gay, my elder daughter, Sigridur, is now eight years, of a sanguine temper, and rather to fond of gaudery, but her sister Arnina is now six years, and is of a different temperence, a little melancoli. She has great liking for all economic affairs and rural works, and does not at all care for the gaudery. My elder son, Jòn Friman, is in his fifth year, a lively lad, notwithstanding obedient, and much inclined to me, but my little infant, Arni Julius, wants yet 10 weeks to his first year, thoug healthy and gay. Nobody have died in my family during the time of my own houskeeping, and I and my wife strive to keep our house and raiment in cleanliness and order, and in our dayly chamber good ventilation.

How charmful day! It is noon, and the sunbeams fall on the calm and plain surface of the lake, and manny birds of passage that have lately arrived are cheerfully chattering on the calm water, and some are coming, hurriing, flying in the air, and fling themselves on the lake between their companions. The midges are now reviving, and swarm gently in the warm and brighte sunshine near the beach of the water. Now and then a trout ascend to the level surface in order to snatch a midge, and move a little the surface and disappir in the same moment. A holy peace is prevailing over this rural scenery, and a divine rejoice is awakened in every bosom. In this happy hour I sit writing these last lines of my past livetime, in my little roome, 34 years 227 days of age.

Here ends this quaint, simple record of a man's life, a genuine modern saga, simple and true; just as Jòn Jònsonn wrote it in English, at Vogum, near Myvatn, in Iceland. He died shortly after this date. His widow is remarried, and now lives at Rëke.

[Mr. Shepherd, in *The North-west Peninsula of Iceland* (Longmans & Co., 1867), at page 159, thus describes a visit made in the summer of 1862, to Vogum: 'During Bjarni's absence Jon Jonsson, the proprietor of the farm at Vogar, a short distance from Reykjahlíd, paid us a visit, and invited us to go and see him. Vogar is a small oasis in the lava, on the shores of the lake (Myvátn), and in its sheltered garden there were cabbages and potatoes growing with some vigour. He had taught himself English from one or two books which he possessed, but he had no idea of an English sound. He spoke English with an Icelandic pronunciation, and we had some very amusing conversations with him. He told us that he was dissatified with his country, for it was too 'coldish.' He was the only Icelander I saw who possessed a fiddle. He could play a little; but the strings were broken and he was unable to replace them. He showed us a short description of Mývatn and the surrounding mountains, which he had written in English. His style was rather peculiar. He gave me his MS., hoping that I would correct it and return it to him; but sad to say, it was *lost* before I reached Reykjavík.']

CONSIDERATIONS ON MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

THE enquiries which we have recently made into the limits of probable improvement in the illumination and water supply of London, suggest the application of a similar method to the solution of the yet more important questions that relate to the government of the metropolis. The expedient of marking out the limits within which advantageous changes may rationally be expected to occur, may seem at first sight not only simple, but rude. But when we observe how common it is to anticipate consequences that are entirely disproportionate to the value of the causes which are to produce them, we must admit that time will be saved, and labour avoided, by the preliminary measure of staking out the course. As it would have been impossible for the Registrar-General to anticipate a reduction of half the amount of the existing rates from a measure which, even if altogether feasible, would only have affected a fifth part of that amount, had he first stated the limits of the saving under discussion, so will it often be found in other matters. A reform may be demanded, or may be resisted, which is, in itself, either desirable or otherwise, but the results of which, whether for good or for evil, may be plainly ascertainable beforehand to be altogether unimportant as compared to those which are confidently predicted by zealous and heated partisans.

Before, then, we can arrive at a position in which it is anything but mere waste of time to discuss imaginary improvements of detail (after the fashion of Mr. Firth), it is needful to enquire into the true limits of the function of municipal government. Nor is it possible altogether to sever such an enquiry from some examination of the primary principles of representative government, however applied. It has been said of late, with more truth than often lurks under the form of a *mot*, that representative institutions are now on their trial. There can be little doubt that the idea, so firmly implanted in the minds of some of the leading English statesmen of the past generation, that it was only necessary to transplant into Greece, Turkey, Jamaica, or any other soil, an imitation of certain institutions that have gradually grown up in England, in order to make those deserts blossom with the highest blessings of civilisation and of order, has now had its day.

Most reflective men have been convinced, by a maturer study, founded on a wider induction than was formerly held to be sufficient, that institutions are, to a very considerable extent, a matter of Race. While the question how far a certain form of creed, or a certain group of political dogmas, tends to form, or how far they are the product of, a given state of society, or of the natural development of a certain race, may be incapable of exact solution, we have at least learned of late that these two sides of the question exist. Action and reaction, influence and counter-influence, complicate the question. The influence of institutions under the unquestioned rule of which the child has grown into the man, is one never to be entirely shaken off. Thus any institution, once founded, has in itself a certain element of stability. But it is no less true that every such institution was, in its infancy, the product of the intelligence or of the instinct of the race. In societies of an equally early date different races have originated very

different institutions. The tone and temper which led to this first establishment is to a great extent hereditary in the blood. These gradual changes are rendered harmonious, partly as being the natural development of a given order of things, and partly as being inspired by the same hereditary temper that established the original institutions. It follows that any attempts to transplant, fully grown, the institutions of one race into the soil and life of another, is unphilosophical and unpromising; and, as matter of historic research, the result of such efforts has usually been failure.

Any assumption, then, that representative government is in itself a Heaven-born institution—a sort of Minerva sprung from the conception of absolute wisdom, which it is only necessary to unveil in order to receive the glad homage of mankind—may be ranked with the belief of the Norseman in the supremacy of Odin, or with that of the Italian peasant (if such is yet to be found) in the infallibility of the Pope. In certain races, and under certain conditions, great prosperity has been found to exist either in consequence or in spite of institutions in which we take a national pride. But the man who insists on the fitness of trial by jury as a panacea for the wrongs of the Irish, or on parliamentary representation as fitted for the rule of the negro tribes, is only a paper reformer; who would materially alter his views if compelled to reside for a short term of years in Ireland or in Jamaica.

We must therefore avoid such a jump in the dark as the assumption that a representative constitution is necessarily the mode of government best fitted for such a purpose as the administration of the City of London. We by no means deny that this may possibly be true. To deny, *à priori*, is as childish as to assert. But it is only by showing both the practicability of such a mode of organisation, in theory, and its good results, as matter of historic fact, that such a position can be established. We fear that much is at present wanting before either one or other of these requisites can be said to have been fully attained.

It ought never to be forgotten that the mere fact of enormous increase in numbers has a tendency to render institutions that once answered their purpose very admirably useless or even pernicious. Aristotle, in his Politics, speaks of a state of 50,000 citizens as beyond the limits of practical management by means of discussion. What he would have said if the idea, not of a country, but of a city containing from three to four millions of inhabitants, had been suggested to his attention, we can only conjecture. He would doubtless have refused to discuss such an improbable hypothesis. But of one thing we may be certain, and that is, that if he had consented to discuss the subject at all, he would have pointed out in the first instance that the proposed conditions of life were so different from any as to which it was possible to speak from experience, that every item of the new organisation must be subjected to profound and searching investigation.

The annual date of the election of the first magistrate of the City of London would be enough, in the absence of other record, to point out the historic origin of an organisation which has very far outlived the state of society of which it was the offspring. The title of mayor, indeed, bears witness to the influence of the Norman conquerors. But it is not to France, but to Italy, that we must look for the origin of the municipal constitution of London. Thus we must admit, in the first instance, that it was a transplanted institution. But it was not such a transplantation as would be that of a

national parliament, at the present day, to Constantinople. It was rather as one of those introductions, into the farthest regions of the empire, of institutions familiar to themselves, which were customary among the Roman colonists, than as special gifts to the Britons, that Roman municipalities took root in England. We must thus go back a step further, and trace them to their origin in Italy. Here history speaks with a voice that is perfectly intelligible as to principle, whatever dispute may arise as to detail. A settlement—we might say a robber settlement—grew into a city; a city into a State; a State became the mistress of the world. At each step in the mighty transformation a law-abiding people clung closely to all that it was possible to preserve of their ancient institutions. When the original regal power was replaced by that jealous balance of authority which maintained its equilibrium for four hundred and fifty years, the municipal type was carefully maintained. The transformation of Republic into Empire took place not by legislative parturition, or in consequence of the labours of a reformer, but by the sheer pressure of augmented numbers. The magnitude of the Roman State outgrew its form of government. The few remaining representatives of the original plebeian families became, by the influence of the changes wrought by time, heads of a wealthy and powerful noblesse. The original liberty of the common people developed into a portentous idleness. Fed by the tribute of the world, and defended from the attacks of *ennui* by the care taken by the magnates of the city to provide public amusements, the *Populus* of Rome sank into a worthless mob. The *Senatus* became, from the same irresistible influence of the growth of empire, effete as a council. In the time of the Gracchi an attempt was indeed made to remodel ancient institutions, so as to fit them for widely different conditions: but the effort was made in the direction of destruction rather than in that of consolidation. When the government of the world dropped, first into the hands of three conspirators, and a little later into that of almost the only man who proved to be able to bear such a burden without the loss of reason under its pressure, the fact was a natural result of growth without healthy organic change. As the most stately and vigorous organic frame attains its natural term of life, so was it with the Roman Constitution. How the decay might have been avoided it may be difficult to imagine. All that is certain is, that institutions which were proved by their permanence to be wise, powerful, and suited to the genius of the people in whose bosom they arose, became, by sheer lapse of time and increase of numbers and of wealth, effete and paralysed, so that the dictation of one man—at once general, tribune of the people, head of the Senate, and High Priest—was all that intervened between the ultimate stage of corrupted civilisation and the absolute disintegration of society.

Comparing small things with great, something of the same order and progress of affairs may be traced in the history of the municipal institutions of London. Of their admirable utility at one time there is no doubt. The royal city throve and grew under laws that were gradually enacted in harmony with the spirit of the times, and with the energy and wealth of her chief citizens. London, in jealously guarding her own rights, became the protectress of the liberties of England. Wealth, worthily gained, and worthily dispensed, flowed into the great emporium of commerce. Around the chartered city spread first acres, and then miles, of suburb; the constant extension of which, even so far back as the

reign of James I., was regarded with apprehension by the Legislature; but to which it was vainly attempted to put a stop. It is true that the magistracy exercised by the fathers of the City did not spread over the new parochial districts that physically, although not politically, were incorporated into its growth. In this respect the growth of London materially differed from that of Rome. In the former, not only was the municipal, severed from the national, government, but the municipal government itself was confined within the ancient limits of the City walls. Thus grew up an altogether anomalous state of things. To a certain extent the members of the great City companies may be compared to the citizens of Rome. They are not, indeed, supported at the expense of the tributaries of the City. But in the application (well or ill) of the large and unaudited revenues of the companies to the education, the solace, and the feasting of their members, we see a relic of the same order of things which gave bread and the games to the citizens of Rome. The unprecedented and unfortunate feature of the case with regard to the growth of London was the absolute want of elasticity in the constitution of the City Courts. Instead of the whole of London being governed, as in old times, by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, that chartered organisation was so strictly limited that at the present time it only has authority over about one acre out of every square mile of the area of the metropolis.

In the two historic instances that we have cited, the course pursued has thus been partly similar, and partly very dissimilar. Institutions, in themselves admirable, permanent, and effective, have, in each case, gradually fallen into decay by the silent but irresistible effect of growth of population. In one case, where the authority of the institutions was so elastic as to comprehend all the additional growth, the balance became so impaired by the extension of empire, that society itself broke to pieces under the pressure. In the other case it is the institution which, confined to its original area, is reduced to unimportance by the growth of a population that has escaped from its influence, but which, at the same time, has grown up with a want of organisation and of rule that is little short of a scandal to civilisation.

It follows that the simple refusal to take heed of the changes effected by the steady progress of time is anything but truly conservative. The wisest institutions framed by human art could only regard the circumstances with which the legislature were themselves familiar. They could not, or at all events did not, include provision for gradual modification in proportion to the change of conditions. On the contrary, they strove to make change impossible. Change, indeed, was inevitable, since the state of society for which the institutions were provided was itself subject to mighty changes. But no machinery intended to provide for any such change formed part of the original institutions. Change, therefore, was naturally deferred until it became inevitable. When this is the case, it takes place in the form of revolution.

When society has reached a condition in which revolutionary change (under whatever guise it may be presented to the mind) has become inevitable, two courses become possible. The one—which is that to be expected from children or irreflective persons—is to make *tabula rasa* of the past, and to educe a new order of society from abstract principles or imaginary bases; the other is to cling as closely as possible to the institutions under which the State or the people has grown up from in-

fancy to maturity. In this latter attempt—a neglect of which is a negation of human experience—two methods are conceivable. The one is to adhere, as closely as possible, to the form of ancient institutions; the other is to penetrate into the spirit of those institutions, to grasp their master principles, and to apply those principles and that spirit to the modification of the new legislation. The former of these courses is that of the unintelligent admirer of the past; the latter is that of the man who desires that what was best in the past should have full play and power in the future.

If we look for those main principles of local government—confining ourselves at present to this branch of the subject—under which not only London, but so many famous and wealthy cities, attained their highest prosperity, we shall be struck with the constant presence of two great principles of action which have of late years fallen much into disuse. These, although not necessarily connected, have been always historically associated. They are the principles of gradation of authority, and of unpaid service of the public. We can trace many signs of the ancient importance of the principle of systematic gradation. Its form survives almost everywhere. In the earliest times of our national history it appears to have been the mainspring of the organisation of the country. Its mark is left in the ancient divisions of tithings, hundreds, and counties or shires. In military organisations it is, of necessity, a main feature. In the most remarkable attempt at the reconstruction of the legal edifice that has yet been made—the famous Code Napoléon—this principle was paramount, and was associated with the equally ancient principle of unpaid public service by means of the great weight given to arbitration. With regard to the latter principle, now everywhere falling into discredit, it nowhere is so utterly banished as in those States where the ultimate decision of the question is referred directly to the will of the majority. The modern idea of a republic presents as complete a contrast as it is possible to conceive to that stern oligarchical rule under which the idea of the State as the first object of the love, reverence, and service of the citizen was developed to its fullest extent. The commonwealth or republic of Rome was one of the most aristocratic of all governments. The paternal power over the family, the inalienability of real property, the sacred respect to hereditary right, the reverence shown to age, to matronhood, to the grey hairs of the senators, the utter voicelessness of the common people in any point where the Law or the Senate had spoken, were all elements of that love and worship of the republic which gave such grandeur and stability to the Consulate and Rule of Rome. If we contrast the condition which so long endured, until it broke down under the luxury introduced by foreign conquest, and the weight of the foreign empire of the Roman State, with what are now called Republican institutions, we shall find that the ruling principles of the two orders of things are diametrically opposite. In nothing is this more apparent than in the desire to escape from unpaid public service. What is called the Senate in France is a body of men sufficiently dependent on their neighbours to receive the sum of 180,000*l.* a year for the performance of such functions as they are said to discharge. The Deputies of the French people are gratified by the annual wages of 271,000*l.* The Legion of Honour—a body that does not even affect to perform any duty, but is a set of men merely associated by the possession in each member of some such special claim to the admiration and respect of the nation that he wears a red ribbon by

way of honourable decoration—is further remunerated by an annual gratification of a million sterling. In the United States there is now hardly any attempt to disguise the fact that the pursuit of political distinction is all but purely and simply a question of dollars. The choice of the temporary President of forty millions of men is made an open and undisguised matter of pecuniary interest. All holders of office are sent to the right-about on the substitution of a President from the ranks of the opposite party. The true republican idea of the service of the State is one which it is now as difficult to find lingering on earth as are the rites of Apollo or of Minerva. Names have been retained or re-introduced, but the things which these names were wont to signify are altogether of the past.

It is conceivable that in the ever increasing specialisation of human knowledge, we may be tending towards, or have arrived at, a condition where unpaid service ceases to be the best available to the State. The experience of our police courts, the contrast between the justice rendered by stipendiary magistrates and civic or country justices, to say nothing of the ordinary proceedings of certain more august assemblies, certainly point in that direction. But this is a matter which it is of the greatest importance to have accurately decided. If we find that it is only to men specially educated for the pursuit, and therefore necessarily paid for their services, that the conduct of public business, of one or of all kinds, can be safely committed, it is time that there should be no doubt left on the point. As it is, we are undergoing all the evils of a state of transition. The best men, it is the common complaint (and the more popular the institutions, the more crying is the evil), shun the public service. Their time is more remuneratively occupied. The honour of the post no longer has adequate charms. Thus the chief posts of unremunerated public service are falling more and more completely, throughout the world, into the hands of inferior men. Not only so, but one result of this descent of power is, that the want of remuneration becomes intolerable, and corruption makes way in consequence. Whether we see an underpaid Minister of War selling contracts for the supply of the army, and receiving bribes through the hands of his wife from the men to whom he pays out the public money, or the member of a non-paid board jobbing for the execution of a lucrative contract for his nominee, the details bear a great family resemblance. The discredit into which non-paid or underpaid public service is everywhere falling is one of the most noteworthy signs of the time.

It is highly probable that the want of patriotic feeling, which may be regarded as epidemic over the civilised world, is mainly traceable to the same causes that have led to the neglect of the principle of gradation in authorities. Indirectly the case may be attributed to increase of population. In a city or a State of the modest poportions with which Aristotle was familiar, in the London of Norman times, or in the early kingdoms of Greece, public business and public duty were of a very limited nature. The aldermen, or senators, or fathers of the little society, under whatever name they ruled its councils, had time to spare from their own legitimate duties for the public service. The questions which came before them were few and simple. The distribution of duty and of responsibility was easy and natural. Each man, taking on his shoulders his own small share of public duty, was at once the witness and the juror of the mode in which his fellows discharged their own corre-

sponding parts. The idea of payment was thus altogether foreign to the simple municipal rule. Alderman or councillor, whether keen man of business or fussy man of pretence, had his little round of public duty, easy to discharge. Thus, by the common action of those who were bound together by the links of a common interest, the public and the private welfare went hand in hand.

With every step in increase of numbers this self-acting organisation becomes more difficult in its working. The only mode of maintaining a healthy activity in the public councils is by a subordination of function. From sheer increase of the number of citizens the original municipal council must in time become unable to carry out its original duties. Time fails. The amount of discussion that would settle the public affairs of a population of ten thousand souls would make but a weak impression on the necessities of a body of twenty times that number. Thus, with each augmentation of the community, the pressure on the Supreme Council increases. No relief from this pressure can be obtained by increasing the number of councillors. The contrary is the result. The more numerous the council, the more time does it consume in the discussion of every subject brought before it. The only escape from this constantly aggravating pressure is by delegation. The chief council may divide itself into committees, and delegate to individual members a part of the collective powers. In many cases this operation actually occurs. If constantly accumulating business is brought before a consultative assembly, due deliberation thus becomes simply impossible. Some change in organisation is indispensable. And the changes which history shows us to have actually occurred are in the direction of arbitrary decision, rather than of deliberate council by the assembly as a whole; and of the delegation of arbitrary power to individual members in matters of detail. It has been shown us by the ancient political writers how each form of government has its natural danger, and how each form is thus likely to undergo modification in course of time. But the accumulating and disturbing pressure to which a body of the nature of a Senate or Supreme Council is exposed by the mere growth of the State it was designed to regulate has not been treated by these writers, because it was not, in their time, anticipated. We are thus reduced to draw our lessons from our own experience. We see what has been the effect, in all cases, of the increase of population. We see how inadequate has been every attempt hitherto made to relieve the Supreme Council from that constantly augmenting pressure. We are thus driven to revert to the original principles of the institution; to recall the condition under which those institutions worked satisfactorily; and to inquire how far these conditions can be reproduced under a very different phase of social life.

There can be no contention against the statement that the primary form of government, when it was not monarchical or patriarchal, was based on the conviction that those men who by their age, their experience, their stake in the welfare of the country, by the esteem and authority they had acquired among their fellow-countrymen, were most fitted to direct public affairs, should form naturally the Supreme Council of the State—whether as the councillors of a King, or as the fountain of executive, as well as of legislative power. To this natural Senate was added, in course of time, a second group of men, who represented, to a certain extent, the mass of the poorer and less considered citizens.

Whether we find this institution arranged as concurrent councils or chambers (as a Senate and a House of Representatives), or as different orders meeting in one House (as in the northern Diets of Europe, and to some extent, as in the knights and burgesses of the old English Parliament), matters little to the present enquiry. One result of that pressure which arises from increase of population has been the growth in power of the second element of the consultative body or bodies at the expense of the first. In the modification thus gradually introduced, the character of the Council necessarily undergoes not only change, but deterioration. More and more the men of highest mark and most worth are displaced by the representatives of numbers. When payment is given to the latter, the movement is intensified. We see the results now in the state of the Corporation of London, as well as in that of more important courts of council. Not one of the great merchants who hold a European position, and whose experience resembles that of statesmen, is to be found among the aldermen of London. Not one of the first class of manufacturers, of the men who stand confessedly at the head of the productive industry of their own country, is to be found there. The demand on the time of such men has gradually become too great. The many inconveniences and annoyances which they might expect in meeting on equal terms men of very inferior real importance, sent to occupy their chairs by the chance of a popular vote, would of itself deter the fathers of a State or of a city from occupying their ancient seats in its councils. Thus, by degrees, consultative power in these bodies drifts into the hands of trading politicians—of the men who are either paid for the time they devote to the public service, or make use of their position in some obscure manner to procure themselves an equivalent for their time. It is unnecessary to do more than glance at the corruption that thus invades the community. We may point to the legal investigations now in course in the United States. We may refer to those charges which Mr. Firth has so definitely brought against the Metropolitan Board of Works, that it is impossible to understand how any member of that body can sit down contentedly under the stigma. What has occurred, and is now occurring, in the deterioration of municipal and national councils, is clearly intelligible. It was an almost unavoidable sequence of that growth in the bulk and numbers for which the original constitutions of the governing bodies had in no way provided.

If this be so—if from the sheer increase of numbers and of business a Senate or a Council becomes first over-worked, then deprived of its natural members, finally both inefficient and corrupt—where is the remedy to be sought? We know how some rude practical compensation has crept in. By delegation dead-lock has been to some extent avoided; but no defence has been provided against corruption. But if we can trace the sources of mischief, we can learn in what direction the remedy is to be sought. The evil has arisen, first, from the undue pressure on the time of the best men, then from their abandonment of their post, then from the accumulation of overwhelming work in hands not the best for its performance. Two original principles of social organisation have been thus outraged. Are these principles, if replaced and duly carried out in practice, enough to provide the remedy?

If the community is to prosper, it can only attain and maintain its fullest prosperity by the aid and service of its best and ablest members. To a certain extent, then, it has the right to demand and to re-

ceive that service. But it is neither just nor wise to make the public service too onerous. Nor is it by payment for the time of the councillors that this mischief is to be avoided. The key to the question lies in the other ancient principle, that of the gradation of authority. Overpowering pressure of public business comes on the Supreme Court as the consequence of want of organisation. A senate or a council loses public time in discussing matters that would be better settled by an inferior court. The rule of a great city is no more incapable of organisation than that of a great army. But as numbers increase, groups of classification must increase. Every sentinel is as much bound to watchfulness, whether he form a link in a chain of a mile, or of fifty miles, of posts. Each non-commissioned officer has his own duty clearly prescribed, whether he form part of a detached guard or of a massed body of troops. In the army, as in the State, it is with the unit that duty commences—as it is to the unit that the central impulse radiates from the chief in command.

That some modification of the original organisation of municipal life in this country might restore the healthy working of our civil institutions is the inference from the foregoing enquiry. We wish to avoid anything like detail—we do not desire to be open to the reproach of offering a nostrum. We wish only to indicate the course which experience seems to dictate. If the true direction of that course be admitted, the discussion of its details will be comparatively easy. Without insisting on the ancient division of the tithing—without indicating how many householders should form the lowest collective unit—we suggest that such a unit should be organised. A certain number of householders, bound, under some small fine, to exercise a certain amount of combination and consultation, provided with a chairman, either by seniority or by choice, and disposing of certain matters affecting themselves, would form the first step in an ascending gradation of truly popular units. The chairmen of the lowest combination would form the members of the next ascending grade. The number of grades in ascent is a question for enquiry. But by the re-introduction and perfection of that gradated system, which was the parent of our social organisation in pre-Roman times, the evils under which representative government is everywhere oppressed or breaking down would have the best chance of avoidance. Each citizen would have to give, to the common welfare, a small portion of his time, but a portion that would be directly available for the public service. Each ascending court would discharge a duty more proper to the number and to the local knowledge of its members, and thus to the general prosperity, than would be the case if the subjects it decided were remitted to a larger and more general council. Finally, so sifted would be the matter for discussion, as well as the men who were to discuss, when we came to the Supreme Court, that it might be reasonably expected that the best and wisest citizens, giving a very moderate portion of time to grave deliberation on the few points reserved for their ultimate decision, might form a Municipal Council or a National Senate as reverend as that of Venice, and as durable as that of Rome herself.

F. R. C.

FIELDS AND FIELD SPORTS IN MADRAS.

THE Presidency of Madras contained within the long angle of the Peninsula is divided, exclusive of Native States, into twenty districts, analogous in size and importance rather to French departments, or the English kingdoms of Saxon times, than counties. Most of them fringe the eastern and western sea-boards, but three or four occupy the interior between the Madras and Malabar coasts, abutting at no point upon the sea. They would be accounted considerable States in Europe; Coimbatore and Salem amongst them, for example, each comprising more than eight thousand square miles. Broad undulating plains, far-stretching alternations of upland and hollow, characterise their surface; and though mountain masses and long ranges rise up here and there, and generally close up the horizon, and hills, single or in clusters, are dotted like islands over the great champaign, the general aspect of a level country is maintained, and the Great Peninsular Railway runs across from sea to sea, four hundred miles, without a single tunnel.

In these inland districts the old country life of India has been least changed, and the primitive gods survive undisturbed. The plains, like moorlands at home, usually lie high, and extend for miles, their rugged surface strewn with stones and disjointed rock; a low yellow-flowered bush grows here and there, and a thin covering of coarse grass gives a green tinge during the rains, but a sere and wan appearance during most of the year. The higher undulations are often crested with rocky spires and dislocated granite ridges; and occasionally long dykes of black serpentine, or veins of milk-white quartz, may be traced following the dip of the strata, sometimes ceasing, then again cropping out, for long distances. Stony watercourses wind on all sides towards the lower levels, and here and there is met a rocky flat, riddled with hollows, sometimes of considerable depth, in which rain-water lies long, even in the hot months, enabling a long-thorned bush or two, or even a low tree, to sustain themselves in a favourable crevice. Now and then such a bush may be met with covered with bits of rag, denoting that some sick wayfarer there sank down and died, to soothe whose angry ghost each passer-by leaves an offering of a scrap. The gaunt goats and cattle scattered over the waste gather round the water-hollows in the evening before straggling in long files to the villages on the skirts of the plain, driven by the lean lads who, perched on rocky piles, have watched them all the day—dusky Damœtases and Corydons much given to piping on quaint earthen flutes, but with chants and voices unmusical to Western ears. There is little other motion of life on the desolate expanse. Pale grey harrier hawks and chestnut-coloured kestrils may often be seen gliding a few feet above the ground, steadily beating and quartering it, and from time to time balancing with outspread tail and vibrating wings over some small quarry, now dropping down suddenly and noiselessly, now resuming flight. Herds of antelope watch any chance passers along the rough tracks, that here and there cross the plains, with heads and eyes all turned towards the intruders, ready to disperse with light bounds at any suspicious motion; and occasionally on the more lonely tracts is a troop of the magnificent Indian

bustard, looking in the distance quite like human figures—for the cock bird when alarmed and drawn up stands fully five feet high, and its white neck and olive-brown plumage, beautifully pencilled and flecked with black lines and shadings, give it much the semblance of a white-turbaned native.

The skirts of these arid plains sink gradually into lower-lying levels, and cleared and ploughed patches begin to denote the presence of cultivable soil, here, however, but poor and shallow, a mere sprinkling over rock, scratched up with the immemorial plough of the country, which is but a curved and sharpened stake. Only one crop of quick-growing grain can be won yearly from these meagre plots, and but little labour is bestowed on them. Lower still the soil becomes richer, redder, and deeper, and the fields are inclosed by strong quickset hedges, not unlike blackthorn, and trees are not unfrequent. Some of the fields bear crops of various local grains and growths, some are devoted to pasture. The milch cattle, though small, are sleek and shapely, and give a fair amount of good milk for half the year; they are very nimble and unruly, difficult to keep out of grain-fields, however securely fenced; their value has so much risen of late years that in localities supposed to breed them best, it is found more profitable to devote land to pasture than to cultivation. The sheep are the best in India, short-bodied and small-tailed, producing excellent mutton; their wool is thick and curly, generally white, with black heads, sometimes wholly black; a sort of blanket of capital quality, used by all classes of natives, is made of it. Proprietors of flocks make much profit by folding them on arable lands, the owners of which pay a fee for the manure. Still farther beyond on the lowest level foliage becomes thicker, fields still more carefully inclosed bearing far heavier crops, watered from large wells; and before long tiled or thatched roofs, appearing over the fences under wide-armed trees, give notice of a village. The fertile bottom extends around sometimes for long breadths, oftener restricted to less than a mile, and then begins to ascend gradually, and merges again in parched, high-lying barren plains; and so on for long leagues on all sides.

Enough has been written of rajahs and Indian chiefs, their pearls and gold, and Eastern gorgeousness. Who has not read of spearing the grim tusked boar, or slaying the execrated man-eating tiger? A glance may be given at the humble tillers of the soil, their fields, crops, and ways of cultivation, and also, perhaps, at those less exciting field sports which in such scenes replace for Anglo-Indians those followed over autumn stubbles and heather at home. We are encamped out in a wide open country; there is much business to be attended to during the long sultry day, and no better preparation for it than brisk exercise for the first hours after dawn. It is towards the end of the year, when crops are ripening fast. In the early morning dusk, whilst cocks are crowing and birds twittering in the shadows, we mount a pony and ride out sharply a mile or two to a spot where gun-bearers, and some boys and beaters in charge of half a dozen dogs, spaniels, terriers, and half-breeds, have preceded us. Night still seems to linger under the trees, and the strong sickly-sweet odours of creepers in the hedges, and of some flowering trees that diffuse their perfume during darkness, are still floating in the air. Arrived at the trysting spot we dismount and assume the gun. We are on a wide cultivated upland, sloping gently into fertile bottoms, and in the distance may be seen the bare whitening skirts of the parched maidân.

Indian agriculture in the South is roughly divided into 'wet' and 'dry,' the former consisting of rice cultivation only. People unacquainted with the East are apt to imagine that rice is the prevalent cultivation and food of the population, but this is far from being the case. Rice is rather what white bread is in Scotland and Ireland, not the general food, but rather an occasional luxury; although the same perverse fashion which makes the whitest bread at home preferred to the more nutritious brown, leads all classes in Asia to esteem rice more highly than any other cereal, though containing much the least nutriment of all. When, too, it is considered that rice can grow only in water, and therefore on levels where water can be supplied with certainty for some months, it will be obvious that in a country of very irregular surface the area capable of being so irrigated must be very limited. Thus in the district of Coimbatore, for instance, out of nearly a million and a half acres of cultivated land there are little more than seventy thousand acres producing rice; necessarily then the latter must be the food of a minority. In a delta region, like Tanjore, or a great river valley, such as that of the Ganges, the proportions are different, yet insignificant in the total area of the country. Still, poor food though it be, rice supports its millions, more probably than any other grain, and albeit such races are ever deficient in pith and manhood, and 'wet' villages in India ever the abode of Brahmans, and centres of intrigue and roguery, as revenue officials well know, most beautiful, delightful, and refreshing to look upon is a wide stretch of rice cultivation—how refreshing none can tell who have not seen the network of tender green plots, separated by ridges of darker grass, lying set amid brown or yellow sunburnt uplands, with troops of snow-white paddy-birds flying about or standing knee-deep in the grain.

'Dry' villages are occupied chiefly by non-Brahmanical classes, foremost amongst whom are the Valālas, the hereditary cultivators and yeomanry of the land, a sturdy simple race, born, as themselves say, to cultivate the soil, and content generation after generation to pass laborious lives with hand upon the plough. Fortunate, perhaps, in knowing their own good; for if the earth is not always most just, nor always pours forth too easy returns, yet anxieties of ambition or commerce lie beyond their sphere, and wars sweep by and leave them as before amid their fields and cattle, with sleep at will beneath their trees. They are remarkably abstemious, eating no flesh, and strictly eschewing intoxicating liquors; their food consists almost entirely of 'dry' grains and pulses, and yet withal they are strong and well filled out, often tall and muscular, in favourable contrast to the sparer rice-eating castes. One marriage custom, more barbarous than Arcadian, prevails amongst them, strongly opposed to all Brahmanical ideas, namely, marrying very young boys to grown women; the reason assigned is that there may be an additional working member—important in an agricultural family; but the results are morally incongruous, for the boy's father supplants the bridegroom, who when he grows up finds a family already provided for him, and in his turn follows the custom of the country. It is remarkable that this practice, with the same object, and too often the same result, is reported to obtain in Russian village communities, where, it is said, a strapping woman may be frequently seen carrying her baby-husband

in her arms! Still general dissoluteness of morals must by no means be inferred in either case; the Valālas are exceptionally steady and averse to crime.

The condition of the ryots or cultivators has been greatly improved during the last thirty years. Unwise restrictions have been done away, and every man so long as he pays the assessment, moderately calculated, upon his holding, cannot be turned off; neither can it be raised even should he make improvements, which become his own; and he can sell or sublet the land, which is indeed virtually his. Hence every cultivator knows exactly his position, what he may venture, and what expect. 'Dry' cultivation is so called because carried on by aid of rain only; when a field is so situated as to admit of being watered from a well or tank, it becomes a 'garden,' producing besides grains sugar-cane, tobacco, bananas, and other valuable crops. Such gardens are the mainstay of a district, especially in times of drought, when the earth's surface is baked red and glowing with fervent heat.

As an English summer landscape is diversified with fields of wheat, barley, beans, peas, vetch, &c., so Indian uplands and hollows are covered in the later months with growths and grains of many names and aspects, mostly of the millet kind, and generally lofty and luxuriant, as befits a land of the sun; when grown in gardens the crops are still more tall and heavy. We are passing by a three or four acre piece of *kumboo*, or spiked millet (*Penicillaria spicata*), a noble grain, rising a man's height on good soil, bearing a spike-shaped head, six to nine inches long, somewhat like a bulrush-head but more pointed, all close-set with small round grains covered with purple downy bloom. This fine millet, five per cent. more nutritious than rice, is a favourite crop and grown extensively; acres of it are waving all round in the morning breeze with low stately undulations. Next to this comes a plot of *gram* (*Dolichos biflorus*), a low close-growing vetch-like pulse, homely but most useful, replacing corn for horses in India, and a general food for all cattle; its dark-green growth often alternates with the lighter-coloured bluish-green Bengal gram, commonly called *chenna*, a more delicate variety. Adjoining this is a field of Italian millet, more familiar to us hanging in bunches in bird-dealers' shops, those dry yellow ears, however, giving little idea of the green drooping beauty of the growing grain. This is often accompanied by an allied species, called by the natives *shamay* (*Panicum miliare*), growing about the height of barley, its long plume-like panicle bowing beautifully with the weight of the grain. Then succeeds a field of multifarious mixed cultivation, first perhaps a breadth of tall broad-leafed castor-oil plants, familiar now in England in 'sub-tropical' gardens, then a dozen rows of sticks up which clamber varieties of many-coloured beans, next some lines of flax-plants, somewhat like yellow-flowered hollyhocks, mixed with a few straggling red-headed plants of the cockscomb kind, used for flavouring pottage; and following these a patch of low broom-like yellow-flowered bushes bearing pods producing a fine clear oil.

We pass by a narrow path through all this varied cultivation—the upper and poorer plots are mostly open, the lower generally inclosed with hedges of prickly pear—till we arrive at a large piece of *kumboo* that has been recently reaped; that is, the ears have been cut off with a small sickle-like knife, leaving the tall stalks, which will afterwards be pulled up by the roots,

so loosening the ground, and used for thatch or fodder. By this is a small extent of waste stony ground bearing only a few scattered thorn-bushes; here we take our stand, while on the farther side of the reaped field the dogs are loosened and the beaters advance towards us shouting and clapping their hands. As they approach a yelping amongst the dogs announces something afoot, and presently a hare darts out across the open and is forthwith rolled over. The Indian species is mouse-coloured, with a black velvet patch behind the ears, and inferior to the English in size and flavour, but acceptable where variety for the table is limited. Quickly following this four or five grey partridges whirr upwards from a corner; they are stronger in flight and more difficult to hit than the English, which they much resemble; only one falls to the gun. Two or three more hares are started, but escape in contrary directions out of sight.

We pass thence through a gap in a tall hedge of milk bush (*Euphorbium tirucalle*) characteristic of these regions; a growth of green leafless shoots, growing one from the other, and branching into thick masses, brittle and exuding copiously a milk-like blistering juice. No cattle will touch it, and it grows rapidly on the poorest soil from branches stuck in. Old stocks are often as thick as a man's arm, and rise twenty feet high; on open plains villages are often surrounded with a lofty ring of it, concealing all the houses within, and serving as a green rampart against prowling foes human or four-footed, and against the furious winds that sweep the plains in the monsoon. Passing the gap we enter a field of cotton of the American kind, now much cultivated; the bushes, trimmed so as to spread rather than rise, straggle low over the ground and their reddish flowers are turning into round green bolls, some of which—for all stages may be seen on the same bush—are bursting and displaying the pure white tufts and filaments within; a beat amongst the bushes starts some hares, most of which steal away unseen through the bushes, and another covey of partridges that have, however, run to the farther end, and only rise at the hedge. At the bottom of the field we come upon a nullah or watercourse a dozen yards wide; five or six times in the year a roaring torrent rushes along its bed, otherwise utterly dry, and its rough broken sides are filled with stunted bushes and long withered grass. A nullah like this is a sure find, and we walk beside it, the dogs and beaters a little behind. Soon a hare scuds out, a partridge whirrs swiftly up, and now and then a bevy of nearly a score quail rise up together from a single corner with startling suddenness, and scatter on all sides in a very baffling manner. The nullah traverses several more fields of different growths, and we follow it with varying success. At last it leaves them and becomes a narrow lane hollowed through deeper soil, and bordered on each side by high thick hedges of thorns, prickly pear, and milk plant intermixed. Formidable fences these, even to the clad and booted, much more to natives bare of limb and foot! Skirting these spiny barriers, we discern on one side a narrow entrance between two ancient stems of milk bush, guarded by a wattle door of woven thorns. Unhitching this we enter a garden field of two or three acres; its area has been levelled where uneven by digging out the soil and throwing it on to the hedge banks, that are much raised thereby; water is thus freely conducted over the surface, which is divided into large compartments, that can be filled one by one from shallow intersecting chan-

nels. The garden bears a fine crop of *rāgi* (*Eleusine coracana*), the most nutritious and favourite of all dry grains, not excepting wheat; it is close-growing, short-strawed, and bears a head dividing into from four to six curved spikes, two or three inches long, filled with small round seeds, which will keep ten years in dry pits. We cross the garden along the fresh grassy bank of the main channel, still wet with the recent current, and pass through another thorny wicket into a larger field of abounding luxuriance. Here in close rustling array grows the largest and tallest of native cereals, *cholum* or great millet (*Sorghum vulgare*), the most useful and, next to *rāgi*, the most nourishing;[1] the thick polished stems rise ten feet high on watered soil, bearing large swelling heads of clustering hard round seeds, the size of peppercorns, red, white, or glossy black; for there are three varieties. Sixty fold is no uncommon return; and a field of this noble millet is beautiful to behold, the lofty shining stems hung with long green leaves, and the multitudinous heads, too strong to wave, quivering and whispering with an *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* pleasant to eye and ear. African travellers report this widely extended grain as abundantly grown in negro countries, where an intoxicating beer is largely brewed from it; but this one of its many uses seems quite unknown in India. Proceeding on under the cool shade of this giant crop, we come to the well, the cause and means of this luxuriance.

No rural feature in the East is more delightful than a great garden well. Square and spacious, twenty or thirty feet wide, the perpendicular sides are often dug as deep, for two-thirds of the distance through solid rock, till water be found. The excavated earth and stone are piled up on one side of the well into a mound, the inner side plumb with that of the well, the outer sloping down into the garden. On the crest of the mound a couple of strong posts are planted three feet or so apart; between them at the bottom a good-sized wooden pulley wheel, is fixed, and a smaller between their tops. At the foot a large trough usually hollowed from a tree, conducts to a channel carried along a raised bank, sloping gradually from the mound far into the field, and in front of the pulley-supports a paved track is laid at a sharp descent down the mound. This is the bullock walk, and up and down it move the bullocks that raise the water from below. A long leathern bag or bucket, tapering almost to a point, is sewn at the mouth to an oblong iron frame fastened to a strong rope running over the lower pulley, and a cord attached to the end of the bag passes over the upper wheel. The rope, usually of

[1] Analysis of some of the food-grains of India, showing their respective percentages of life-sustaining compounds.

Grains	Nitrogenous Ingredients	Non-nitrogenous Ingredients	Inorganic Ingredients
Rāgi	18·12	80·25	1·03
Cholum	15·53	83·67	1·26
Kumboo	13·92	83·27	·73
Wheat	14·45	83·15	2·4
Rice	9·08	89·08	0·47

'Dry grains' are ground, made into paste, and eaten as porridge, or more generally fried or baked into cakes, scones, &c.

twisted hide, must needs be long, as the water is often twenty-five or thirty feet below the top of the mound; one end is harnessed to a couple of bullocks, the bucket and frame at the other are dropped splashing into the water, and the bullocks move briskly down the inclined plane; as they go, the long dark leathern bag emerges distended, spouting water at twenty crevices, and ascends to the top of the mound; the driver pulls the upper cord which lifts the tail of the bag, and as the open iron mouth reaches the trough it pours forth the water down trough and channel into the garden, whence it is led from plot to plot till all are watered, and when abundant conducted into the adjoining gardens. Immediately the water is emptied, the bullocks shuffle quickly *backwards* up the slope, and down goes the dripping bucket into the water, soon mounting again and sending another gush down the channel, and so the work goes on for several hours, a bucket bringing up from thirty to thirty-five gallons about once a minute.

A *neem* tree grows beside the well, stretching its light green foliage and bunches of olive-like berries over the water; from the tips of its branches hang several of the long beautiful nests of the weaver-bird, whose brown, yellow-breasted inhabitants are continually flitting in and out of the pendant entrance-tubes in security from all enemies, and at its foot are placed four or five splinters of stone, streaked with red and white paint. A few flowers are laid before this rude shrine of rustic divinities. We pause awhile under the shade, for the sun is now high and hot, and watch the great bucket-bag descend with a splash and mount streaming up; tufts of fern and long grass cling to that side of the well fed by the continual moisture, and low bushes lean over round its rim. Such sights are grateful in a tropical land, and pleasant the dash and gurgle at each discharge of the bucket, and the ripple of the hurrying lymph as it struggles down the slanting watercourse, along which, here and there, an oleander bush displays its richly-scented red or white flowers, whilst the humped bullocks ply their task, backwards and forwards, with meek eyes and faces intelligently responsive to the driver, who hesitates not to address them volubly in long speeches of encouragement or remonstrance.

Leaving the well, we pass into the village hard by, one of ordinary size, containing perhaps forty or fifty houses, built on an irregular piece of land over which the dry limestone rock crops up, useless for cultivation and overgrown with a tall plant[2] bearing broad bluish-green leaves and large pods filled with silky fibres, that covers waste places, like docks at home. There is a small street of low windowless houses, thatched or tiled, a strong wooden door in the middle of each, and on either side of it a divan-like seat runs along under the broad impending eaves, curving up at the ends couch-fashion. This outside verandah, which is the family gathering-place and drawing-room, is white-washed and banded with red, as are all the walls. Beyond the street the abodes of the lower castes lie dispersed—here a cluster of round peak-roofed huts, there some better dwellings with small inclosed yards, in which grow a cocoa-nut tree or two; the whole surrounded with a rough stone wall whitewashed and red-striped, as are also the tree-trunks. Somewhat apart a few weavers are plying their craft; the strong cloths, some twenty-two yards long, on which they are employed are stretched upon supports under a

[2] *Calotropis gigantea.*

line of flowering trees planted for the purpose, and they pace rapidly up and down these primitive looms, shuttle in hand: their trade is much diminished since their fabrics, made to wear, have been supplanted by floods of the cheaper English, made to sell. Somewhere in or near the village a big old banyan or peepul tree will be seen rising from the middle of a square stone-built platform, as usual striped white and red; here gather the elders to settle disputes and questions of caste, and not far off will be the village temple, a small sacellum, solidly built of small red bricks, little ornamented, and devoted to one of the Saktis, or malignant forms of the wife of Siva, a deity and worship doubtless of aboriginal descent, adopted by the Brahmans into their mythology to increase their influence. By its steps are placed two or three snake-stones—time-worn granite blocks bearing a cobra rudely sculptured in relief on one side, in an upright posture, with folds disposed right and left, sometimes having one, sometimes five heads, the hoods always expanded: occasionally a woman's bust ends Melusina-like in serpent-coils. Everywhere over the country, at the foot of trees, placed before or ranged round the walls of temples, these stones are met with, generally blurred and mouldered with age; some have regarded them as the oldest sculptures in India, relics of primitive snake-worshipping races. They have no priests now, nor do men regard them much, though a mysterious awe invests them, and none will point at them lest the hand should rot; but women, especially those who long for children, worship them with offerings of flowers and libations of oil. Meanwhile women and girls in dark blue or red garments, adjusted in true ancient Greek style, with round jars poised on their heads, are passing and repassing to and from the well just below the village, one of the great square wells already described, half of it, with the bullock-walk and water-raising apparatus, fenced off by strong hedges running up to each side, and half within the village ground for public use. From one corner a narrow flight of steps is cut down its side to the water, by which the women descend to fill their jars. Files of other women, bearing baskets of grain or vegetables, are starting for the neighbouring market, and massive carts are creaking by, some drawn by grim black buffaloes, some by the tall white bullocks bred in jungles by the Cavēry-stream.

From the village we pass by a very narrow lane, worn so deep and hollow by the constant passage of cattle that the hedges almost meet above; this soon opens on the lowest level of the surrounding watershed, where on each side of the dry bed of a wide sandy nullah lie several acres of flat spongy soil better fitted for pasture than cultivation. At this season it is covered with long harsh grass, with here and there spaces of a fresh delicate kind growing closely, knee-deep. A few mimosa bushes, beset with pale slender thorns three or four inches long, and bearing clusters of yellow, or white and red, woolly blossoms, haunted by green-mailed beetles and huge blue-black bees, are scattered about like hawthorns in English meadows, and an incessant chirping and shrilling fill the air from multitudes of locusts and grasshoppers that rise at every step. Here we may expect to meet with the choice game-bird of the country, the florikin (*Sypheotides auritus*). It is of the bustard family, nearly the size of a hen, the plumage beautifully mottled and barred with dark and light shades of brown and black, the male sometimes wholly black; the chin is white, and there are two or three white feathers in the wings. The

male, too, is distinguished by a tuft over each ear three or four inches long of three bare-shafted feathers ending in small oval webs. Its chief food is grasshoppers, and it is often difficult to flush, running long distances through the grass or lying so close as to allow being stepped over without rising; its flesh is held to be the most delicate and best-flavoured of all Indian game-birds. Choosing a large open space of grass, we advance in a line with beaters on either side and dogs working in front, invisible in the tall growth; presently there is a dash and whimper, and up flies the expected game, a satisfactory shot; and whilst reloading, another springs up and mounting high flies fast away. But this delicate quarry is prized by other foes than the sportsman, and a probable cause of its scarcity and lurking habits is the pertinacity with which hunting hawks will quarter ground like this with keen downward glance that discerns the least movement in deepest herbage. As the florikin is speeding away, a chestnut-headed, grey-backed merlin dashes arrow-like from behind a tree and swoops upon it. Eluding the attack by a hair's-breadth the bird dives swiftly into thick grass, and the hawk, recovering itself with light upward sweep, would have followed but for our advance. Though marking exactly the spot, we traverse it again and again, but the frightened bird will not rise, till at last it flutters up from the very jaws of a dog. We proceed to beat the remaining ground, and bag another brace, which is fair success in these districts, where florikins are scarce, though plentiful farther north. Whilst beating, an agitation amongst the dogs indicates a danger hardly known to sportsmen at home. Two or three, with raised ears and uneasy yelp, are surrounding some object in the group; we approach, and see a large cobra, with head erect and thrown back, swaying to and fro as a dog comes too near, and as we come up the grim spectacled head expands and a fierce hiss is heard—signs of instant attack, only prevented by a charge of shot. It seems much distended, and after some hesitation and mutterings of 'The good snake!' (for so the natives commonly designate the cobra, and rather scruple to molest it, and should they kill one frequently begs its pardon) one of the beaters slits it up, and discloses inside another snake, almost half its own size, apparently not long swallowed.

We now approach a large well, furnished with a double bullock-walk and bucket-apparatus; the water is near the surface, deep, and enough to irrigate a dozen or fifteen acres of rice land, a little oasis of wet cultivation amongst the prevailing dry. Most of the paddy-plots have been recently cut, leaving the short stubble on the still wet soil; this is just what snipe delight in, and at the first step on the oozy ground, with the soft familiar cry up glances the favourite dark-brown white-breasted bird, and as it falls another rises and drops to the second barrel; and as we move on they spring up thickly, some darting away down the wind, some alighting again, but generally wild and difficult. So we go over the ground, bagging some, missing perhaps more, till at the last corner the sudden and simultaneous uprising of a dozen ends the sport, leaving us in loud wonderment why nothing fell to the second barrel, though with a secret conviction that the flurry had led to firing under them. Snipe-shooting here replaces the grouse-moors and well-preserved stubbles at home. In the great irrigated tracts the birds often swarm from October to March, and men whose eye and hand act well together find great sport. Enthusiasts will follow it up for a long

tropical day, with feet in cold water and a burning sun darting down upon the head, intent upon bagging their hundred birds. Good shots often accomplish this, but in our opinion at an unwise risk, though the birds are less wild and lie closer in the midday heat. Many a disordered liver and dangerous fever or dysentery may be traced to a day's sniping and a bag of fifty brace.

Here our morning shooting ends. It is past eight o'clock, and the sun smites fiercely; we have walked some five or six miles since he first showed his flaming rim over the low eastern horizon, and we reckon a bag of a leash of hares, two brace partridges, ditto florikin, three brace quail, and four ditto snipe. The pony, that by circuits and dexterous squeezing through gaps has accompanied our course, is now brought up; we mount, and ride sharply along narrow labyrinthine lanes, between thick thorny hedges, twisting amongst the gardens and inclosed fields, sometimes deep and hollow, sometimes raised upon earth excavated from gardens on each side. We pass fields of diversified cultivation, from the towering *cholum* to the lowly *gram*, now and then catching glimpses of the white bullocks moving up and down their walk, and hear the cry of the driver and the splash and rattle of the bucket.

At one spot, where three lanes meet, a weird goblin-like troop opens on our sight. In a corner, backed by a high dark hedge, fenced off by a low line of prickly pear, there is grouped an assemblage of grotesquely hideous figures. In front stands a row of horses, nearly life-size, rudely formed of pottery, painted in staring colours. Most are white, some pied, with caparisons and housings of pottery-work, coloured brightly. Three or four bear riders grasping weapons, with yellow faces, grinning teeth, thick black moustaches, eyebrows, and hair, and belts, necklaces, and ornaments in gaudy hues. Behind this uncouth cavalry are ranged some colossal figures eight or ten feet high, of the same material, decked in the same style with various insignia, fillets or tiaras on their heads and horrible countenances. There are also two or three elephants, less than life, with tusks and housings, all in coloured pottery. These nightmare-like figures are in all stages of decay; some blackened by time and weather, with limbs broken and great rents in their hollow bodies; others entire, but faded, and two or three new and staring with fresh paint. All are placatory offerings to local demons and evil spirits, who really receive the larger share of popular worship. Numerous they are and many-named, all male, but equally malignant with those female deities who occupy most village temples and are resolvable into some form of the wife or *sakti* of Siva. These male demons of aboriginal superstition are not recognised by the Brahmans, except as servants of their gods, and no Brahman assists at their rites; their office is to plague human kind; they inflict diseases on men and cattle, and bring on evil and misfortune. In cases of obstinate sickness, long-continued ill-fortune, frequent death of children, or murrain amongst cattle, a vow will be made to set up one of these images of potter's work to the demon suspected of causing the visitation. Moreover, anyone who meets with an unnatural death, by accident or violence, is regarded as likely to become a demon of peculiar malignity, and so after death is any notoriously wicked person; the decease of such a character will strike a whole neighbourhood with terror, as he is sure to become a most dangerous demon. We remember a remarkable instance of appeasing even in

anticipation. A man of very bad repute cruelly murdered his wife; he was tried, but escaped through some defect of evidence, but the unhappy woman at once became, to the popular mind, a personification of unsatiated vengeance. An image was set up to her, and, strange to say, one of her still living husband was placed by her side! So universal is the idea that a soul suddenly cut off—

No reckoning made, but sent to its account
With all its imperfections on its head—

will be perturbed and restless, with a longing for revenge.

To all such dreaded beings, whether aboriginal demons or angry human spirits, these huge grim pottery images are set up, sometimes in the inclosures of temples, sometimes in haunted nooks like this. Behind the grotesque troop described above, there is a small decaying brick structure, shaped somewhat like a dog-kennel, and not much bigger, at the foot of an umbrella-headed thorn-tree; within it may be seen a stone splinter, tipped with red, and a few flowers strewn before. A legend runs that, many years ago, a herd-boy was driving his cattle home along the lanes in the dusk of the evening; when passing the spot where the three ways met, he observed a pilgrim with staff and rosary of large rough beads sitting on a stone in a corner; the boy was carrying a chaplet of flowers he had been twining, and carelessly asked the stranger where he should offer it. The other pointed to a lingam-stone under a tree beside him; the boy stooped to place it there, and on looking up found the pilgrim had disappeared. He told the story to the villagers, who coming there and finding the stone, which no one had noticed before, concluded there had been a vision of Siva, built a little shrine for the stone, and have resorted there since to worship; consequently, too, the spot has been considered suitable for these dedicatory pot-ware figures. It is curious how popular beliefs take similar lines and manifestations in widely-separated lands and ages. Visions seen by peasants draw vast pilgrimages in European countries, and are represented by groups of figures placed in churches, and in numerous churches offerings are hung up, as of old to the sea-god, for deliverance from peril or sickness. So, too, Parvati, the grim and merciless spouse of Siva, worshipped to-day throughout India in many forms, all hideous and blood-stained, the mistress of disease and death, haunting mountain-caves and cemeteries with her retinue of ghosts, is evidently the same as 'the triple Hecate,' the queen of witchcrafts and 'close contriver of all harms,' classically as well as mediævally; and she again one with the Ishtar of the Babylonian tablets, the ruthless poisoner and destroyer of her worshippers, whose attendants were Sickness and Famine.

Urging the pony, that seemed inclined to swerve, past the fantastic company of clay monstrosities, we ride on apace; and soon the ground begins to rise, the lane becomes rough and stony, the hedges dwindle, and we emerge on to the open plain, bathed in a shimmering glare under the intense sunshine, and crossed by a white track, which we must follow. No living thing is visible save a couple of jackals moving leisurely along, which break into a long gallop as we approach; the free air meets us refreshingly, and as we dip into a wide hollow a multitude of large quaint-looking stones, disposed in an unwonted manner, meet our view. It is a city of cairns scattered over a space of many acres. As in Europe, these tombs of an unknown race stand amidst living populations, utterly remote and disconnected from all present associations, and

are numerous in many spots of these districts. We diverge from the track and pass through them, noting that, while in strict antiquarian language they would be termed kistvaens, they seem to comprise almost every variety of megalithic construction. Generally they present the appearance of heaps of blackened stones of various sizes, some thirty feet in diameter, but all evidently much worn down and reduced by age and exposure. Most of them are surrounded by circles of stones, double, triple, and, rarely, even fourfold, some only just appearing above ground, others four or eight feet high, and a few are distinguished by a huge upright stone, or menhir, placed close outside the circle, like the headstone of a grave. These circle-inclosed cairns cover underground chambers termed by antiquaries kistvaens, averaging six feet long by three or four wide, and from six to ten deep, constructed by four prodigious stone slabs, placed edgewise, with a flat one for the floor, and closed above by an enormous overlying capstone. The chambers were all originally subterranean, and covered by the cairn heaps; but the latter have disappeared from many, and the earth around them sunk away, leaving half the chamber-walls projecting above the surface, often still bearing up the capstone, that, in many instances, much overlaps its supports, so that the whole looks rather like a gigantic mushroom. The greatest of the tombs stood conspicuously in the centre, as of a chieftain buried amongst his people. At its head rose a broad rude monolith, over twelve feet high; huge rough stones formed a double circle, the cairn over the chamber had disappeared, and the immense massive covering-stone had been displaced, and lay around in fragments. The chamber thus exposed had been laid bare to the bottom, doubtless by some treasure seekers; it was ten feet wide, as many deep, and rather more in length, the sides formed of four prodigious single slabs. It was a wild, impressive scene, as we stood by this rude memorial of some nameless leader of a forgotten race. The silent barren plain extended far around in rocky ridges and dreary yellow expanses, whilst about us lay multitudes of blackened grave-mounds, with here and there the massive chambers half revealed, the capstones still covering some, on others tilted and half fallen, whilst on all sides stood tall rough stones, some upright, some leaning and awry. It realised the poet's vision of the

> Dismal cirque
> Of Druid stones upon a forlorn moor.

The people to-day entertain many quaint notions to account for the origin and purpose of these antique remains, for the most part resolvable into 'myths of observation,' i.e. stories suggested by the appearance of the objects themselves. It does not occur to the natives to regard them as sepulchral, but rather as the dwelling-places of some pygmy or legendary people, prompted probably by the pottery, some evidently used in cooking, found in the chambers, as well as by a curious aperture always existing in one of the end-slabs. What its use may have been is doubtful, unless it were for introducing urns into the sepulchral chamber, though ill-placed for that; but the people look upon it as a door. It is remarkable that exactly similar holes exist in European kistvaens, in France and elsewhere. The pottery, it may be noted, is of very various shapes and sizes, for the most part unlike any now in use, of better texture too, polished black or red, ornamented with wavy white lines, often bearing marks of fire. One characteristic shape is a tall urn, shaped like a lecythus, but with rim turned over, and standing on

three or four short legs. Fragments of burnt bones, much corroded iron knives and spear-heads, and cornelian or crystal beads, are found sparingly in the chambers and urns. One popular tradition respecting the tombs runs that, in a far distant age, the astrologers predicted all humankind would be destroyed by a rain of fire; so the men took counsel and built impenetrable houses of solid stone, furnished them with provisions and utensils, and dwelt in them. But one day a shower of gold fell, which lured them forth; and, as they were gathering the gold, 'the fire-shower of ruin all dreadfully driven' descended suddenly and destroyed all but a few who had stayed at home. Another account delivers that, in a bygone cycle, there lived a race of pygmies, who nevertheless possessed the strength of elephants, and could easily split rocks and lift enormous masses. These built the stone chambers, and perished in the flood that closed the cycle.

One quaint legend avers that, in very ancient times, men lived for extraordinarily long periods, even hundreds of years, and then did not die; but, when become feeble, lay helpless and unable to move. Sight and appetite remained; but they remained lying in their houses like huge breathing pumpkins, to the great inconvenience of the younger generations. At last, to get rid of these ripe-fruit-like encumbrances, their descendants constructed stone houses, placed the helpless ancients within, with food and pots, and came to the door daily to tend them whilst they survived. When at last they died the door was closed, and earth and stones heaped over all. So the people of the day lessened the nuisance of the pumpkin stage of their forefathers! Here, too, as in all countries, these mysterious remains are popularly believed to contain treasure, which accounts for their being so often found ransacked; neither coins nor gold ever are discovered in them, their date being doubtless anterior to the use of either; but the common creed remains unshaken, and gives as a reason for nothing valuable being found, that unholy spells were used to make them secure; and that a man was often buried alive in them whose ghost guards and conceals the treasure against all seekers, only giving it up to the proprietor, or, as some say, if compelled by a human sacrifice. This recalls what Bertram Risingham tells of the practices of the old Buccaneers—

> Seek some charnel when at full
> The moon gilds skeleton and skull;
> There dig, and tomb your precious heap,
> And bid the dead the treasure keep;
> Sure guardians they, if fitting spell
> Their service to the task compel.
> Lacks there such charnel? Kill a slave
> Or prisoner on the treasure-grave;
> And bid his discontented ghost
> Stalk nightly on his lonely post.[3]

We can pause no longer by the ancient graves, but gallop on over the rolls and stretches of the maidân, and presently its outskirts come in view, and, just beyond them, our camp, with the white tent shining beside the thick dark-green foliage of a fine tamarind tree—one of India's noblest and most useful growths, broad-trunked and massive-armed, producing excellent timber, and bearing profusely the brown acid pulpy pods serviceable in so many ways. Arrived and dismounted, a bath and breakfast follow, and then multifarious business till the wheels of the fervent sun-chariot have neared the western mountains.

M. J. W.

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[3] *Rokeby*, Cant. II.

QUARTER SESSIONS UNDER CHARLES I.

FROM ORIGINAL RECORDS OF THE COUNTY OF DEVON.

By A. H. A. Hamilton.

M. MICHEL CHEVALIER, in his excellent book on the *Probable Fall in the Value of Gold*, traces the English Civil War of the seventeenth century to the depreciation of the precious metals caused by the discoveries of the previous hundred years, and to the general inconvenience, suffering, and discontent, following on the 'derangement of the value of labour and property.'

This opinion is certainly exaggerated, and must be taken as the view of a political economist too much wrapped up in his own 'speciality.' An irreverent reader might be reminded of Mr. Dick in one of Dickens's books, who could not keep Charles I. out of his memorial. But, on the other hand, it may well be doubted whether historians have not attributed too much influence to the imprudent acts of the Government, and too little to those sources of uneasiness which kings and laws can do little to cause or cure. The records of the county of Devon suffice to show much suffering from the enhanced price of food, caused not only by the change in the value of money, but also by the increase of population, the difficulties of internal carriage and of external trade, and by unfavourable seasons, which seem to have frequently occurred at this time, alternating, no doubt, with seasons of comparative plenty.

The favourite remedy for dearth was the prohibition of making malt and of transporting grain out of the county. Such orders recur very frequently in the Sessions Books of the reign of Charles I. At Michaelmas 1630, there was a proclamation on this subject received from the Government in London. It speaks of the great excess and abuse of bread corn by reason of the extraordinary conversion of barley into malt, occasioning the dearth of corn and grain within the county. The justices consequently proceeded to 'inhibit all common malsters from converting of barley into malt' until further orders. They also resolved themselves 'to resort unto markets to endeavour reasonable prices on corn and grain,' and to take like care for the prevention of the dearth of salt. All persons who had bought or should buy any corn at the markets, or elsewhere by land or sea, 'with intent to sell the same again converted into malt or otherwise,' were to be 'taken notice of' by the constables. Letters were to be written to the justices of neighbouring counties, and to the mayors and chief officers of corporate towns, inviting them to join in the same course. The chief officers of maritime towns were also to be requested to prevent all transportation of corn, meal, and biscuit, except 'for a competent provision of the ships of our own nation for their particular voyage.' Enquiry was to be made respecting all 'corn-masters and sellers of corn,' and 'what kind of grain and how much they shall be able to spare from this time until the next harvest.' And all 'forestallers and regraters of salt' were to be forthwith suppressed.

The distress on this occasion was further proved at the winter assizes by a very long calendar of prisoners, of whom seventeen were hanged. The allowance to the prisoners in gaol, which was very sparingly dealt out, was increased

by a halfpenny a day. The price of wheat, according to Sir S. D'Ewes, was 8*s.* a bushel, and of barley 4*s.* 6*d.* We find that one Henry Pincklie was 'suppressed from making malt,' and obliged to sell all the barley he had at 3*s.* 8*d.*

Sometimes, as we have seen, the making of malt was entirely prohibited. Sometimes a reservation was made in favour of persons specially licensed to supply the shipping. Sometimes the manufacture was limited as a precautionary measure, because it was conceived that 'by reason of extraordinary *drieth* of the spring there may grow in some parts of this county a scarcity of barley, which grain is commonly used for bread corn among the poor sort.'

If Cromwell was really a brewer or maltster, and if similar proceedings were common in the county of Huntingdon, we may imagine that he was not unnaturally irritated by these frequent interferences with his business.

Among other expedients the justices were directed to be severe in punishing tipplers and drunkards, and in suppressing unlicensed alehouses, and all such licensed houses as 'do break the Assize of Beare and Ale.' A 'sufficient person' was to be appointed in every parish to 'go with the constables 'to view and taste weekly the beer and ale brewed or uttered.' And if they found any so strong 'as in their judgment cannot be with profit uttered for a pennie a quart,' they were to complain to the next justice of the peace, who might 'cause the said ale or beare to be drawen out and uttered to the poore after the rate of a penie a quart.' We may observe that the prisoners in gaol were allowed in those days to buy beer, but not of a dangerous strength. Their keeper was to permit no other beer to be sold in his house 'than tenshilling beer for the hogshead.'

The constables were also required to attend every market in time of dearth, and to take care that the poor were served first. This was done by causing the market bell to be rung 'two severall times,' the second time an hour at least after the first time, and by preventing any 'badger or carier of corne,' or any baker, from buying any corn, or being in the market, until after the second ringing. No forestaller, ingrosser, regrater, miller, or maltster was to be suffered to buy any corn at all. If any person promised a price for corn of any kind 'to be reserved for him or her till after the second ringing of the bell or after all markett,' such person was to be forthwith bound over to the next sessions. No corn brought to market and left unsold might be carried out of the town by the owner or any other, but was to be reserved till the next market day, and then again offered for sale. And the justices in each division were to take care that those who had corn to sell should bring to the weekly markets as much as was needful for the supply of the poor. The price of fish, too, was not beneath the notice of the justices, and they determined to make examples of such as committed the enormity of buying pilchards at two shillings and sixpence the thousand and selling them for five shillings 'in our owne countreye.' They also resolved to take speedy course for the reformation of the abuse of 'ingrossing Newfoundland fish,' by binding over the 'delinquents' at the next sessions.

Other bad symptoms appear in the frequent orders respecting the poor, the establishment of workhouses and bridewells, and the frequent complaints regarding vagrants or 'roagues.' Perhaps it may be allowable to quote a specimen of these orders:

Whereas the bench is credibly informed that sundry suspect persons, Roagues both sturdy and begging vagrant, some whereof

pretend to be petty chapmen, others peddlers, others glassmen, tynckers, others palmesters, fortune readers, Egiptians and the like, and that sometime they meet by thirty in a company both upon the highwaie and in the night tymes in ale houses and other cottages and obscure places and howsses of evill reporte, soe as his Matie's better subjects are not only much prejudiced but terrified. For remedy of the present and prevention of future damage, these are in his Ma^t^'s name to will and strictly require you that one daie and one night weekly till the next sessions you sett a watch and make a diligent search for the findeing out and takeing and apprehendeing of the evill members aforesaid, and the suspect persons and sturdye beggers to carry before some justice of peace for his direction, and the rest to punish as the lawe biddeth, and send to their place of birth or dwelling as the lawe directeth, whereof ffaile you not as you and every of you will answeare the contrary at your perills.

A curious feature of the times may be observed in the frequent complaints concerning 'wandering Irish,' which we do not meet with in the previous reigns. At present Devonshire lies completely out of the line of communication with Ireland, and an Irish vagrant, or even an Irish labourer, is seldom met with. A return of the number of Irish paupers in England, presented to the House of Commons in the last session, shows only 263 in Devonshire, and of these 231 were in Plymouth and the adjoining unions of Stonehouse and Stoke, 26 in Exeter, and only 6 in all the rural unions of the county. In the reign of Charles I. there seems to have been a regular immigration of Irishmen, imported, perhaps, by some enterprising Devonian. An order of Easter 1629 speaks of 'the Irish rogues with which the countrey swarmes.' They were to be 'with speciall care taken up and punished and sent awaie.' The subject seems to have inspired the justices with an attempt at a bull.

And for so manie whose birth and landing *cannot be knowen*, to be ponished as rogues and sent from tithing to tithing to the port where they were landed, and from thence to the place of their birth or dwelling in Ireland according to the statute.

A sum of 20*l.* was voted 'towards the transporting of the Irish people.' One Walter Gibbs, of Beer, was fined 20*s.* for bringing over three Irish people 'out of the Realm of Ireland.' And on another occasion we find mention made of 'Sir George Chudleigh and other commissioners for the relief of poor Irish people.'

There were other causes of suffering and uneasiness besides the dearth of food. The plague appears to have pressed heavily upon the county at frequent intervals throughout the reign. At its commencement the sickness was raging in Exeter, and the sessions were removed to Crediton. A strict quarantine was established between the two towns, but the disease followed, and Crediton suffered much from it. The regular course seems to have been to shut up in their own houses persons who were either infected, or had been in the company of infected people, and thus to try to isolate the disease. As such persons could not follow their usual avocations, some small weekly pittance was allowed for their support; and a rate for this purpose was levied upon the adjoining hundred. The burden thus imposed must have been exceedingly heavy. Plymouth and Stonehouse were allowed 40*l.* a week, Cullompton 20*l.*, Dartmouth 15*l.*; Tiverton had 100*l.* a week, and Totnes, Ashburton, Buckland, and North Bovey had 150*l.* a week between them. That these grants represent a vast number of individual cases may be inferred from the instance of Northam. In that parish it is mentioned that 633 persons were 'shut up.' Yet only 32*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* a week was granted.

We hear also of the plague at Chulmleigh, Moreton Hampstead, St. Thomas, Dawlish, Withycombe,

Chudleigh, Lidford, Barnstaple, Honiton, and in fact all over the county. At Plymouth, 80 persons died in one week. Watches were set at the entrance to towns, and especially on bridges, to turn back any that were suspected of infection. After the Civil War broke out sharper measures were adopted than in the days when the administration of the law was in the hands of Dogberry and Verges. In 1646 it was ordered—

> That all parishes and parts adjoining near unto any places infected do appoint and keep very strong watches and guards for the repressing the excursions of all persons from any such infected places, and if any person infected shall presume to press upon such guards or intrude themselves into any company (they having the sickness upon them) that then such watches and guards and others *maie shoote them* if they will not otherwise forbear, and all constables and other officers and watchmen are required to be very careful and vigilant in the performance of their duties herein.

Special orders were issued as to the watch and ward to be kept in all market towns. The inhabitants were required to fulfil the duty 'in their own persons.' And if any inhabitant of the several towns should entertain in their house or houses any infected person, or any person coming from any infected place, such houses were to be forthwith shut up, and the said persons turned out of the town.

As it was found that the weekly tax for the poor infected people of Bideford was much in arrear, through the obstinacy of some people and the neglect of the constables and churchwardens, Lieutenant-Colonel Harris was desired to send a party of horse and foot soldiers to take and apprehend the parish officers, and to levy the rates himself wherever 'the officers were negligent or the payers obstinate.'

Much discontent was caused in Devonshire at the beginning of the reign by the number of soldiers billeted on the county, especially in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, in consequence of the war with Spain. We find that Sir George Chudleigh was allowed 100*l.* for his expenses 'in soliciting the removal of the soldiers.' It appears that the army intended for Cadiz was kept for more than two years at the charge of the county, 'without pay or clothes, and living disorderly.' Three hundred men were pressed for soldiers in Devon in each of the years 1624 and 1625, and four hundred in 1625 for the navy. In one of the calendars we notice ten prisoners 'sent for soldiers.' We are reminded of Sir John Falstaff's soldiers:—'The villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison.' In 1628 Sir George Chudleigh was requested to answer a letter from Sir James Bagg, and to inform him that all the justices were ready to assist 'for the furthering of the pressing of mariners for his Majesty's service,' and a privy search was to be made once every week 'till his Majesty's fleete be gone.' Sir G. Chudleigh was a leading man in the county at this time. He sat in the Long Parliament, and was very active in opposition to the king, though he took the royal side before the conclusion of the war. The orders respecting the 'mariners' receive some light from an entry in Walter Yonge's Diary, in which he speaks of a mutiny at Plymouth in consequence of the men being ill fed, and unpaid for nine months. And after the tumult was somewhat appeased, 'there was such hiding and flying away of mariners for want of pay and for bad victuals, that the report is that they were fain to man their ships, being but sixteen sail, with lame and untrained soldiers, being very unfit for such a service.'

Sir James Bagg was appointed by Buckingham Vice-Admiral of Devon, superseding Sir John Eliot.

Two of the captains were named Cook and Love, and a wit of the period remarked that the fleet had a bag without money, a cook without meat, and love without charity.

In 1627, it was ordered that all accounts respecting the charges of billeting and pressing soldiers, and their 'coat and conduct money,' were to be brought to the commissioners at Plymouth, and the Lords were to be solicited for the said several charges 'presently after the departure of the souldiers.' The cost of maintaining the troops was met by a special rate upon all persons within the county, 'as well tynners as others,' and those who refused were to have soldiers billeted on them. In the following year Sir John Chichester was 'intreated' to write to the Lord Lieutenant, begging him to take means 'to free the sending of the horse to Shaugsbery, because of the great charge and trouble to the county, and the great want of hay and other provision, especially this year,' also thanking him for what he had already done, and 'for the preventing of two hundred soldiers.' If we may identify 'Shaugsbery' with Shaugh Prior, the spot must have been near one of the places where a camp was established during the late autumn manœuvres on Dartmoor.

The complaints respecting the suffering inflicted at this time on the county of Devon by the expedition to Cadiz are more than confirmed by the papers of Sir John Eliot, and by the letters preserved in the State Paper Office. We meet with constant representations of the soldiers and sailors being left unclothed and starving, billeted without money, and spreading through the country 'the fearful trouble of the infection.'

A letter of Sir James Bagg's to Buckingham gives a return of 5,000 soldiers billeted round Plymouth. In answer to remonstrances, the Deputy-Lieutenants were desired to levy the pay of the soldiers on the county at 4*s.* 8*d.* per week per man. The amount was supposed to be repaid by the Government, but their way of repaying it was by raising forced loans in the county for that purpose. A sum of 9,300*l.* was so raised in 1627, being only part of a larger sum. It is impossible to exaggerate the gross mismanagement of the whole business. Captain Love said the fleet had been supplied with 'men sick, victuals bad, drink scarce, and ships leaky.' Eliot spoke in Parliament of 'the miseries, the calamities, which our western parts have both seen, and still feel.' 'Our honour is ruined, our ships are sunk, our men perished; not by the sword, not by the enemy, not by chance, but by those we trust!'

A letter of 1627 describes the feeling of the county:

> What, say the people, will his Majesty make war without provision of treasure, or must our county bear the charge for all England? Is it not enough that we undergo the trouble of the insolent soldiers in our houses, their robberies, and other misdemeanours, but that we must maintain them, too, at our own cost?

It seems strange that there was so much loyalty left in Devonshire after such sufferings.

The chief culprit, if we may believe the evidence adduced by Mr. Forster, was Eliot's enemy, Sir James Bagg, M.P. for Looe, who lived in luxury at his seat of Saltram, now Lord Morley's, and embezzled large sums of money which were destined for the fleet and the army. Even Laud, who was not inclined to be severe on a supporter of the Government, could not refrain from characterising him as 'Bottomless Bagg.'

The burden of purveyance was increased during the reign of Charles I. The composition made in the former reign, by which the king agreed to accept 140*l.* a year

in lieu of his ancient rights, was terminated, and the county had again to supply his table in kind. An arrangement was made with a contractor, who undertook to perform the service at first for 165*l.*, but this sum rapidly rose to 185*l.*, 192*l.* 10*s.*, 200*l.*, and 240*l.*, 'besides the king's allowance,' which probably remained at 90*l.*, as in the reign of Elizabeth. At one time the contractor was allowed 24*l.* more 'for serving the purveyance at York.' During a great part of the reign the contractor was one Mr. *Antiochesten* Phillips, a name which I do not remember having met with elsewhere. If one might hazard a guess, I should say it might be derived from Antioch-christian, as the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.

The ordinary business of sessions went on as usual, and we need say nothing of the many orders on the staple subjects of the poor and their settlement, alehouses, cottages, forestalling, rogues, affiliation, fires, Turkish captives, maimed soldiers, and the like. An order that 'souldiers dead' should have no more allowance reminds one again of Falstaff, who had 'a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.' We may note some curious offences and sentences. John Walker was to be committed to gaol, 'and to be freed if he marry the woman.' Michael Edy was to be whipped three times about the city, and to stand upon a stool with a paper in his hat signifying 'This is the fellow that beat his master!' which must have been pleasant for the master as well as the man. Sometimes the justices vouched for a lady's character, as when they sentenced Joane Hill for greatly abusing Mrs. Jane West, 'a virtuous gentlewoman, and of known good worth and reputation.' A still worse offence was that of William Shapton, who was committed for saying that there were not two honest women in Thorverton. The indictment in these cases probably resembled the accusation in *Much Ado about Nothing*: 'Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.'

Some were sent to prison for being 'partridge-shooters and common hunters;' others for 'refusing to go with a hue and cry.' The Bishop's services were utilised by the matters in dispute between Mr. William Holwaie and his wife being referred to him, and he was 'desired by the Court once again to take some pains for settling of a peace between them.' The same prelate was expected to take pains 'for the satisfaction of the conscience' of Thomazina, wife of Robert Wakeham, Doctor of Divinity, who would not take the oath of allegiance.

The sentences are for the most part entered in dog-latin, with many contractions, and sometimes with a mixture of English or a *soupçon* of Norman French. For example, 'Vincentius Morell, *com. gaol p. ball. bon. et comp. in px.* for beating and hurting Ann Berie.' The prisoner is sometimes a husbandman, sometimes *agricola*, sometimes a 'marryner,' sometimes *nauta*. Sometimes he is a 'typler,' sometimes *tipulator*. Sometimes he sells beer, sometimes '*vendit cerevisiam*.' When a rogue is branded, '*ur. ut rogus incorrigibilis*.'

One of these sentences is valuable as proving the duration of the Devonshire dialect. Robert Randle, of Ipplepen, was brought up for shooting a woodcock. Probably he was one of the first men who ever succeeded in hitting one; and when we consider the 'hand-gun and hail shot' of the period, the feat may appear worthy of admiration

rather than punishment. The witness no doubt spoke not of his shooting, but of his *shutting* the woodcock, exactly as a Devonshire witness would speak at the present day. The Clerk of the Peace was evidently not much of a Latinist, but he was still less of a sportsman, and he saw no harm in translating *shutting* into *claudendo*. So he entered in his book that the prisoner was fined 'xx' *pro claudendo cum hayle shott* and killing a woodcocke,' and bound over in 20*l*. 'sub conditione quod non *claudebit* iterum!' This nearly parallels the case where an offender who was indicted for stealing 'duos suspensores et unum adolescentiorem'—two hangers and one ladder!

We find in Walter Yonge's Diary another proof of the permanence of the local dialect, or at least of the pronunciation of *oo*. He wrote that 'the fleet advanced in the form of a half-*mune*.'

In another case the prisoner was charged with stealing *wotts*, which is the way that the word *oats* is still pronounced in Devonshire.

At the beginning of one of the volumes the Clerk of the Peace exercised his Latin by entering two mottoes. The first is: 'Honestè vivere, neminem lædere, suum cuique tribuere, are the effects of justice, and that the harmony of all virtues.' The other is: 'Lenitas in impiis est impius in piis'—which, if it meant anything, would somewhat resemble the celebrated 'Judex damnatur cùm nocens absolvitur.'

It was a frequent sentence that the prisoner should stand in the pillory with a paper in his hat stating his offence, *e.g.* 'cosening the people by telling fortunes.' Four prisoners were, 'by their own consent,' to go to Dartmouth, and from thence to be shipped for the Barbadoes. Similar sentences occur afterwards, and it seems clear that transportation was at first a voluntary commutation of another punishment. Baldwin Whitfield was committed to prison for a year, and once a quarter to stand six hours in the pillory, 'for provoking the unlawful love of Mary Herder by witchcraft, charme, and sorcery.' Richard Saunders was convicted of literally teaching the young idea how to shoot, for that he 'did of late bringe a gunne and chardged him, and delivered him to his said apprentice, willinge him to shoote to pidgeons, who dyd soe and killed fyve, and brought them to his master.'

Sometimes the prisoner was branded with a T, which may perhaps have signified traitor. Sometimes he had one of his ears cut off. Humphrey Moore was sent to the house of correction for an indefinite period for being a 'very lewd and dangerous fellow,' and especially for having falsely accused his master of slandering some of the justices by alleging that they took bribes of the 'trayne souldiers' which were to have been sent into the North. He had also maliciously and falsely accused his master of shooting pigeons, and had advised an apprentice to accuse his master's son of shooting partridges and 'feazants.'

There were many complaints of outrages committed by soldiers quartered in the county, and the unfortunate constables were strictly charged to apprehend the offenders, an order which was probably more easily given than obeyed. It is likely that they preferred to be guided in such a case by the directions of Dogberry, to 'take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.'

A permanent County Treasurer seems to have been first appointed in this reign. The four chief heads of expenditure were the gaol, the hospitals, purveyance, and maimed

soldiers. The contributions in aid of the redemption of 'Turkish captives,' and of those who had suffered losses by fire or at sea, were generally taken out of the 'hospital money.' Many rates ordered by sessions to be collected by the constables for special purposes, as for the relief of places stricken by the plague, and for building houses of correction, were levied and spent without being brought into the hands of the treasurer. Besides these, voluntary contributions were often ordered to be collected in the same way, sometimes for building churches, and especially for the 'reparation' of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1634.

The treasurer's accounts were not generally entered in the books, but in 1639, on the death of Mr. Treasurer Jones, a summary of his account is given, by which it appears that in eight years he had received 3,283*l.* and disbursed 3,334*l.* It is recorded that Mr. Jones had been a very 'good husband for the county.' He was succeeded by Mr. Nicholas Vaughan, probably the same who was muster-master for the county, and who was killed in the civil war. The justices seem to have had an excellent plan, when they increased the salary of one of their officers for good service, of diminishing that of another for idleness.

There are many orders against ales, revels, maypoles, and the like. In 1627 the judges of assize, Chief Baron Walter and Sir John Denham, issued a special order against such festivities, and for 'the speedy apprehending and punishment of idle and lewd people drawn together to such places.' Every minister was to publish the order in his parish church, and every constable was to bring to the judges a certificate from the ministers of their having received a copy of it. And such persons 'as usually carry up and downe bulls and beares to baite, being roagues by the statute,' were to be punished as such, 'for the further prevention of such inconveniences as usually happen upon such meetings.' So that Sir Hudibras, when he interfered with the bear-baiting, was acting according to the old law of the land, and not in obedience to Puritanical innovations.

The judges issued a similar order for suppressing the multitude of unnecessary alehouses, declaring them to be

> The seminary of the greatest mischiefs within this countrye, and the occasion of many manslaughters, bloudshedds, and affraies, and of much dronkenness, and are the harbors of idle and dissolute people, and a means to drawe men's servaunts and younge tradesmen and beginners from their lawfull trades and labors to an idle and disordred course of life. And therefore the suppressinge of these howsses will be a very beneficiall and profitable accon.

In 1631 the Court was credibly informed that much disorder and great misdemeanours had been committed by the setting up of a maypole at Cullompton, which was consequently ordered to be taken down, as the cause of great outrages, disorderly assemblies, and riotous meetings.

In May 1633 we note an order for the appointment of 'foot-posts' in every parish in the county, 'to be sent onlie for anie occasion for his Majestie's speedie services or from the sessions, and they to have a peny for every mile forth and back, to be paid by the petty constables of everie parish.'

Letters from the Lords of the Council were either not so frequent, or not so frequently entered, as in the previous reign. In 1632 there was a letter received 'for quickening the justices to the continuance of their monthly meetings and establishing of bridewells.' There was also a communication respecting the 'great disorder used in the venting and selling of tobacco,' declaring that it was necessary to

restrain 'the excesse and ungoverned venting of it.' The justices were required to report in what towns and places in their county it might be sold by retail, and to obtain written certificates from the chief officers and governors of each place as to how many persons in each should be permitted to sell, and the names and trades of persons who were considered fit to be 'admitted to use that trade.' This letter was signed by T. Coventry, C.S., B. Ebor, R. Weston, Lindsey, Bridgwater, Dorset, Kellie, Wentworth, Danby, G. London, Fra. Cottingdon, J. Coke.

In 1639 a letter was addressed by the Court to the Lords of the Council, declaring that they were 'daylie prest by the complaints and peticons of a multitude of necessarie poore people the worsted-combers of this countie.' The occasion was 'a pattent lately obtayned by the cittizens of Exon and others of that trade which proves in the execucion very molestacious,' 'farr differing from his Mat's gratious intention or the pretences of the procurers.' It is stated that 'injuryes of unsufferable nature' had been done to the wool-combers, namely 'the suppression of some of the ablest in the trade, if they satisfie not the unreasonable demands of ffines by the pattentees, which their estates will not beare, and admission of others for mony, not much experienced, contrary to their first pretensions, which were the grounds of their incorporation.' The justices send by the bearer various petitions and examinations for the information of their lordships, and conclude by a humble but solemn warning of impending danger:

> We most humbly tender the same to your Lordships' serious considerations, to whom the prevention of mischiefs wholly appertains, to us only the provision and information at this distance, which we humbly desire your Lordships to take in good part from those that presume not to propose the remedy, but cannot conceal our poor judgment to be that the quiet of this country cannot stand long with this Pattent, at least extending itself without the limits of the city, with whose government it is not proper for us to intermeddle, neither, as we conceive, should their incorporation of this trade stretch without their bounds, more than do their weavers, tuckers, shoemakers, and the rest. But submission to your Lordships' approved wisdoms is the duty of your Lordships' most humble servants.

Matters relating to the constitutional questions which produced the Civil War are not so fully entered in these records as might be desired. The Clerk of the Peace was too discreet, or too idle, or perhaps too busy, to write more about them than was necessary. We find by an entry at the end of the reign, to which we may refer hereafter, that he was active on the side of the king, and was deprived of his office 'for levying war against the Parliament.' It seems certain that the majority of those who attended Sessions were always Royalists, so that the entries in the books are generally of a loyal description until the end of the war, when authority passed into other hands, and the tone of the records is completely changed.

Although the requisitions relating to ship-money and loans are not entered at length, we meet with incidental allusions which throw some light on what we know from other sources. It is probable that Devonshire, as an important maritime county, had often borne the burden of ship-money in previous reigns, and did not feel the imposition as a novelty. The demands of Charles seem to have been made upon the West some years before the case of Hampden. On April 5, 1627, it was ordered:

> That the justices in their several divisions (who are by letters from the Lords of his Majesty's Council to contribute or join with the ports for the setting out of ships) do treat with the said towns therein according to the direction of the said letters, and after to take further order therein as they shall think fit, &c.

At the Michaelmas sessions of the

same year, the Commissioners in every division 'are intreated to call such persons before them who have refused or not paid their loans to his Majesty, whose names shall be presented unto them by Mr. Ralph Robynson, his Majesty's messenger, or his assigns, and if the said persons shall refuse to come or make present payment of the said loans, then to leave them to his Majesty's messenger, according to direction of the Lords of his Majesty's most honourable privy council.'

These orders receive some explanation from another quarter. Walter Yonge, in his Diary for 1626, records that 'Exon, with his members, was required to set forth two ships.' Each ship was to be of 200 tons, with twelve pieces of ordnance, and 132 men. 'Letters were also directed to the justices of peace adjoining to Exon, to furnish them with a third part of men, if they wanted men, and to supply them with victuals.' There was also 'a demand made for those four subsidies and three fifteenths which were propounded in Parliament, but not agreed on, but upon conditions.' And at the beginning of the next year he records that a commission was sent down to Devonshire, consisting of Lord Russell, Lord Lieutenant, and all justices of peace of the county, to require a loan to the king by all subsidy-men, 'after the rate of five subsidies, to be paid within 24 days of such as are able, and all others to pay the one half within 14 days and the rest within three months.' A letter from certain deputy-lieutenants to Lord Russell declares that 'the business will be irksome to the country, as it has been unpleasing to the writers.' And they hope 'that their diligence may not be a means to invite his Majesty to an often recourse to that kind of supply, but rather to those which for their antiquity and indifferency are more pleasing to his subjects.'

From Walter Yonge we also learn that in April 1627 there came other letters to the justices of Devon and mayors of port towns, 'for the setting forth of eight ships; viz., two for Exon, two for Dartmouth and Totnes, two for Plymouth, and two for Barnstaple.' 'The towns are to provide the ships, and the country men and victuals, and are to be ready against the 20th May next.' And in the next year there were sent letters into Devon, both by King Charles and his Council, 'for the raising of 17,400*l.* out of this county, to set a fleet at sea, which was appointed to be at sea the first of March, we having but six or seven days to raise the money and return it to London; but our county refused to meddle therein.'

It may be interesting, as showing the estimate of the relative wealth of different parts of the country at this time, to compare the demands made on other counties. The sum required from Yorkshire was 10,602*l.*, from Kent 6,711*l.*, from London 12,135*l.*, and from Middlesex 4,620*l.*

In 1634, when the question of ship-money was beginning to stir the country from its foundations, we only find that the treasurer was ordered to pay Mr. Humfrey Bond 'xxx*l.* towards his expences to travel to London and solicit the Lords of his Majesty's Council about the business concerning the shipping.' And if he had occasion to disburse any more money 'thereabouts,' it was to be allowed to him at his return. In the correspondence of Lord Strafford it is mentioned that five Devonshire baronets were summoned before the Council for having asked that some inland towns might be exempted from the payment of ship-money. They appeared, received some reprimand, 'and so, I believe, will be dismissed back again, it being punishment enough to them to have travailed 400 miles to so small purpose.'

In 1639 a constable of Cheriton

Fitzpaine was dismissed from his office, and compelled to repay all the money he had exacted from his parishioners 'beyond their proportion for the shipping money.' On another occasion, in 1641, an enquiry was ordered into the conduct of certain constables who were believed to have received divers sums of ship-money and to have never paid them in. In the next year we hear of rates for martial services 'foreign and domestique,' of opposition to church-rates, and of commissioners for 'the present levy of 400,000*l.*'

The first direct symptom of the impending appeal to arms appears in the measures taken for disarming recusants. 'Popish recusants,' indeed, can hardly at this time have been objects of terror, except from the traditions of forty or fifty years before. But the sharp laws passed against them were perhaps found to serve equally well against the Puritans. In 1640 we find that the Court had been informed that there was 'great resort of recusants unto their several houses in this county,' and that 'there remained arms in divers of their houses.' An order was therefore made for searching the habitations of the said recusants.

At the next sessions we have an order from the House of Commons requiring the prosecution of recusants, and in this case we may suppose that Roman Catholics were really intended. At the same time an order was sent down requiring information to be furnished to a committee of the House appointed to enquire and consider 'how there may be *preaching ministers* set up where there is none, and how those preaching ministers may be maintained where there is no maintenance, and when they are in how they may be kept and continued.' Also the committee was to enquire and consider 'of the true grounds and causes of the great scarcity of preaching ministers through the whole kingdom, and *of some way for removing of scandalous ministers, and putting others in their places.*' This committee was appointed in consequence of a petition from the 'inhabitants of Hughenden, in the county of Bucks,' a parish which has certainly retained its influence over public affairs, and has frequently had something to do with a change of Ministers.

At Michaelmas 1641 we meet with an order for disarming recusants in Devon and seizing all arms, gunpowder, or other munition of war.

Meanwhile the appeal to arms was becoming inevitable. The county of Devon, like certain States in the American civil war, seems to have thought it possible to mediate between the mighty opposites. Petitions were sent up to the king and Parliament in 1641, and Sir John Pole, Sir G. Chudleigh, John Bampfield, and Arthur Basset were allowed 25*l.* apiece for their charges in presenting them. In 1642 Sir Edmond Fortescue and Sir Popham Southcott were paid 50*l.* each for journeying to London and York on the same errand. On this occasion we have the full text of the petitions. Read by the light of subsequent events, they sound like a woful cry of peace where there was no peace.

To the Honourable Houses of ye Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament.

The humble Petition of (the county of Devon)

Showeth—That your petitioners having made their humble address unto his most excellent Majesty on the behalf of these honourable Houses and themselves, now in this time of dangerous distraction, conceive it a duty owing to your wisdom, fidelity, and pains, to be made acquainted with the contents, whereof a copy is humbly presented. Thereby your Honours may perceive what sense your petitioners have of your perplexed condition, and what esteem of Parliament privileges, the pillars of their religion, liberty, and propriety. That we do now also apply ourselves to your Honours for a compliance with his Majesty, it seems most necessary that we appear unpartial in our respects, unchangeable in our loyalty. We beseech you, take it in good part, though we be suitors for that which we are

assured you intend, that for the speedy stopping of these miseries of Ireland, and prevention of our own, you will be pleased above all things to continue the study and endeavour of the pacification of our royal Sovereign, whom we find to our infinite sorrow to be highly incensed. Great hearts are best wrought upon by submissive intercessions. It shall be your honour to make them in the humblest way your wisdoms can devise, saving to posterity the fundamental rights of Parliament. Two acts we chiefly pray for, one of forgiveness, another of forgetfulness. A few examples made upon delinquents are as prevalent warning as a multitude. Forbearance doth sometimes win when severity exasperates. Distractions are among us through various commands, hardly to be reconciled but by the unity of King and Parliament. Unity in religion, unity in loyal affections to his Majesty, will, according to our protestation, by God's mercy keep us still in peace and charity. The Lord grant it by your Honours' most approved industry to the preservation of his Majesty and his dominions in the true Protestant religion to all posterity. So your petitioners do always pray.

The other petition ran thus:

To the King's most excellent Majesty.

The most humble Petition of the countie of Devon, from the late General Sessions.

Most gracious and dread Sovereign,

Your poor dejected suppliants cannot so far neglect our own duties and affections as to be silent in either our incessant prayers to God for the augmentation of your Majesty's honour, your own and your kingdom's preservation, which are inseparably bound up together, or, in these times of public calamity, in our petitions to your Majesty. The lamentable distractions and convulsions whereby each member is drawn from other, and each loyal heart rent within itself, makes us to fly to your Majesty as a physician to cure us, and fall at your feet as a compassionate father to relieve us, being confident that your Majesty owns as well a will as an ability to help us. The debt we owe, our joy and gratitude through your Majesty's bounty and goodness, commands to acknowledge, in the highest pitch of thankfulness which either love or duty can present, our obligation to your Majesty for passing so many good laws for your and your kingdom's benefit. And yet the unhappy differences between your Majesty and both Houses of Parliament have, to our unexpressible grief, bereaved us of the fruit which we were ready to reap, and left us nothing but complaints, tears, and prayers to feed on. Your Majesty commands our obedience to the commission of array, whilst both Houses of Parliament adjudgeth us betrayers of our liberty and property if we do so. They persuade submission to the militia, whilst your Majesty proclaims it unlawful and derogatory to your prerogative. How unhappily are we here made judges in apparent contraries, in how hard a condition are we whilst a twofold obedience, like twins in the womb, strives to be born to both. We cannot choose but look upon the privileges of Parliament with a natural affection. From our fathers' loins we derive a touch that leads us thither as the needle to the loadstone. We desire to preserve them, because the death of liberty without that support is unevitable. Our hearty humble petition now is that your Majesty would be pleased, as you have graciously offered, to grant your general pardon of all things mistaken or misdone, and that you would be pleased to reinstate your great Council in the same affections you and your royal ancestors have borne towards them, to enliven justice by your presence and union with it in such way and manner as to your excellent wisdom shall be thought meet for closing up the present breaches of this distracted and the other bleeding kingdom of Ireland. The which we have also humbly supplicated to the honourable Houses of Parliament. We are not presumptuous to petition for the way, but beg the end. Pardon, we humbly beseech your Majesty, this boldness of your petitioners, whose lives, fortunes, and utmost powers, according to our several oaths and protestations, are totally and loyally at your Majesty's command. The Lord direct and protect your Majesty and your Parliament to his glory. So prayeth &c.

It may be that Butler was thinking of some attempt of this kind when he put into the mouth of his Presbyterian justice those sage reflections about civil war and bear-fighting, and the declaration that we—

> *Quantum in nobis*, have thought good
> To save th' expence of Christian blood,
> And try if we, by mediation
> Of treaty and accommodation,
> Can end the quarrel, and compose
> The bloody duel without blows.

The petitions were agreed upon on July 12, 1642. On September 23 Prince Rupert drew the first blood in the skirmish near Worcester.

THE *ROMAN DE RENART* AND LA FONTAINE.

By Jules Andrieu.

IN spite of our societies for the protection of animals, in spite of some happy phrases, as that of Michelet, that 'animals are our inferior brothers,' the men of the nineteenth century do not live in the same communion of spirit and of heart with the brute creation as did an earlier race of men. The animals have their power of speech still; but in our day there are none who understand it, unless, it may be, the outcasts of society, or some humourist or other who has cast himself out of his own society. We have seen such a case in some great man who, like the Prince de Ligne, had outlived everything which his age had to offer; or, again, in some artist, like the Swiss Rudolph Tœpffer, whose failing sight compelled him to give up the pencil for the pen.

The love of the country and of nature is, however, often found in towns. For the most part the peasant sees nothing in a landscape; the countryman often loathes the country; the articulate animal of the fields is often odiously cruel to the inarticulate animal who serves him, on whom he visits his spleen for so many a look of meaning, so many a touching cry.

We shall endeavour to string together the scattered fancies to which every primitive race has contributed a fragment—Aryan, Semitic, Hamite, or Mongol—the famous poem of Renard the Fox, the story which has found such a multitude of forms. But the complete, revised, and final form of it is to be found in the work of a great genius, of all the tellers of fable the most balanced and felicitous—to use Bacon's phrase, the most concentric, that is to say, the most harmonious—he whose version is just as truly original as it is faithful to its sources—La Fontaine.

In literature three things cannot be invented: the set of traditions which make up the weft of a national poem, a popular legend, and lastly a real apologue. The ingenious La Motte simply wrote himself down an ass when he boasted that he was the inventor of the plot of his fables. Even a man of singular gifts, a man with an eye and a brain, like the brilliant Jacques Cazotte, failed to make his book of fables a success simply because he did not honestly believe in animals having a *mind*. Cazotte's inventions are merely learned brutes; and so he fell into the opposite error. On the other hand, a moderate poet has succeeded in becoming the first fable-writer of the second class simply by virtue of his conviction that the fable is a precious heirloom which comes to us from remote antiquity. Fables are the native fruit of the infant imagination of the people, and they have reached us under the names of authors themselves more or less fabulous—Bidpaï (or Pilpai), Lokman, Æsop. In modern times the old tales take a form more suited to modern habits in the pages of the Roman freedman Phædrus, or the English Gay, the Spanish Yriarte, and in French the Princess Marie and La Fontaine. We may read this descent as it were of the fable from the ancient apologue in the curious preface of Florian, and we may see all the admiration he felt for La Fontaine, the one master of the modern fable.

Renard the Fox is at once the work of a race and of an age. A succession of poets have told the episodes bit by bit, amongst others Pierre de Saint-Cloud. But the

unity of the work is not in the genius of a man, but the reaction of contemporary history. The first type of Charlemagne is a ruler just, powerful, *emperere à la barbe florie*, the *primus inter pares* of a group of heroes; then we pass at last to a helpless tyrant, weak to his children and frantic in his vengeance; and at length the poems of the Karlovingian cycle only fill the reader with disgust in place of admiration and merriment. The romance of the Round Table did the best to revive the passion of the Middle Ages for epic story. But they have degenerated from their original Keltic form, and are overladen with ornament by the various editors, who may be said to have had the worst of all styles, if La Bruyère was right in saying that selection was invention; for they grew to extravagant shapes under the excitement of the love of the marvellous and the contrast between the great desire of power and the actual feebleness of the time. Yet Schiller to his dying day declared that these romances had a vein in them so noble as to be one of the sources of the beautiful; and when transformed from their primitive Gaelic form into a Breton, and thence into a French form, they have furnished Tennyson with the groundwork of his Arthurian poems, and Wagner with the plot of his dramas, wherein poetry and music find their common ground. Again, the same tales had a Romanesque form, and lastly a Franco-Spanish form, one in which they drew down the wrath of the avenger of outraged good sense, Miguel Cervantes. But, as if he had gone too far, and conscious that he might have struck the excellent old romance of the Round Table whilst he only aimed at Amadis de Gaul, its degenerate offspring,—thin, bloated abortion of the blood of the hero Tristram, Cervantes, in a fit of remorse which has often been taken as a recantation,[1] undertook towards the end of his life to compose his *Persiles*, a sort of Robinson Crusoe, who retires to the pole in order to live a virtuous life, and who closes in so singular a way the long list of the heroes of the Round Table who make the quest after the true.

The fall of the Carlovingian race was sudden and pitiful. Feudalism was silently growing whilst it bowed so humbly to the three great chiefs, statesmen, and warriors, Charles Martel, Pepin, and Carolus Magnus, as they styled him in Latin, Karl Mann (the Strong Man) in Frankish; and then feudalism suddenly rose to its full pretensions, and the empire of the Franks crumbled to pieces. The feudal rule *no land without its lord* had a corollary—*no lord without his land.* The terror of the year 1000 A.D. passed away; and if the earth had been under its influence, and was covered with churches, the human heart grew more fierce when the strain which was produced by a spasm of fear had relaxed its hold. Of all the Crusades the only one which had a real inspiration about it was the one which had no result—the first. Amidst the haughty dukes and counts the Capetian dynasty crept upwards, content to be endured, making a profit of everything, finding a lair in Laon before it yet could secure its royal den in Paris. Violence reigned everywhere; but violence exhausts itself at last. Craft was ever one of the engines of war, and now it began to bring into play its traps and surprises in civil and domestic life, for everywhere there was war. The Papacy, which drew immediate profit from everything, from the contests of the feudal lords

[1] This is not the view, one is happy to see, of M. Emile Chasles, the excellent biographer of Cervantes.

with each other and with the kings, from the feebleness of the kings and the fever of the hour, the passion of the Crusades, triumphed above all, though it could not appease the jealousies of the greater and lesser clergy, nor make the bishops more moral than the priests. All that could be done was for the lord to outlaw the rebels and the Pope to excommunicate the sinners. A new vice began to steal into the world; craft began to poison the conscience; hypocrisy spread its veil over everything. 'Dark indeed was the outlook of mankind at the close of the twelfth century,' says M. Michelet.

It was in the twelfth century that the apologue of the Fox and the Wolf came into prominence in the East of France. The wretched peasant of Normandy had but time to mutter what he called his *respit*, or his *reprouvier*,[2] against the evils which overwhelmed him; the old proverb was right—when God created the Norman He created the beggar; and Pasquier tells us that 'of all the provinces of the kingdom Normandy is that which had to bear the heaviest impost.' The South of France was occupied with lyrical and amatory poetry, heedless of the scourge at hand for it so soon, when the English Wolf made compact with the French Fox. The Troubadours had heard of the Fox and the Wolf as a fable, and sometimes repeated it; they may have thought that it had a meaning for them and foretold what was coming. But in Hainault, where they still speak the *Roucki*, a dialect which unites the purest elements of the Old French with Flemish and Keltic,[3] in that part of Flanders where Flemish and French are spoken together, was the true home of the doings of the Fox and the Wolf, the former variety being far the more skilful. The unknown author of a Latin poem, *Renardus*, which might be styled *Ysengrinus*, and which is styled *Fabula Lupina*, put the French traditions into Latin with a rare faculty of raillery and satire. So says M. Rothe, and Jacob Grimm seems to think the same. But these two savants (and the latter is a man of real genius) have not given enough regard to the rule that whatever is written in Latin and is not scholastic is of popular inspiration. In the Latin tale the Wolf is a monk; he is just as eager to cheat as the Fox, his nephew, but he does not take to it so aptly, and at last is eaten by sows, after losing his skin to the Lion, who is something rheumatic. The Fox it is who advises the Lion to try the Wolf's skin as a remedy. It is the Wolf who, like a clumsy rogue, begins by accusing his nephew of want of care for his Majesty's health. La Fontaine gives this in the third fable of his eighth book. In the same poem the Wolf, meeting the Horse, accuses him of stealing for his hoofs the metal rings from the gate of the convent; the Horse confesses to the Monk, asks and receives absolution, begs the Monk to take the goods of the Church, and then stretches him with his paws in the air by a well-directed kick. The Wolf will keep the scar on his forehead to his dying day. But on the scar La Fontaine's clear eyes seemed to read a superscription. It was thus:

Chacun à son métier doit toujours s'attacher:
Tu veux faire ici l'arboriste,
Et ne fus jamais que boucher.

In his fable of the *Wolf turned*

[2] *Respit* and *reprouvier* are the old terms for the modern *proverb*. In order to *reprove*, i.e, utter its grief and its reproaches, the people needed a *respite* from suffering.

[3] Peasants, as in Normandy, do not call their language *patois*, but *the way we talk at home* (*parler de chez nous*). So in Hainault, *the talk of our parts* (*droucki*, and shortening it, *Roucki*).

Shepherd (iii. 3) La Fontaine uses 'fox's skin' as meaning complete disguise. The Wolf is only detected by his voice when he calls his flock. And the moral runs:

Toujours par quelqu' endroit fourbes se laissent prendre:
Quiconque est loup agisse en loup;
C'est le plus certain de beaucoup.

Thus La Fontaine gives the key of all the poems of the Fox, whether French, Latin, Flemish, or German. In the whole series of fables all the animals are equally prone to cheat; but they all discover themselves by some blunder. The Fox is the only master scoundrel. He is the professor of an art called *renardie*. But he does not reach his superiority at a bound. The French tales are too true to the human nature in the brutes to make the mistake of the Latin and Flemish fables. Before he is Master Reynard he is Reynard the apprentice. He gets caught in his own traps; he is subject to the weakness of being vain, just as the Crow is vain when he drops the cheese. And these profound masters of the human and the animal heart, to whom we owe the old fables, will not admit him to his full title of consummate rascal until he has committed and suffered for at least two pieces of simplicity.

The word for Fox in Old French was *Goupil*, *Gourpil* (whence the modern *goupillon*); but as, after the fall of the Carlovingians, the fashion arose of taking surnames, at least for all who were not dukes or peers, the *Goupil* of the romance being a mere banneret or follower of the lordly Lion, took the name of Reynard. And this became so well known that it came to be the name for the animal in French. Grimm derives *Renart* from *Reginhart*, and that from the Old German *Rachin*, 'counsellor.' If so, it is somewhat singular that the Germans should have corrupted a German word into *Reineke*. M. A. Brachet derives *Renart* (*Reynard* in Old French) from the German *Reginhart*, 'cunning,' 'cruel;' but we can find no such meaning in German dictionaries, and in the days when a surname had its meaning, like coat armour, this would be rather too ambiguous a style for a rascal to venture on. Now, looking to the admitted fact that the story is of Romano-Walloon origin, we may turn to a Flemish source for the word, and seek it in *Reinhart*, i.e. 'open heart;' thus the rogue takes a fair-seeming name (see Kilianus, *Dict. Etymol. Teuton-Latin*). Flemish also explains the name of the Wolf. The Wolf is constable in the animal hierarchy, and called Monseigneur; his style in the romance is *Ysengrin*, *Ysengrinus* in the Latin poem of *Renardus*, *Ysegrin* in the Flemish. Now 'ice' in Flemish is *iis*, the German *Eis*; and, putting aside Grimm's suggestion of *Eisen*, 'iron,' and that of M. Paulin Paris that *Ysenbrun* means 'iron-grey,' a term never given to wolves, we get the Flemish words *iis-gryn* to mean 'icy,' or 'freezing, grin,' not a bad epithet for the Wolf, who is always showing his cruel white teeth. M. Paulin Paris cites Guibert de Nogent (1124) how a certain bishop called his neighbour Indegald the Ysengrin, 'propter lupinam scilicet speciem.' And we all remember how delighted was Little Red Riding Hood with her granddam's big teeth. The Wolf, i.e. the feudal lord Ysengrin, is a butcher at heart, as La Fontaine says, and his smile freezes to the bone.

The name *Renart* was in use long before there was any idea that he would be enabled to be the counsellor (*Rachin*) of King Lion, long before the fables grew into the goodly tree of which the stem is the quarrel of the Wolf and the Fox. This idea of the feud of Renart with Ysengrin, symbol of the struggle between craft and

brutality, takes us back to the time of the first Crusade, when the knight Walter the Penniless was too much for the king John Lackland. But we need not suppose that it was any feudal spirit that gave the *Gourpil* the name of Renard and the *Leu* (*Loup*) that of Ysengrin. In feudal times the Fox is only the strong-scented beast—*la pute bête.* The Wolf, on the contrary, is the symbol of force; and hence many feudal barons took the name, from which we get Lopez in Spain, Luppé in France, Wolff in Germany, which became D'Urfé in French. The Bear was called by the Saxons *Beowulf* (bee-wolf, i.e. honey-wolf), and hence the common name. These were all names of honour with the barons, who held themselves descended from the heroes of the *Niebelungen* or of the Valhalla (Hall of Slain). Then, as, in the wars between Austrasia and Neustria, barons who retired into monasteries were regarded as saints, canonised by the grateful people and clergy, the style grew up of *Saint-Loup*, or *Saint-Leu*, and so Wolf became a Christian. In this view the Wolf's nickname was Ysengrin (chilling grin); and *Renard* is the title to which the *pute bête*, or Fox, was promoted. The various families known as Vos, Voss, Von Voss, Fox, Regnard, and the like were no doubt descended from 'villains' who took the name when the cycle of Renard the Fox was at the height of its reputation, the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. This was the epoch of the rise of the *Tiers Etat.* There are no doubt ancient families called Wolff in Germany, but they are in all probability plebeians who took the name before the famous epic had damaged its reputation. The thirteenth century was marked by the decay of men and the increase of wolves; bands of them came into the towns, and the Wolf, though honoured as a symbol, was detested as an animal. The name became a term of reproach, the best proof of which is that many Jewish families had fastened on them the name of Wolff. The phrase 'venant à la queue leu leu,' dates from this period, and means, to come like a band in a file, as wolves run.

The only men in the *Roman de Renart* are the villains and the priests. And many a bout of craft and violence is played between them and Uncle *Ysengrin* and Nephew *Renart.* If any nobles figure at all, it is only as masters of hounds. There is an exception in the 29th and 30th 'branches' of the epic, where we get a real baron doing the honours of his castle with his lady in the evening, and hunting by day. Here we get *Renart* playing his tricks in turn on the Lady *Corneille*, on Roonel, Rossel, &c., to say nothing of *Ysengrin*, his common victim, and Hersent, the Wolf's wife, whom he makes his dupe. But the most curious turn of all is when Renard, hunted by the lord's hounds, owes his life to a trick. He gets into the castle and hides in a hole, 'muçant es *piaus*,' i.e. hiding under the skins of foxes which are *Goupils*, and not Renards. This is one of the rare instances in which any of the barons play a part in the drama. The rule is that only villains and priests are introduced. The nobles appear in the guise of animals, from Sir Lion to Renard, whose beginning is so humble that he only gets a home of his own quite late, and then it is *Maupertuis*, or the wretched hole. Renard's wife is *Richent*, in German *Richild*, whose doings may be read in Boccaccio's merry pages, and in the Middle Age Régnier. Her children are *Mabbranche* and *Percehaie*, and later *Rovel.* When Renard rises in the social scale, the too famous name of *Richent* is changed to *Hermeline*, whose virtue is as spotless as ermine, precisely as Renard has a heart as pure

(*Rein-hart*). Just as the barons only appear once as actors, so the Horse, with one exception, is not an actor in the drama, but the charger of the lordly brutes.

The principal piece is the *Judgment of Renard*. A noble is assailed by complaints on all sides; he has a good opinion of Renard, ever since his decision as to the peasant's flock. In Æsop, in Phædrus, and in La Fontaine the Lion makes the award himself. Our epic improves on this rough method, and with finer art leaves it to a finished courtier to apportion the shares, and give them to the King, the Queen, and the royal Lion cubs. Ysengrin, imagining himself still in the days of the Peers (*Pares*), contented himself with gross flattery of the princes. But the Lord rebukes him with a blow of his paw, which gives him a bloody crown. Renard, though he now for the first time finds himself in such high society, has the wit to see where to distribute the Lion's share. Now, as La Fontaine says—

> Ce monseigneur du Lion là
> Est parent de Caligula.

In short, my Lord begins to have doubts about Renard, and asks who made him so sharp. 'It was the broken head of my uncle,' says Renard. Answers and services like this are not forgotten.

At Court Renard has no ally but his relation Grimbert le Taisson. But, by affinity of disposition, Cointerian the Ape and Tybert the Cat will do him some service, though he has often played them a scurvy trick. The proverb runs: 'The Cat has but one game in his pouch, Renard has a thousand.' Indeed, he exhausts them all in order to avoid his duel with Ysengrin, to gain time. Yet he is forced to fight at last; and it is not so unequal a combat as it appears; for craft is a match for brute force. Renard comes to the fight with his body shaved smooth and covered with oil; but he unluckily forgets the saying, 'Do not put your hand in the wolf's throat.' Renard is caught, beaten, and condemned to be hung. Belin the Sheep confesses him, and Bernard the Monk begs his life. But Renard is born to be saved, and is ready for any treason, any disguise or hypocrisy. Now he makes a profession of religion; next he pretends to be dead; then he claims to be King. The haughty Lioness, in fact, falls in love with him. His lair *Maupertuis* becomes a stronghold, and in the later amplifications of the Tale of Renard we find him actually King. It is a strange satire on the French monarchy. It opens with Robert the Pious, who submits so patiently to be pillaged; next come a line of ignoble sovereigns, humble vassals of the Pope. Under Louis the Fat it gains by the growth of the communes in the neighbouring fiefs, whilst it crushes the communes at home; with Philip Augustus it makes a good thing out of the Crusades; under the saintly Louis IX. it sheds blood at Beauvais, to force them to accept as Mayor a creature of its own; under Philip the Fair it throws off the mask and buffets the Papacy, from which the eldest son of France had received such benefits; under Louis XI. it frankly adopts absolutism, and condemns sovereigns by judicial sentence; and it finally crushes feudalism, without which it would never have been anything. Such is the tortuous career of the Kings of France for five hundred years. And it is but a new reading, with emendations, of the Romance of Renard, with all the sinuosities which mark the character of its hero. The last of the Ysengrins, the Wolves, is known in history as Charles the Bold. And Louis XI., like another Fox, did get his hand for a moment caught in

the teeth of the Wolf of Burgundy; but he got out of the scrape, as we know, with all the skill of Renard himself.

Had La Fontaine any knowledge of the Romance of Renard? This is a difficult question. La Fontaine is not so simple a problem as might be supposed. There is a mystification about his career. He was supposed to be rather *absent*, good-natured, a teller of fables, with a careless air; the fun of his tales amused the fine ladies and neutralised the biting flavour of his satire; then came the notion that his fables were addressed to children, a notion that he himself encouraged, though in truth he could not endure children. He was true to Fouquet; yet he escaped the Bastille, which was the fate of Pellisson. He had his laugh at the monks, without being imprisoned with Edme Boursault; he recast the map of Europe, and treated of peace and war without being driven into exile, like Saint-Evremond, whom the vengeance of Mazarin, by the hand of Colbert, persecuted for his condemnation of the Treaty of the Pyrenees. La Fontaine lived in the menagerie of the Duchess de Bouillon, and had a place between the cat and the lapdog of Madame de la Sablière; and withal the great painter of men and animals only succeeded in making his age endure him. He was forty when Tallemant called him a *garçon de lettres*. Louis XIV. would not suffer him to enter the Academy until Boileau had been elected, and the big boy himself had promised to be well-behaved. In his old age, when not a wrinkle, as he said, had yet touched his verse, La Fontaine, to his sorrow, found himself a dependant on Madame de la Sablière, who cared neither for verses nor flattery, nor for the poet, and who condemned him to silence, for Madame de la Sablière had turned Jansenist. The hydra of Jansenism was already visible in Boileau—nor is hydra too strong a term. To the Jansenist marriage was only a low instrument given to mortals yet lower as a means of avoiding a life of mortal sin. They did not rejoice at the birth of a child. It was only another sinner come into a world of sin; and nothing was more uncertain than grace. They held man altogether vile, and especially his understanding, which even Calvin respected. Like St. Bernard, Pascal did not perceive any flavour in what he ate or drank; and when he saw his sister kissing her children, he said there was something low and carnal in her motherly love; and herein Bernard was yet more merciless. La Fontaine had already seen Jansenism stealing into the literary circles of which Molière was the centre. It does not seem to have been observed that *Tartuffe*, which had such difficulty in getting represented, would hardly have succeeded had not Molière flattered the anti-Jansenist prejudices of Louis XIV. by drawing the doctrines of Tartuffe, as we read them in their naked crudity by the mouth of Orgon, from Port Royal itself:

Oui, je deviens tout autre avec son entretien.
Il m'enseigne à n'avoir affection pour rien;
De toutes amitiés il détache mon âme;
Et je verrais mourir frère, enfant, mère et femme,
Que je m'en soucirais autant que de cela.

A few years later it would have been impossible to give *Tartuffe* at all. Madame de Maintenon had brought religion into fashion; and the Jansenists regained all the ground they had lost now that the King had stricter ideas. Lastly Jean Racine admitted that Nicole, his old master at Port Royal, had ground for treating the romancers and dramatists as public poisoners. And so the author of *Phèdre* recommended his son, Jean-Baptiste, never to set foot in the theatre of Versailles. 'The King and the entire

Court know the scruples I have in going there,' said he, when accused by Nicole. Boileau, too, turned Jansenist at the end of his days. The Abbé Boileau, who at one time could speak so lightly of Pascal—the only man who was born of sufficient power to save his genius, if not his reason, from the horror of Jansenism—the Abbé Boileau spoke respectfully of the doctrine of the Bishop of Ypres. All these discussions about *grace* turned on St. Augustine, of whom Jansen professed to be the only true interpreter.

One day the conversation wearied La Fontaine beyond endurance, and he broke out, 'Do you think that St. Augustine was an acuter mind than Rabelais?' The Abbé undertook to reprove the speaker in the name of the company; and his rebuke has passed into a proverb. 'Monsieur de la Fontaine,' said he, 'you have put on one of your stockings inside out.' Luckily, indeed, one of his stockings was inside out; and so La Fontaine only added to his reputation of a careless wit, and ran no risk by his audacious speech. He was not so successful in his second encounter with the monster Jansenism. Madame de la Sablière cared only for sermons which sent La Fontaine to sleep. *Iris* was the Parnassian name of the poet's friend; and Iris would have none but 'severe moralists.' The poet grew weary of the hospitality of the great lady (it is her only claim to honour), and took the desperate resolution of going to join Saint-Evremond in England. The Duchess de Bouillon was then on a visit to her sister, the Duchess Mazarin. And La Fontaine took occasion of the meeting to negotiate the journey. We see what his annoyance was in his letters to M. de Bonrepaux and the Duchess de Bouillon—

Qui n'admettrait Anacréon chez soi?
Qui bannirait Waller et La Fontaine?
Tous deux sont vieux, Saint-Evremond aussi;
Mais verrez-vous aux bords de l'Hippocrène
Gens moins ridés dans leurs vers que ceux-ci?
Le mal est que l'on veut *ici*
De plus sévères moralistes:
Anacréon s'y tait devant les Jansénistes.

Ici of course is the house of Madame de la Sablière, where La Fontaine is only tolerated, and has to keep silence before the Catos of Catholicism. After the death of Madame de la Sablière La Fontaine made a new attempt to reach England. As Saint-Evremond made no more hearty efforts in the second than he had done in the first negotiation, the poor poet met only with fresh mortification. He fell ill; and, according to the ideas of his time, he had no other thought than that of making a good end; and, as he never did things by halves, they found him in a hair shirt. His sick-nurse said to the Abbé Poujet, who came to give him ghostly consolation, 'Do not worry him; he is rather silly than wicked.' It seems that Poujet did worry him; and therein only followed the example of Boileau, of Racine, of Louis XIV., and, as we have seen, of Madame de la Sablière. Molière was the only one who stood out.

No sooner was he dead than La Fontaine was treated even worse. His fables were given over to children, whom he did not like, to pedants, whom he hated, and to the Academicians, whom he abhorred. All these misfortunes were completed by a crowning calamity. One fine day La Fontaine became the property of M. Walckenaer. M. Walckenaer was rewarded by the Institute for filling a very feeble biography with critical and philological blunders. The nineteenth century, the age of the plebs, is full of the sworn cavaliers of the fine ladies of bygone times. M. Victor Cousin was neither the first nor the last of them. M. Walckenaer treats lightly of this

correspondence of La Fontaine with M. de Bonrepaux and the Duchess de Bouillon; for this would be to exhibit the sufferings of the guest, who is only a poet, and so to expose the hostess, who is a fine lady. A mistake which falls in with men's indolence grows apace; a mistake which ministers to their vanity has the wings of a bird; but one which gratifies at once vanity and indolence speedily becomes a sacred truth. Accordingly M. Walckenaer, though he sometimes seems near the truth, assists in spreading the double error that, as a man, La Fontaine is a being of no mark; as Macaulay says, 'a trifler;' and that as author he was only a fable-monger, whose flowers of speech grew up whilst he was as unconscious as a plant. M. Walckenaer is not very great in ancient literature; but the author of the *Memoirs of Madame de Sévigné* prides himself on his intimate knowledge of his own great century. Yet M. Walckenaer says nothing of the certificate which Maucroix, the oldest and best friend of La Fontaine, gives of the man whom everyone calls a trifler. Maucroix declares, in fact (as M. Gérusez duly reports), that he had never known La Fontaine guilty of untruth. To omit such a piece of testimony from the man to whom La Fontaine wrote an admirable letter on his death-bed, and who kept the hair shirt of his friend, the last evidence of his sincerity—to omit this testimony is to set out in search of an honest man with Diogenes' lantern, and to forget to light the lamp.

But another posthumous disaster befell La Fontaine. He fell into the hands of M. Henri Taine. M. Taine said no more than the truth when he called the epic poet, as La Fontaine was, the French Homer; but he lowered one who was essentially an expansive genius, radiant and symmetrical, by narrowing his moral purpose and the value of his work to fit into the pigeon-holes of M. Taine's critical theories. Did La Fontaine know the *Roman de Renart?* Had M. Taine ever set himself to consider this problem he would have found a historical and indestructible basis for his criticism. As it is M. Taine has missed the truth, and he has supplied M. Villemain and Saint-Marc Girardin with the right to utter fine things at the expense of the poor poet. Lastly M. Blaze de Bury, who, with great originality, thought somewhat late in life to get the reputation of a severe moralist at La Fontaine's expense, made a very unfair use of a saying of Ninon de Lenclos about La Fontaine, which saying was itself very hard. *Bonhomme*, as Marmontel and Florian remark, is the true word for La Fontaine. It expresses at once his air of entire seriousness and good faith, his simplicity, and his credulity. We see when he tells us wonderful tales, when he reiterates his moral, that he believes every word of it himself, and has really something to say.

La Fontaine was given to day-dreams, and yet could exercise minute attention. He was stupid when he was bored, and yet no one had more fire and life when a fine thought drew him from his inward dream. He was ignorant, but as Shakespeare was ignorant—that is, full of knowledge. He was capable of such a blunder as that of supposing Phædrus to be the contemporary of Æsop; but then he was not, like La Bruyère, half disposed to astrology, or, like Descartes, visionary about celestial mechanics. If he was idle, it was with that idleness which ferrets out treasures. In the same way he was a philosopher, an enemy of superstition—that is, a Frenchman to the tips of his fingers—but yet he had some turn for the macrocosm and the microcosm—what we now call symbolism—

and there are bits of his work which in fine and deep thought would satisfy Vico and Kreuzer. He is a butterfly, a bee, who flits round every bank and rifles every flower; long works drive him crazy; but withal there is a coherence about his ideas, a persistence in his will, a unity of purpose about his work, which is visible and then is veiled from time to time, just as the spirit is seen and then is not seen in the visage of a man. In short, if the *tales* are the detached pieces of the Storyteller of Champagne, giving himself up to the spirit of his age, the *fables* form a complex but single work, which is at once that of the nation and of all ages. The connecting link of his fables, though veiled behind the poet's free utterance, is far closer than that which Balzac framed for his novels of the Comedy of Human Life. La Fontaine's fables are 'the hundred acts of the human drama.'

The erudition of La Fontaine resembles his poetry, his philosophy, his power of symbolising everyday life, which was equal to his power of explaining the symbols of antiquity. He shows us always that 'untended garden' which Montesquieu could not endure and yet is so like nature, and there he sows plants of a new and strange kind, quite unfamiliar to the critical gentlemen, and somewhat puzzling to those gentry. La Fontaine is an original disciple of Rabelais, but rather in catching his spirit than in imitating his form. The many authors of the *Roman de Renart*, the two authors of the *Roman de la Rose*, and Rabelais were all in arms against the same foe as Molière. *Renart*, *Faux-Semblant*, both so strong in *papelardie* and *renardie*, the *papelards* and *chattemites* of Rabelais, are, in fact, predecessors of *Tartuffe*. But La Fontaine, who has really the genius 'of the quintessence' far more than the poet of Touraine, who calls himself the distiller of the precious drug, pronounces the fine doctrine of sincerity. He would think it idle to reproach the Wolf with devouring the Lamb, but La Fontaine marks his insight into morality by making the real crime to consist in the legal forms of the Wolf's action. The merit of the Lamb consists in the sound reasons which he offers against his tormentor's charges, till he forces him to carry him off and eat him in the forest 'without any other form of procedure.' 'Commit crimes, if you must,' says the moralist, 'but do not pretend that they are good actions; in the end justice will prevail on earth.' This is the spirit of La Fontaine, and he agrees therein with the socialist Fourier, another great poet in conception, if not in style. La Fontaine is an inventor precisely in the way that the commentators will not recognise; and he is original just when they think him servile.

His special words are not strictly his own invention. *Moutonnier* is in Rabelais; *se prélasser* comes from the *Roman de Renart*; and when he uses *croqueur*, and *le dormir*, *le boire*, *le manger*, and regrets the loss of the word *engigner* (to deceive), it is not from any love of novelty in speech, but from love of old phrases and popular speech rather than the Dictionary of the Academy, and he strove to keep the language from growing *courtisane* and *gueuse*, and from dropping all the fine old words.

On the other hand, if La Fontaine did not insert new words, he is a wonderful inventor of details, incidents, and general *mise en scène*. The dry stem of Æsop, the stunted boughs of Phædrus, break into luxuriant foliage beneath the glow of La Fontaine's genius. The 'familiar traits,' as he calls them, are those inimitable strokes of his own mother wit, with which La Fontaine at first timidly, and then with increasing freedom, enriches the baldness of Æsop's and Phæ-

drus' fables. He is never less happy than when he seeks to imitate. Take his *Mercury and the Woodman*—remarkable as it is if we compare it with Æsop's, yet poor if we contrast it with the second prologue to Rabelais' fourth book. There is much significance in this ill success of the fabulist in mere imitation. Now, the twelve books of La Fontaine show a gradually ascending plan, to which sufficient attention has not been given. The idler, as he will have it, this good-natured, simple fellow, has a very distinct intention throughout his whole work. He says (iii. 2):

> Je devais avec la royauté
> Avoir commencé mon ouvrage.

But in reality this idea of painting the Court only took shape rather late in his work, when he had begun to free himself from all imitation of Æsop and Phædrus, and had entered on the study of Corrozet, Regnerius, Guillaume Haudent, and Philibert Hégémon. He then saw what materials for a picture of the Court there were, in the rivalry of the Wolf and the Fox, of the clumsy with the consummate courtier. The idea is apparent in the third book, and it is dominant in the first fable of the seventh book, the *Plague amongst the Animals*, an epic fragment in which, says M. Blaze de Bury (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, June 1, 1874), we may find the whole plot of Renard. M. Robert, who has made some striking researches in good sense—that is, to prove the originality of the author—speaks of the 'rude canvas' of the three fourteenth century bards. La Fontaine certainly got from them his idea of a Plague, of a Lion with scruples of conscience, of a Wolf Attorney-General, and of the Ass the emblem of innocence, and perhaps stupidity. The common points between La Fontaine and the *Roman de Renart* are—the scale of animal rank, beginning with the 'simple Mastiffs,' and so up to the Lion, passing by the Tiger, Bear, and other *great magnates*; next the cold, prosaic discourse of the King who speaks to quiet his conscience, the speech of Renard, who, like a perfect courtier, smiles the King out of the honourable purpose which had crossed his mind; lastly, the simple confession of the Ass—that is, the people—who has only cropped a bit of grass off the meadow, but who feels somewhat guilty, as the meadow belonged to the monks, and accordingly was sacred. The guilt of the Ass condemned by the great lords, *all of them great hands at a suit*, is so plain that the task of the Wolf, *a bit of a clerk*, is a light one. No sooner is the Wolf's speech ended than the Ass is offered up in expiation to the Gods who sent the plague to punish the crimes of men. One nail, says the proverb, drives out another. The conclusion of La Fontaine is:

> Selon que vous serez puissant ou misérable,
> Les jugements de Cour vous feront blanc ou noir.

M. Blaze de Bury calls this conclusion a moral, and one of the lamest. But this is to forget that La Fontaine, with his *traits familiers*, is always looking to the Court and the courtiers. Our simple friend, as they call him, is so much in earnest that he closes one fable by a direct address to the courtiers, and he interrupts another in order to give a definition of the Court. *The Lion, the Wolf, and the Fox* (viii. 3) closes with this direct appeal:

> Messieurs les courtisans, cessez de vous détruire!
> Faites, si vous pouvez, votre cour sans vous nuire, &c.

And the subject of this Æsop's fable is the cornerstone of the *Roman de Renart*, Flemish and German. The details with which La Fontaine enriches the fable of Æsop are, with some variations, in

all the French forms of *Renart*, in all the *Ysopets*, in Marie of France, and scattered in a mangled way in the fifteenth and sixteenth century collections. In the *Obsequies of the Lioness* (viii. 14) La Fontaine, who had called the Lion's den a charnel-house and a Louvre (*The Lion's Court*, vii. 7), cuts his tale short to give a definition of the Court:

Je définis la Cour un pays où les gens
Tristes, gais, prêts à tout, à tout indifférents,
Sont ce qu'il plaît au prince . . . .
Peuple caméléon, peuple singe du maître.

And he continues the fable by bringing on the scene a Stag, who is as much of a courtier as *Brichemer*, the Stag in the *Roman de Renart*.

In short, we may say that, as La Fontaine proceeds in his description of his own times, he less and less limits his scheme to the mere fables of Æsop, whom he eventually exhausts; or those of Pilpai or Lokman, whom he never could exhaust. In Book I. the *Monsieur du Corbeau* resembles *Damp Tiercelin* in the *Roman de Renart* and the first *Ysopet*; and even then we can see how La Fontaine was on the road to the great idea which is the key of the satiric poem of the Middle Ages. In Book IV. we have the astonishing fable of the *Tribute Sent by the Animals to Alexander*; and throughout it we see the symbolism which is the substance of the *Roman de Renart*. Alexander, the Corsair, and the Lion are only one power adored under three different names. But it is the seventh and eleventh books where La Fontaine develops, varies, and exaggerates the text of the *Roman de Renart*. There is a bitterness in the eleventh and twelfth books which suggests the last years of misery, when he lived as the guest of Madame de la Sablière.

Now, are we to say that La Fontaine knew and studied the MSS. which Prosper Marchand read in the seventeenth century, and which Méon published in the nineteenth? Certainly not; for, as M. A. C. Robert points out, he had made no researches whatever in the rich literature of these early centuries. It is quite true that our author did not know the *Roman de Renart* in the way in which we now know it since the publication of the MSS. But it would be no less hasty to conclude, with M. Charles Potvin, in the strict sense of the words, 'that the great fabulist knew nothing of his predecessor of the twelfth century.' The truth would appear to be that La Fontaine found on all sides in his reading, and in the conversation of his time, the tradition which forms the groundwork of the *Roman de Renart* and of the fables. He had no need to go to the poetry of Marie of France, then only found in MS., though Roquefort, in his edition of the poems, fancies that there is some imitation. The resemblances, or rather the coincidences, are quite as striking between the fables of La Fontaine and the apologues of the first *Ysopet* and the *Ysopet Avionnet*, and especially the seventeen *fabulæ Æsopi extravagantis dictæ*.

It is certain that these (and they then only existed in MS.) were quite inaccessible to La Fontaine, who was no palæographist. However, aided by the oral tradition afloat in his age, a great lover of the old books of the people, and curious about all out of the way knowledge, La Fontaine would have easily recognised the influence of this tradition in the published collections of fables of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Engravings of the Lion King, seated on his throne and surrounded by his animal Court, were plentiful in his time. He might also turn to the *Speculum Vitæ Aulicæ* of Hartmann Schopper (Frankfort, 1574), with its curious illustrations; and it is certain that La Fontaine knew the

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book. He directly imitates it, especially in his *Lion's Court.* Schopper in his way gives a sort of verse and prose version in Latin of the *Reineke Fuchs*, and therein summarises the tradition with truly German completeness. He begins: '*Dum fata serventium molestiasque maximas—quas aula Regum parturit —fere coactus profero—fare fideli, Delie; tuumque vatem dirige. . . . Aores, Iambos suffice. . . .*' These halting iambics of his hardly deserve to be written verse-wise. And then begins the tale: 'Serena lucebat dies—Et sol micabat aureus—Rex imperator omnium—Leo ferarum sceptriger—totius orbis bestias, festum per ingens convocat. . . . .' The good Schopper evidently thinks that kings can be improved, though La Fontaine is doubtful on this point. And we find in the German's preface: 'Per Leonem, Cæsares, Reges, Principes, Judices exhibentur sui a Deo Optimo Maximo ad gubernandam Rempublicam ut bonos defendant et malos puniant constituti sunt.' And in the *Speculum Vitæ Aulicæ* Renard is the author of all iniquities; and the Wolf is called *acutus ysengrinius* when he backbites his absent comrade. La Fontaine does not adopt these bits of German imperialism, but keeps to the pure tradition of the Romance of Renard. This tradition is the soul of the collections of Guillaume Guéroult, Guillaume Haudent, and Philibert Hégémon. Machiavelli advised his prince to become at once Wolf and Fox, and La Fontaine knew his Machiavelli quite as thoroughly as Fouché, Duke of Otranto, who first made the remark. But this was not the idea of the plebeian fable-teller, the Talleyrand of the people. There is a French proverb: 'Il faut hurler avec les loups;' and the Italian proverb rejoins, 'Volpeggiar con le volpi;' and La Fontaine knew both Oudin and Veneroni. The tradition of the human brutes and the brute-world is spread throughout La Motte le Vayer, whom nobody now reads and whose son La Fontaine met with Molière. La Motte le Vayer mistakes Aliboron, the mere corruption of the Oberon of Anon de Bordeaux and of Shakespeare, for Aliboron the name of the Ass in the collections of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and in La Fontaine. So common was this error that Mademoiselle de Scudéri, a contemporary of La Fontaine, himself a child of the century preceding, can write thus:

> The generality of Courts are little better than collections of monkeys, foxes, wolves, and tigers. The vices throng in the presence chambers—envy, hatred, backbiting, ill-nature, insolence, injustice, outrage, and vengeance. The simple are put to shame, the innocent persecuted, the impudent favoured; and the only people who prosper are flatterers, slanderers, spies, buffoons, and the ministers of pleasure.[1]

It is most likely that La Fontaine had heard of the MS., *Renart le Contrefait*; for it was seen by his contemporary Ménage, who made some extracts from it. It is now lost. Mrs. Harvey, or one of her suite, repeated to La Fontaine, now grown old and disgusted with the world, an adventure of Reynard the Fox, lately brought into notice by Ogilby. In his fable of the *English Fox* (xii. 23) we have a German or English variation of the twenty-ninth branch of the French romance.

To resume our analysis, what we say that La Fontaine did was to collect out of the old traditionary fragments, to contrast, and group in one grand epic all the current topics of the French fable-mongers of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, which had worked up the material of Æsop into the symbolism popularised by the cycle of *Renard.* Out of these common topics La Fontaine recon-

[1] *Esprit de Mademoiselle de Scudéri*, pp. 312–313.

structed in poetry, as Cuvier would do in palæontology, a new cycle of fable of his own creation, a new *Speculum Vitæ Aulicæ*, wherein we find coincidences of style and of subject with the *Roman de Renart* and the work of Marie of France. But he was not bound by imitation, since he only knew the tradition which survived the knowledge of the epic poem; and thus he could give ample scope to the boldness of his genius. If La Fontaine had ever known the *Roman* the temptation to make a long poem would probably have been too much for him. And doubtless the desire of rivalling the freedom of the old poets would have driven our author to darken the pure stream of his fables with the grosser mud of the tales; and he was on the point of doing something of the kind at the end of his life with the twelfth book of his fables. But as he could only guess at the great cycle of the Middle Age tales, he was free to give himself up to the painting of his own times. Thus we find him multiplying counsel to the petty princes not to meddle with the quarrels of kings, and to the villagers to beware of their lords, the *gensdpill'hommes* of Rabelais. Having heard Molière complain of Chapelle, and having seen that the friendship of Racine and Boileau was a mere fellowship of great names, he looks for friends in *Monomotapa*; on the affections of his age he is of the same mind as Alceste in the *Misanthrope*—that is, as Molière—he finds true affection only in the 'âme espagnolle, plus grande encore que folle' (ix. 15). Michelet charges the great century with inventing poisoning by arsenic before the antidote was known. And La Fontaine seems to suggest this age of crime when he makes the lords and ladies pressing in a crowd to the wise woman whose business it was to tell people when they had lived too long. And thereupon people frequently did die: it was the age of Brinvilliers. The majesty of kings he makes to reside in the mane, and their power in the fangs and claws, of the Lion. The Wolf is a clumsy courtier; the Monkey overdoes it; the Leopard is a fine lord, whose bravery and elegance are only in his clothes. Firapel is the Leopard's name in the romance; according to M. Delepierre this means 'proud of his skin.' Renard is your only perfect courtier. The Wolf with one ear, the *vilain* who gave rise to the word '*villainous*' *look*, the *paillard* who sleeps in the hayloft, are personified by the Ass—*Maître Aliboron*.

The republicans are personified under the Rats (see Fable vii. 3)—First the Rat who retires from the world, 'whose family no one ever heard of.' Then there is the hermit Rat, who hypocritically refuses alms to his brothers, who come to get help for Ratopolis, whilst he is comfortably living inside a Dutch cheese. We must remember that in those days Holland was the home of pronounced republicanism. The mere brute, slavish mob is denoted by the Frogs, and the Sheep are 'the silly people.' The Cat is after Rabelais' manner, now and then executioner, judge or priest, sometimes both. In a word, La Fontaine, by means of his magic lantern, by means of the symbol which he had re-discovered, held up to the world of men the picture of the world of animals, and is ever asking them if they recognise the likeness.

But for Herder, with the philosopher's eye to see all the great features in the mediæval tale, Goethe would never perhaps have been led to rewrite *Reineke Fuchs*. France has its *Roman de Renart* as well as the Fables of La Fontaine; and certainly neither of them need to be rewritten. But we need a Herder to explain to us their inner meaning.

BRITISH TRADE.

No. V. AUSTRO-HUNGARY AND GERMANY.

THE trade relations with this country of those regions of Central Europe dominated by German rulers are not so decidedly determined by the debt factor as others that we have already passed in review. Directly neither Austria nor Germany can be said as empires to have built up their recent trade and their expansion of civilising agencies through borrowing English money, and Hungary alone stands forth as a rapid borrower here on State credit. We have, therefore, to approach the question of the soundness, present and prospective, of our trade with the German and German-ruled countries from a somewhat new standpoint. The task is not, unfortunately, much simplified because of this alteration. On the contrary, there are few more difficult subjects to determine than the situation, say, of Austria or of Hungary; and even the new German empire is filled with perplexing issues, social, political, and economic, to the solution of which one might not unprofitably devote a volume. Here I propose to crowd the more salient features of the mere trade portion of the subject in all three countries into one short essay, and I can therefore but allude to the general political situation.

Speaking in a general way, the commercial prospects of all these countries are, of course, much affected by this—the political situation, which is itself most difficult to define. The very newness of the conditions under which all the territories involved in the two empires and the Hungarian Kingdom abide makes it hard to say what may be the result of conflicts now raging, or but momentarily at an end, and what the overmastering policy of the rulers may do either to help or to hinder the advancement of their various countries in the arts of peace, on which all true trade progress must rest. Germany, from her newness and on account of the envy, hate, and jealousy that exist in various quarters, thinks it necessary to devote a great, if not a preponderating, portion of her national energies to the maintenance of a colossal military organisation, which must directly lessen her power to compete in the struggle for trade with less hampered nations. She is an armed camp, the dread of Europe in some senses, and living to no small degree in dread of her neighbours. No one can tell through what bloody ways Germany may have to travel before her peoples can settle down peacefully to pursue those conquests which advance the material well-being of mankind. Nor is she free from domestic troubles—religious bitterness, and internal political confusion—all hurtful to material prosperity. In the glitter of military success these sources of division almost vanished out of sight, but the very peace which that success has temporarily secured, must lay the foundations of a struggle for freedom among the people who, if they are worthy to be free, will grow more and more restive under the severe discipline of a military *régime*. While Germany remains in this condition, we can hardly look to see her directly ousting us from our old trade position. How her internal prosperity may develop, we shall by-and-by examine.

In Austria and Hungary the situation is, in many respects, different, and in not a few much worse. The territories ruled over by the descendants of the Hapsburg Emperors of Germany are as a house

divided against itself, and tend more and more to fall asunder. In 1867 Hungary obtained practical autonomy, and now the separatist principles are being pushed further towards complete independence. Francis Joseph is King of Hungary, by much the same tenure as our first Georges were Kings of Hanover. He has inherited a crown that came into his family originally by marriage, and his Hungarian subjects refuse to permit him to do much more than retain the empty honour. To all intents and purposes Hungary stands aloof, and she wants to stand alone. True, the military and diplomatic organisations of the Empire are theoretically united, but the race antipathies and divergent aims make the unity of little use to the Emperor-King. The difficulties of Austria over the present Eastern Question signally illustrate this. Nearly half the entire population of the empire is Slavonic, and the sympathy of the German portion is, probably, to a predominating extent, against Turkey in the dispute. Yet the Emperor dare not throw himself boldly into the scale for the Slavs. He cannot attempt to carve out for himself a new empire eastward, by espousing the cause of liberty and achieving the deliverance of the Christian population of Turkey, because were he to do so the ruling race in Hungary would, most probably, refuse to follow him, and by seceding from his authority, cripple his attempts at once. Not only so, but the different Slav elements to be found in other parts of the empire—the Czechs of Bohemia and the Poles of Galicia—might each move to throw off allegiance, while the nine to ten millions of Germans in Austria proper might be drawn away towards the progressive and more glorious empire of the north. Checked and tied down at every step, the Emperor of Austria is powerless to battle with his fate, and may live to see his inheritance split in pieces and its fragments divided with little regard to his particular claims. I allude to these elements of trouble on the political side of the subject with a view to make it clear that questions of trade progress in regard to the Austro-Hungarian empire cannot be arbitrarily settled by a mere glance at what has been already accomplished, even although the disturbing element of huge foreign borrowings may not have played so openly prominent a part there as elsewhere. The political impotence of the ruling powers may any day induce troubles which would upset all our calculations. And yet we must not build too much on these either, nor speculate on their occurrence; and in judging of the wealth and producing capacity of Austria and Hungary must endeavour to confine the attention to points within the range of political economy.

Taking Hungary first then, it will be found that her situation ostensibly approximates more nearly to that of the big borrowers we have already dealt with than that of the other half of the empire. No sooner had she attained to political individuality than she set to work to pile up a foreign debt, and by the end of 1874 had succeeded in nominally placing upon this market bonds to the amount of about 32,000,000*l.* At present, I believe, her debt is, in round figures, about 50,000,000*l.*, all told—tolerably quick work in eight or nine years. Yet this is not a large sum compared to some borrowings; and, were Hungary filled with a homogeneous and prosperous community, it would not be large in her case. But this is just what Hungary is not. To all intents and purposes, her fifteen and a-half millions of people are composed of the oppressors and the oppressed, and only a few of

the former are rich. Political power and social status belong to the Magyar or Hun conquerors of the kingdom; and in all that appertains to civilisation, the general population is most backward. Benefits have no doubt accrued to a very considerable extent from the expenditure of the money thus borrowed, but the State labours under chronic deficits. Not only are State payments in arrear, but the floating debt is considerably increased by what is owing to the Austrian Government under the treaty of 1867, and there is good ground for believing that the houses which have 'financed' Hungary into her present difficulties are at present pretty heavily committed to advances that only a new loan can cover. Herr von Szell, the Finance Minister, is sanguine that by 1880 he will be able to show a balanced budget; but in the meantime the deficits of the three years, 1875–76–77, alone are likely to aggregate some 5,000,000*l.*

A comparatively small portion of the population of Hungary is engaged in manufactures and mining operations, and the principal staples of her exportable wealth are agricultural products. A bad harvest has, therefore, a most serious influence on the taxpaying power of the people, who have comparatively little realised wealth. Her gold and silver mines yield a small amount annually, about 250,000*l.*; she is tolerably rich in other minerals such as copper, coal, iron; and, if kept in internal peace, the country might struggle on and gradually emerge into a position whence she could command foreign markets with some effect. At present it is decidedly otherwise. Hungary has mortgaged her buying capacity to a heavy extent, and has thereby crippled her selling power as well; so that, unless we can see our way to lend her further large sums of money, we can hardly expect to do any appreciable trade with her, as sellers, for years.

The position of the Austrian half of the Empire is different to some extent. In respect of it being an older and, in some ways, more civilised State, Austria has made much more progress in manufacturing industries, and her population is also decidedly, as a whole, more wealthy. Her cloth manufactures alone give employment to 800,000 people, and she possesses cotton spinning mills employing nearly 1,600,000 spindles,[1] besides importing considerable quantities of cotton yarn. Her woollen tissues manufacture is also considerable, leading to a fair consumption of foreign-made yarn as well as imports on balance of raw wool. For example, according to a Return furnished to the Foreign Office by Mr. Mounsey, Second Legation Secretary at Vienna,[2] Austria imported in 1857, on balance, 208,000 cwt. of cotton yarn, in addition to 1,042,000 cwt. of raw cotton, also 60,000 cwt. of raw wool, besides 44,000 cwt. of woollen yarns. And in Mr. Ellison's report, previously cited, it is stated that Austria consumed last year 104,185,000 lbs. of raw cotton. In addition to a considerable weaving industry, Austria has a large sugar-producing organisation, and is also endeavouring to produce and manufacture sufficient iron for her railway and manufacturing necessities, her production of pig iron being 332,157 tons in 1874.

In spite of these and other advantages, Austria labours under enormous difficulties, which must make the further growth of her foreign trade slow under the very best conditions. She has for one thing a very heavy debt, which,

[1] Ellison's *Annual Review of the Cotton Trade.*
[2] *Commercial Reports*, No. 18 (1875).

although not held so largely abroad as to make it a direct mortgage on her purchasing capacity, acts from the form of a part of it as a more severe retardant at home than most other home-held debts do. It amounts in interest-bearing securities alone of various kinds to about 280,000,000*l.*, besides which there is the large paper currency always circulating at a depreciation which is seldom less than 10 per cent. As this paper currency is based on silver, it is easy to see how terrible the pressure of adverse exchanges must have lately been when an Austrian merchant had to find the means of paying in London in gold through an exchange of depreciated paper that itself represented a depreciated metal. The natural consequence of such a heavy tax upon the paying capacity of an Austrian trader ought of course to be a quickening of the export of Austrian produce so as to avoid the necessity of having to pay in coin for what has been bought; and if by any means the trader manages for a time to avoid this natural result we shall find evidence of the danger and folly of his so doing in trade disorganisation and industrial distress. I think Austria does give us abundant evidence that this mistake has been made, but in order to show this I must abandon considerations relating to the separate portions of the empire, and treat Austria and Hungary as commercially one country. These observations have so far indeed been made chiefly with a view to show that the two halves of the empire have different internal capacities and difficulties.

Viewed as one, then, the broad features of Austro-Hungarian trade are these. For many generations the country was almost self-contained. Up to 1865 it may be said that the commercial intercourse between England and Austria was quite inappreciable. Her tariff, though modified ten years before, was still nearly prohibitory, and her internal condition so far behindhand that there was literally no room for trade. In 1866, however, a new trade treaty came into operation between this country and Austria, in virtue of which very considerable reductions were made in the tariff, and by which it was provided that from the 1st of January 1870 to the 31st December 1876 English goods should in no case be charged duty exceeding 20 per cent. of their value at the place of production. Quite recently it has been decided to continue this tariff to the end of 1877. From 1866, therefore, we find a decided increase in the volume of business passing between this country and Austria. At the best the business is still small—indeed insignificant—but it is greater than it was ten years ago, and probably greater also than the official figures make it appear, because a certain portion of the trade passes through Germany and Italy, and comes to be included in the totals there. Looking at the figures from the point of view of Austria, we find that her total imports have increased from 21,000,000*l.* in 1866 to 59,000,000*l.* in 1872. Since then the amount of the imports has fallen off; they having been only some 56,000,000*l.* in 1873, the year of the crisis, and rather less in 1874 and 1875. This diminution is significant, and leads us to consider the causes which brought about the commercial crisis of 1873 from the effects of which the Austrian Empire is still suffering, and likely for some time to suffer.

In the early part of the period beginning with 1865 the exports largely exceeded the imports, and there was therefore always an important margin of indebtedness in favour of Austria in the general trade account. In 1870, however, this state of things became com-

pletely reversed—not as Austrian protectionists sometimes maintain, because the customs' tariff had been reduced generally as regards all 'most favoured' countries, and specially as regards England, but because the people of Austria as well as the State itself had then launched upon a career of speculation which led to all sorts of commitments beyond their means. The disorganisation of Germany and France through the war may have had something to do with this, but I am disposed to look upon it rather as part of a general wave of commercial excitement which we find affected nearly all civilised countries. This inflation continued throughout 1871, 1872, and part of 1873, and during that period all manner of financial undertakings were started, heavy amounts of railway obligations floated with or without Government guarantee, and banks and financial houses brought into being—Anglo-Hungarian, Anglo-Austrian, and their French and native imitations. Austria was bent on being developed and rich forthwith, and to outsiders she seemed to be making most successful progress, till in June of 1873 the bubble burst, and the country had to relapse into a long and painful struggle with her natural and accumulated artificial disadvantages. It is surprising that such a crash did not seem inevitable to the calm onlooker long before it came. That a country possessed of no great available store of exchangeable wealth, with nothing except her land to mortgage, one may say, and burdened by a heavily depreciated paper currency, should suddenly be able to stand forth as a leading buyer in the markets of the world, and go on acttng this part with impunity, was simply impossible. The private and public loans raised abroad or at home only added to the mischief and the delusion, and when the day came for the solid backing to reveal itself for the support of the numerous credits that had been opened, it was nowhere to be found in sufficient abundance.

Since 1873, then, Austria has been fighting against adverse fortune, and to some extent it is to be regretted that the duality of the empire enabled Hungary to go on with her borrowing after the financial collapse had warned her to stop. The trade of the empire has not yet adjusted itself, partly because of this borrowing, and of the heavy sums which such corporations as the South Austrian and Upper Italian Railway Company contrived to raise outside the empire, on grounds which events are proving to have been utterly hollow. In a national sense, too, the paper circulation, and the facilities with which temporary debts could be contracted by the State, through the usurers eager to lend, had a very injurious effect. At present the floating debt of the Austrian half of the empire exceeds 40,000,000*l.* This continual flooding of the country with fresh paper has had a most deleterious effect on commercial stability, even though the actual depreciated note circulation of the State Bank be not very large.[3] It enabled the country to prolong trading on a mere credit basis, and to expend—at a ruinous loss certainly, but still to expend or mortgage—an unsafe proportion of its wealth in foreign purchases. All internal credit thus becomes based on a fiction or on future chances. The savings of the people are a fluctuating quantity, because represented by an unstable monetary in-

[3] The paper circulation of the Austrian State Bank runs from 29,000,000*l.* to 32,000,000*l.* or 33,000,000*l.*, and the reserve of coin and bullion has for some time been about 13,500,000*l.* These mere bank figures do not, however, give a clear idea of the real proportions between paper and gold in Austria, because the State floating interest-bearing paper has also to be taken into account.

strument. Trade is uncertain in its result, and subject to recurring fits of depression. In years of great agricultural prosperity the country will seem to flourish, and trade will revive, so that it will look as if so many of the paper mortgages had been overtaken; but let a few bad harvests come, as they have done lately in Hungary, and there is immediate collapse. Revenues fall short, the cost of the debt increases, as well as its amount, and amid deficits, public and private, the nation stumbles on as best it can. This picture is no exaggeration. The Austro-Hungarian empire is thus struggling now, and the crisis of 1873 is not yet at an end. Gradually, however, the trade account is getting nearer a safe level. The great drop in the foreign exchange last autumn, owing to the fall in silver, has stimulated the export trade, it being cheaper to sell anything that could be sold at almost any price, than to get only eighteenpence or so for the two shillings, when remitting here, or to Germany and France, to pay debts in gold. An opportune shortening in the beet crop of France, with expected shortness in the West Indian sugar-cane crop, also helped Austria, and her exports of sugar alone have materially strengthened the weak side of the trade account. At the same time the imports have diminished several millions sterling since the beginning of this year, and were last year lower than in 1874, so that in many respects the country is not so badly off as it was. There is evidence also that, on the whole, the people are growing wealthier. The deposits in the Austrian savings banks are now nearly 60,000,000*l.*, or about double what they were in 1870. Trade discounts, and, above all, loans on mortgages of all kinds, have, however, shrunk very considerably since the pre-panic period, though not now at their lowest;[4] and there is still room for business to shrink before Austria can be said to stand on firm ground.

The prolongation of the present trade tariff with England is, on the other hand, and from our point of view, a very favourable feature. Had it been rescinded, as was expected, at the beginning of 1877 English goods would have had to bear duties higher by from 12 to 100 per cent.

Looking at Austro-Hungary from the point of view of either a customer of England or a competitor with her, I should say that as regards the former we cannot expect a greatly increased trade at any proximate date, all conditions remaining unaltered, but as regards the latter it is quite possible that, in the east and south of Europe, her immediate neighbourhood, we shall find her a stronger rival than formerly, unless her ordinary Continental tariff destroys her force. It does not seem to me that Austria can, under any circumstances, and for a long time to come, buy increasing

[4] The exact figures of the growth of Austrian Savings Banks deposits, as given in an official return quoted by the Vienna correspondent of the *Economist*, are these:—In 1860 the deposits were only 106,500,000 gulden, by 1870 they had risen to 258,700,000 gulden, and last year they reached 589,300,000 gulden, showing a very rapid growth since 1870, which must fairly be attributed to the extensive participation that the working classes have in the advantages of the industrial development. The fluctuations of the bank discounts and advances, as given by the same authority, were as follows:—In 1871 the discounts were 399,000,000 gulden; they rose to 481,000,000 gulden in 1873, and from that point shrank gradually to 444,000,000 last year. The loans on mortgage have fluctuated much more significantly, having fallen from 854,000,000 gulden in 1874 to 238,000,000 in 1875. Previous to 1874 they had advanced for years. These mortgages were of course really, for the most part, pledged or pawned securities of the numerous industrial and credit undertakings started on mere wind, and their sudden shrinkage gives us some measure of the losses which the liquidation of the past three years has compelled banks and finance companies, and through them the incautious public, to accept. The gulden may be taken at 2*s.*, or ten to the £.

quantities of British produce, because she cannot pay for more. Her paper credits cannot swell indefinitely, nor will they help her much further abroad if they could. Not only on that account is our trade with the empire likely to continue small; but also because the course of events do not lead to the conclusion that we are to be larger buyers of her produce than we have been. There is not much that she can send us except corn, wine, and oil seeds, and the harvests are so fluctuating that other countries are pushing her out of the field for these articles. Our imports from Austria are much smaller now than the highest points they touched in 1868 and 1869, remaining on the average of years much what they were in the period between 1861 and 1867. This can hardly be otherwise, when we find the oil-seed crop of Hungary fluctuating in the period between 1852 and 1872 in yearly differences between 150,000 pecks and 2,150,000 pecks.[5] So uncertain a yield as this could hardly be other than destructive of a steady business. Hungary proper is also placed at a disadvantage in the average yield of the land. Bad tillage has probably much to do with this; but whatever the cause, when the average yield of wheat per acre in Hungary is only from 8 to 9 bushels, against 28 in Great Britain and over 12 in the United States, it is easy to believe that competition must be difficult, except in the immediate vicinity of the frontiers, where the tillage of neighbours may yield worse results than even that. In spite of the increased railway facilities and the endeavours of Hungary to open up an independent trade for herself at the port of Fiume, an endeavour as yet nearly futile for want of a complete railway system, I must therefore doubt whether there is much likelihood of a greatly increased buying or selling between this country and the Austro-Hungarian empire. At all events it is certain that the value of goods carried in British bottoms entering the port of Trieste is steadily on the decline. In the five years 1871–75 it amounts to a drop of over 2,000,000*l.*, or nearly a half. This is to be accounted for partly of course by the decrease in the total value of the imports, and to some extent by the large number of vessels of other nations (particularly Italian) employed in the carrying trade.[6] A large part of the decrease of the exports of the United Kingdom to Austria is due to the lesser demand for our iron and machinery. Austria is endeavouring to make all that she requires for herself, and lessened railway speculation much reduces her requirements. At present, notwithstanding the duties and the advantage which a freight of 20*s.* a ton on iron shipped from British ports to Trieste gives to Austrian iron-makers, they find it hard enough to hold their own.

[5] Consul-General Monson's report on the trade and commerce of Hungary for 1872 (*Consular Reports*, No. 4, 1873).

[6] Report of Acting-Consul Brock on the trade and commerce of Trieste for the year 1875 (*Consular Reports*, Part V., 1876). The *Pesti Naplo*, a leading organ of the Deak party, gives the following gloomy picture of the state of Hungary. I am inclined to think it over-coloured, but it is not without truth:—'We are very poor. The value of the soil decreases; its yield is lessening; our agriculturists are deep in debt; our forests and mines give us no profits; every day merchants and manufacturers are declared bankrupt; and daily the want of confidence increases. The taxes on all articles of consumption bring in less, and the rate of interest rises. The taxes increase, and must do so, as the very existence of the State is threatened by its financial difficulties, and there is no resource but in the pockets of the taxpayers. Government, Parliament, and chambers of commerce do nothing and are silent. It seems that the country of autonomy is ripe for Cæsarism. The time may come when posterity will view with pity the efforts of an impotent people, and applaud their neighbours (the German Austrians), who conquered this nation (the Magyars) by work, understanding, morality, and perseverance.'

Or rather, perhaps, it may be said that the severe depression to which they have had to submit has only told less severely upon them than on the English producer. He certainly has suffered severely, and his only consolation is that, in the best of times, Austrian imports of English iron were not very heavy. They have fallen off since 1873, such as they were, and the import of all kinds, which was 73,340 tons in 1874, was only 12,173 tons last year. The Austrian iron industry has suffered from other causes than the credit collapse, too, and these are partially at least removed. I refer to the obtuse trade laws which prevailed till last year, and under which it was often difficult to establish a business. These have been modified and repealed, but still contain some regulations of a doubtful kind.[7] Mining is an ancient industry in Austria, but it is rather a crudely organised one, and ore-smelters are besides hampered by the difficulty of finding coking coal in the vicinity of their ores. Add to these considerations the enormously heavy taxes which all industries lie under, and it is easy to believe that the iron trade of Austria has its hardships. But perhaps the best illustration of this which I can give is a contract cited by the able and well-informed Vienna correspondent of the *Economist*.[8] He says that the Teplitz Iron-Works obtained a contract for rails from the German Anhalt Railway over the heads of all the best German iron-works of Westphalia, the Rhine provinces, and Silesia. In addition to the price at which they took the contract, this company promised to deliver the rails free at Berlin, and to guarantee them for ten years. It is hardly necessary to explain, after that, that the contract was taken 'to keep skilled hands going,' and not for profit. No wonder, either, that Austrian iron-masters clamour for protection, forgetful of what protection ultimately means. The cotton and woollen industries are, however, almost equally hampered, and the manufacturers are loudly crying out for more rigorous protection to these also. Should the two parts of the empire fail to agree over the dual bank question, and therefore separate their general customs policy, it is not improbable that a considerable increase in the Austrian tariff for the protection of all classes of home-made goods may take place. The difficulties of making headway against foreign competition are especially on the increase as regards the woollen trade, owing to the decrease in the number of sheep in Hungary through the ravages of disease and the greater attention paid to the

[7] An admirable account of the new trade laws of Austria will be found in the *Legation Reports* for 1875, at page 315 *et seq.* In this Mr. Ffrench gives a *résumé* of the proposed changes introduced by the new trade code, most of which have, I believe, been since adopted by the Reichsrath. This code regulates not labour merely, but such things as mining industries and concessions, copyrights in literature and art, domestic service, professions, banks, insurance, railways, and in fact all departments of human employment and business. Perhaps the most interesting and valuable portion of Mr. Ffrench's essay consists in the details as to the regulations of labour. They are, perhaps, rather too much of a paternal character, but in intention they are enlightened and often admirable. For example, men are allowed to make any contract they please as to the hours of work, and the same will be binding, but children under twelve must not be taken to regular employment, and up to fourteen they can only be employed for six hours a day, and on condition that the employer binds himself to see that the school duties are fulfilled. Up to sixteen the hours of work must not exceed ten per diem, and girls or women must never be allowed to work beyond that time, and so on. The whole essay is worth attention, and most people will re-echo the hope of Mr. Ffrench, so far at least as this section is concerned, that the new law may be more rigorously enforced than the old has been.

[8] *Economist*, August 12, 1876.

cultivation of cereals. Left to itself, and unhampered even, we cannot, however, hope for an appreciable increase in our trade with Austria for some time to come; but with increased tariffs it is sure to decline, and our trade in iron with the empire is probably destined to become for a time almost extinct.

On the other side of the question —the increase of competition on the part of Austria—I think there are fair grounds for estimating that here also we may expect in some quarters to be at a disadvantage. This will be the case, for instance, should the pacification of the European provinces of Turkey take place largely through Austrian help or concurrence; and, indeed, unless the empire quarrel and go to pieces over this and other matters which the German, Magyar, and Slav races look on from different points of view, I think it will be so in any event. Possessed of the magnificent trade highway of the Danube for a considerable portion of its length, Austro - Hungary can command against the world the trade of its banks, and should it be possible to agree with Russia trade beyond its banks into all the ports of the Black Sea. If the Slav element gets the upper hand in the empire, and Francis Joseph, as he should, goes eastward and southward in his political sympathies and endeavours, we may expect England to be, at least for a time, practically shut out of Central and Eastern Europe, almost as much as if the whole territory fell into the hands of Russia. True, these are 'ifs' which cannot be taken for granted; the world may shape itself altogether differently there, and empires may vanish in anarchy and social revolution; but I cannot well take these contingencies into account in dealing with trade tendencies. What is certain at present is that such trade as the Slav populations surrounding Austria may possess gravitates now to a great extent towards Hungary, and in the natural order of things peace and prosperity must increase that gravitation. Roumania, Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Servia, with adjacent districts, though not nearly all Slavic, have all a major part of their outland trade with Austria and Hungary, and a glance at the map must convince anyone that they should so have it. Between taxes and freights and growing antipathies we are handicapped to a very serious extent in the future so far as these regions are concerned, whatever their fate politically.

Elsewhere Austria may possibly not, and if she adopts a retrograde trade policy cannot, interfere with us to a large extent; yet her contiguity to Italy and Greece has not been without effect, and she has contrived to establish a considerable traffic with Egypt. The Austrian Lloyd's mail steamers trading to Bombay and the East have not done anything material to aid home commerce there, and cannot do so under the present conditions and burdens of Austrian industries and productions; but nearer home they are establishing a rivalry which can be felt.[9] These remoter contingencies need not be dwelt upon. All that I should say, in summing up this discussion so far as Austria is concerned, is, that as matters now stand there is a probability of a decrease in its near future and

[9] The shipping returns of the port of Trieste, almost the sole seat of the Austrian export and import trade, appear to indicate that the British shipping entered and cleared increases, but the Italian is increasing faster, and is rapidly coming up to it, while the native Austrian far exceeds either. Moreover, the tonnage gives but a very imperfect index to the real course of the trade, actual imports in British bottoms having fallen off very seriously in value during the past four years, while the imports in Austrian and Italian vessels have fully maintained, or rather increased, their value, notwithstanding the dull times. *Vide* Acting-Consul Brock's Report, already cited.

in the interchange of products with this country, and of increased competition against us by Austria in regions within her immediate neighbourhood. She has erred much, and paid heavily for her errors; her financial distresses may grow greater before they are diminished, but for all that, when peace once more comes to Eastern Europe, if Austro-Hungary is in existence, she will reap a more direct advantage from it than we may be speedily able to do. Her own direct trade with us we can afford to lose without much sorrow—it was always insignificant—but it is not without twinges that the other contingency can be contemplated.

I must now take the reader northwestward, to Berlin and the new German Empire, of which I said at the outset of this article that so much might be written. But I am not now going to write much. Though the trade of Germany with this country is far more important than that of Austria—though the competition of Germany is a far more vigorous thing, and the questions involved much more vital, I can only view them as they are strictly and closely connected with the position and prospect of German business development.

In the first place, we may as well dismiss altogether the subject of debt in dealing with the economics of Germany. Her individual States have internal debts, but the empire has none to speak of, and they no more affect us than the municipal debts of the United States may do.[10] Again, we may fairly lay aside political and social questions. They are not so all-prominent as to demand consideration in treating of the trade capacity of Germany. Military considerations are not so distinctly out of count, as the pressure of the Prussian system on industry must be estimated, but they need not occupy us long. We are, therefore, at once brought down to the matter-of-fact subjects of barter, production, and the general trade prosperity of the empire.

According to our own *Statistical Abstract* the reciprocal trade of this country with Germany has been of a uniform, and, on the whole, progressive character for a number of years. Moreover, Germany has always bought more from us than we have bought from her. Between 1871 and 1875 inclusive, the gross balance against Germany in her dealings with England has been about 87,000,000*l.*, or an average adverse balance of over 17,000,000*l.* per annum. It was greatest in 1872, and smallest in 1875, so that the figures correspond with the fluctuations in German prosperity pretty closely. And this fairly represents the general course of German trade of late years. Some considerable amount of the business done is no doubt transit business, but it indicates on the whole prosperity, and, allowing for

[10] In Kolb's *Handbuch der vergleichenden Statistik*—quite the fullest and most accurate compendium of international finance and statistics which is published—the debts of the various component states of the German Empire are fully set forth. That of Prussia, according to the last edition of this manual, stood in the end of 1872 at about 65,000,000*l.* in interest-bearing securities, besides the floating debt; but a considerable portion of this has since been redeemed by Prussia's share in the French indemnity, and by the end of 1873 the debt total stood at about 52,500,000*l.*, of which 30,000,000*l.* was due to railway obligations. Since then the debt has been increased by a few millions on account of further railway building, but for all that it forms quite an insignificant burden. Saxony had a debt of about 17,000,000*l.* after the close of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866; Hamburg a debt of 6,300,000*l.* in 1872; and the other free cities, with their territory, had also small debts. The total debt of Bavaria at the beginning of 1874 was 46,000,000*l.*, 23,500,000*l.* of that being due to railways. The debts of Baden, Würtemberg, and other smaller states are all small, and need not be enumerated. There is also, of course, a certain amount of municipal and provincial debt, but none of that affects materially the questions we have to discuss.

inflations now and then, also steady growth in the exporting capacity of the new empire. But a trade in which a balance or margin is left, against which a country has nothing to barter except credit or cash, is always liable to produce a dangerous periodical or continuous strain, and I think we can to some extent trace its effects here in the inflation which followed the war of 1870–71, with its succeeding panic, and in the depression which, since it burst, has continued till to-day. A great deal of astonishment has been expressed in many quarters that Germany should have apparently to suffer most of the ill consequences of that war in an economic sense, while France got off to all appearance scot free. I shall have something to say about the secrets of French prosperity on another occasion; but in the meantime, as regards Germany, it is not difficult to prove that the whole of the moralisings and puzzlings over this seeming anomaly were to a great extent founded upon an imperfect view of the situation.

First of all, we must remember, in dealing with this matter, that the mass of the German people are, and have for generations been, excessively poor, judged by an English standard. They stagnated in their little kingdoms and principalities, or lived hard lives scattered over dreary territory, and had neither the enterprise nor the outlet for great endeavours. The available wealth of the nation was gathered towards a few cities and ports, and what the people possessed was more the real estate, the flocks and herds of an agricultural population, than any abundance of floating capital. When the whole nation rushed together with a joy-shout at the time of the Franco-German war, this was substantially their condition; and when they came out of that war victorious there is no doubt that they forgot this, and lost their heads in a wild expectation of industrial development. All at once the trade ambition of Germany expanded with her success, and her people rushed into thousands of industrial endeavours for which they had not sufficient available means, however good these schemes might have been. There could be but one end to this course. Wealth can never be created out of nothing, and no matter how many millions nominal you choose to call a quantity of stock, if there is no available resource from which to fill in its full value, it must presently sink, dragging with it multitudes into ruin, and for a time seemingly paralysing every industry, and leaving the nakedness of the land exposed to public gaze. This was precisely what happened in Germany.[11] But it by no means follows that Ger-

[11] M. Ernest Lavisse, in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of November 15, produces some very significant figures regarding the sudden plunge into industrial and financial exploitations taken by the Germans in the effervescence of their victory and unity. At the outbreak of the French war, so little confidence had the Berlin financiers in the result, that Prussian Consols fell from 105 to 80, and the notes of the Prussian State Bank sank to a heavy discount as against silver and gold. All the more inevitable, therefore, was the rebound when an unexpected and far-reaching success crowned the efforts of the German arms. The French money and the German victories turned people's heads, and financial projects of every conceivable kind burst on the sanguine and delighted public. All kinds of schemes found supporters, and shares in them were carried to extravagant premiums. Stocks now quoted at 10 and 20 were run up on the Bourses of Frankfort and Berlin to 70 and even 90. Previous to 1870, forty-eight banks existed, some of them new, with an aggregate capital of about 42,000,000*l.*; but during the period 1871 to 1873 no less than ninety-five new banks were started, with a paid-up capital of 7,500,000*l.*, and the note circulation unsecured by metallic reserves attained the figure of 36,500,000*l.* There being no legitimate trade to absorb this new credit, it was at once devoted to the promotion of financial bubbles. From 1790 to 1870 only 300 joint-stock companies had been established in Prussia, but in 1871 and

many is not now wealthier than she was five years ago, or true to say that the French indemnity has done her more harm than good. The receding wave of credit does not sweep everything with it which has been deposited in its flow. A stimulus has been given to industries and to the production of wealth which tells when the excitement has gone by, and silently prepares the way for a large harvest of wealth at a future day, where the rush has not been madly self-destructive. And the French indemnity will contribute to this harvest in a very powerful fashion. Directly, it could not have done so at the time the speculators looked for its help, because very little of it immediately reached the people. Kolb gives, in his *Handbuch der vergleichenden Statistik*, a very useful summary of the destination to which this indemnity was apportioned, and from it we learn that out of a net total of about 210,000,000*l.* which Germany had over after paying for the Alsace-Lorraine railways, merely a few hundred thousands could strictly be said to go at once into the pockets of the people. The whole of the money was, however, utilised in some form so as to tell after a fashion for their ultimate benefit. Where fortresses had to be built, or railways, it passed into their hands as wages, and where investments were made, as in the case of the Military Invalid Funds, the money was, as it were, lent for industrial uses;[12] but its influence as an augmenting force in the national wealth was at the best indirect and slow. Yet and above all, the indemnity acted as a great factor in preventing a great increase of taxation, and thus slowly, no doubt, but also surely, brought great benefits to the people. The recovery of the nation would prove all the more solid and its prosperity greater that it found itself well armed, well fortified, and thoroughly provided with money—the sinews of war—without having contracted new debt or taken on crushing burdens in the shape of fresh taxes. It is clearly too soon therefore to say that Germany has not gained by the money she has got from France, or to suppose that because it did her no visible good in 1872, 1873, and 1874, it cannot do so over a series of future years. Looking at the matter purely in a pounds, shillings, and pence light, I

1872 no less than 780 saw the light, or more than one new company per day. When the crash came the major part of them perished, involving frightful ruin. This is only one example of the speculation fever which overtook the young German Empire; many more will be found in the article cited, which is well worth perusal.

[12] A brief summary of the figures given in Kolb's *Handbuch* may be of interest to the reader. Of the total of 210,000,000*l.* given in the text, and which included the interest charged on deferred payments and the contribution of the city of Paris, 28,000,000*l.* was devoted to the invalid fund, 11,000,000*l.* to the completion of the German fortresses, 6,000,000 to the fortresses of Alsace-Lorraine; for the imperial railways, particularly the strategic Wilhelm-Luxemburg line, 8,000,000*l.*; and to the war treasury 6,000,000*l.* Amongst smaller items, we may note as in some shape a direct contribution to the people, 300,000*l.* as an aid fund to the Germans expelled from France; but contributions to the navy, for the artillery, for rearming the fortresses, for maintaining the Alsace-Lorraine garrisons, swallowed by far the largest figures. The wounded troops got a million and a half up to the end of 1872 as compensation, and about 5,600,000*l.* was devoted to paying compensations for war damages and services rendered. With these trifling exceptions, however, no less than 90,000,000*l.* of the total was swallowed up by the imperial requirements. The remaining 120,000,000*l.* was apportioned to the leading states of the empire, the lion's share, 79,000,000*l.*, going to the North German Bund, or, in other words, to Prussia, by whom it was mostly employed in civil and military objects. Except as the Governments had occasion to invest their funds, therefore, very little of this vast sum came within reach of the public, or helped to maintain credit, and no investments were likely to be made by the State in other than securities of the most approved order.

should say that Germany has gained an immense permanent advantage as a producing and trading nation over her ancient rival by this transfer of capital, and that this will become obvious enough when the present depression has passed away.

Nevertheless, it seems to me that this money has strongly conduced to making the Imperial Government too independent and powerful, as against the nation, and has helped to enable it to impose its autocratic military system on the accretions to Prussia which the new States incorporated in the empire virtually are. The money taxes have been kept lower, but the blood tax and the regulation of life by the laws of the barrack yard press upon the people with a weight which hardly any description could enable Englishmen to realise. Where every male without distinction is bound to serve seven years in the regular army, three of them at the depôts, and is after that liable on the outbreak of war to serve in either Landwehr or Landsturm, and where in time of peace an army of some 450,000 men is kept as it were under arms, it is not difficult to see that the blood tax must indeed be heavy. The total population of Germany is some 42,000,000, of which we may estimate 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 to be able-bodied men capable of bearing arms, and under the new military system of the empire 1,400,000 of these can be summoned for service, while some time of their lives all are liable to pass its barracks. The exhaustion which such a system produces was no doubt one cause of the sudden collapse of Prussian financial and industrial progress after the war, and the drag which in the long run it places on industry is something which we cannot estimate with any accuracy. That the French indemnity has made this system all the more firmly rooted and independent of the public will, there can be no doubt.

Passing from this question to the actual situation of German industries and of our trade with Germany, we shall, I think, find some encouraging features as to the future, though here also all is not unclouded. In fact, at present, nearly all kinds of industry are suffering from stagnation; in Germany almost more than here, and none more than the iron trade. Since the spring of 1875 the great works of Herr Krupp, says a report on the trade of Germany, quoted by Consul-General Crowe,[13] have been reduced by 3,000 hands, the number being latterly 9,000 instead of 12,100, and other large works show proportionate diminutions. The cotton industries are also in anything but a flourishing condition, as we learn from Ellison's report already cited. Germany, it appears, possesses, including Alsace and Lorraine, about 4,600,000 cotton spindles, but the spinners can only turn out coarse yarns, and both in yarns and goods find themselves unable to compete with England. Hence there has been a clamour raised for the imposition of a graduated scale of duties, so as to give the home manufactures some chance against this competition. At present the Zollverein or Customs Bund of the German Empire levies a uniform duty on all cottons, which of course presses heaviest on the cheap kinds; while the finer sorts, of which English markets have now almost a monopoly of supply, are charged very lightly indeed in proportion to their value. In the report quoted by Consul-General Crowe, the proportion is given as about six per cent. duty on coarse goods, and two and a-half to as low as one per cent. on finer qualities. Besides cotton, Germany had a considerable indus-

[13] *Consular Reports*, Part V., 1876.

try in linen, and it has grown somewhat rapidly of late years. There are now 326,000 spindles employed in yarn-spinning against 172,000 ten years ago, when the duty on imported yarn was reduced from 6*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per cwt. At present, however, this trade is stagnant also, and the home manufacturer finds the production of the higher qualities of linen goods monopolised by England and Belgium. The same may be said of woollen goods. Germany is not able to maintain the command of the home market in any decided way, and only with isolated special articles can be said to command any foreign market. This is the broad, general fact, and it forms a subject of much discussion amongst German manufacturers at the present time, as involving the questions of higher or lower import duties. To an ambitious, pushing nation such as Germany has now become, it is a great aggravation to find itself hindered from obtaining trade conquests abroad; and yet if the duties on imported articles are increased, the more enlightened amongst the people see that the chances of making these conquests must be lessened. On the other hand, if in many most important respects home makers are now unable to produce against foreign, in spite of the import duties, do they not run the danger of getting swamped altogether should these present slender protecting barriers be removed? These are very important questions, not for Germany only, but also for us, for there is no doubt that, as protection or free trade prevails, our commerce with Germany will be expanded or the reverse.

Before deciding from our English point of view which policy ought to prevail, I will lay before the reader a few of the statements made by the Germans themselves on this tariff question, in the report I have already alluded to, in order that we may be, if possible, able to judge the situation fairly, and as they see it. First amongst these I would place some facts adduced with regard to the general comparative cost of production as between this country and Germany. As regards iron, for example, the protectionists say that we in England can produce rails 3*s.* per ton cheaper than the Germans, though not, it is added, of so good quality; but that cheapness wins the day. And as to steel, England is asserted to enjoy, what with shorter land and cheaper sea freightage, an advantage over Germany equivalent to about 28*s.* per ton. Pig-iron must also of course in its degree be affected by the same causes, and as, at the date of the report (last July), 70 per cent. of the German smelting furnaces were out of blast, there would seem to be strong *primâ facie* grounds for the belief that the protectionists in this matter are right. There are considerations on the other side, however, to which we shall presently revert. Continuing, meantime, this summary, I find German cotton spinners and manufacturers dwelling on the advantageous position of England in possessing Liverpool—the European port nearest to the American cotton crops; and they contrast their scattered inland situations with the closely packed, highly organised condition of the industries of Lancashire. The German spinners, therefore, say they have, for these and other reasons, no chance of competing at home against England without protection. It costs them more than it costs us to lay down spindles; they pay a commission of 3 per cent. more on their cotton; freights are against them, and, generally, their situation is a disadvantageous one. This is only half the question, however. It appears certain that the consumption of raw cotton has steadily increased in Germany in spite of the

low duties, and some of the disabilities here enumerated are obviously such as enterprising traders could easily rid themselves of. The differences of freight-charge as between Liverpool and Bremen on goods shipped in America should hardly be appreciable, and extra commissions ought to be capable of abolition; just as money might become much cheaper did not the people tend to over-trade and to over-mortgage the future. Still, the most free trading amongst German manufacturers advocate some sort of *ad valorem* duties, and complain that home cotton industries are at present at a disadvantage. To a lesser extent, because the industries involved are less, the same complaints are made regarding most other articles of manufacture except silk; but the only other important trade we need notice is the woollen. The German Handelstag Commission makes many strong statements about the way in which the native woollen manufactures are now hustled out of the market or trod under by those of England. Imports of English woollen fabrics are steadily on the increase; the Berlin manufacturers stating that the value of English cloth imported has risen from 1,000,000*l.* in 1868 to perhaps 8,000,000*l.* in 1875. Germany remains unable to compete with us, because of our facilities for selection of common wools, our cheap capital, and so forth, all of which require to be countervailed by a duty that cannot be under 8 to 10 per cent. *ad valorem.* English fancy goods have beaten all others out of the field, and although the Zollverein duty of 30 marks prevents much import of English broadcloth, Germans are quite unable to export any even to England, where there is no duty levied at all. It does not appear that the Germans, in almost any branch of the larger industries, have much hope of competing with us in other countries; but there is a strong demonstration made for what is styled protection at home. 'Keep the foreign goods out, at least,' is the common demand; and there can be no question that, should this demand be acceded to, we shall suffer considerably. This is, however, only one side of the question even with the Germans. They may not hope to beat us abroad; but they do not mean to let other countries shut them out from trying if retaliation will bring them to their senses. Even stronger complaints than those made against us are lodged against France, Belgium, Austria, and Russia, for their heavy and often prohibitory import tariffs; and the demand is not unnaturally made that, when these tariffs interfere with the export of German products, retaliatory duties should be levied on the imported goods of those countries who have the offensive tariff. The German trade policy advocated by many is, therefore, one of two parts—protection and retaliation—and it is not at all improbable that, in the present rather overbearing temper of the new Empire, both may be attempted to be put into practice, although for the present, supported in the main as they are by Prince Bismarck, the free-traders have rather the best of it. The latter portion of the policy in any case cannot well be enforced against us, because we have no obstructive duties to be retaliated upon, but we stand in considerable danger of being hit by protective measures.

It is easy to see that at present England controls, if not commands, the markets of Germany for nearly every kind of spun and woven goods; and I believe that, where the Government does not see its own interests interfered with by the change, it may be quite ready to establish new and differential duties, to accord to German manufacturers and dealers in home produce the pro-

tection required. All the statements as to their disadvantages which I have summarised may not be true; but many of them obviously are, and the generally depressed state of business throughout the Empire gives a colouring of truth to those that may not be.

In the case of iron, to which I will now revert for the sake of the argument it offers, I believe the Government has sufficient reasons of a selfish kind to make it desirous to see all duties abolished, and to these we probably owe it that after the 1st of January 1877 they are to be so, in spite of the most strenuous opposition on the part of German iron masters. Where other leading English articles are involved it is not improbable that we shall see modifications in the tariff calculated to equalise competing conditions, or, as we should hold, to curtail our market, although it is to be noted that Prince Bismarck rather poohpoohs any attempt to retaliate on the exclusive policy of Russia. If the Government is right as regards iron it cannot be so when it seeks to raise the tariff to a protective level on other important articles of import; and notwithstanding the outcry in Germany, I believe the Government to be not only right in the iron duties, but that all experience in Germany itself proves them so. I shall point to one or two considerations in support of this statement, and in order to demonstrate that what is good in the one case must be so in all. And, first of all, it must be borne in mind that the iron trade of Germany, like most of its other trades, has been unhealthily stimulated since, I may say, 1868, and that it now suffers from the reaction from the fever. The effects of this reaction ought not, it is obvious, to be confounded with those arising from unrestricted foreign competition. All things in time find their level, and the shrinkage of German iron manufactures is merely an illustration of that trite saying. Further, it is admitted by the Germans themselves that they are now beginning to gain a footing in foreign countries for their iron machinery, and it follows from that fact alone that the true policy to pursue is to increase the effectiveness of that competition by reducing cost of production. At present the complaint is that wages are too high. The inflated rates paid when business was in the full tide of its unbroken credit have not been sufficiently reduced, and, on the other hand, the effective labour is less for the money. We find the same complaints rife at home here, but it would be curious to hear an English iron manufacturer clamouring on that account for the establishment of import duties on foreign pig-iron in order to protect them from the demands of their workmen. Of course it is said that we have no need to do this—we have so many natural advantages in production and manufacture that we can defy any sort of competition. But that is only partly true. We do not defy competition in very many branches of the iron trade, as our Customs statistics prove. Our imports of iron manufactures are steadily increasing in quantity every year, evidently because foreign engineers are more and more able to beat those at home in price or quality. Therefore the true policy of Germany is to secure cheapness of production as far as she can, and the best way to 'countervail' the higher wages paid—if they are higher, which I very much doubt—as against England is to remove all import duties. Nor is this all. In iron, as in other articles of German production or manufacture, successive reductions of the import duty have not only had no injurious effect upon the home industries, but the reverse. I append here a table illustrative of this, taken from the

late Mr. David Forbes' 'Report on the Progress of the Iron and Steel Industries in Foreign Countries,' published in the second number for 1875 of the *Journal of the Iron and Steel Institute.*[14]

From these figures it is at once obvious that low duty does not mean the destruction of native industry, but the reverse. It is the striking off of fetters. The truth of the matter is that the German protectionists have made too much use of causes which are general as if they were special and peculiar to Germany. All kinds of trade have been dull and are dull there, but so it is here also, so it is in the United States, in Austria—everywhere almost, except perhaps in France. And the iron trade in particular has suffered from two causes of a general kind: there has been much less railway building going on, and there is now a very extensive substitution of steel for iron on those railways already built. As steel lasts much longer in rails than iron, it follows that there is much smaller waste, and therefore that both the initial and the maintenance demands for railway iron have been of late materially less. The iron trade has thus passed not through a crisis merely, but through a revolution which has affected all its departments, and must still affect them. But this is no reason why one nation should need protection against another. Our iron rail makers at Middlesborough have as much need of protection as the Germans if the arguments which are framed on the depression of the trade are good in support of high duties or of any duties at all. The main arguments that apply in justification of the abolition of the German duties on iron and iron manufactures are, however, so general as to be of almost equal force against the imposition of import duties on any large staple in common use amongst the people.

Here also reductions of tariffs have not been followed by internal collapse, but by increased expansion, and what the German manufacturer has now justly to complain of is not the abolition of further import duties, but their maintenance, which injures him almost as much as the continuance of a policy of protection by his neighbours in France, Austria, and Russia. In all cases it may be said safely, moreover, that it is only special classes of goods which tariffs protect, and it is, therefore, only makers of these which can be injured by their removal. There is in this view—and it is the right one—no such incentive in the long run to improvement of quality, therefore, on the removal of trade protections. The tendency, then, is for each country to find out what it can make cheapest and best of its kind, and manufactures thus differentiate without either deteriorating or involving permanent suffering to individuals. Competition does not destroy business, but rather increases and classifies it.

Assuredly, therefore, wherever the German Empire maintains or heightens duties upon articles that

[14] The production here given is that of the iron makers of Silesia only, but what has been good for them cannot have been hurtful for the rest of Germany.

	Pig Iron.		Iron Castings.	
	Duty. Silbergroschen.	Production. German cwts.	Duty. Silbergroschen.	Production. German cwts.
1847	10	1,249,207	45	772,094
1857	10	1,916,678	45	1,011,599
1867	7½	3,687,893	25	2,071,907
1869	5	3,913,783	25	2,686,399
1872	2½	5,829,758	17½	4,083,575
1874	2½	5,424,924	10	4,107,299

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administer to the creation of wealth —that are staples of industry and not mere luxuries—she cripples herself and retards the progress at which she aims. The bugbear of foreign competition ought not, furthermore, to blind German statesmen to the one plain irrefragable fact, that the shutting out of foreign goods, as against home, means the gradual closing of foreign markets to Germany, duty or not. All the statistics and facts gathered by the Handelstag Commission, and bearing on this subject, go to show that the comparatively low duties now levied hamper German trade abroad without doing it good at home—that home and foreign trade both grow as these duties recede; and if it be the purpose of Germany to become a great commercial as well as a great military nation, which no doubt it is, the sooner the tariff is stripped of much that it now contains the better, both for our trade with Germany and German trade with the rest of the world, and with us.

No doubt the abolition of customs duties alone cannot make Germany our successful rival in the world's trading, because there are many other factors to be taken account of, which go to mar or make the competing capacity, but certainly the fewer the clogs on labour which taxation imposes, the easier that competition becomes, and the greater the social, military, or physical difficulties and disabilities to be overcome, the more the necessity that artificial hindrances should not be superadded. I regard the abolition of the German iron duties, therefore, as a step forward, and the endeavour to meet the wishes of manufacturers in other branches of German industry, should it be carried through, a step backwards in the progress of the country.

Of the immediate future of the trade between this country and Germany, it is at present, therefore, very difficult to speak decidedly, on account of the chances of this see-saw policy, and because her crisis is not yet over; but I should imagine the trade between us will on the whole tend to enlarge. There are very many things which combine to draw the two nations together, and their very rivalry will probably cause them to do a growing business with each other. Just now, however, Germany is in many ways under transition, and her trade partially destroyed and disorganised by the changes the last four years have seen. It is not yet clear how her new gold currency is destined to operate on her trade and production, nor can we be sure of her continued capacity to stand the heavy blood tax which her military system entails. But the people are industrious and pushing, they have many natural sources of wealth, and with peace they cannot fail to make progress. Till they have got over the effects of the wild career of 1871, 1872, and 1873, we may possibly have to submit to a declining demand as at present; but, unless a vexatious tariff is imposed, I do not think the decline likely to be permanent, or that it will go much further. As it is it only affects particular branches of business.

As to the extent to which Germany may become our competitor for the trade of other countries there is also little except generalities to be advanced. With countries contiguous to her we of course are in a measure out of the running, except where we have access to sea-ports, and even then much depends on the nature of the inland communications. As regards distant commerce, so long as we retain the bulk of the carrying trade of the world, the most profitable share of the general business must be ours. The effective competition

of Germany for that carrying trade has little chance of becoming formidable unless European revolutions put her in possession of the harbours and colonies of Holland. One fact, however, deserves notice; Germans are now pushing their way into the centres of English business in all parts of the world. German houses swarm in London, and in many ways they are vicariously, as it were, possessing themselves of the advantages previously monopolised by Englishmen. The principal colonial wool brokers are now, if I mistake not, nearly all Germans, and there can be no doubt that as time goes on these will tend to draw the centre of business towards their own country as much as they can. Should the new coinage measure prove a success, as it probably will, there will be a decided inducement by-and-by for German houses to draw bills on Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, or perhaps on Amsterdam, rather than on London; and should anything happen in England to make capital temporarily dear, this patriotic inducement would be much supplemented by self-interest. Of course, as a manufacturing nation, Germany is at present very far behind us, being immeasurably poorer, more heavily burdened in ways that tell on the efficiency of labour, and far from thoroughly organised; but these disadvantages will narrow as time goes on, unless the trade legislation of the Empire follows a mistaken course, and, by taking the retaliatory and *quid-pro-quo* line, effectually stops for an indefinite period all progress in this direction. All that we can say therefore is, that Germany ought to be increasingly our customer in the future, and we increasingly hers; and also that she may become more and more our trade rival; but that many considerations induce caution in forecasting her career in either direction. In the immediate future I look for a continuation of the dulness of the past three years, with probably an aggravation of it in some directions as regards some branches of business, but as a whole the trade between the two countries is decidedly sound and good, and it will most probably continue so.

A. J. W.

THE TEUTONIC TREE OF EXISTENCE.

By Karl Blind.

I

In our present days when Richard Wagner has restored the Gods and heroes of the Teuton race to dramatic life and brought back the grand old tale on the wings of song, a special plea is hardly needed for occupying ourselves with the deeper thoughts of our forefathers. One of the strongest-marked traits of their creed—a 'strange and savage faith of mightiest power,' as Southey calls it—is its tragic character. The Hellenic deities, it has been truly said, sit in Ambrosian quiet in their lofty abodes; only now and then mixing in the fray of men. They are eternal gods, inaccessible to the corroding power of Time. There are some faint indications, no doubt, of a final change when Zeus himself is to make place for a juster ruler. But, in the main, the deities of classic antiquity live on in an unbroken, immortal life. They are, in Mannhardt's words, like so many statues ranged along a stately edifice, each statue perfect in itself—no idea of action, of tragic complication, arising out of the whole.

It is different with the Germanic view of the Universe. There, all is action, struggle: and the world of Gods itself is, from the beginning, doomed to a tumultuous catastrophe. A deep, dark background of Fate controls alike gods and men—not merely in the Greek sense of Heimarmenê and Anankê, or the inevitable Connection and Necessity of All Things and Events, but even in the sense of the final overthrow of the very rulers in Asgard. The celestial circle of the Teutons is not proof against the crack of doom. So long as the Germanic deities last, they are called the Aesir, the pillars and girders of the Universe. But then, at the end of time, the world is to be consumed in a mighty conflagration; the firmament and the earth stand in a lurid blaze; Asgard and Walhalla, the abodes of gods and heroes, disappear; all creation, and creation's rulers, are enveloped in the gigantic crash:—

> The sun darkens;
> Earth in Ocean sinks;
> From Heaven fall
> The bright stars.
> Fire's breath twines round
> *The all-nourishing Tree.*
> Towering flames rise on high,
> Against Heaven itself.[1]

Only after this fearful convulsion shall be over, will there be a new and peaceful reign, with eternal bliss. Then the God of Peace, whose murder the evil-doing Loki had wrought, will triumphantly return: and with him a brighter and happier age. In the song before quoted, it is said that in that distant happier future, the Teutonic Sibyl sees arise, a second time, Earth from Ocean, beauteously green. Then, unsown shall the fields bring forth; all evil will cease; for, Balder comes back. In a golden hall the righteous dwell; all strife is allayed, holy peace ensured—which shall for ever last.

In this tale, both the battle-spirit and the deep moral earnestness of the Germanic race are clearly reflected. Schiller's saying, that 'Man depicts himself in his gods,' is fully illustrated in the case of our heathen forefathers. The remarkable thing in Teutonic mythology is, that it has been worked out, so to say, in accordance with dramatic rules. It is a tragedy—with a reconciling finale, though; actually a tragedy in four or five

[1] *Völuspâ*; or, the Prophetess Song, 56.

acts. Grundtvig has brought into relief this noteworthy feature of Teutonic mythology. As to the division into acts which he has made, I think a slightly different order of arrangement will be permissible.

There is, first, the rise of the Universe from Chaos. There is, secondly, the happy Golden Age, before Balder, the God of Light and Peace, is killed. There comes, after that criminal deed is done, the Epoch of Decline, with its sword-ages and axe-ages, its wind-ages and wolf-ages; most grandly foreshadowed by the soothsayer. The fourth act shows the Twilight of the Gods, the End of Things as they are, when Odin is to be devoured by the Wolf; Thor to die from the Serpent's poison; and the whole structure of the Universe falls dead on a bed of flames. The concluding act is the blissful Regeneration, with a purified heavenly realm and a new race of mankind.

I think there can be but little doubt that this well-sustained mythological drama arose originally, in its simplest elements, out of the contemplation of the changes between Day and Night, followed by daylight again;—of the change between bright summer and wintry gloom, which in its turn is relieved by blithesome Spring's re-awakening breath. But in course of time the symbolising tale of Nature-worship acquired a deeper sense. It became transfused with an ethical meaning. In this way, a spirit-thrilling cosmogonic tragedy was gradually built up, which has a regular dramatic development; a central plot; a moral idea as its kernel; and which ends, not simply with bloodshed and horrible destruction, but with the final victory of Light and Right —with the triumph, so to say, of a good cause, in which is involved the progress of mankind.

II

This tragic representation of the rise and destiny of the Universe expresses very strikingly the tumult in the Teuton soul, as well as its yearning after a placid peace, which is to follow the havoc of the sword. *Ensepetit placidam sub libertate quietem.* At the side of this great dramatic picture, we find another powerful conception, of venerable age and philosophic import, which proves that the early Germanic tribes did not lack deep thought. I mean the lofty, beautiful, and impressive myth of the all-embracing and all-nourishing World-Tree, the ash-tree Yggdrasil, whose very name seems to carry Thought in its boughs. It is the Tree of Existence—the Tree of Knowledge and Life—the Tree of Grief and Fate—the Tree of Space and Time; an allegory of the Universe.

In all the mythological systems we know of, there is not a poetical image equal in vastness and grasp of ideas to the conception of the great Teutonic Middle Tree. That tree spans the vault of heaven and the green earth. It stretches its roots to the turbid, weltering sources of primary life, and to Death's gate of gloom. The ceaseless movement going on in its mighty branches is a reflection of the restless activity of the race that worked out this myth. And the same undercurrent of woe which is peculiar to Germanic mythology at large, also is felt in the immense storm-tossed Tree.

All the sorrows of man hang in Yggdrasil's heavenly-laden branches. The fate of the Gods, too, is bound up with its roots. Worlds full of wrestling energy are connected with its colossal stem. Yet, if we look closely, the freewill which the dwellers in these worlds stem to possess, is but the individualised manifestation of a great pushing force within the vast structure of Yggdrasil—a structure itself destined to a violent end, when, out of the waters, a new world will arise. We have here a very expressive image of the inevitable Laws of

Nature; a most striking pourtray, in pantheistic or pan-materialistic form, of the wondrous living guise of the Unknowable.

It is quite in keeping with the extensive Tree-Worship of the Germanic tribes that they should have figured to themselves a tree as the symbol, nay, as the real self of the Universe. Holy woods and holy trees were frequent with them. One of the oldest expressions for a Germanic temple simply meant 'forest.' *Wallfahren* (to make a pilgrimage) at first signified 'to go to the forest' (*zum Walde fahren*). In what is called Gothic architecture, the tree appears in all its leafy richness. So deep was, as Grimm has observed, the impress made by the life in woods upon the Teutonic tribes, that their early communities bore a name which meant forest; then also boundary; and lastly was used in a composite word denoting a clanship, or union of families. Again, the famous Irmin-sul, the wooden idol in the shape of a trunk or column, which the Saxons worshipped at the time of Karl the Great, is explained in an old German glossary as *altissima universalis columna, quasi sustinens omnia.* This interpretation comes very near to the idea of Yggdrasil, the gigantic central support and reality of all Being.

In the very first song of the elder poetical Edda, we are initiated into this dogma. There the prophetess Vala, dwelling in a place from whence she can see all the worlds, gives forth in solemn strains a fantastic ode, containing a cosmogony of the Universe, and an apocalyptic vision of its final fall and better reconstruction. In words strangely resembling those of a Vedic hymn,[2] she sings of the ageless age that lay beyond the beginning of things; of the Titanic period and the primæval Chaos which preceded the rise of Gods and Men. She unfolds a picture of the Golden Age; of the Evil that afterwards crept into the divine circle itself; of the battle between the Asa and Vana deities —which seems to refer to a struggle between the adherents of a fire-worshipping and a water-worshipping creed, in which the former were victorious. She sings of the creation of the Dwarf-world and the world of Men, through which a notion is perhaps conveyed of a successive development of reasonable beings. We get a glimpse, in the Vala's further revelation, of the ancient World Tree whose lofty top is encircled with white cloud-wreaths; from whose branches honey (reminding us of the soma of a sacred Indian tree) drops into the dales; and which stands evergreen over the Fountain of the Past.

Ask veit ek standa,
heitir Yggdrasil;
hár baðmr ausinn
hvíta auri.
þaðan koma döggvar,
þaers í dala falla;
staendr ae yfir groenn
Urðar brunni.

In the same lay, the soothsayer describes Yggdrasil as trembling all over when, at the great cataclysm, every living form reverts to chaotic strife.

It is a characteristic trait of the Teutonic creed that a woman's voice is made to utter this grand cosmogonic hymn. In the opinion of our forefathers, 'something sacred and prophetic' marked the character of womankind. Hence the rough German warriors of Tacitus' time consulted women on all important occasions. To make a tale of world-creation fall from the lips of a Vala, seems to show that the Germanic tribes looked upon womankind as standing nearer to the forces of Nature—as being imbued, so to say, with the strange secret of growth and existence.

[2] *Rig-Veda*; x. 129.

In the 'Song of Grimnir' we get a fuller notion of the World-Tree. That lay has been chiefly used for the astronomical interpretation of the twelve Germanic gods, as representatives of the twelve months; in other words, of an old Northern Zodiac. The contact of the Germanic Pantheon, not only with the early Indian and Greek, but also with the Egyptian, Assyrian and other non-Aryan creeds, is thus additionally strengthened. It is in this remarkable Grimnir's Song —(whose description of the doors of Walhalla, and of the blessed heroes that issue from it, I believe contains also an arithmetical puzzle embodying the numbers XII. and III.; in other words, an astronomical idea and the idea of a Trinity)—that the great Tree of Existence is very clearly depicted.

A passing allusion to Yggdrasil we find in 'Odin's Raven Song,' one of the Eddic lays which has baffled many interpreters. Erik Halson, a learned Icelander of the seventeenth century, spent not less than ten years in trying to unravel all its deep and dark meanings and its fragmentary allusions! Some Norse scholars, and Uhland after them, have suspected this poem to be of comparatively late origin. To me its pithy strength and graphic briefness seem to plead for great antiquity. At any rate it contains some of the most poetical references to Yggdrasil. The concluding staff-rhymes of 'Odin's Raven Song' grandly describe how the Teutonic Sun-god, sitting in his chariot with his sister who is herself a Goddess of Light and Love, speeds on his steed, which is adorned with brilliant gems—that is, with the rays of the heavenly orb. Far over the world shines his horse's mane. The Night he northward chases. There—

At the north boundary
Of the nourishing earth,
Under the outmost root
Of the noble Tree,
Went to their couches the Giantesses,
Titans, spectres, dwarfs, and dark elves.

Lastly, a number of details about the mighty Ash-Tree are to be found, in consecutive statement, in the Younger Edda's *Gylfaginning*. As usual, they are given there in the form of the questions and answers of a catechism, which purpose the Prose Edda, in fact, serves.

III

But now for the closer description of the extraordinary symbol of the Universe.

The three roots of the lofty Ash-Tree were said to reach to the Nether World, to the Home of the Frost Giants, and to the Abode of Mankind. I think there is peculiar meaning in the fact of the Home of Darkness, where Hel reigns, being named first in this enumeration.[3]

[3] In the Younger Edda—in the later exegesis of Teutonic mythology—the Abode of Mankind is significantly left out as one of the props of the World-Tree. Heaven, the Home of the Giants, and the Nether World are mentioned there as the places where Yggdrasil has its roots; and Heaven is named first. The Younger Edda says that this first named root reaches to the Aesir, and that the branches of Yggdrasil also spread over Heaven; thus bringing Heaven into the fullest prominence. Now, though in such matters there is scarcely a limit to the miraculous, it is yet hard to believe in a tree having its root and its top in the same place. I will remark here, in passing, that the Younger Edda shows here and there a tendency of so altering the texts as to make more easy the transition from the old faith to the new. I believe it is in consonance with the strict heathen view not to let the great World-Tree in any way descend from Heaven, but rather to make it a support of Heaven itself. This view is strengthened by the Idun Myth, of which more hereafter. In the *Grimnismál*, which is far older than the Prose Edda, the three roots are clearly fastened in the Realm of Hel, in the Giant World, and in the Abode of Mankind:—

Þrjár roetr standa
á þrjá vega
Undan aski Yggdrasils:
Hel býr undir einni;
Annarri Hrímþursar;
þriðju mennskir menn.

The grim goddess whose name afterwards furnished the designation for Hell, was beyond doubt at first figured as a Mother of Life as well as a Ruler of the Dead. In her shadowy dominion flows the stream Hwergelmir, an old, tumultuous Fountain of Life. Hel's name, which comes from *helan*, *hehlen*, to conceal—in Latin, *celare*—indicates that she is not so much a representative of absolute torpor, as a deity who keeps things hidden for a time. She, too, is a force of Nature; only covertly working beneath the soil.[4] She is not a simple agent of destruction; she rather aids in Nature's rejuvenation. She originally typifies the idea of Life emerging from Death, and of Death being only a transformation of Life. Motionless rigidity, total annihilation, are notions contrary to the heathen Germanic view.

In the Edda, Hel is half dark, or livid, half of the hue of the human skin. She thus resembles the Hindoo Bhavani or Maha Kali, the goddess who creates and destroys, the representative of love and death, whose face alternately is radiant with beauty, like that of Aphrodite, or expressive of hideous terrors. It is noteworthy that the oldest Eddic text should place the first root of the Tree of Existence in the domain of this double-complexioned Mistress of the Underworld.

The next root brings us to the Home of the Giants. They are a race anterior to the Gods—even as the Titans of the Greek and Indian systems of faith were. They represent the ancient Chaos. Their realm stands in the place where, before the beginning of things, in the Night of Ages, there was no sun, nor moon, nor starry firmament; 'no earth, nor sky above; only a yawning abyss, and grass nowhere.' That the Tree of Existence should thus have its second root fixed in the region of untutored Force and Matter, against which the Abode of Mankind has to be shielded by a wall, is also an idea carrying with it an evident significance.

The third root only is fixed in Mannaheim or Midgard—in the Home of Men, in the Middle Garden of the World. Thus Yggdrasil clearly does not symbolise this globe alone. It comprehends the whole range of the Universe. It is grounded in the ghastly depths where eternal Evolution is prepared; in the region of the chaotic powers of Nature; and in the well-ordered home of living Mankind.

From the number three, which is that of the roots, we come to the number nine, which is that of the worlds that stretch forth from the central stem of Yggdrasil. These worlds themselves were by our wood-dwelling and tree-worshipping forefathers conceived under the name of forests (*iviðr*). Nine is a sacred number, which in Teutonic mythology recurs in a great many combinations. The nine worlds which the 'Song of the Prophetess,' and the corresponding nine heavens, which the 'Song of the All-knowing Dwarf'[5] mention, forming the number eighteen, may, I think, be compared to the Buddhistic World of Colour, which is composed of eighteen regions.

It would lead too far, in this special essay, to enter fully into the connection, sometimes slight and vague, sometimes striking and strong, between Germanic mythology and the Indian systems of faith. If, occasionally, a surprising contact can be pointed out with the later Buddhist, rather than with the earlier Vedic, system, it may be permitted to assume that, in the reformed religion of India, ideas

[4] Compare also the 'Song of Fenja and Menja;' 11.
[5] *Alvissmâl*; 9.

cropped up again which are even older than those that have been handed down in the Vedas.

IV

YGGDRASIL is aglow with colour, and overrun with life. The Rainbow-bridge, over which the Gods daily ride, extends its noble arch through its structure. A whole animal world, that creeps and runs and flies, is bustling about the Tree. Limpid waters flow beneath one of its roots. The character of Yggdrasil, as a symbol of universal life, is thus brought home to us in a great many ways.

In the leafy dome of the wonderful tree, which reaches into Heaven, an Eagle sits. A hawk is perched betwixt its eyes. A huge Serpent gnaws Yggdrasil from below. Between the Eagle and that Serpent, a squirrel, busily running up and down, brings strife-creating words of wrangling to and fro. The interpretation of this and other minor parts of the myth offers some difficulty. But we must not, on that account, assume that there is no meaning in them. Some inner meaning, however fanciful, always attaches to these ancient fables. Their cypher-language, or hieroglyphic talk, has not been invented for nothing. The hidden idea, the locked-up treasure of thought, is there. It is only the password, the key, or the clever locksmith, that is sometimes wanting.

Most likely, the quarrel between the Eagle that dwells in the green foliage near the ether, and the Serpent that works with destroying tooth in the dark regions below, refers to the contest between the powers of Life and the powers of Destruction. Besides Nidhögg, a host of other serpents—'so many that no tongue can tell them'[6]—lie gnawing at the roots of the Tree of Existence. In other words, the forces of destruction are countless.

There are stags also, and a goat, Heidrun—which may be compared to Amaltheia—that feed on the leaves of Yggdrasil. But the description of them shows that they are symbols rather of rejuvenescence than of demolition. From Eikthyrnir's antlers, great rivers flow down, which feed the Hwergelmir Fountain. From the udders of Heidrun, the blessed heroes of Walhalla are provided with a drink, even as Zeus was fed by Amaltheia. The forces of Destruction and Rejuvenation were rendered figuratively, in the Teutonic creed, by a great many poetical phantasies.

The Goddess of Life, Idun, who by her rejuvenating apples preserves the very Aesir from becoming aged and wrinkled, is also connected with Yggdrasil. In an earlier myth, Urd, who typifies the Past, was understood as sitting in the boughs of the World-Tree. By a substitution not lacking in philosophical depth, her place was afterwards taken by Idun. The dead Past is succeeded by the Essence of Life.

We learn from 'Bragi's Discourses'[7] that Idun was once kidnapped by the giant Thiassi, who flew with her to Thunder's Home. Through the cunning of Loki, the artful deity and friendly counsellor of the goddesses,[8] to whom Freyja lent her falcon-dress, Idun was brought back in the shape of a nut. I think an early Teutonic Germ Theory is concealed also in this tale—*in nuce*, so to say; the nut standing for a germ or a seed. Nor is it without significance that the artful and mischievous Loki, a sparkling Fire-god, restores the Essence of Life with the aid of the Goddess of Love.

It seems that, originally, Idun's apples were regarded as the fruits of Yggdrasil. The Gods themselves depend upon, and are supported by,

[6] *Gylfaginning*; 16. [7] *Bragaroedhur*; 56.
[8] *Hrafnagaldr Odhins*; 18.

the great World-Tree; nay, without it they would soon become grey,[9] would wither and vanish. In this way, Asgard fully appears as an anthropomorphistic projection of the human mind. Though it is not my object, in the present treatise, to speak of the many vestiges which the Yggdrasil idea seems to have left in yet current folklore, it may at least be mentioned that there are still German popular tales of a tree which, standing near a well containing the Water of Life, is laden with golden apples. The probable connection of this tree with Yggdrasil has been before pointed out by others. I would add, as my surmise, that Goethe's words—

Grau, theurer Freund, ist alle Theorie,
Und grün des Lebens gold'ner Baum,

words which have often been objected to as an impossible poetical figure—may, after all, be only a very short and graphic rendering of the green tree, laden with vivifying golden apples, that occurs in German tales as a last vestige of a World-Tree even older, perhaps, than the Eddic version of Yggdrasil.

V

Yet more startling thoughts are embodied in the Norse myth. Odin himself, the chief Teutonic deity, appears, strange enough, as the fruit of the World-Tree. He hangs in it during 'nine long nights,' which no doubt represent nine maturing months, or nine cosmogonic periods. He says of himself:

I know that I hung
On the wind-rocked tree,
Nine long nights,
With a spear wounded,
And to Odin offered,
Myself to myself—
On the branch of that Tree, of which none knows
From what root it springs.

Bread no one gave me,
Nor a horn of drink;
Downward I peered,
To runes applied myself—
Then fell down thence. . . .

Then I began to thrive, and began to think;
I grew and gained in strength.
Word by word rose to me from the word;
Deed after deed rose to me from the deed.[10]

The first verse above quoted from Odin's 'Runic Song' does not allow of any other interpretation than that Yggdrasil is meant by the wind-rocked tree. The first syllable in the word 'Yggdrasil' is explained either as signifying 'deep terror,' or 'the deep Thinker'; whilst 'drasil' probably means 'Bearer.' Under the latter supposition, the 'World-Tree' would be the Bearer of Thought; and Odin, the representative of Thought, would be the fruit of a Tree of which no one knows from what root it springs. Like a fruit, he suddenly drops from its branches: Mind emancipates itself from Matter.

From a Giant, Odin learns the first chapters of wisdom. His knowledge is increased by an Ambrosian drink. The runic study on which he had been bent, is, in the following verses, shown to constitute henceforth Odin's strength of charm. By their spell he enchants men, gets rid of foes, disperses wraiths, and raises the dead. The runes, the ancient Teutonic art of writing, are his means of making Thought victorious.

Great danger — the Germanic tale goes on to say—threatens the all-nourishing tree, which groans under its burden. In the words of Grimnir's Song:

The tree Yggdrasil
Bears a heavier burden
Than men can think.
Above, the stag bites it;
Its trunk by age is hollowed;
The Serpent gnaws it below.

The deep mystery of grief, which, Luther said, underlies all life, and the never-ceasing process of decay

[9] *Bragarædhur*; 56.

[10] *Runatalsþáttr Odins*; 140, 141 143.

in all forms of existence, are apparently indicated in these verses.

There are three fountains, however, near Yggdrasil, in which the powers of rejuvenescence, of preservation and continual transformation, are clearly symbolised. The Tree is not exclusively the symbol of universal existence. Water is added, as the very essence of life. One of the oldest forms of the Teutonic faith is a worship of Water Deities. This creed was once wrought even into a separate religion—in hostile conflict for a time, as we see from the 'Prophetess' Song,' with the Asa creed—until, after a severe struggle, a compromise was made between the two. A Neptunistic and a Plutonic theory of cosmogony may have been at the bottom of this diversity of faith. At all events, the Vana Creed, or Water Religion, left a sufficiently deep imprint upon the prevailing mythological system of the Northmen.

To the ancient Hellenic notion that 'water is the best,' and the 'source of all things,'[11] which is but a fresh rendering of the Vedic doctrine that 'in the waters are all the healing powers'—parallels may be found in the Teutonic cosmogony. In the *Völuspâ*, the sea is placed first in the order of things that rose into existence out of the previous Chaos. A Semitic comparison is too obvious to require special reference. So we also find three wells, or seas, placed near the roots of the Tree of Existence. One of these wells, apparently the oldest, is the very Source of Being.

At one of them live the Nornes, the Sisters of Fate, 'the maidens who over the Sea of Ages travel in deep foreknowledge.'[12]

They laid the lots; they ruled the life
To the sons of men, their fate foretelling.

The names of these divine spinners of Fate—Urd, Verdandi, Skuld—signify the Past, the Present, and the Future. From the name of one of the Nornes, Urd or *Wurd*, Shakspere's '*Weird* Sisters' are derived. I will here remark that the translation of Verdandi's name as 'the Present' is not strictly correct. Verdandi's name has an even more significant meaning. Instead of deriving it, as is sometimes done, from '*vera*' (to be), there can be not the slightest doubt that it must be traced to *verða* (German, *werden*), of which it is the present participle. This verb, which has a mixed meaning of 'to be,' 'to become,' or 'to grow,' has been lost in English. Verdandi is not merely a representative of present being, but of the process of Growing, or of Evolution—which gives her figure a profounder aspect.

The Weird Sisters of the Germanic myth sprinkle the all-nourishing tree with the waters of life from a holy well, so that the tree should not wither. So pure is that water that everything which enters the fountain becomes as white as the skin of the egg in an egg-shell. The egg, with the Teutonic tribes, was the symbol of all life, and, as I have shown elsewhere, the symbol also of a theory of evolution which was held by them, though in somewhat fantastic form.

Another fountain close to the roots of Yggdrasil is the well of Mimir the Giant. In it, the remembrance of all things past—the remembrance of the origin of the world, even of the Gods, as well as of the human race—lies hidden. A myth, evidently referring to Odin's character as an older Sun-god, says of him that he once went to Mimir to get a draught from his well of wisdom and remembrance, and that, on this occasion, he had to leave one of his eyes in pledge—for which reason Odin is pictured as one-eyed. Mimir's very name signifies 'remembrance.' It is a word from

[11] *Ilias*, xiv. 246; and xxi. 196.

[12] *Vafthrûdnismâl*; 49.

the same stock as the Greek *Mnemosyne*; the Latin *memoria*; the Anglo-Saxon *meomor*.

In the 'Song of Fiölswidr'[13] (that is, the Much-Knowing) a tree is mentioned, called Mimameidr, or Mimir's Tree, 'which spreads its boughs over all lands, and whose root is unknown to most men.' It seems to be identical with Yggdrasil. Mimir being a source of information to Odin himself, the great World-Tree once more appears to be a power superior to the chief deity itself.

A third fountain near the Tree of Universal Existence is called by a name which brings us back to primary matter—to the elementary principles of Being in a state of turbulent fermentation. At that well, Life arises; and the Dead return thither. Hel dwells near it. Thus, the roots of Yggdrasil lie deep indeed.

Every day—it was further said—the Gods ride over the Rainbow-bridge which spans Heaven and Earth, to this Tree of Life, to a place of judgment near the fountain of the Sisters of Fate. These inexorable rulers of destiny weave a web of golden thread from East to West, from the region where the vivifying orb of heaven rises, to where it sets behind man's horizon. In the dark North the Norne woof is fixed. But that web which the Past and the ever-growing Present have woven, is torn to pieces every evening by Skuld the Future.

At last, when all things are nearing their doom, the Giallar horn is blown that lies at the bottom of the World-Tree. Its stern sounds proclaim the fatal battle. Then, the great Ash-Tree quivers and shakes; the Fire-god Surtur comes with his flaming sword of destruction; and Idun sinks down from the branches of Yggdrasil. Life, in its present cosmic form, is at an end.

VI

In this remarkable myth we have, in poetical guise, a symbol of the union of all forms of existence—a symbol of their intertwining, as well as of their fleeting and perishable character—a symbol of the vastness of the Universe and of the smallness of Man, who is merely a passing leaf or bud on the twigs of the Tree of Existence. In this many-sided mythological picture we see the rise of worlds from chaotic elementary matter; the three gradations, or steps, of Time, within which we think; the unfathomable secret of the beginnings of life, deeply hidden in a mysterious well; the Fate which encompasses everything with its threads between Morn and Night; the continual evolution between life and decay, and life again; and the idea of a coming downfall when all forms of existence will vanish to make room for a new and nobler world. All this is prefigured in the wonderful tree Yggdrasil, which does credit to our forefathers' power of thought and soaring fancy.

It may be, as Kuhn[14] has stated, that the dogma of the World-Tree originally arose from a contemplation of the formation of the clouds which, especially after sunset, often take the shape of a tree with outstretched branches. In Northern Germany, to this day, people call such clouds a Weather-Tree (*Wetterbaum*), and speak of its 'bloom' as indicating rain. In some parts of the country, the cloudy formation is styled Adam's Tree, or Abraham's Tree—names which, by their vague similarity of sound, appear to me to point back to some corrupted Teutonic word no longer recognisable, but which may once have held a place in the Asa creed.

If it were objected that it seems strange to make the shifting Cloud

[13] *Fiölswinnsmál*; 20.

[14] *Die Herabkunft des Feuers*; 20.

Sea the cradle of a mythical notion which gradually embraced the whole world with its intense realism, I would reply that primitive races have a far stronger feeling of the connection between the welkin region and the soil they tread. Their open-air life, which renders them so much more dependent upon climatic changes, and their grossly realistic idea of the solid nearness of a firmament, continually lead their thoughts in the direction of the clouds and the stars. A frequent recumbent position in the open air, with their eyes turned to the canopy of heaven, easily makes them look upon natural phenomena in what otherwise they, with their ignorance of the earth's rotation, might have considered a topsy-turvy fashion.

Some fragments of astronomical terminology among the heathen Germans have come down to us, which show that our forefathers gave the same names to constellations above, and to high-roads below. They had a Watling Street and an Iring Street (the Milky Way)—probably also a Karl's Way and a Hel Way—both in the starry sky and on the soil of their country. Mentally, they were as much at home in the clouds as among their woods and dales. No wonder, the Cloud should prove of such importance in their Creed.

A gross natural origin can be traced in most myths, even when they have been surrounded with the greatest artistic or ethic refinements. The metaphysical subtilisation is grafted upon a rough stem. From a gnarly branch a delicate blossom issues. This is a well-known process in mythology. Out of a simple elementary worship of the forces and phenomena of Nature, there is evolved, by a gradual change in imagery, a conception in which philosophical ideas and moral notions play a large part —to such an extent even that, at last, the earlier meaning of the myth may be wellnigh lost or hopelessly overlaid for recovery.

Sometimes, the two conceptions —the grossly natural and the higher ethic one—maintain themselves side by side in two different forms, having become disconnected in popular fancy or remembrance. Thus I should not wonder if both the simple Weather-Tree and the great World-Tree—the latter of which perhaps arose out of the former—had lingered in the memory of the Germanic nations as separate images. Or it may be that a higher conception, worked out in a more artistic and ethic sense, had made its chief imprint on the mind of the more advanced class of the nation, and that, when the conversion to Christianity took place, the simpler form was only retained by the masses, among whom many fragments of the ancient heathen belief have been preserved down to our own days.

In this way, Yggdrasil, the Tree of Existence, may have vanished into thin air—out of sight, out of mind; and nothing may have remained but the simpler and earlier idea of the *Wetterbaum*, the Adam's or Abraham's Tree.

VII

The question arises here:—How old is the more philosophical conception of Yggdrasil? Since when did the Germanic races symbolise the Universe under the form of a Tree of Existence, of a Tree of Knowledge and Life, of Grief and Fate, of a Tree of Space and Time? Is it merely a later Eddic view? Or did they bring with them this doctrine even at the time when, from their old home on the pasture-grounds of Central Asia, they wandered westward into Europe?

If we possessed those old heroic songs (*antiqua carmina*) which Karl the Great, according to Eginhard's testimony, had collected, out of regard for his own Germanic nationality, we might probably speak

with greater confidence on this interesting point. Those old songs are, no doubt, the missing link between our mediæval epic, the Nibelungen Lied, and the Wodan or Odin religion, as preserved in the Edda. The day may come when in some old castle or cloister, or in some Bavarian yeoman's homestead which was once a mediæval mansion, a copy or a tattered piece of those songs will be found, even as the important Merseburg Incantation Song was discovered as late as 1841. In the meanwhile, we must try to arrive at a conclusion by different means.

A vestige of the myth of the World-Tree seems to linger in a German mediæval lay of the Singer's Contest on the Wartburg. (I may here incidentally remark that the Wart-burg has, no doubt, its name from an older Wodan's worship having been carried on on the summit of that hill; 'Wart' being a corruption of 'Wotan' or 'Wôde.') A riddle is given, in that lay, about a noble tree, standing in a garden that is constructed and laid out with great cunning. Its root strikes down to the regions of Hell. Its top reaches to the Throne of God. Its branches embrace the whole world. It is a beautiful tree of the richest foliage, in which birds are singing their wondrous song. The riddle is interpreted as referring to the Cross, and to the descent into Hell.

Now, Yggdrasil too, when we look to its stem and its three roots, has the form of a cross, although inverted. Among the many pre-Christian crosses which occur from India to Assyria, and from Egypt to Mexico, there were also various Germanic ones. Thor's hammer itself was in the shape of a cross. The adaptation of the ancient myth to a mediæval belief would, therefore, have been all the more easy.

The great antiquity of the Yggdrasil doctrine seems to me provable from the poetical Edda itself. Allusions to the World-Tree only occur in its older Aesir Songs; not in the later Hero Ballads of that sacred Germanic Scripture. In the Aesir Songs, these allusions are chiefly incidental ones, presupposing familiar, general, and long-established knowledge of the myth. In the Grimnismâl alone, a fuller description occurs. The Prose Edda being the more systematised catechism of the Germanic creed, founded on the older and partly lost scriptures, but also corrupted by interpolations, has, of course, a consecutive description of the great World Tree.

But quite irrespective of this test, a comparison with other mythologies has led many Norse and German inquirers to attribute to the Yggdrasil myth a very high age. There is a passage in Vergil's Georgics (II., 291), which says:—

Altior ac penitus terrae defigitur arbos,
Aesculus in primis, quae quantum vortice ad auras
Aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.[13]
Ergo non hiemes illam, non flabra, neque imbres
Convellunt; immota manet, multosque nepotes,
Multa virum volvens durando saecula vincit.
Tum fortis late ramos et brachia tendens
Huc illuc, media ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram.

This often-quoted passage looks, indeed, like a vague remembrance of the old Teutonic or Aryan tree whose top reaches to Asgard, and whose roots go down to the gate of Hel. Unless we assume that the classic poet could have got his notion from some Germanic warrior in Roman service, one would be inclined to think that his remarkable lines contain a distant echo of

[13] In Dryden's rendering:

Jove's own tree,
High as his topmost boughs to Heaven ascend,
So low his roots to Hell's dominions tend.

a dogma once prevalent also in Ausonian lands.

VIII

MYSTIC trees play a large part in Aryan as well as in Semitic creeds. The Greeks had various tales in which the ash-tree stands as an image of physical phenomena, or as a cosmogonic symbol. The clouds were described by the Greeks under the figure of an ash. And even as a trinity of Germanic Gods, namely, Odin, Hoenir, and Lodur, fashioned the first man out of an ash—whence his name was Askr:[16] so, in Greek mythology, we have a number of tales about the origin of mankind from trees, and particularly from the ash.

Phoroneus, the first man, who is also a bringer of fire, is the son of the river-god Inachos and of the nymph Melia. Her name means 'Ash.' Hesiod make Zeus create the third race of men from ash-trees. Another ancient writer attributes the origin even of the first race of men to the divine wood-women, or ash-nymphs, the Meliai. This accords with Hesychios' description of mankind as 'the fruit of the ash-tree.' In Teutonic mythology it is the All-father that hangs, fruit-like, in the Ash-tree, with a spear wounded, suffering thirst, offering himself to himself. No great stretch of interpretation is required to look upon Odin, in this case, as a hypostasis, or divinisation, of Mankind itself—so that the Greek and the Teutonic tales would once more come close to each other.

Perhaps it may seem a bold procedure to assert, in positive terms, the existence of 'an older Grecian world-tree,'[17] of which the Hellenic myths in question would be the disjointed and scattered pieces. Yet, taking these myths all together, and keeping in mind the passage of Vergil, the assumption becomes a less venturesome one. Even for the eagle which sits in the top of Yggdrasil, and for the goat from whose udders the heroic guests of Odin are nourished in Walhalla, parallels are found in the Greek circle of myths.

Naturally, after having looked for traces of the Germanic World-Tree in the creed of kindred European nations, we go back to old Persian and Indian writings. Among the adherents of the doctrine of Zarathustra, we come upon two trees, standing in the Iranian Paradise, which resemble the Semitic Tree of Knowledge and Tree of Life. It is contended by Max Müller that these *two* trees must not be compared to any *one* tree symbolising the Universe. I cannot entirely join in this view. The greatest care is certainly to be taken in the endeavour to trace the connection of mythic ideas; 'otherwise,' as Max Müller says, 'everything becomes everything.' At the same time, we have to keep in mind that the most multiform, most many-coloured religious ideas and figures have, in numberless cases, been proved to have sprung from very simple germs. The process of individualisation is the very essence of the progress of mythology.

Hence, at a first glance, it is by no means an unlikely thing that a single World-Tree, such as the Germanic tale assumes, should, among Persians or Semites, have branched out, or split into, two different trees, whose separate qualities were once joined in the earlier myth. Thus the Life-giving Tree and the Painless Tree of the Iranians, the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge of the Semites, may, for aught I know, have had their prototype in some older Aryan World-Tree whose stem and branches represent Life,

[16] *Völuspâ*; 17, 18. *Gylfaginning*; 11.

[17] *See* Kelly's *Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition and Folklore*, which are mainly founded on Kuhn.

and whose roots are nourished by a Fountain of Knowledge. Indeed, we possess in Yggdrasil itself a two-fold image, for in its branches the Goddess of Life dwells, whilst at its root the well of Mimir lies, who typifies Knowledge or All-Wisdom.

The connection between these Iranian and Teutonic myths comes out all the stronger when we look at some details in the description of the trees mentioned in the Zend-Avesta[18] and the Bundehesh.[19] As in the Hebrew, so in the Iranian account, the two great trees stand in a garden, surrounded by other trees. Yggdrasil, too, is surrounded by other plantations; the nine worlds that issue from its stem being represented as forests. Again: the towering Gaokerena Tree of the Zend-Avesta, as well as the Painless or Impassive Tree, which bears all kinds of seed, were said to stretch their roots into a large water. This reminds us of the wells or lakes near the roots of Yggdrasil.

The Painless Tree is also called the Eagle's Tree. At all events, some bird, eagle or falcon, sits in its top—even as in the Germanic World-Tree. Another bird is spoken of in the Iranian legend, which continually dwells with the Eagle. So, also, a hawk was said to dwell with the Eagle in Yggdrasil. In another respect, the smaller bird in the Persian myth—acting as a messenger between the Eagle's perch and the watery region below—reminds us of the squirrel which incessantly runs up and down the Teutonic Tree of Existence.

As in the Germanic tale, so in the Iranian, the first human pair grow out of a plant. We further find, in the Persian myth, an immortalising drink (*haoma*) that comes from the Tree of Life. It has some resemblance to the honey-dew (*hunângs-fall*)[20] that drops from Yggdrasil. Again, in the Persian myth, a powerful lizard, toad, or dragon-form, is mentioned, whom the malicious Ahriman sent for the annihilation of the mighty tree. When we remember that the Teutonic myth not only speaks of the Serpent Nidhögg being used for a similar purpose, but that the malicious Loki is at once the father of the dark Mistress of the Underworld, and of the great Midgard Serpent, the points of contact between the two circles of myths are remarkably strengthened.

Loki altogether resembles Ahriman, or Angro-mainyus, in various ways. In connection with Angro-mainyus, a 'Serpent of evil seed' is mentioned. Ahriman himself once 'sprang like a serpent from Heaven, down beneath the earth,' being frightened out of heaven; he then 'came to the Water and worked beneath the Earth' in an evil way. Loki, the Serpent-father, also becomes an outcast from Heaven, and once remains during eight winters beneath the Earth, working out a birth; 'truly an Evil one's way,' as Odin remarks. In the Teutonic myth, the sojourn of Loki beneath the Earth precedes his ejection from Heaven; and these events are even disconnected. But such changes often take place in tales scattered far and wide.

[18] *Vendidad*; xx.:—'15. Then I, Ahura-Mazda, brought forth of holy trees. 16. many hundreds, many thousands, many ten-thousands. 17. all round the *one* tree Gaokerena.'

[19] *Bundehesh*; ix. From this same seed there grew up the tree All-seed in the sea Vourukasha; from which there come all kinds of plant-seed. And near this tree All-seed there stands the tree Gaokerena, to keep off misformed age, and as a manifold protection to the world. . . . xviii. The tree Gaokerena: *on the first day it was* that the tree called Gaokerena grew up in the sea Vourukasha, from the depths of the mountain. . . . . The tree All-seed has grown in the midst of the sea Vourukasha; on it there is the seed of all plants. Some call it the good-healing; others, the strong-healing; others, the All-healing.

[20] *Gylfaginning*; 16.

Seeing all this, to which many other points might be easily added, the opinion that, in the matter of the Trees, a striking affinity exists between the Germanic, Iranian, and Hebrew systems of faith, is certainly not weakened. I cannot, therefore, fall in with the view expressed by Max Müller against Dr. Spiegel and Dr. Windischmann,[21] that there is 'the same difference between one and two trees as there is between North and South.'[22] Have not Freia (or Frigg) and Holda—to give but one example out of a thousand—arisen from the same single stem? And were they not often considered as distinct and different figures, until a happy chance brought to light, in a Latin Gothic record of Spain, the form 'Friga-Holda'?

IX

TAKING all in all, it appears to me more likely than not, that an original single Aryan World-Tree gradually became differentiated into two, and that floating mythological stories of this latter kind were, in course of time, spread over Iran and into Asia Minor. On Assyrian and early Babylonian cylinders we see a Sacred Tree, with a seated figure on each side, and the Serpent in the background; and also a Sacred Tree, or Grove, with attendant Cherubim. A fragmentary account in the Babylonian inscriptions speaks of a dragon, Tiamat, or the Serpent of the Sea; 'evidently'—as Mr. George Smith says—'in the same relation as the Serpent, being concerned in bringing about the Fall.'[23]

Now, Serpent powers, as representatives of the Evil principle, are traceable in the Brahmanic and the Persian systems of faith. A destructive Serpent power is also found in the Chaldean creed. I take occasion here to enter into a comparison between Chaldean and Germanic mythology, which I simply throw out as a hypothesis, but which to my mind carries with it a very great probability.

Tiamat, the Serpent of the Sea, is, in Mr. George Smith's words, 'an original spirit of chaos and disorder, a spirit opposed in principle to the Gods.' This description, I would submit, brings us back, once more, to the identical qualities of Loki,[24] the father of the Midgard Serpent. Tiamat, it is true, is the female principle; so that it might seem that the comparison with Loki ends there. But the hermaphroditic, or twofold, character of not a few deities, including Venus, at once disposes of this objection. Loki himself, it should not be forgotten, is actually a combination of the female and the male principle. In one instance he, for the sake of deception, changes outright into the female; namely, into a mare. He is described as 'spruce and beautiful of form,' but arch and very fickle. An evil-doing God as he is, the Goddesses regularly consult him. He borrows the winged robe of the Goddess of Love, in order to fly, as a maid, to the Giant's Home. In the same way, he travels in the falcon-dress of Odin's consort to Geirrödsgard. He assumes the form of an old woman,[25] and in this shape even deceives Frigg. Having changed himself into a mare, he bears a foal.[26]

That Loki, like Tiamat, had connection with the water or the Sea, is established by his changing into a salmon; by his having produced the Midgard Serpent which sur-

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[21] *Zoroastrische Studien.* Von Dr. F. Windischmann. Herausgegeben von Dr. Friedrich Spiegel.

[22] *Chips from a German Workshop*; i. 157. ('Genesis and the Zend-Avesta.')

[23] *The Chaldean Account of Genesis*, by George Smith; pp. 87, 89, and 91.

[24] *Vegtamskvidha*; 15. [25] *Gylfaginning*; 49. [26] *Oegisdrecka*; 23, 24, 33.

rounds the earth — that is, the Ocean;[27] and by his coming, at the end of times, from over the Sea, as a leader of the fiery Hosts of Destruction. His character as a serpent-like tempter is recorded in the tale of his having lured Idun, the Goddess of Life, who originally dwelt in the Tree of Existence, away from Asgard, into a wood where he said he had found beautiful apples.[28]

A Serpent-father tempting a woman with apples—how strangely like the Hebrew story!

A spirit of disorder, opposed to the Gods; a power of mischief connected with that 'producing mother of all,'[29] the Sea; a deity easily changing back into the female form—how very much like the Babylonian Tiamat!

Here we have a Germanic deity, whose character, qualities, and acts curiously combine much that we read of in the Hebrew and Babylonian stories about the original principle of Evil. Remembering that Twelve Gods, representing twelve months, or the zodiac, are to be met with in Teutonic mythology, even as in the Chaldean, Egyptian, Indian, and other religions, it will be found less surprising that there should be such a remarkable coincidence.

Unfortunately, the clay tablets are too much broken to enable us to make a full comparison between the Hebrew and Babylonian accounts in regard to the Trees of Life and Knowledge. 'The loss of this portion of the Creation Legend'—says the author of *The Chaldean Account of Genesis*—'is unfortunate, as, however probable it may be that the Hebrew and Babylonian traditions agree about the Garden and Tree of Knowledge, we cannot now prove it. There is a second tree, the Tree of Life, in the Genesis account (ch. iii. 22), which certainly appears to correspond to the sacred grove of Anu, which a later fragment states was guarded by a sword turning to all the four points of the compass.' Mr. George Smith also remarks that, from the general body of Assyrian texts, Sir Henry Rawlinson has pointed out the agreement of the Babylonian region of Karduniyas, or Ganduniyas, with the Eden of the Bible.

Thus there is a strong probability of an agreement of the older Babylonian story with the later Hebrew text on the one hand, and with Indian, Persian, Greek, and Germanic myths on the other. There can be little doubt that, in the countries near the Euphrates, Aryan, Semitic, and even Turanian circles of myths have become intermixed. Researches of the greatest value, which cannot be lightly set aside, render it more than probable that, in still earlier times, there was a close intercourse between Semitic and Indo-Germanic nations in parts of Asia, where they still live together even now.[30] This intercourse seems to have taken place at a time before the ancestors of the Jewish race started from Central Asia for Canaan, and before India was entered by its Aryan conquerors. The partial dependence of Genesis on an Aryan source of belief is, therefore, far from unlikely.

'Both the Indo-Germanic race and the Semites'—Dr. Friedrich Spiegel says—'assume an original home of theirs, from which they wandered forth in ancient times, and which they place in the terri-

[27] Compare Herodotus (iv., 8, 9, and 36), where the view of the Skythians is mentioned, and ridiculed, that 'the Ocean flows round the whole earth,' and where also a Serpent-woman, 'half virgin, half viper,' tempts Herakles.

[28] *Bragaroedhur*; 56.

[29] See the first tablet of the Babylonian Creation Legend.

[30] *Erân, das Land zwischen dem Indus und Tigris.* Von Dr. Friedrich Spiegel. Berlin: 1863.

tories where the Oxus and the Jaxartes rise.' And furthermore:—'The ideas which we have found in the eleven first chapters of Genesis, show an affinity, not to be mistaken, with ideas of the Avesta; as has long been acknowledged by men like Ewald, Lassen, and Renan.'

Were some of the clay tablets complete, we might perhaps come upon fresh links, in the matter of the Sacred Tree or Trees, between an early Aryan creed of Central Asia and its later Semitic developments. In the present state of the mutilated materials at hand, we must leave this special point in suspense. At the same time, manifest points of contact, such as have been above indicated, do not, according to all the rules of comparative mythology, allow of being disregarded. Perhaps a new find in the Babylonian mounds will shed further light on this interesting subject.

The mythology of Germany proper, which until lately lay almost buried, and of which only stray fragments were recovered in old books and superstitions, has in a great measure had to be rebuilt from Norse materials, the strict German origin of which is even partly indicated in the Edda and in some Sagas. In this way, putting this and that together, a grand structure has once more been reared out of broken pillars and scattered stones. The same work is now being done for the tracing out of the connection between apparently different systems of faith of races standing apart from each other.

And with all due deference to the learning of those who have laid bare the great lines of connection, I contend that the important links contained in the creed of our own forefathers have by far not been sufficiently investigated as yet. The Vedas and the Avesta, the creation stories and cosmogonies of the classic nations, as well as of Egypt, Babylon, and Judæa, are often suddenly illustrated in a remarkable manner by some story of the Edda, or even by some lingering tale in German folklore.

X

Turning now to Hindostan, we find, both in the most ancient Vedic literature and in one of the latest works, the *Upanishads*, references to mystic Trees, which have been interpreted as world-trees, similar to Yggdrasil. The subject is, in some degree, an intricate one, surrounded, here and there, with certain difficulties of interpretation.

Still, we gather a notion of an ancient Indian belief in a tree standing near a lake, at an ageless stream—a tree at which to look makes one young again—a tree that bears all the fruits of the world. Idun's apples of divine rejuvenescence are here easily brought to mind. We hear of a tree whose roots reach upwards, and whose branches hang down below—a tree that, like Yggdrasil, drops sweetness, and on whose boughs birds are settled that sing praises in honour of immortality.

Again, we find, as in the Teutonic and the Iranian tales, two birds sitting in the top of the wonderful tree. Beneath it, a Ruler of the Underworld dwells, in company with the Pitris, the divine progenitors of men—a picture reminding us of Hel and her Hosts of Dead. We hear of Yama and the Pitris consuming an Ambrosian drink with the Gods under that mighty tree. Under Yggdrasil, too, the Aesir had their daily meeting-place. We also come upon the important poetical exclamation:—'What wood, what tree was it, of which they made Heaven and Earth?' Or:—'What wood, what tree was it, of which they made Heaven and Earth? Ye sages, inquire well in your mind what it is

that preserves and protects all beings?'[31]

This is very like the all-nourishing Teutonic Ash, the symbol of universal life and existence. We hear, in Indian mythology, the Tree whose roots reach upwards, and whose branches hang down below, described as an eternal tree, in which all the worlds repose; which is not surpassed by anything; and which is even identical with Brama, as well as with the heavenly ambrosia.[32] We hear the same tree described as the 'first being;' and it is further said that the leaves of that tree are Vedic metres, and that he who knows it knows the Vedas.[33]

These passages have not, to my knowledge, been pointed out yet in connection with Odin's Runic Song in the Edda. I, for my part, cannot but think that they are the very source of those Eddic verses in which the Germanic All-father himself is identified with Yggdrasil and described as its bodily and ghostly outgrowth. The runes which Odin learns, whilst bound up with the mighty tree, and the ambrosian drink that afterwards increases his knowledge, have their clear prototype in the Indian tree, which is at once the 'first being,' 'Brama,' and 'Amrita,' and whose very leaves are Vedic metres.

We further find that Agni, the Fire-god, who is sometimes conceived in the Vedas as a falcon or an eagle, seeks refuge from the community of the Gods in a mystic tree, assuming there the shape of a horse. Now, in Germanic mythology, Loki, whose name indicates his connection with fire, and who equally becomes an outcast from the divine community, also assumes once, as before mentioned, the shape of a mare. On another occasion he flies to the Home of the Giants in falcon guise, namely, in Freyja's feathery garments. And even as the Indian Fire-god sits, in the guise of a horse, in the tree Açvattha, so an eagle—interpreted by Simrock as a symbol of the Teutonic Fire-god—is perched on Yggdrasil, next to the clouds, from which Fire came.

XI

Disjointed and fragmentary as all these allusions may seem, they yet are very striking. The golden treasure of a primæval myth is often enough beaten out into a thousand leaves, scattered far and wide—perhaps even beyond the Ocean, into Peru and Mexico. To suppose that the Germanic Ash-tree had an early Aryan prototype, and that myths referring to such a tree had their counterpart in Greek, Persian, Indian, even Hebrew and Chaldean legends, is certainly not going against the ordinary rules of mythological evidence.

Were it otherwise, the credit would be all the higher for that Teutonic race, of which a Roman Emperor said 'that their bodies are great, but their souls even greater,' to have worked out the idea of a Tree of Existence into so comprehensive a form. But any one who will compare the Old German Wessobrunn Prayer with a well-known cosmogonic passage in the Edda, and again with similar classic, Persian, Vedic, and even Assyrian or Chaldean texts, in which the most striking concordance of thoughts and expressions occurs, will scarcely feel warranted to join in a doubt. He will rather be inclined to believe that the grand myth of the Tree of Existence is, in its earliest germs, at least a common property of the Aryan stock.

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[31] *Rig-Veda*; x. 81, 4. [32] *Kathaka-Upanishad*; vi. 1. [33] *Bagavad-Gîtâ*; xv. 1.

MARIUCCIA.

THESE pages contain a faithful delineation of some types of nature widely differing from any to which we are accustomed in our own more sober and prosaic race, and an attempt has been made to convey literally into English the forms of Italian peasant speech.

'Give heed to me, Marco my son! give heed to me! Mariuccia the wool-comber's daughter is NOT FOR THEE!'

'Give heed to me, my mother! Give heed to me! Mariuccia the wool-comber's daughter shall be for me in spite of thee and God the Eternal!'

After this fashion closed a bitter altercation between Marco Donati and his widowed mother, familiarly known in their own native Apennine valley as L'Assunta, or still more commonly as *La Ciucaia*, or the donkey-wife.

Like most of his race when enraged or thwarted, Marco had spoken not only with an air of vindictive resentment and defiance, but, to a calm spectator, the excitement expressed in every line of his handsome face would have seemed to border on frenzy.

With an abrupt and jerky gesticulation of the hand he turned to go. Then suddenly, as if to clench with new force and meaning his words, he caught up fiercely one of the huge apples his mother was sorting into heaps and mounds, and, with a grimace of inexpressible rage, sent it whistling across her stooping head to the opposite side of the small and stifling chamber, in which from sunrise that morning she had unremittingly toiled.

Having enjoyed a *sfogo* in this heroic manner, Marco, without a word, departed.

'Go! go! thou accursed toad!' ejaculated his mother in a stifled tone of rage, adding, with a glance of inflexible determination, 'But, my little son, Mariuccia the wool-comber's daughter is *not for thee!*'

Her limbs shook and her voice quivered with wrath, but she lost not a moment of time. With incredible rapidity she continued to select and manipulate her ruddy fruit.

At length, when she fairly beheld the small and sinewy form of her son recede along the obscure, vault-like passage which led from the entrance of the house to the close den in which she was working, she gave a full vent to the bitterness which the recent recrimination had so powerfully aroused.

'Accursed toad!' she again repeated, addressing in fancy her defiant son. '*Già, già!* aye, aye! Bring me here for a daughter-in-law that peasant pauper, and, as true as the Mother of God in Paradise, the welcome she shall have from me is my clog on her beggarly muzzle! *Ouf!* is that rag of a peasant that carries on her brazen back all the dower she will ever own, a match for my son Marco? Is she to come and play the lady here? No, no, my little daughter, there are other birds in the snares for my son Marco! A wife he shall wed and a dower to boot! And you, my fine little Mariuccia, go, go! Take your fill of *polenta* both summer and winter,[1] till you fall in with some other Christ in Maremma![2] Oh, Madonna of the Black Mountain! are men not all alike? Is Marco not a perfidious pig? And

[1] Only the poorest of the peasantry use *polenta* in summer.
[2] An unlooked-for good fortune.

his father (holy soul!), was he not an accursed thunderbolt? Did he not stretch us on the Cross both day and night? Bad, bad! even as Protestant heretics! Ah, Blessed Mother of the Poor! The Devil has ever owed a spite to me! It is my destiny. In holy truth, I would need the patience of all the souls in Paradise, and I have it not! *Ouf!* I sweat! I tremble!'

At this tragical climax, the sorely-tried donkey-wife ceased for a moment her absorbing work, and rising to her feet, she convulsively mopped her dripping temples with the gaudy *pezzuola*, or kerchief, which, previous to this emergency, had brilliantly adorned her much afflicted and grizzly head.

Hardly, however, had the operation been completed than a shrill and shrieking female voice summoned Assunta by name from without.

'Ho, Assunta! Ho, the donkey-wife! Behold me! It is I! I am here! Casimirra the charcoal-wife! Oh hasten for the love of the souls in pain, for this accursed load squashes my brain as flat as a fritter! Oh Assunta, my daughter! what a slug you are! what a tortoise! Do you take me, forsooth, for one of your own blessed donkeys, that you leave me here to fry in this accursed sun? Ouf, what flames! What a furnace! What beasts of burthen they make of us poor women! Holy patience! I melt away! I bake! I blister! Accursed be the Devil, she comes not!'

'Oh, may you die of a fit, you ugly witch,' was the involuntary greeting with which Assunta inwardly responded to the stunning chatter of her unwelcome neighbour.

In truth the bitter emotions of the morning had quite unfitted her for the customary gossip and clamorous wrangling which invariably attended the most trivial transactions of her daily life.

Nevertheless she hurried along the dark passage, readjusting on the way her inseparable head-gear, and, on emerging from the porch-like entrance, she hastened to relieve the loquacious Casimirra of the huge burthen of charcoal which was balanced with inimitable skill on the crown of her head. Assunta proffered the customary courteous salutation of 'A happy day to you, my Casimirra.' But in every puckered seam and wrinkle of her deeply-tanned old face there was plainly legible the severe vexation she had so recently experienced.

'A happy day to you, my Assunta, my little donkey-wife!' returned Casimirra, with a smile quite as forced and a substratum of temper quite as fiery as that of her neighbour Assunta. 'Oh, in truth, my daughter,' she proceeded glibly, 'yours has been even as the hand of God on my brow. Ouf! I am in flames like a soul in pain! What a sun! In truth a day of malediction! Do you think it little, my Assunta, to send a Christian down from that accursed mountain of the witches with a *world* on the crown of one's head such a mid-day as this? Through the grace of God alone have I not burst like a singing *cicala*. And you know, my good daughter, when my load is for you, I make it heavy, heavy even as the malediction of God. Per Bacco! my Assunta—*the measure, I have it not!* It has remained in the accursed mountains behind me. Oh, what a head is mine! In truth no better than an empty pumpkin. But it matters not, my Assunta, not one dried fig does it matter. The measure is just. What do I say, beast that I am? It is brim-full—it overflows. Did I not weigh it for my little Assunta?'

Assunta, wholly unmoved by Casimirra's familiar and ingenious stratagems, proposed on the spot, with a resolute air, that her own measure should be substituted for the missing one, and that the contents of the sack should be forth-

with formally estimated in their united presence.

'As my donkey-wife wills,' replied Casimirra, with an assumption of meekness strangely at variance with the angry fire which gleamed in her genuinely thievish eye.

The proffered measure was, however, indignantly spurned on the plea of its being more than double the regulation size.

Consequently a variety of preliminary observations of a strongly hostile tendency ensued, and finally the customary bitter affray broke out in earnest by Assunta incautiously observing, 'Ah, go fry yourself, you ugly witch! Do you think you will impose on me?'

'O, most holy Mother! What discourses! What people!' vociferated the charcoal-wife, uttering a snort of defiance and rage. 'Oh, what interest have I in wronging you, my daughter? When I swear to you on my mother's ashes that your measure is double the lawful size, oh, why should *I* be sacrificed? No; rather than use it, I vow two tapers to the Madonna of the Seven Griefs. I'll carry back every ounce of that accursed load on the crown of my head. May Heaven thunderstrike me if I say not true! May this hand wither and dry if I touch your measure this holy day.'

'Now, my brave Casimirra, hear me well,' broke in Assunta, with an enforced and short-lived semblance of composure; 'Now, will you wager with me a *scudo* that my measure is not just and fair as the hand of God, and that your sack has one half of the right and lawful weight? Now, will you take the holy wager, oh Casimirra—say?'

'Oh most accursed day that I took this order!' shrieked Casimirra at the shrillest pitch of her voice, ignoring with her native acuteness Assunta's challenge. 'Oh, better had I driven a knife into my own throat than come down here this day of ill-luck to be mortified and maltreated. May the plague of plagues smite this accursed house and the evil race of witches that owns it. Oh, let me begone! Rather than leave one twig of my charcoal in this bewitched and unlucky sty, may I be blinded by a thunder-bolt as I stand. May I die of a fit like a dog without priest or pardon!' And here Casimirra with wild and vindictive gestures fell on her knees, and began to thrust back, with her own sun-blistered claws, the charcoal which was lying about on the ground before her.

Assunta, in the meanwhile, not desiring that such an heroic remedy should be applied to the case in hand, observed pacifically, 'Oh,—gently! gently! you simpleton of a charcoal-wife. Brava! my daughter, you will in truth enjoy your jaunt *up* the mountain side! Ah, Casimirra! Casimirra! it's an ugly act to *cheat*, my daughter. But bear well in mind the Devil's flour all turns to bran. But hear me now in holy peace. With the hand of God let us measure now the charcoal, and if by miracle we find it short some ounces, then you, my daughter, shall have some *soldi* less. Now say, my little Casimirra, do I content you so?'

The compromise found favour in the eyes of both, and the vociferous quarrel subsided as suddenly as it had originated.

Casimirra besought Assunta to refresh her throat with a draught of water, remarking quite humanely, 'In truth my throat is dry! Enough! What will you have? We are six sisters-in-law at home, and every soul of us has the accursed vice of shouting *ad alta voce* when our blood is hot. Have patience and compassion, my donkey-wife. Excuse the disturbance I have caused you! A thousand salutations to the handsome youth your son. Addio, oh Assunta! a happy evening to you, good little wife!'

Notwithstanding this courteous

and friendly termination of their interview, Assunta hastily muttered at intervals during the course of that luckless day, 'Go! go! you ugly thief!' And Casimirra, as she toiled and panted along the steep and perilous ascent which led to her mountain hut, more than once ejaculated, 'Ouf, the lying cow!' But not a trace of any deeper sense of offence remained in either of their shallow minds. Both women, although barely numbering their fortieth year, belonged nevertheless to the genus *Crone*. Their skin was thick and puckered like parchment, and the original fine brown hue of their youth had deepened with time into the coarse darkness of mahogany.

Their large gleaming eyes retained, however, all the life and fire of their early days, and in their lean and wiry forms, and their wonderful physical endurance under the heaviest toil, there was no decay visible, corresponding to that aged look which had so prematurely marked their withered features. Nor were they exceptions amongst their neighbours. Exposure to the tanning process of a Southern sun playing freely on naked necks, arms, and feet in youth, and on hands and face through life, invariably produces this appearance of age amongst the women of the people even in early middle life.

Most of the inhabitants of the lovely little Apennine valley of Pian del Monte could boast like Assunta of descent from a long line of hardy, thrifty mountaineers, all of whom had for ages been free proprietors of a small portion of their native soil. They were a thriving, frugal race, invigorated by their simple life of labour, and by their unrivalled mountain climate.

Assunta herself was mistress of a small freehold property, including garden, house, and field, and she possessed besides three invaluable donkeys (hence her professional name of *La Ciucaia*). Being a shrewd and speculative mountaineer, she had long driven a prosperous trade in charcoal, and supplied with that commodity more than one neighbouring village.

As a matter of course the inheritor of all this rural wealth would one day be her only son, Marco. Can it be wondered at if the opulent donkey-wife had set her heart on his wedding a wife and a dower to boot?

The mother and son had a love for each other after a fashion; there existed considerable similarity of nature and temper between the pair, and this fact seriously impeded their chances of agreement. When roused or thwarted by opposition they were both mulish in their obstinacy, but if only left free to follow their own varying moods they were fickle and whimsical to a degree. Honest to the letter they were, but it was the single moral quality of which they had even a notion. Like most of their race they enjoyed vigorous natural intelligence, which was, however, rarely called forth by higher interests than by lying slander, loose gossip, and keen financial squabblings.

They were both, when roused, of ungovernable temper, and capable of much vindictive passion; but when unmoved by any leading spring or strong interest, they were mild and unoffending—at all times mad for shows and festas, and childlike in their love of trivial, idle chatter.

The mother's master-passion was *greed* and *gain*; the son's leading spring was *love* or *hate*.

The evening of that contentious autumn day was one of serene enchantment. The familiar beauty of the mountain-valley assumed strange forms of loveliness in the radiance of the sunset hour. Clouds flecked with gold and purple blended into a soft radiant haze, which seemed to clothe the great

mountain forms; and when the sun had set amidst a glory of rose and violet, there spread along the west a clear citron light which diffused a more sober charm across the scene, and brought repose to the gazer's vision.

Nor was the fairness of the earth less perfect. The chestnut-woods were ripening; the beech-grove tints were crimsoning; and from a higher mountain range the pine plantations spread their pungent healthful fragrance. Cool mountain springs crossed the valleys, and rare Alpine plants and flowers filled the air with subtle charm. Around the flowers all day long gorgeous flashing creatures had hummed and fluttered; dragon-flies with blood-red wing and trunk of burnished bronze, and butterflies bright as Mediterranean blue, skimmed the air, and poised on peach-leaved campanula, Alpine aster, and twining dwarf clematis.

From amidst the thickest chestnut shades, at about two miles' distance from his native village, Marco Donati suddenly emerged, blind as a bat to all the glories of earth and heaven, and, hastily wending his way along a level woodland path, at the end of some minutes he abruptly struck up a steep mountain track, which led almost perpendicularly to a small clump of huts, perched like an Alpine eyrie in an overhanging niche of the mountain side, and bearing the appropriate title of the Devil's Crown.

The evening was still at full glow, as Marco advanced with a rapid stride. His face was resolute and defiant as when he had departed that afternoon from his mother's presence, and in fact the bitter scene of the morning had only precipitated the crisis so much dreaded by the prudent Assunta.

Marco was hastening as fast as he could stride to pour forth his love into Mariuccia's ear, and to secure for life to himself her faith and affection. His thoughts were neither complex nor contending. It never in his life had crossed his mind to weigh an action or to control an impulse, and in this special crisis his imperious, unreasoning nature seemed a perfect torrent of vehement wild sensation, which carried him along as blind and irrational as a whirling moat in one of his own mountain streams.

His passion for Mariuccia had passed through few stages of expansion, and had needed but a brief period to reach its present intensity. Mariuccia presented an overpowering attraction to his impetuous senses, and he felt for her that Southern passion which consists more of ungovernable desire than of any truer sentiment of love, and which so often quickly wanes and dies, or changes with inconceivable rapidity into the bitterness of hatred or the craving of revenge. Of Mariuccia's favour, Marco had but slight proof. In the daily avocations of their limited valley life, the pair frequently crossed each other's path; but Mariuccia had returned with prudent coolness his eager greetings, and had left unanswered his meaning glances.

No later than a week before they had met at a neighbouring village festa. They exchanged no words beyond the barest friendly greeting; but beneath the rustic porch of the festal church they stood side by side a moment. Marco stretched forth his hand and offered her a slender branch of Alpine aster; the girl received the gift with almost tame composure, yet an artless joy, beyond the power of dissembling, gleamed in her sweet and splendid eyes, and sent a thrill of transport to Marco's heart.

On the evening in question Marco quitted the direct path which led to Mariuccia's dwelling, and passed along at the rear of the nest of huts which formed the Devil's Crown.

By this precaution he avoided much unwelcome neighbourly greeting, and on emerging some paces

higher from amidst the beech trees he paused to pant, and suddenly started.

From behind a rude trailing tangle of the creeping broad-leaved foliage of spreading gourd and crimson bean, Marco had seen a young and radiant face. The sight had checked his breath and sent the blood surging back to his heart. Mariuccia was in truth a comely, beaming Tuscan *Contadina.*

In a second more the pair stood face to face.

'A happy evening to you, my daughter!'

'A happy evening to you, my son!'

Such was the patriarchal greeting of the youthful couple.

'Mariuccia, how does the world and love treat you?' demanded Marco, with a grave and sober air, wrenching as he spoke a tiny faded gourd from off the stalk, and tossing it high above them in the air.

'Not so badly, Marco mio! And how does it fare with you?' enquired Mariuccia, with a look of genial mischief in her dark eyes, which deepened the picturesque charm of her lovely face.

'How does it fare with me! As true as God in Paradise, my Mariuccia, in this moment I embrace the joys of Heaven,' replied Marco, with a kindling glance at Mariuccia's sweet face, and finely rounded form, in which one already discerned the distant promise of the sensuous luxuriance which is so general a characteristic of the women of her race and clime.

'He who is content enjoys himself, my son!' retorted Mariuccia, with a well-known sarcastic proverb of her tongue.

'Hear me, Mariuccia mia, I fain would say four words to thee,' said Marco, with a quiver in his voice, as he drew closer to the trailing fence behind which Mariuccia demurely nipped the withered stems and buds.

Mariuccia, on hearing the tenderer' form of address into which Marco had impetuously rushed, wore for a second a graver air, but soon regaining her merry bantering tone, she smilingly replied,

'Even ten words, my son! Speak out then truly, what wilt thou say to me?'

'Hast thou not lately heard some gossips' tattle, Mariuccia, say?'

'What gossips' tattle, in the holy name of Heaven?'

'Gossips' tattle about *thee* and *me*!'

'Oh! shame, my son! Thou art a brazen liar, my little Marco! Madonna dear! what chat is this? Marco, begone! I will not hear thee more. But tell me first, for Heaven's love, what *do* the ugly gossips say?'

'They say, oh Mariuccia dear, what I wish to God were true! Hold thine ear a little closer. Mariuccia sweet, the gossips vow to God that you and I make love together.'

'Oh! Jesù mio! what evil tongues have they! Could we not count on our ten fingers all the times we have met and chatted? *Ouf!* the lying race of witches! But cheer up, Marco, they neither make us hot nor cold. The moon heeds not the baying dog, and why should we their ugly scandal? Addio; now, my Marco, I must begone! A happy night, my son, to thee.'

'Hear me first, oh Mariuccia, pray! And, were the gossips' tattle true, what shame, what miracle would it be? Am I not a youth, and art thou not a maiden? Say yes, or no, to me! To tell thee all the holy truth, the gossips' tattle all comes from me. For I would wish with all my soul to make true love with thee! Does this displease thee, my Mariuccia, say?'

'Oh! Mother of God! does this displease me? No, in truth! I would quite willingly agree. But hear me well, my son; it is not *I* who can either bind or loose you! It is not *I* who can give you yes or no. First we must hear my father's will, and ask

my mother's pleasure. Has she not borne me, and must we not content her? If they both make thee a friendly face, and take thee into favour, I vow to God, my Marco, no difficulties shall be made by me. Does this content thee, say? I have their holiest order to give no pledge and make no love unless they both agree.'

'Oh! what scruples! what lying words are these! In truth thou art well named. Thou art, indeed, a frigid wooden little Madonnina. Where is thy father Tonino and thy mother Ernesta? I will ask them now this very hour, and if they make an evil face, or won't agree, I swear I'll die with grief, I'll burst with rage.'

'Oh! Marco, art thou mad and fit to be tied? What hour is this? What wouldst thou do? Return to-morrow at vesper tide, and tell them all in holy quiet. And now begone! Oh! Mother of God, what would the gossips say, were thou and I found here together? Away! away! Be quick, oh Marco, and do not stay. For Heaven's holy love, I hear my father! If he comes here, we shall have slaughter! A happy evening to thee! A thousand times addio.'

'Mariuccia! Mariuccia! I have a passion at my heart for thee. For Heaven's holy love, stretch thine hand here to me.' For a short second of joy Marco seized Mariuccia's brown and well-formed hand, and ere she had time to disengage it from his grasp, pressed it closely to his quivering lips. Then wrenching himself from the enchanted spot, he plunged headlong down the broken mountain track, and never paused until, breathless and almost speechless, he stood on the threshold of his own dwelling. 'My little mother, have pity and compassion,' he said, on entering; 'to-night Mariuccia is my promised bride, and before the chestnuts fall she shall be my wedded wife.'

'It shall be as God permits, my son!' was the wily donkey-wife's reply. Her eyes blazed with rage, and her cheek turned green as a withered olive leaf; but a glance at her son's face had sufficed to warn her not to waste her words in a second bitter, bootless struggle.

On feeling Marco's unwarrantable caress, Mariuccia had started as if a viper had struck her—with the innate shrinking of the upright Southern *Contadina* from the simplest endearment, which, if once admitted, is too apt to lead to licentious freedom—her eyes darkened with grave displeasure, and her sweet smiling mouth assumed an expression of almost latent sternness and force of will.

'Marco! Marco!' she muttered, 'keep your place, my son, and bear respect to others! Such ugly freedom is not for me! Jesù mio! What would my mother say? What would my father do?'

Then suddenly her young face relaxed and smoothed, a bright crimson flushed the golden brown of her cheek, her eyes grew bright with joy, and pushing from off her smooth wide brow her thick wavy hair, she clasped her hands together with a sudden sense of happiness. 'Oh, Mother of God!' she murmured, 'what content! what joy is mine!'

Hastily re-entering the still untenanted hut, she busily prepared the family supper, consisting of eggs cooked in oil, and flattish cakes of chestnut flour.

'What hast thou been doing, my daughter, say?' inquired Tonino the wool-comber, on his return home, peering inquisitorially into Mariuccia's eyes, and laying aside, with Tuscan carefulness, the implements of his daily toil.

'What hast thou been doing, my daughter, say?' reiterated like a mountain echo Ernesta, Mariuccia's mother, as she crossed the threshold with a faggot of brambles under each arm, and a load of chestnut leaves pyramidically piled on

the crown of her head; these latter being employed in baking the *necci*, or chestnut-flour cakes, on flat round stones, which, previous to being heated, are daintily lined with fresh green leaves of the invaluable chestnut, the chief support and sustenance of the frugal mountaineers.

Both parents in their queries were moved by the deep distrust and apprehension which causes parents of theSouth to watch with such jealous closeness over their unmarried daughters.

'The speckled hen strayed far away and I have been searching for her. The little rambling witch has made me fly through wood and dale, but, thanks to heaven, at last I caught her!' was, alas! the perfidious answer that came pat from Mariuccia's lips.

'Mariuccia, mia bella! Far from thee I live on grief! Oh! happy me were I thy kerchief, were I thy bodice! For thee I would be flayed, would be slaughtered. I kiss your eyes, my little angel! I kiss your golden mouth of love!'

Some such were Marco's musings that night when, seated on the low, dilapidated parapet of the threshing area, he enjoyed in happy solitude his evening smoke.

'O, Jesù mio! I get a fever from my despair! What rage, what bile is mine! What a cross and passion I have to bear! My liver is gnawed with grief and spite!' Such were Marco's mother's contemporaneous cogitations as she watched her golden ripe tomatoes boil and bubble down into the thick pungent paste or *conserva*, which forms one of the chief bases of Italian culinary science and seasonings.

The day following Marco's momentous interview with Mariuccia lingered on with endless tedium for the youthful pair. The Madonna alone can tell how Marco followed, like a walking automaton, his mother's charcoal-laden donkeys to the neighbouring hamlets.

If these quadrupeds arrived in safety, without plunging headlong down the picturesque and precipitous ravines by which the mountain tracks are flanked, to their own sagacity and agility be the credit, and not to their heedless guardian.

To his mother's most influential customers Marco replied but curtly and *senza complimenti*; he discharged his cargo in sullen abstraction, and hastily resumed his way.

'Poor son! poor son!' observed the sagacious crone Olimpia; 'one reads it in his eye; he has a passion in his blood, and woe to Marco if he meets tribulation when he makes love.'

'When he makes love!' retorted Irene, her daughter, a fine, boldly picturesque young woman, with a wild light of passion in her face, and an imperial pride in her air, and whose hair, twisted in thick black cables, set off her heathen-goddess-like head. 'Marco does little else all the holy year,' she added, with a bitter cynical sneer on her handsome and vindictive features. 'He has a new caprice in his blood with every rising moon! What poor, accursed dupe gives heed to him, perfidious, lying little viper!'

'Like you at Easter last, you ugly owl,' incautiously interposed a girl of wild apish appearance, who was shelling, at some distance from her elder sister, the ripe golden cones of Indian corn from their soft elastic husks, which served for the winter bedding of the entire household.

The elder girl started to her feet in speechless rage, her eyes blazed, and her teeth set, and not before some seconds did she recover the power of articulating her savage wrath.

'Say not that again, thou filthy, lying gossip!' she at length vociferated, seizing with looks of fury a full golden maize cone, which she hurled with dexterous aim at the offender's head, striking with such

hearty force, that from the grazed temple the blood trickled slowly down her face.

'Ah, infamous assassin, may the Lord send you a fit!' panted forth the wounded elf. 'Ah, you shall die by my hand! I shall split your head like a rotten walnut! I shall crush you like an evil toad! May the hand wither that struck that perfidious blow! May a thunderbolt fulminate thee, oh accursed cow!'

'Ho, you women!' shouted a wild, imperious-eyed youth, who suddenly emerged from the low and dingy family den, brandishing a gigantic wooden ladle around his own half-crazed head. Peace with your accursed gabble! Daughters of a dog! Silence, if you value your ugly muzzles! Woe to you, oh women, if I lay my hands on one of you this holy hour! I vow to God there shall be slaughter! Enough, oh accursed gossips, say! Are you or *I* to command this blessed day? Patience! Peace, I say! Corpo di Bacco! Sangue di Dio! What chattering evil owls are these!'

The riot amongst the slavishly subservient women was quelled before the imminent slaughter or indiscriminate cuffing had been applied by the rhodomontading youth, who, in virtue of his superior lordly sex, and in the absence of the elder men, was deputed to impose order and maintain peace amongst the females of the clan.

Twirling his imposing ladle once more around his head, the youth stamped his clog-shod foot like a demon in a pantomime, and, with a fierce sense of superiority over things human and unseen, he ejaculated melo-dramatically: 'Sow of a woman! Pig of a Devil!' and departed abruptly from the scene.

Marco, in happy unconsciousness of the clamorous excitement caused by his own callous indifference to his *ci-devant Bella*, the fiery-blooded and vengeful Irene, proceeded with increased celerity in the direction of his own valley. Having, with abstracted mind, partaken hastily of a highly-seasoned mess of winter beans redolent of garlic, tomato, and pimento, which, with rough-made bread and a few walnuts, still almost green, constituted his afternoon meal, Marco dressed himself with sedulous care in his most festal attire.

In his handsome suit of fine woollen texture, and his high-crowned, broad-leafed Calabrese hat, Marco, agile, supple, and slender, with his clear blazing eyes and his fine olive features, presented, it must be owned, a goodly appearance.

'My little mother, I go forth to walk.'

'Go, go, my son! a happy voyage to thee I wish,' was the parting greeting between mother and son, both being equally averse for the time to more explicit explanations.

'Is it permitted, may I enter?' demanded Marco Donati, as he stood on the threshold of Tonino the wool-comber's hut, and speaking with the quaint formality of the Tuscan contadino on state occasions and in festal attire.

'Pass, pass, my son! A happy evening to thee. What dost thou here, Briccone? Per Bacco! Marco, how fine thou art! Ah, woe to the maidens when such a young Adonis draws near. Be seated here and let us gossip.'

Tonino politely indicated a seat for Marco on the wooden bench beside himself, and then, with a courteous nod and a stately 'with your permission,' he resumed his work and continued teasing out a heap of fine and fleecy wool which lay piled in rich disorder around his feet.

It may truly be said that Tonino was a wool-gatherer as well as a wool-comber; a tuft of wool, he argued, was neither here nor there to his numerous employers. And so the fleecy, useful commodity accumulated like magic in Tonino's dwelling.

Without sounding of trumpets or beating of drums, Tonino occasionally disposed of his spoils on advantageous terms to some of his least scrupulous neighbours, and by such transactions added materially to his means of living. 'They are all of the same hair,' said Tonino bitterly, in allusion to the galling closeness of his employers' supervision, which materially checked his own enterprising and predatory instincts.

Somewhat pilfering and more than somewhat lying, and a blatant braggart, was Tonino, we must admit; but he was neither fierce nor cruel by nature, and, unlike many of his neighbours, his roguish old heart was free from envious gall and bitterness. He loved with fervent warmth his wife and daughter, although, like all his race, he rhodomontaded towards both, and it needed all his true old wife's high spirit and fine sense to keep him permanently in check.

A fine specimen of the best type of a Tuscan peasant-wife was Mariuccia's mother. Full of vigorous character and spirit, Ernesta had a frank and resolute nature, and possessed a temper at once sweet, firm, and equal. She loved her daughter with Southern passion, and to her counsels, full of true wisdom and shrewd knowledge, much of the superiority of Mariuccia's own nature was due.

Nothing could be more dissimilar in appearance than our couple of worthy mountaineers. Tonino was of stout and thick dimensions, but in spite of his short, heavy form he was as wiry as a mountain goat and almost as woolly. His features, while suggesting much craft and shrewdness, bore an expression of genial humour, which softened the keen, thievish blink of his restless grey eyes.

Ernesta was of small and spare stature, and her refined features expressed much natural sensitiveness; her faithful soft eye and massive mouth and chin indicated the force and serenity of her nature, which so much resembled that of her daughter. She had the grave, dignified, and deferential manners which are so common among the Tuscan mountaineers.

After much irrelevant gossip between Tonino and Marco concerning the chances of chestnuts and Indian corn, of wool and walnuts, and various other topics, Marco was on the point of plunging into the object of his visit, when Tonino demanded with an air of much mystery:

'Marco, hast thou heard the novel gossip?'

'What gossip, oh Tonino! Tell me, pray; I burn, I die to know.'

'Palmira, Angiolino's bride, was bastinadoed at vesper hour last even-tide, and before the rise of sun this blessed day, per Bacco, she had levanted! Angiolino is mad with rage and fit to tie, and swears he will slay her for the scandal.'

'Corpo di Bacco! Thou dost amaze me; but, Tonino, say! That ugly pig of Angiolino, has *he* not made the scandal? Was Palmira not a comely maiden, and had she not a seemly dower?'

'What wilt thou have, my little Marco! Day and night he heard her moaning! her head was splitting, her back was breaking! Corpo di Dio! who could stand it? The neighbours, too, began to scoff and jeer him. I heard, myself, Andrea say, "Oh Angiolino, you are no man! Have you no hands to pound her? Pound her once with all your might and you will cure her." And Argentina, Leonildo's wife, flouted at him worse than all. "Oh wake her up, the sluggish little snail," said she; "give her two blows, and then you will see her work and dig and hoe! Her woeful face and pining air dishonours you before us all." Now he has done it, and who can tell? Women, mayhap, like flies, are taken best with syrup. Marco, my son, who weds a wife

need have two brains. If thou wilt marry, thou doest well; if not, thou doest better.'

'Oh, Tonino, hear me, pray,' exclaimed Marco on hearing Tonino's concluding words, as, moved by a sudden impulse, he drew closer to the moralising old rogue.

'Does it displease thee? I would make love with Mariuccia with all my soul, if thou and Ernesta can both agree!'

'What sayst thou, Marco? What novelty is here? Hast thou and she made love already? Per Dio! quickly say! You have met by stealth! she is led astray! Corpo di Dio, there will be blood drawn here.'

'Tonino, I vow to heaven and swear on my soul Mariuccia knows not one crumb of what I say! I'll tell her now if we both agree, but if thou makest a long unfriendly muzzle, I'll go my way and she shall never know. I swear I'll die but—silence, peace! I'll never speak.'

'Your manners please me well, oh Marco! But gently, gently! This is not a skein of wool to be so quickly disentangled. Thou knowest, my son, who weds Mariuccia must not need her *scudi*. In truth, she needs no dower. Per Bacco, who can work as she? Who keep the house so neat and well? Without her, Marco, we are not fit to drag a spider from its den. I do not wish to raise her to the stars, but, per Dio, she is *no* woman, *she is a man!*'

'Tonino, hear! I love thy daughter, and bear her much respect as well. Her dower is not my heart's desire. If you agree, we will now make love together, and then before the days are shorter we shall wed.'

'Capperi! Marco, how thou goest! He who goes slow goes sure, my son; but let us away and seek the women.'

Mariuccia was speedily discovered returning from the adjoining wood, with her hands full of splendid egg-shaped mushrooms, of which her father hastily relieved her, observing with pompous gravity,—'My daughter, Marco has four words to say to thee.' He then judiciously retired to a safe distance, leaving to the lovers a certain freedom, but at the same time commanding the fullest supervision of the interview.

'Mariuccia, my life, my soul!' whispered Marco, in a tone of transport, 'I am as happy as the souls in Paradise.'

'And I, my Marco, as if I touched the heavens with my very finger,' replied the young girl, trembling with her artless, earnest joy and love.

'Dost thou swear to me, oh Mariuccia, to be my faithful, loving *dama* (lady-love)?' enquired Marco, drawing closer to her side, as if to allay the fierce pining for her sweet presence which had rendered the heavy hours of that interminable day so unbearable.

'I vow to God to take thee, Marco, for my true *damo*; but hear me well, and have compassion. I would not wish to pledge my word and give my soul to a false, perfidious lover. In holy truth when I give a pledge or sign a vow I do it most sincerely. So heed me well, oh Marco! Do not swear away thy soul to-day, and then to-morrow plant me there without farewell or *buona notte*. Think of this, my son, and speak.'

'Oh Mariuccia, what words are these! For whom dost thou take me, say? Am I a man to do such ugly deeds? Would I betray my own beloved *dama*? I swear by thine own angel head I shall ever love and be true to thee.'

And Marco, kindling with fiery impulsiveness, stretched forth his hand and grasped passionately Mariuccia's arm, forgetful of the vigilant Tonino, who instantly and sternly confronted the disconcerted lovers.

'Hear me well, my children,' he said, addressing them with genuine displeasure in his blinking eyes. 'For six long years I, Tonino, Mariuccia's father, courted Ernesta, Mariuccia's mother; we gossiped *much* and chatted; but God protect us if once we exchanged a finger tip or took such shamefaced, filthy freedom! Be this your guide and rule, my children! Discourse and chatter, but hands aloof! Enough, my Marco! Remember well, and bear in mind that

Man is flame and woman is tow,
And the Devil easily sets them aglow!'

When the news of Mariuccia's betrothal with Marco Donati spread through their native valley, it was greeted with a cordiality and goodwill far from usual on such occasions amongst the mountaineers, who, although connected by intimate and constant intercourse, were for the most part irreconcilably divided by small local feuds, bitter personal animosities, and hereditary financial quarrels. It says much for the power of genuine goodness, that Mariuccia had not a single evil-wisher or detractor amidst the most contentious or slanderous of her neighbours. Her sweet and peaceful nature was heartily valued by those around her, especially by the mountaineers whose own bitter jars had often been composed to peace by the influence of Mariuccia's gentle presence.

One dark face deepened into a livid hue, and one fiery heart was filled with rage and despair, when the news of Mariuccia's engagement reached her ears—Irene, the fierce and showy beauty, who in her rage had wounded her mocking sister, and whose love passages with Marco had been stealthy and deep.

But even Irene spared Mariuccia in her wrath, and only muttered: 'Holy God, he is mad! Mad fit to tie! Who laughs last laughs best, my son! Mariuccia's *damo*—patience! it may be! But Mariuccia's *sposo*—may God fulminate him, *never!*'

Many sage counsels were poured into Mariuccia's ears by her wise and loving mother. 'Beware, my daughter: bear respect and show it to Marco's mother, or thou wilt rue the day thou wedd'st him.'

'My little mother, you speak wisely, you say well.'

'Let not the gossips say aught of thee. Dwell with all in peace, bide at home, and have *no* tattling friends. Content with all thy heart the house you enter. Remember well a mouthful of bread is a mouthful of poison where spite and envy dwell. Be *subject* to thy husband and serve him well. Thou art a woman and *born to bow.* Give no heed, my daughter, to those who say, "When your husband says one word, you say *two*; when he makes a threat, you take a stone; when he gives a blow, you use the knife." Heed your mother, Mariuccia dear. If thou art maltreated, *peace* and *give no scandal!* A good wife makes a good husband. She who is judicious and wise knows when to close both ears and eyes.'

Marco's mother, L'Assunta, in accordance with one of the deepest tendencies of her pliant race, when she found opposition of no avail, *yielded* with every appearance of goodwill, placing, like a true Italian, her cause in the care of fortune and the fates.

Her acquiescence grew much more cordial in consequence of a plan concerning Mariuccia which met with the donkey-wife's fullest commendation. A short period after her engagement with Marco, it was decreed by Mariuccia's parents that she should repair to the busy, toiling town of Pescia, and remain there until the date fixed for her marriage had arrived. The object of this proceeding was twofold. A sister of Tonino, a prosperous *pettinatrice* or hair-dresser of Pescia, had volunteered to supply the *corredo*, or marriage outfit, in-

cluding a stock of house linen befitting the prosperity of Mariuccia's wedding. And both Tonino and Ernesta hailed with satisfaction a scheme by which they were exonerated from the arduous and watchful duties invariably imposed on family guardians during the courtship of a daughter.

Assunta calculated keenly on the chances of Mariuccia's absence, and on the effect it might possibly exert over the fickle and mobile passions of her son Marco.

'My daughter,' said the wily crone, 'it seems to me a thousand years until I see thee now under our roof. What wilt thou have? When first my Marco said he would wed the little Mariuccia, the news was no more welcome than a thorn in my eye; but now, my daughter, thou art welcome to me as Easter of the roses.'

'Mariuccia, I *cannot* live far from thee! I shall die and burst with grief! I shall live on sighs and melt away with rage and sorrow! It stabs my heart and gnaws my liver to part with thee,' were Marco's farewell words, when Mariuccia at her departure took leave of her weeping mother, and loudly sobbing lover.

'Courage, my little mother! Cheer up, my Marco, and live in happiness,' were her parting words as her fine face, full of love and feeling, was borne from their view. Tonino accompanied his daughter to Pescia, and for the first time in twenty years remained a few days in his sister's house. On his return home, he bore Mariuccia's pebble chaplet to her mother, and a spray of blessed olive to her lover, both of which she kissed with fervour and with a simple trust in their protecting charm.

The period of Mariuccia's absence appeared to the poor girl dreary and leaden-winged beyond endurance; but at length the time fixed for the duration of the betrothal drew to an end, and the very day for her return to the mountains was appointed for the wedding. Her father and her lover awaited her at the same bleak little station of Pracchia, from whence a few short months previously she had so unwillingly departed.

Mariuccia fell on her father's neck with sobs of joy, eagerly enquired after her mother, and then, with flushed and radiant looks, held forth her hand to Marco, with all the tenderness of her love beaming from her faithful face. Hardly had Mariuccia's eyes rested on her lover's face than a dim perception of something wrong and changed chilled her to the very heart. Marco gazed on her with a more tender look than formerly, but in his eye she read a bewildered trouble and dread, and an imploring look, which filled Mariuccia's trusting nature with a foreboding of evil almost worse than any known calamity.

In her father's looks and manners she also seemed to detect a forced constraint and a pretence of cheerfulness, which made her heart sink and her limbs tremble.

Nevertheless, with her natural bravery she thrust from her the doubts and fear which had so cruelly marred the happiness of her return; and she exchanged numerous hearty greetings with the neighbours, who all along the way to her dwelling welcomed her back with genuine goodwill; although it seemed to her that even they addressed her with a sober tinge of pity and compassion.

On their arrival at the old hut, Mariuccia was met by her mother, whose greeting was silent and tender. Then her restless joy had reached its climax, and she flew to visit the hens, the goat, and the little garden, above which towered the purple mountain spires and pinnacles.

Marco followed her, and when they both stood once more side by side behind the tangle of budding plants where Marco had first de-

clared his love, the girl stretched forth her hands to her lover, nor sought to check the first impulse of her pure love which she had felt to be uncontrollable. Marco caught her hand with passionate eagerness, gazed into her eyes with a strange look of anguish and fear, and flinging himself on the ground before her, he burst into loud sobs and groans.

'For the love of Christ, oh Marco, what afflicts thee?' she stammered in a trembling tone. 'Do not fear to tell me! My blood is ice, my heart is stone; but speak, oh Marco, speak!'

With his face lowering to her feet, and amidst broken sounds of grief, Marco brought out his confession of faithlessness and shame. Dimly, as if in a dream, Mariuccia learned that during the dreary misery of her absence Marco had been again drawn within the snares of the bold Irene, to whom he had again renewed his stealthy visits until his heartless folly had resulted in consequences of direful disgrace to the girl, whose dishonoured fame was now no longer the whispered gossip of far-seeing slanderous crones, but had become a matter of open public scandal. With gestures of despair he further added that Guido, the half-crazed and reckless brother of Irene, had sworn on the village altar to plant a dagger in Marco's throat unless he repaired by lawful marriage the disgrace of his sister Irene.

Marco seemed crazed with the bewilderment of weakness and despair, but with wild oaths he swore that no death would compel him to a union with the hated woman who had ensnared him into such shame and ruin.

Mariuccia heard him with a pain like death at her heart; her bright animated features seemed to grow pinched and sharpened as if with the pangs of hunger. She laid her hand on her bosom as if she had been wounded there; and when her eyes rested on the humiliated form of her base lover she burst into bitter weeping.

'Ahi! Marco mio!' she sobbed, 'I pardon and forgive thee! But what would a knife in *my* heart have been compared to this? Oh Mother of Jesus! what tears! what tears day and night I have to shed!'

Marco continued wildly to implore that Mariuccia would still consent to become his wife, but this she refused to promise with the gentle dignity which he knew by experience was not to be shaken.

Mariuccia at length prayed Marco to take leave of her for the night, without returning to her parents in the hut. They parted in bitter grief, and Marco would only consent to go on Mariuccia's promising to defer her irrevocable decision until his return on the following morning. When left once more alone Mariuccia again pushed back her wavy hair from her brow, and clasping her hands together she stood exactly as she had done on the same spot some short months before; but now, instead of expressing the excess of her joy, amidst tears and sobs she exclaimed 'Dear Mother of God! what a grief! what a passion is mine!' She made her way straight to her mother, who stood within the small dwelling, and laying her cheek on Ernesta's neck she sobbed as if her heart would break. 'Oh mother, mother,' she cried, 'why have you ever borne me? Oh pray all the Saints that Lord God may take my unhappy life!'

That night, which should have been one of unalloyed happiness, brought no peace or rest to the mountaineers. After hours of sleepless misery poor Mariuccia rose before dawn, and busied herself as formerly with the small domestic arrangements of her rude home. The whole happy visions of her young life had melted away; and she now only possessed the

bitter memories of her ruined hopes.

Early in the forenoon Mariuccia was summoned by name from without the house. On proceeding to the spot from whence she had been called she beheld in the distance the well-known form of the miserable Irene. The girl's aspect would have changed into pity the sternest hate, but in Mariuccia's merciful nature there was no hate or scorn, and no pining for revenge on the unhappy rival who had changed her life into such sudden bitterness.

With hands clasped and streaming eyes Irene cast herself at Mariuccia's feet, and with a pleading look in her large eyes she broke forth in a voice that sounded like a cry, 'Oh Mariuccia mia! I would not wish that thou shouldst be deceived by me! I am a poor unhappy girl, abandoned and condemned! And he who has led me into evil, looks at me no longer, and now maltreats me. The accursed traitor will know no more of me nor of the son I bear him! Hear me, Mariuccia mia! For the love of Christ do not thou forsake me! Tell *him* when he comes to thee, "Begone, thou accursed perfidious dog! Thou hast betrayed another, and I will betray thee now." Tell him "Away, thou lying villain! I would not have thee for my *damo*. I would not wed thee now if thou couldst crown me with a crown of pearls! Tell him, the ugly assassin, that if he makes a step towards thee, or lays a finger on thee, thou wilt slay him like an accursed viper.—Ahi! the day I knew that cruel Cain, the stone of malediction fell close to me. Ah, Mariuccia, bella mia! he has taken from me the little share of honour that once was mine. He has dragged me through a sea of mud and woe! But hear me now, my gentle, kindly daughter. As true as Christ was on the accursed Cross he shall die by Guido' hand. Guido has sworn upon the Virgin's altar to plant a knife in his accursed throat and pierce him like a cruel hound. Ah! what grief, what shame is mine! Ah, Mariuccia, my good child, thy look is kind, thy heart is tender! Thou canst wear thy kerchief high, but I must hide my shame and draw it low. But wilt thou swear and promise me, oh mia cara, to drive him from thy presence, to spurn him with thy foot, and spit upon him? Wilt thou do this, and then the assassinating, ugly traitor will yet be mine?'

'*Never*, by the most holy and eternal God!' yelled a voice which froze the blood in the two women's veins, as Marco suddenly emerged from behind the hut with looks of frenzied disorder in his wild defiant eyes. 'Never, thou lying dishonoured owl! Begone, I can neither see nor suffer thee. Accursed carrion, I curse thee and abhor thee!'

The blood left Irene's dark face as Marco uttered the bitter, taunting execration. Her lips lost their glow and fullness, and changed to a thin livid streak. Her features were distorted, and her frame agitated by her wild trouble. She uttered not a word; but with the assistance of Mariuccia, whose heart was filled with grief for her misery, she struggled to her feet.

Then all things rushed rapidly to a tragic crisis.

Withdrawing a few paces she bent her head like a crouching beast, and then, swift as lightning, she fell with the spring of a fury on Marco. Mariuccia, who had beheld the unhappy woman draw from her bosom a weapon during that short second of pause, cast herself shuddering between them, and in her own faithful loving bosom received the swift stinging blow of hate and vengeance. Irene closed her eyes a moment, and then, as if infuriated still more by the sight of the wounded girl, she struck the terri-

fied and hesitating Marco to the heart.

He fell and died almost without a movement.

Mariuccia survived some hours, and sank gently to rest in her mother's arms, with words of mercy and forgiveness on her faithful and loving lips.

Irene was sent to expiate her crime in a penal reformatory; but after a brief interval she died in giving birth to a crippled waif, the son of the murdered Marco.

Assunta's hair whitened, and a deeper shadow fell over her entire person during the first days of her hard grief for the death of her son. But she saved with even more greed than before.

Some years subsequent to the events narrated in this little Apennine drama, the writer visited for the first time the Valley of Pian del Monte. In the absence of carriage-roads or safe mountain tracks, we had recourse to La Ciucaia, and secured one of her wise and nimble donkeys for the summer season, Assunta herself being engaged to serve as guide.

One glorious summer evening, as we were seated on the fine fragrant herbage which clothes the mountains to the summit, the quaint melodies of the Tuscan peasant songs, and the tinkling bells of the flocks returning from their distant and lofty pasturage, filled the air; while the enchantment of the sunset hour rejoiced our eyes. The sheep drew near to lick our hands with fearless friendliness, and the brown-skinned peasants found the way to cross our path, and greet with polished grace the *forestiera*. We took sketches of the delicious scene and figures, and listened with eager ear to old Assunta while she related, with many digressions and excursions, in the classical and picturesque idiom of the Tuscan Apennines, the substance of this episode of Southern passion, which we have put into the form of a consecutive narrative in the third person.

'What will you have, Signora mia?' said the crone, knitting her coarse wool as if for life, and peering with bright undimmed eyes into our face. 'Every mountain has its valley; and Marco, poor son, had his vice. He *would* wed a wife without a scudo, and see how God has castigated him!'

Such was the *moral* of the Apennine donkey-wife's story.

On a subsequent visit to the valley we enquired for Assunta, and found she was dead. Her gains amounted to large rustic wealth. Only at her dying hour did she give ear to the counsels of Don Domenico, the faithful old pastor of the valley, and bequeath her entire property to the deformed child of her murdered son. Nevertheless, with her expiring breath, she refused to admit the child to her presence, and died filled with scruples at having enriched 'a jest of nature—an evil cripple, marked by Christ like Cain.'

'ASTRONOMY OF THE FUTURE.'

[We have received several communications respecting this article (which was in our number for November last)—some treating it as entirely absurd. We give the following. —Ed.]

I read with interest the article in this month's *Fraser* by Mr. Newton Crosland, on the possibility that our atmosphere is an essential factor in the heat and light kindled by the sun. Mr. Ure, in a large work of his, perhaps thirty-five years ago, called the sun *a focus of radiation*, and I think never would apply to sun or star the epithets luminous, burning. He, too, was professedly a chemist. But towards the close I was startled to find Mr. N. C. attribute to Newtonians the belief that there is a centrifugal *force* at work as a *cause* of the motion of a planet or satellite round its principal. At Oxford, more than fifty years ago, it was familiarly taught that 'centrifugal *motion*' was alone correct, and that centrifugal *force* was a mere fancy to correspond with centripetal *force*: but the centrifugal motion is a mere result of the PRIMITIVE IMPULSE, not of any centrifugal force. The accelerations along the axes called x and y are represented by $-\frac{d^2x}{dt^2}$ and $-\frac{d^2y}{dt^2}$ (t the time), and being *proportional to* the accelerating forces are for convenience often called the forces. So, the acceleration in *a direct line away from* the centre of force, being *measured by* $\frac{d^2r}{dt^2}$ (where r is the radius), is familiarly called the centrifugal force. I no longer have Newton at my hand to refer to; but I am persuaded that he regarded a *single* primitive impulse and a *continuous* centripetal force to satisfy the conditions of the problem. That it *does* so is quite clear. The first column of p. 598 seemed to me pure mistake. I must also differ from the writer in thinking that Newtonians *do* or *can* exclude what he calls theology from their astronomy. . . . It is the *moral* side of theology which cannot enter physics. The Greeks, not attributing a moral nature to God, *included* theology in physics.

I do not suppose gravitation to be philosophically *separate* from other forces. I have no doubt that repulsion and cohesion are contained in the formula which expresses the true law (as for illustration, $F=\frac{a}{r^2}\left(1-\frac{b}{r}\right)\left(1-\frac{c}{r}\right)$, where b is immensely less than a, and c than b); nor do I suppose any forces to exist in the universe but Divine forces. A mathematical clergyman wrote to me in reference to the Rev. Thomas Pennington Kirkman's book, that he looked on this as the truth, which vindicates for natural philosophy the purely religious character which for a hundred years after Newton was claimed for it. Professor Tyndall says that matter seems to him everywhere *alive*. I accept this as a dark yet virtual avowal of the doctrine that God is immanent in the universe.

Mens agitat molem et magno se in corpore miscet.

F. W. Newman.

The suggestion of replacing the imaginary power called gravitation by the real power of electro-magnetism appeared in a work called *Alastor, or the New Ptolemy*, printed for Saunders and Ottley in 1852, and in the same work the anomaly of Saturn's rings was solved by pointing out that the form is that of satellites gyrating each in its own path with such velocity as to appear to a terrestrial eye a single ring of light, like a burning stick whirled through the air.

N. Lewitt.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1877.

MESMERISM, ODYLISM, TABLE-TURNING AND SPIRITUALISM,

CONSIDERED HISTORICALLY AND SCIENTIFICALLY,

TWO LECTURES DELIVERED AT THE LONDON INSTITUTION, DECEMBER 1876,[1]

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, C.B., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

LECTURE I.

THE aphorism that 'History repeats itself' is in no case more true than in regard to the subject on which I am now to address you. For there has been a continuity from the very earliest times of a belief more or less general, in the existence of 'occult' agencies, capable of manifesting themselves in the production of mysterious phenomena, of which ordinary experience does not furnish the *rationale*. And while this very continuity is maintained by some to be an evidence of the real existence of such agencies, it will be my purpose to show you that it proves nothing more than the wide-spread diffusion, alike among minds of the highest and of the lowest culture, of certain tendencies to thought, which have either created ideal marvels possessing no foundation whatever in fact, or have by exaggeration and distortion invested with a preternatural character occurrences which are perfectly capable of a natural explanation. Thus, to go no further back than the first century of the Christian era, we find the most wonderful narrations, alike in the writings of Pagan and Christian historians, of the doings of the Eastern 'sorcerers' and Jewish 'exorcists' who had spread themselves over the Roman Empire. Among these the Simon Magus slightly mentioned in the Book of Acts was one of the most conspicuous; being recorded to have gained so great a repute for his 'magic arts,' as to have been summoned to Rome by Nero to exhibit them before him; and a Christian Father goes on to tell how when Simon was borne aloft through the air in a winged chariot in the sight of the Emperor, the united prayers of the Apostles Peter and Paul, prevailing over the demoniacal agencies that sustained him, brought him precipitately to the ground. In our own day, not only are we seriously assured by a nobleman of high scientific attainments that he himself saw Mr. Home sailing in the air (by moonlight) out of one window and in at another, at a height of seventy feet from the ground; but eleven persons unite in declaring that Mrs. Guppy was not only conveyed through the air

[1] The Lectures, as here presented, include several passages which were necessarily omitted in delivery.

in a trance all the way from Highbury Park to Lamb's Conduit Street, but was brought by invisible agency into a room of which the doors and windows were closed and fastened, coming 'plump down' in a state of complete unconsciousness and partial *déshabille* upon a table round which they were sitting in the dark, shoulder to shoulder.

Of course, if you accept the testimony of these witnesses to the aerial flights of Mr. Home and Mrs. Guppy, you can have no reason whatever for refusing credit to the historic evidence of the demoniacal elevation of Simon Magus, and the victory obtained over his demons by the two Apostles. And you are still more bound to accept the solemnly attested proofs recorded in the proceedings of our Law Courts within the last two hundred years, of the aerial transport of witches to attend their demoniacal festivities; the belief in Witchcraft being then accepted not only by the ignorant vulgar, but by some of the wisest men of the time, such as Lord Bacon and Sir Matthew Hale, Bishop Jewell, Richard Baxter, Sir Thomas Browne and Addison; while the denial of it was considered as virtual Atheism.

The general progress of Rationalism, however, as Mr. Lecky has well shown, has changed all this; and to accept any of these marvels, we must place ourselves in the mental attitude of the narrator of Mrs. Guppy's flight; who glories in being so completely unfettered by scientific prejudices, as to be free to swallow anything, however preposterous and impossible in the estimation of scientific men, that his belief in 'spiritual' agencies may lead him to expect as probable.

If time permitted, it would be my endeavour to show you by a historical examination of these marvels, that there has been a long succession of Epidemic Delusions, the form of which has changed from time to time, whilst their essential nature has remained the same throughout; and that the condition which underlies them all is *the subjection of the mind to a dominant idea.* There is a constitutional tendency in many minds to be seized by some strange notion which takes entire possession of them; so that all the actions of the individual thus 'possessed' are results of its operation. This notion may be of a nature purely intellectual, or it may be one that strongly interests the feelings. It may be confined to a small group of individuals, or it may spread through vast multitudes. Such delusions are most tyrannous and most liable to spread, when connected with religious enthusiasm; as we see in the dancing and flagellant manias of the Middle Ages; the supposed demoniacal possession that afterwards became common in the nunneries of France and Germany; the ecstatic revelations of Catholic and Protestant visionaries; the strange performances of the Convulsionnaires of St. Médard, which have been since almost paralleled at Methodist 'revivals' and camp-meetings; the preaching epidemic of Lutheran Sweden; and many other outbreaks of a nature more or less similar. But it is characteristic of some of the later forms of these epidemic delusions, that they have connected themselves rather with Science than with Religion. In fact, just as the performances of Eastern Magi took the strongest hold of the Roman mind when its faith in its old religious beliefs was shaken to its foundations, so did the grandiose pretensions of Mesmer,—who claimed the discovery of a new Force in Nature, as universal as gravitation, and more mysterious in its effects than electricity and magnetism,—find the most ready welcome among sceptical votaries

of novelty who paved the way for the French Revolution. And this pseudo-scientific idea gave the general direction to the doctrines taught by Mesmer's successors; until in the supposed 'spiritualistic' manifestations, a recurrence to the religious form took place, which may I think be mainly traced to the emotional longing for some assurance of the continued existence of departed friends, and hence of our own future existence, which the intellectual loosening of time-honoured beliefs as to the immortality of the soul has brought into doubt with many.

I must limit myself, however, to this later phase of the history; and shall endeavour to show you how completely the extravagant pretensions of Mesmerism and Odylism have been disproved by scientific investigation: all that is genuine in their phenomena having been accounted for by well-ascertained Physiological principles; while the evidence of their higher marvels has invariably broken down when submitted to the searching tests imposed by the trained experts whom I maintain to be alone qualified to pronounce judgment upon the matter.

Nothing is more common than to hear it asserted that these are subjects which any person of ordinary intelligence can investigate for himself. But the Chemist and the Physicist would most assuredly demur to any such assumption in regard to a chemical or physical enquiry; the Physiologist and Geologist would make the same protest against the judgment of unskilled persons in questions of physiology and geology. And a study of Mesmerism, Odylism, and Spiritualism extending over more than forty years, may be thought to justify me in contending that a knowledge of the physiology and pathology of the Human Mind, of its extraordinary tendency to self-deception in regard to matters in which its feelings are interested, of its liability to place undue confidence in persons having an interest in deceiving, and of the modes in which fallacies are best to be detected and frauds exposed, is an indispensable qualification both for the discrimination of the genuine from the false, and for the reduction of the genuine to its true shape and proportions.

And I further hold not only that it is quite legitimate for the enquirer to enter upon this study with that 'prepossession' in favour of the ascertained and universally admitted Laws of Nature, which believers in Spiritualism make it a reproach against men of science that they entertain; but that experience proves that a prepossession in favour of some 'occult' agency is almost sure to lead the investigator to the too ready acceptance of evidence of its operation. I would be the last to affirm that there is not 'much more in heaven and earth than is known to our philosophy;' and would be among the first to welcome any addition to our real knowledge of the great agencies of nature. But my contention is that no new principle of action has any claim to scientific acceptance, save upon evidence as complete and satisfactory as that which would be required in any other scientific investigation.

The recent history of Mr. Crooke's most admirable invention, the Radiometer, is pregnant with lessons on this point. When this was first exhibited to the admiring gaze of the large body of scientific men assembled at the soirée of the Royal Society, there was probably no one who was not ready to believe with its inventor that the driving round of its vanes was effected by *light;* and the eminent Physicists in whose judgment the greatest confidence was placed,

seemed to have no doubt that this mechanical agency was something outside Optics properly so called, and was, in fact, if not a new force in nature, a new *modus operandi* of a force previously known under another form. There was here, then, a perfect readiness to admit a novelty which seemed so unmistakably demonstrated, though transcending all previous experience. But after some little time the question was raised whether the effect was not really due to action of *heat* upon the attenuated vapour of which it was impossible entirely to get rid; and the result of a most careful and elaborate experimental enquiry, in which nature has been put to the question in every conceivable mode, has been to make it (I believe) almost if not quite certain that the first view was incorrect, and that heat is the real moving power, acting under peculiar conditions, but in no new mode.

No examination of the phenomena of Spiritualism can give the least satisfaction to the mind trained in philosophical habits of thought, unless it shall have been, in its way, as searching and complete as this. And when scientific men are invited to dark *séances*, or admitted only under the condition that they shall merely look on and not enquire too closely, they feel that the matter is one with which they are entirely precluded from dealing. When, again, having seen what appears to them to present the character of a very transparent conjuring trick, they ask for a repetition of it under test-conditions admitted to be fair, their usual experience is that they wait in vain (for hours it may be) for such repetition, and are then told that they have brought an 'atmosphere of incredulity' with them, which prevents the manifestation. Now I by no means affirm that the claims of Spiritualism are *dis*proved by these failures; but I do contend that until the evidence advanced by believers in those claims has stood the test of the same sifting and cross-examination by sceptical experts, that would be applied in the case of any other scientific enquiry, it has no claim upon general acceptance; and I shall now proceed to justify that contention by an appeal to the history of previous enquiries of the like kind.

It was about the year 1772 that Mesmer, who had previously published a dissertation *On the Influence of the Planets on the Human Body*, announced his discovery of a universal fluid, 'the immediate agent of all the phenomena of nature, in which life originates, and by which it is preserved;' and asserted that he had further discovered the power of regulating the operations of this fluid, to guide its currents in healthy channels, and to obliterate by its means the tracks of disease. This power he in the first instance professed to guide by the use of magnets; but having quarrelled with Father Hell, a professor of astronomy at Vienna, who had furnished him with the magnets with which he made his experiments, and who then claimed the discovery of their curative agency, Mesmer went on to assert that he could concentrate the power in and liberate it from any substance he pleased, could charge jars with it (as with electricity) and discharge them at his pleasure, and could cure by its means the most intractable diseases. Having created a great sensation in Bavaria and Switzerland by his mysterious manipulations, and by the novel effects which they often produced, Mesmer returned to Vienna, and undertook to cure of complete blindness a celebrated singer Mdlle. Paradis, who had been for ten years unsuccessfully treated by the court physician. His claim to a partial success, however, which was in the

first instance supported by his patient, seemed to have been afterwards so completely disproved by careful trials of her visual powers, that he found himself obliged to quit Vienna abruptly, and thence proceeded to Paris, where he soon produced a great sensation. The state of French society at that time, as I have already remarked, was peculiarly favourable to his pretensions. A feverish excitability prevailed, which caused the public mind to be violently agitated by every question which it took up. And Mesmer soon found it advantageous to challenge the learned societies of the capital to enter the lists against him; the storm of opposition which he thus provoked having the effect of bringing over to his side a large number of devoted disciples and ardent partisans. He professed to distribute the magnetic fluid to his congregated patients, from a *baquet* or magnetic tub which he had impregnated with it, each individual holding a rod which proceeded from the *baquet;* but when the case was particularly interesting, or likely to be particularly profitable, he took it in hand for personal magnetisation. All the surroundings were such as to favour, in the hysterical subjects who constituted the great bulk of his patients, the nervous paroxysm termed the 'crisis;' which was at once recognised by medical men as only a modified form of what is commonly known as a 'hysteric fit;' the influence of the imitative tendency being manifested as it is in cases where such fits run through a school, nunnery, factory, or revivalist meeting, in which a number of suitable subjects are collected together. And it was chiefly on account of the moral disorders to which Mesmer's proceedings seemed likely to give rise, that the French Government directed a Scientific Commission, including the most eminent *savans* of the time—such as Lavoisier, Bailly, and Benjamin Franklin—to enquire into them. After careful investigation they came to the conclusion that there was no evidence whatever of any special agency proceeding from the *baquet;* for not only were they unable to detect the passage of any influence from it that was appreciable, either by electric, magnetic, or chemical tests, or by the evidence of any of their senses; but on blindfolding those who seemed to be most susceptible to its supposed influence, all its ordinary effects were produced when they were without any connection with it, *but believed that it existed.* And so, when in a garden of which certain trees had been magnetised, the patients, either when blindfolded, or when ignorant which trees had been magnetised, would be thrown into a convulsive fit if they believed themselves to be near a magnetised tree, but were really at a distance from it; whilst, conversely, no effect would follow their close proximity to one of these trees, while they believed themselves to be at a distance from any of them. Further, the Commissioners reported that, although some cures might be wrought by the Mesmeric treatment, it was not without danger, since the convulsions excited were often violent and exceedingly apt to spread, especially among men feeble in body and weak in mind, and almost universally among women; and they dwelt strongly also on the moral dangers which, as their enquiries showed, attended these practices.

Now this report, although referring to a form of Mesmeric procedure which has long since passed into disrepute, really deals with what I hold to be an important principle of action, which, long vaguely recognised under the term 'imagination', now takes a definite

rank in Physiological science;—namely, that in individuals of that excitable nervous temperament which is known as 'hysterical' (a temperament by no means confined to women, but rare in healthy and vigorous men), the *expectation* of a certain result is often sufficient to evoke it. Of the influence of this 'expectancy' in producing most remarkable changes in the bodily organism, either curative or morbid, the history of Medicine affords abundant and varied illustrations; and I shall presently show you that it operates no less remarkably in calling forth movements which, not being consciously directed by the person who executes them, have been attributed to hypothetical occult agencies.

I shall not trace the further history of Mesmer, or of the system advocated by himself; contenting myself with one ludicrous example of the absurdity of his pretensions. When asked in his old age by one of his disciples, why he ordered his patients to bathe in river-water in preference to well-water, he replied that it was because river-water is exposed to the sun's rays; and when further asked how these affected it in any other way than by the warmth they excited, he replied, 'Dear doctor, the reason why all water exposed to the rays of the sun is superior to all other water, is because it is magnetised—since twenty years ago *I magnetised the sun!*'

In the hands of some of his pupils, however, Animal Magnetism, or Mesmerism (as it gradually came to be generally called), assumed an entirely new development. It was discovered by the Marquis de Puysegur,—a great landed proprietor, who appears to have practised the art most disinterestedly for the sole benefit of his tenantry and poor neighbours,—that a state of profound insensibility might be induced by very simple methods in some individuals, and a state akin to somnambulism in others; and this discovery was taken up and brought into vogue by numerous mesmerisers in France and Germany, while, during the long Continental war and for some time afterwards, it remained almost unknown in England. Attention seems to have been first drawn to it in this country by the publication of the account of a severe operation performed in 1829 by M. Cloquet, one of the most eminent surgeons of Paris, on a female patient who had been thrown by mesmerism into the state of somnambulism; in which, though able to converse with those around her, she showed herself entirely insensible to pain, whilst of all that took place in it she had subsequently no recollection whatever. About twelve years afterwards, two amputations were performed in our own country, one in Nottinghamshire, and the other in Leicestershire, upon mesmerised patients, who showed no other sign of consciousness than an almost inaudible moaning; both of them exhibiting an uninterrupted placidity of countenance, and declaring, when brought back to their ordinary state, that they were utterly unaware of what had been done to them during their sleep. And not long afterwards, Dr. Esdaile, a surgeon in Calcutta, gave details of numerous most severe and tedious operations performed by him, without the infliction of pain, upon natives in whom he had induced the mesmeric sleep; the rank of Presidency Surgeon being conferred upon him by Lord Dalhousie (then Governor-General of India), 'in acknowledgment of the services he had rendered to humanity.' The results of minor experiments performed by various persons desirous of testing the reality of this state, were quite in harmony with these. Writing in 1845, Dr. Noble,

of Manchester (with whom I was early brought into association by Sir John Forbes in the pursuit of this enquiry), said:

> We have seen a needle thrust deeply under the nail of a woman sleeping mesmerically, without its exciting a quiver; we have seen pungent snuff in large quantities passed up the nostrils under the same circumstances, without any sneezing being produced until the patient was roused, many minutes afterwards: we have noticed an immunity from all shock when percussion caps have been discharged suddenly and loudly close to the ear; and we have observed a patient's little finger in the flame of a candle, and yet no indication of pain. In this latter case all idea of there having been courageous dissimulation was removed from our mind in seeing the same patient afterwards evince both surprise and indignation at the treatment received; as, from particular circumstances, a substantial inconvenience was to result from the injury to the finger, which was by no means slight.[2]

This 'mesmeric sleep' corresponds precisely in character with what is known in medicine as 'hysteric coma;' the insensibility being as profound, while it lasts, as in the coma of narcotic poisoning or pressure on the brain; but coming on and passing off with such suddenness as to show that it is dependent upon some transient condition of the sensorium, which, with our present knowledge, we can pretty certainly assign to a reduction in the supply of blood caused by a sort of spasmodic contraction of the blood-vessels. That there is no adequate ground for regarding it as otherwise than *real*, appears further from the discovery made not long afterwards by Mr. Braid, a surgeon practising at Manchester, that he could induce it by a very simple method, which is not only even more effective than the 'passes' of the mesmeriser, but is moreover quite independent of any other will than that of the person who subjects himself to it. He found that this state (which he designated as Hypnotism) could be induced in a large proportion of individuals of either sex, and of all ranks, ages, and temperaments, who determinately fix their gaze for several minutes consecutively on an object brought so near to their eyes, as to require a degree of convergence of their axes that is maintainable only by a strong effort.[3]

The first state thus induced is usually one of profound comatose sleep; the 'subject' not being capable of being roused by sensory impressions of any ordinary kind, and bearing without the least indication of consciousness what would ordinarily produce intolerable uneasiness or even severe pain. But after some little time, this state very commonly passes into one of Somnambulism, which again corresponds closely on the one hand with *natural*, and on the other with *mesmeric* somnambulism. In fact, it has been by the study of the somnambulism artificially induced by Mr. Braid's process, that the essential nature of this condition has been elucidated, and that a scientific *rationale* can now be given of a large proportion of the phenomena reported by Mesmerisers as having

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[2] *British and Foreign Medical Review*, April 1845.

[3] Mr Braid's peculiar success in inducing this state seemed to depend partly upon his mode of working his method, and partly upon the 'expectancy' of his subjects. Finding a bright object preferable, he usually employed his silver lancet-case, which he held in the first place at ordinary reading distance, rather above the plane of the eyes; he then slowly approximated it towards the middle point, a little above the bridge of the nose, keeping his own eyes steadily fixed upon those of his 'subject,' and watching carefully the direction of their axes. If he perceived their convergence to be at all relaxed, he withdrew the object until the axes were both again directed to it; and then again approximated it as closely as was compatible with their continued convergence. When this could be maintained for a sufficient length of time upon an object at no more than about three inches distance, the comatose state generally supervened.

been presented by their somnambules.

It has been claimed for certain mesmeric somnambules, however, that they occasionally possess an intelligence altogether superhuman as to things present, past, and future, which has received the designation 'lucidity;' and it is contended that the testimony on which we accept the reality of phenomena which are conformable to our scientific experience, ought to satisfy us equally as to the genuineness of those designated as 'the higher,' which not only transcend, but absolutely contradict what the mass of enlightened men would regard as universal experience. This contention, however, seems to me to rest upon an entirely incorrect appreciation of the probative force of evidence; for, as I shall endeavour to prove to you in my succeeding lecture, the only secure basis for our belief on *any* subject, is the confirmation afforded to external testimony by our sense of the inherent probability of the fact testified to; so that, as has been well remarked, 'evidence tendered in support of what is new must correspond in strength with the degree of its incompatibility with doctrines generally admitted as true; and, where statements obviously contravene all past experience and the universal consent of mankind, any evidence is inadequate to the proof, which is not complete, beyond suspicion, and absolutely incapable of being explained away.'

Putting aside for the present the discussion of these asserted marvels, I shall try to set before you briefly the essential characters which distinguish the state of Somnambulism (whether natural or acquired), on the one hand from dreaming, and on the other from the ordinary waking condition. As in both these, the mind is in a state of activity; but, as in dreaming, its activity is free from that controlling power of the will by which it is directed in the waking state; and is also removed from this last by the complete ignorance of all that has passed in it, which is manifested by the 'subject' when called back to his waking self,—although the events of one access of this 'second consciousness' may vividly present themselves in the next, as if they had happened only just before. Again, instead of all the senses being shut up, as in ordinary dreaming sleep, some of them are not only awake, but preternaturally impressible; so that the course of the somnambulist's thought may be completely directed by suggestions of any kind that can be conveyed from without through the sense-channels which still remain open. But further, while the mind of the ordinary dreamer can no more produce movements in his body than his impressions on sense-organs can affect his mind, that of the somnambulist retains full direction of his body (in so far, at least, as his senses serve to guide its movements); so that he *acts* his dreams as if they were his waking thoughts. The mesmerised or hypnotised somnambule may, in fact, be characterised as a *conscious automaton*, which, by appropriate suggestions, may be made to think, feel, say, or do almost anything that its director wills it to think, feel, say, or do; with this remarkable peculiarity, that its whole power seems concentrated upon the state of activity in which it is at each moment, so that every faculty it is capable of exerting may become extraordinarily intensified. Thus, while vision is usually suspended, the senses of hearing, smell, and touch, with the muscular sense, are often preternaturally acute; in consequence, it would seem, of the undistracted concentration of the attention on their indications. I could give you many curious instances of this, which I have myself wit-

nessed; as also of the great exertion of muscular power by subjects of extremely feeble *physique;* but as they are all obviously referrible to this one simple principle, I need not dwell on their details, preferring to narrate one which I did not myself witness, but which was reported to me on most trustworthy authority, of a remarkable manifestation of a power of imitative vocalisation that is ordinarily attainable only after long practice. When Jenny Lind was singing at Manchester, she was invited by Mr. Braid to hear the performances of one of his hypnotised subjects, an illiterate factory girl, who had an excellent voice and ear, but whose musical powers had received scarcely any cultivation. This girl in the hypnotic state followed the Swedish nightingale's songs in different languages both instantaneously and correctly; and when, in order to test her powers, Mdlle. Lind extemporised a long and elaborate chromatic exercise, she imitated this with no less precision, though unable in her waking state even to attempt anything of the sort. Now I wish you to compare this case with another, which was reported about the same time upon what seemed equally unexceptionable testimony. When Miss Martineau first avowed her conversion to mesmerism, the extraordinary performances of her servant J— were much talked of; and among other marvels it was asserted that she could converse, when in her mesmeric state, in languages she had never learned, and of which she knew nothing when awake; the particular fact being explicitly stated, that Lord Morpeth had tested this power and had found it real. Now you will readily perceive that supposing the testimony in these two cases to have been exactly the same, its probative force would have been very different. For the first of them, though unprecedented, presented no scientific improbability to those who were prepared by their careful study of the phenomena of Hypnotism, to believe that the power of imitative vocalisation, like any other, might be intensified by the concentration of the 'subject's' whole attention upon the performance. But it seemed inconceivable that an uneducated servant girl could understand what was said to her in a language she had never learned; still more that she should be able to reply in the same language. And the only possible explanation of the fact, *if fact it was*, short of a miracle, may have lain, either in her having learned the language long before and subsequently forgotten it, or in her being able by 'thought-reading' (which is maintained by some, even at the present time, to be one of the attributes of the mesmeric state) to divine and express the answer expected by Lord Morpeth. But the marvel was entirely dissipated by the enquiries of Dr. Noble; who, being very desirous of getting at the exact truth, first applied for information to a near relative of Miss Martineau, and was told by him that the report was not *quite* accurate, for that on Lord Morpeth putting a question to J— in a foreign language, J— had replied appropriately in her own vernacular. Her comprehension of Lord Morpeth's question, however, appeared in itself sufficiently strange to be suggestive of some fallacy; and having an opportunity not long afterwards of asking Lord Morpeth himself what was the real state of the case, Dr. Noble learned from him that when he put a question to J— in a foreign language, she imitated his speech after a fashion by an unmeaning articulation of sound.

On the lesson which this case affords as to the credibility of testimony in regard to what are called

the 'higher phenomena' of mesmerism, I shall enlarge in my succeeding lecture; and at present I shall only remark that it was shown by careful comparison between the phenomena displayed by the same individuals, when 'mesmerised' in the ordinary way, and 'hypnotised' by Mr. Braid's process, that there was no other difference between the two states than that arising from the special *rapport* between the mesmeriser and his subject; and that this was clearly explicable by the 'expectancy' under which the 'subject' passed into the state of second consciousness. For Mr. Braid found himself able, by assuring his 'subjects' during the induction of the coma that they would hear the voice of one particular person and no other, to establish this *rapport* with any person he might choose; the case being strictly analogous to the awaking of the telegraph-clerk by the clicking of his needles, of the doctor by his night-bell, or of the mother by her infant's cry, though all would sleep soundly through far louder noises to which they felt no call to attend. And thus, as was pointed out long since by Dr. Noble and myself, not only may the general reality of the mesmeric somnambulism be fully admitted, but a scientific *rationale* may be found for its supposed distinctive peculiarities, without the assumption of any special 'magnetic' or 'mesmeric' agency.

It is affirmed, however, that proof of this agency is furnished by the power of the 'silent will' of the mesmeriser to induce the sleep in 'subjects' who are not in the least aware that it is being exerted, and, further, to direct from a distance the actions of the somnambule. Doubtless if satisfactory proof of this assertion could be furnished, it would go far to establish the claim. But nothing is more difficult than to eliminate all sources of fallacy in this matter. For while it is admitted by mesmerisers that the belief that the influence is being exerted is quite sufficient, in habitual somnambules, to induce the result, it is equally certain that such 'sensitives' are marvellously quick at guessing from slight intimations what is expected to happen. And it has been repeatedly found that mesmerisers who had no hesitation in asserting that they could send particular 'subjects' to sleep, or could affect them in other ways, by an effort of silent will, have utterly failed to do so when these subjects were carefully kept from any suspicion that such will was being exerted. Thus Dr. Noble has recorded the case of a friend of his own, who, believing himself able thus to influence a female servant whom he had repeatedly mesmerised, accepted with the full assurance of confident faith a proposal to make this experiment in Dr. Noble's house instead of his own. The girl, having been sent thither with a note, was told to sit down in Dr. Noble's consulting-room while the answer was being written; her chair being close to a partially open door, on the other side of which her master, whom she supposed to be elsewhere, had previously taken up his position. Although this gentleman had usually found two or three minutes sufficient to send the girl to sleep when he was in his own drawing-room and she was in the kitchen, the two being separated by intervening walls and flooring, yet when he put forth his whole force for a quarter of an hour within two feet of her, with only a partially closed door between them, it was entirely without result; and no other reason for the failure could be assigned than her entire freedom from expectancy. So in another case, in which Mr. Lewis (accounted one of the most powerful mesmerists of his time) under-

took to direct the actions of his somnambule in the next room, according to a programme agreed on between himself and one set of witnesses, whilst the actions actually performed were recorded and timed by another set, there was found to be so complete a discordance between the programme 'willed' and the actions really executed, as entirely to negative the idea of any dependence of the latter upon the directing power of the mesmeriser; the supposed relation having obviously grown up under the habitual repetition of a certain succession of performances (such as I had myself frequently witnessed), which the somnambule supposed himself expected to go through in the same order.[4] A converse experiment, performed by Dr. Elliotson himself, satisfied him that expectancy would take the place of what he maintained to be the real mesmeric influence. Having told one of his *habituées* that he would go into the next room and mesmerise her through the door, he retired, shut the door, performed no mesmeric passes, but tried to forget her, walked away from the door, busied himself with something else, and even walked into a third room; and on returning in less than ten minutes found the girl in her usual sleep-waking condition. The extreme susceptibility of many of these 'sensitive' subjects further accounts for their being affected (without any intentional deceit) by physical impressions which are quite imperceptible to others: such as slight differences in temperature, when two coins are presented to them, of which one has been held in the hand of the mesmeriser; or two wine-glasses of water, into one of which he has dipped his finger for a short time. But the *belief* that he has transmitted his influence in any mode is quite sufficient to produce the result; as was shown in an amusing case recorded by M. Bertrand, whose treatise on *Animal Magnetism* (Paris, 1826) is, by far, the most philosophical work extant on the subject. Having occasion to go a journey of a hundred leagues, leaving a female somnambule under the treatment of one of his friends, M. Bertrand sent him a magnetised letter, which he requested him to place on the stomach of the patient, who had been led to anticipate the expected results; mesmeric sleep, with the customary phenomena, supervened. He then wrote another letter which he did *not* magnetise, and sent it to her in the same manner, and with the same intimation. She again fell into the mesmeric sleep, which was attributed to the letter having been unintentionally impregnated by M. Bertrand with the mesmeric fluid while he was writing it. Desiring to test the matter still further, he caused one of his friends to write a similar letter, imitating his handwriting so closely that those who received it should believe it to be his;—the same effect was once more produced.

And so it was with the large number of experiments that were made within my own knowledge during the twenty years' attention that I gave to this subject, with a view to test the mesmeriser's power of inducing any of the phenomena of this state without the patient's consciousness. Successes, it is true, were not unfrequent; but

[4] Mr. Lewis was challenged to this test-experiment, in consequence of his assertion that he had repeatedly induced the mesmeric sleep, and had directed the operations of his somnambules, by the exertion of his 'silent will,' from a distance. His utter failure to produce either result, however, under the scrutiny of sceptical enquirers, obviously discredits all his previous statements; except to such as are ready to accept without question the slenderest evidence of the greatest marvels.

these almost invariably occurred when the experiments were made under conditions to which the parties had become habituated, as in the case of Dr. Noble's friend. For his performances were so continually being repeated to satisfy the curiosity of visitors, that Dr. Noble's call at his house would have been sufficient to excite, on the part of the 'subject,' the expectancy that would have thrown her into the sleep. But when such expectancy was carefully guarded against, the result was so constantly negative, as—I will not say to *disprove* the existence of any special mesmeric force,—but to neutralise completely the affirmative value of the evidence adduced to *prove* it. For I think you must now agree with me that if 'expectancy' alone is competent to produce the results, as admitted by the most intelligent mesmerisers, nothing but the most rigid exclusion of such expectancy can afford the least ground for the assumption of any other agency. And my own prolonged study of the subject further justifies me in taking the position, that it is only when the enquiry is directed, and its results recorded, by *sceptical experts*, that such results have the least claim to scientific value. The disposition to overlook sources of fallacy, to magnify trivialities into marvels, to construct circumstantial myths (as in the case of Miss Martineau's J— and Lord Morpeth) on the slightest foundation of fact, and to allow themselves to be imposed upon by cunning cheats, have been so constantly exhibited by even the most honest believers in the 'occult' power of Mesmerism, as—not only in my own opinion, but in that of my very able allies in this enquiry—to deprive the unconfirmed testimony of any number of such believers, in regard to matters lying beyond scientific experience, of all claim to acceptance. In fact, the positions taken in regard to Mesmerism by my friend Dr. Noble, as far back as 1845,[5] and more fully developed by myself a few years later on the basis of Mr. Braid's experiments, and of my own physiological and psychological studies,[6] have not only in our own judgment, but by the general verdict of the medical and scientific world, been fully confirmed by the subsequent course of events, the history of which I shall now proceed to sketch.

It was asserted, about thirty years ago, by Baron von Reichenbach, whose researches on the chemistry of the hydrocarbons constitute the foundation of our present knowledge of paraffin and its allied products of the distillation of coal, that he had found certain 'sensitive' subjects so peculiarly affected by the neighbourhood of magnets or crystals, as to justify the assumption of a special polar force, which he termed *Odyle*, allied to, but not identical with, magnetism; present in all material substances, though generally in a less degree than in magnets and crystals; but called into energetic activity by any kind of physical or chemical change, and, therefore, especially abundant in the human body. Of the existence of this Odylic force, which he identified with the 'Animal Magnetism' of Mesmer, he found what he maintained to be adequate evidence in the peculiar sensations and attractions experienced by his 'sensitives' when in the neighbourhood either of magnets or crystals, or of human beings specially charged with it. After a magnet

[5] *British and Foreign Medical Review*, vol. xix.

[6] *Principles of Human Physiology*, 4th edition, 1853; and *Quarterly Review*, October 1853.

had been repeatedly drawn along the arm of one of these subjects, she would feel a pricking, streaming, or shooting sensation; she would smell odours proceeding from it; or she would see a small volcano of flame issuing from its poles when gazing at them, even in broad daylight. As in the magnetic sleep light is often seen by the somnambule to issue from the operator's fingers, so the odylic light was discerned in the dark by Von Reichenbach's 'sensitives,' issuing not only from the hands, but from the head, eyes, and mouth of powerful generators of this force. One individual in particular was so peculiarly sensitive, that she saw (in the dark) sparks and flames issuing from ordinary nails and hooks in a wall. It was further affirmed that certain of these 'sensitives' found their hands so powerfully attracted by magnets or crystals, as to be irresistibly drawn towards them; and thus that if the attracting object were forcibly drawn away, not only the hand, but the whole body of the 'sensitive' was dragged after it. Another set of facts was adduced to prove the special relation of Odyle to terrestrial Magnetism—namely, that many 'sensitives' cannot sleep in beds which lie across the magnetic meridian; a position at right angles to it being to some quite intolerable.

Von Reichenbach's doctrine came before the British public under the authority of the late Dr. Gregory, the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh; who went so far as to affirm that 'by a laborious and beautiful investigation, Reichenbach had demonstrated the existence of a force, influence, or imponderable fluid—whatever name be given to it—which is distinct from all the known forces, influences, or imponderable fluids, such as heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and from the attractions, such as gravitation, or chemical attraction.' It at once became apparent, however, to experienced Physicians conversant with the proteiform manifestations of that excitable, nervous temperament, of which I have already had to speak, that all these sensations were of the kind which the physiologist terms 'subjective;' the state of the sensorium on which they immediately depend being the resultant, not of physical impressions made by external agencies upon the organs of sense, but of cerebral changes connected with the ideas with which the minds of the 'sensitives' had come to be 'possessed.' The very fact that no manifestation of the supposed force could be obtained except through a conscious Human organism, should have been quite sufficient to suggest to any philosophic investigator that he had to do not with a new physical force, but with a peculiar phase of physical action, by no means unfamiliar to those who had previously studied the influence of the Mind upon the Body. And the fact which Von Reichenbach himself was honest enough to admit—that when a magnet was poised in a delicate balance, and the hand of a 'sensitive' was placed above or beneath it, the magnet was never drawn towards the hand—ought to have convinced him that the force which attracted the 'sensitive's' hand to the magnet has nothing in common with physical attractions, whose action is invariably *reciprocal;* but that it was the product of her own conviction that she *must* thus approximate it. So 'possessed' was he, however, by his pseudo-scientific conception, that the true significance of this fact entirely escaped him; and although he considered that he had taken adequate precautions to exclude the conveyance of any suggestion of which his 'sensitives' should be conscious, he never tried the one test which

would have been the *experimentum crucis* in regard to all the supposed influences of magnets—that of using *electro-magnets*, which could be 'made' and 'unmade' by completing or breaking the electric circuit, without any indication being given to the 'sensitive' of this change of its conditions. And the same remark applies to the more recent statement of Lord Lindsay, as to Mr. Home's recognition of the position of a permanent magnet in a totally darkened room; the value of this solitary fact, for which there are plenty of ways of accounting, never having been tested by the use of an electro-magnet, whose active or passive condition should be entirely unknown, not only to Mr. Home but to every person present.

That 'sensitives' like Von Reichenbach's, in so far as they are not intentional deceivers (which many hysterical subjects are constitutionally prone to be), can feel, see, or smell anything that they were led to believe that they *would* feel, see, or smell, was soon proved by the experimental enquiries of Mr. Braid, many of which I myself witnessed. He found that not only in hysterical girls, but in many men and women 'of a highly concentrative and imaginative turn of mind,' though otherwise in ordinary health, it was sufficient to fix the attention on any particular form of *expectancy*,—such as pricking, streaming, heat, cold, or other feelings, in any part of the body over which a magnet was being drawn; luminous emanations from the poles of a magnet in the dark, in some cases even in full daylight; or the attraction of a magnet or crystal held within reach of the hand,—for that expectancy to be fully realised. And, conversely, the same sensations were equally produced when the subjects of them were led to *believe* that the same agency was being employed, although nothing whatever was really done; the same flames being seen when the magnet was concealed by shutting it in a box, or even when it was carried out of the room, without the knowledge of the subject; and the attraction of the magnet for the hand being entirely governed by the idea previously suggested, positive or negative results being thus obtained with either pole, as Mr. Braid might direct. 'I know,' he says of one of his subjects, 'that this lady was incapable of trying to deceive myself or others present; but she was self-deceived and spellbound by the predominance of a preconceived idea, and was not less surprised at the varying powers of the instrument than were others who witnessed the results.'[7]

One of Mr. Braid's best 'subjects' was a gentleman residing in Manchester, well known for his high intellectual culture, great general ability, and strict probity. He had such a remarkable power of voluntary abstraction, as to be able at any time to induce in himself a state akin to profound reverie (corresponding to what has been since most inappropriately called the 'biological'), in which he became so completely 'possessed' by any idea strongly enforced upon him, that his whole state of feeling and action was dominated by it. Thus it was sufficient for him to place his hand upon the table and fix his attention upon it for half a minute, to be entirely unable to withdraw it, if assured in a determined tone that he *could not* do so. When his gaze had been steadily directed for a short time to the poles of a magnet, he could be brought to see flames issuing from them of any form or colour that Mr. Braid chose

[7] *The Power of the Mind over the Body*, 1846, p. 20.

to name. And when desired to place his hand upon one of the poles, and to fix his attention for a brief period upon it, the peremptory assurance that he *could not* detach it was sufficient to hold it there with such tenacity, that I saw Mr. Braid drag him round the room in a way that reminded me of George Cruikshank's amusing illustration of the German fairy story of the Golden Goose. The attraction was dissolved by Mr. Braid's loud cheery 'All right, man,' which brought the subject back to his normal condition, as suddenly as the attraction of a powerful electro-magnet for a heavy mass of iron ceases when the circuit is broken.

Similar experiments to these (which I first witnessed about thirty years ago) have been since repeated over and over again upon great numbers of persons, in whom a corresponding state can be induced by prolonged fixation of the vision on a small object held in the hand. It was in the year 1850 that a new manifestation of the supposed 'occult' power first attracted public attention, through the exhibition of it by a couple of itinerant Americans, who styled themselves 'professors,' of a new art which they termed *Electro-Biology*; asserting that by an influence of which the secret was only known to themselves, but which was partly derived from a little disk of zinc or copper held in the hand of the 'subject' and steadily gazed on by him, they could subjugate the most determined will, paralyse the strongest muscles, pervert the evidence of the senses, destroy the memory of even the most familiar things or of the most recent occurrences, induce obedience to any command, or make the individual believe himself transformed into anyone else—all this, and much more, being done while he was still wide awake. They soon attracted large assemblages to witness their performances, and seldom failed to elicit some of the most remarkable phenomena from entire strangers to them, whose honesty could not be reasonably called in question. In place of a few peculiarly susceptible 'subjects' not always to be met with, and open to suspicion on various grounds, those who took up this practice found in almost every circle some individuals in whom the 'biological' state could be self-induced by the steady direction of their eyes to one point, at the ordinary reading distance, for a period usually varying from about five to twenty minutes; a much shorter time generally sufficing in cases in which the practice has been frequently repeated. In this condition, the whole course of thought is directed by external suggestions, the subject's own control over it being altogether suspended. Yet he differs from the somnambulist in being *awake*; that is, he has generally the use of all his senses, and usually, though not always, preserves a distinct recollection of all that has taken place. There is, in fact, a gradational transition from the 'biological' to the 'mesmeric' state; just as there is a passage from the state of profound reverie or 'day-dreaming' to that of ordinary sleep. All its strange phenomena are referrible to one simple principle—the possession of the mind by a *dominant idea*, from which, however absurd it may be, the subject cannot free himself by bringing it to the test of actual experience, because the suspension of his self-directing power prevents him from correcting his ideational state by comparing it with external realities; this suspension being often as complete as it is in dreaming, so that though the senses are awake, they cannot be turned to account. But it may exist in regard to one sense only, the impressions made on others being truly represented to

the mind. Thus I have seen instances in which a 'biologised' subject could be made to believe himself to be *tasting* anything which the operator might assure him that he *would* taste—such as milk, coffee, wine, or porter—when drinking a glass of pure water, though he was instantly disabused by *looking* at the liquid; whilst another would *see* milk or coffee, wine or porter, as he was directed, but would instantly set himself right when he *tasted* the liquid. Nothing can be more amusing than to experiment upon a subject who has no misgivings of this kind, but whose perceptions are altogether under the direction of the ideas impressed upon him. He may be made to exhibit all the manifestations of delight which would be called forth by the viands or liquors of which he may be most fond, and these may be turned in a moment into expressions of the strongest disgust, by simply giving the word which shall (ideally) change it into something he detests. Or if, when he believes himself to be drinking a cup of tea or coffee, he be made to believe that it is very hot, nothing will induce him to take more than a sip at a time; yet a moment afterwards he will be ready to swallow the whole in gulps, if assured that the liquid is quite cool. Tell him, again, that his seat is growing hot under him, and that he will not be able to remain long upon it, and he will fidget uneasily for some time, and at last start up with all the indications of having found the heat no longer bearable. Whilst he is firmly grasping a stick in his hand, let him be assured that it will burn him if he continue to hold it, or that it is becoming so heavy that he can no longer sustain it, and he will presently drop it with gestures conformable in each case to the idea.

It may, of course, be said that what I have presented to you as real phenomena are only simulated; and as there would be nothing difficult in such simulation, the supposition is of course admissible. But they are so perfectly conformable to the known principles of Mental action, that there is no justification for the suspicion of deceit, when they are presented by persons in whose good faith we have reasonable grounds of confidence. For everyone must be conscious of occasional mistakes as to what he supposes himself to have seen or heard, which he can trace to a previous expectancy. Of this I can give you a very striking illustration in a case narrated by Dr. Tuke. A lady, whose mind had been a good deal occupied on the subject of drinking-fountains, was walking from Penryn to Falmouth, and thought she saw in the road a newly-erected fountain, with the inscription, 'If any man thirst, let him come hither and drink.' Some time afterwards, on mentioning the fact with pleasure to the daughters of a gentleman whom she supposed to have erected it, she was greatly surprised to learn from them that no such drinking-fountain existed; and on subsequently repairing to the spot, she found nothing but a few stones, which constituted the foundation on which her expectant imagination had built an ideal superstructure.

The same may be said with regard to the control exercised over the muscular movements of the Biologised 'subject', by the persuasion that he *must* or that he *cannot* perform a particular action. His hands being placed in contact with one another, he is assured that he cannot separate them, and they remain as if firmly glued together, in spite of all his apparent efforts to draw them apart. Or, a hand being held up before him, he is assured that he cannot succeed in striking it; and not only does all his power seem inadequate to the performance of this simple action, but it actually

is so as long as he remains convinced of its entire impossibility. So I have seen a strong man chained down to his chair, prevented from stepping over a stick on the floor, or obliged to remain almost doubled upon himself in a stooping position, by the assurance that he *could* not move. On the other hand, an extraordinary power may be called forth in any set of muscles—as in hypnotised subjects—by the assurance that the action to be performed by them may be executed with the greatest facility. This, again, is quite conformable to ordinary experience; the assurance that we *can* perform some feat of strength or dexterity nerving us to the effort; whilst our power is weakened by our own doubts of success, still more by the unfavourable impression produced by a confident prediction of failure. It is only needed for the mind to become completely 'possessed' by the one or the other conviction, for it to produce the bodily results of this kind which I have over and over again witnessed.

Now the phenomena of the 'biological' condition seem to me of peculiar significance, in relation to a large class of those which are claimed as manifestations of a supposed 'spiritual' agency. When a number of persons of that 'concentrative and imaginative turn of mind' which predisposes them to the 'biological' condition, sit for a couple of hours (especially if in the dark) with the expectation of some extraordinary occurrence, such as the rising and floating in the air, either of the human body, or of chairs or tables, without any physical agency; the crawling of live lobsters over their persons; the contact of the hands, the sound of the voices, or the visible luminous shapes,[3] of their departed friends; it is perfectly conformable to scientific probability that they should pass more or less completely (like Reichenbach's 'sensitives') into a state which is neither waking nor sleeping, but between the two, in which they see, hear, or feel by touch, anything they have been led to expect will present itself. And the accordance of their testimony, in regard to such occurrences, is only such as is produced by the community of the dominant idea with which they are all 'possessed,' a community of which history furnishes any amount of strangely-varied examples. And thus it becomes obvious that the testimony of a single cool-headed sceptic, who asserts that nothing extraordinary has really occurred, should be accepted as more trustworthy than that of any number of believers, who have, as it were, created the sensorial result by their anticipation of it.

I have now to show you that the like expectancy can also produce *movements* of various kinds, through the instrumentality of the nervo-muscular apparatus, without the least consciousness on the part of its subject of his being himself the instrument of their performance; a physiological fact which is the key to the whole mystery of table-turning and table-talking. I very well remember the prevalence in my school-boy days of a belief that, when a ring, a button, or any other small body, suspended by a string over the end of the finger, was brought near the outside or inside of a glass tumbler, it would strike the hour of the day against its surface; and the experiment certainly succeeded in the hands of several of my schoolfellows, who

[3] I put aside the question of fraud, to which recourse has doubtless often been had for the production of these phenomena; being satisfied that they are often genuinely 'subjective.'

tried it in all good faith, getting up in the middle of the night to test it, in entire ignorance, as they declared, of the real time. But, as was pointed out by M. Chevreul, who investigated this subject in a truly scientific spirit more than forty years ago,[9] it is impossible by any voluntary effort to keep the hand absolutely still for a length of time in the position required; an involuntary tremulousness is always observable in the suspended body, and if the attention be fixed on it with the expectation that its vibrations will take a definite direction, they are very likely to do so. But their persistence in that direction is found to last only so long as they are guided by the sight of the operator, at once and entirely losing their constancy if he closes or turns away his eyes. Thus it became obvious that, in the striking of the hour, the influence which determines the number of strokes is really the knowledge or suspicion present to the *mind* of the operator, which involuntarily and unconsciously directs the action of his muscles; and the same *rationale* was applied by M. Chevreul to other cases in which this *pendule explorateur* (the use of which can be traced back to a very remote date) has been appealed to for answers to questions of very diverse character.

When, however, 'Odyle' came to the front, and the world of curious but unscientific enquirers was again 'possessed' by the idea of an unknown and mysterious agency, capable of manifesting itself in an unlimited variety of ways, the *pendule explorateur* was brought into vogue, under the name of *odometer*, by Dr. Herbert Mayo,[10] who investigated its action with a great show of scientific precision; starting, however, with the foregone conclusion that its oscillations were directed by the hypothetical 'odyle,' and altogether ignoring the mental participation of the operator, whom he supposed to be as passive as a thermometer or a balance. By a series of elaborate experiments, he convinced himself that the direction and extent of the oscillations could be altered, either by a change in the nature of the substances placed beneath the 'odometer,' or by the contact of the hand of a person of the opposite sex, or even of the experimenter's other hand, with that from which it was suspended. And he gradually reduced his result to a series of definite laws, which he regarded as having the same constancy as those of physics or chemistry. Unfortunately, however, other experimenters, who worked out the enquiry with similar perseverance and good faith, arrived at such different results, that it soon came to be obvious that what astronomical observers call the 'personal equation' of the individual has a very large share in determining them. A very intelligent medical friend of my own, then residing abroad, wrote me long letters full of the detailed results of his own enquiries, on which he was anxious for my opinion. My reply was simply, 'Shut your eyes, or turn them away, and let some one else watch the oscillations under the conditions you have specified, and record their results; you will find, if I do not mistake, that they will then show an entire *want* of the constancy you have hitherto observed.' His next letter informed me that such proved to be the case; so that he had come entirely to agree with me as to the dependence of the previous

[9] See his letters to M. Ampère in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Mai, 1833.
[10] *The Truths contained in Popular Superstitions*, 1851.

uniformity of his results on his own expectancy.

A curious variation of the 'odometer' was introduced by Mr. Rutter, the manager of the gas works at Brighton, under the name of 'Magnetometer,' which was simply a gallows-shaped frame, mounted on a solid base, having a metallic ball suspended from its free extremity. When the finger was kept for a short time in contact with this frame, the ball began to oscillate, usually in some definite direction, changing that direction with any change of circumstances, after the manner of Dr. Mayo's 'odometer.' To many persons, as to Mr. Rutter himself, it appeared impossible that these oscillations could have their origin in any movement of the operator; but everyone who knows how difficult it is to prevent vibrations in the supporting framework of a microscope or telescope, and who recognises that the construction of the 'Magnetometer' is exactly such as will enable the smallest amount of imparted motion to produce the greatest sensible effect, will be prepared to expect that the oscillations of the suspended ball are as much maintained and guided by the expectancy of the operator, as they are when it is hung directly from his own finger. Experiment soon proved this to be the case; for it was found that the constancy of the vibrations entirely depended upon the operator's watching their direction, either by his own eyes or by those of someone else; and further, that when such a change was made *without his knowledge* in the conditions of the experiment, as *ought*, theoretically, to alter the direction of the oscillations, no such alteration took place.

A very amusing *exposé* of the mystery of the 'Magnetometer' resulted from its application by Dr. Madden, a homœopathic physician at Brighton, to test the virtues of his 'globules,' as to which he had, of course, some pre-formed conclusions of his own. The results of his first experiments entirely corresponded with his ideas of what they ought to be; for when a globule of one medicine was taken into his disengaged hand, the suspended ball oscillated longitudinally; and when this globule was changed for another of opposite virtues, the direction of the oscillations became transverse. Another homœopathic physician, however, was going through a similar course of experiments; and his results, while conformable to his own notions of the virtues of the globules, were by no means accordant with those of Dr. Madden. The latter was thus led to re-investigate the matter with a precaution he had omitted in the first instance; namely, that the globules should be placed in his hand by another person, without any hint being given him of their nature. From the moment he began to work upon this plan, the whole aspect of the subject was changed; globules that produced longitudinal oscillations at one time, gave transverse at another; whilst globules of the most opposite remedial virtues gave no sign of difference. And thus he was soon led to the conviction, which he avowed with a candour very creditable to him, that the system he had built up had no better foundation than his own anticipation of what the results of each experiment should be; that anticipation expressing itself unconsciously in involuntary and imperceptible movements of his finger, which communicated a rhythmical vibration to the framework when the oscillations of the ball suspended from it were watched.

Thus, by the investigations of scientific experts who were alive to the sources of fallacy which the introduction of the *human* element

always brings into play, the hypothesis of Odylic force was proved to be completely baseless; the phenomena which were supposed to indicate its existence being traceable to the Physiological conditions of the Human organisms, through whose instrumentality they were manifested. The principle that the state of 'expectant attention' is capable of giving rise either to sensations or to involuntary movements according to the nature of the expectancy, had been previously recognised in Physiological science, and was not invented for the occasion; but the phenomena I have been describing to you are among its most 'pregnant instances.'

The same principle furnishes what I believe to be the true scientific explanation of the supposed mystery of the Divining Rod, often used where water is scarce for the discovery of springs, and in mining districts for the detection of metallic veins. This rod is a forked twig, shaped like the letter Y, hazel being usually preferred; and the diviner walks over the ground to be explored, firmly grasping its two prongs with his hands, in such a position that its stem points forwards. After a time the end of the stem points downwards, often, it is said, with a sort of writhing or struggling motion, especially when the fork is tightly grasped; and sometimes it even turns backwards, so as to point towards instead of away from the body of the diviner. Now there is a very large body of apparently reliable testimony, that when the ground has been opened in situations thus indicated, either water-springs or metallic veins have been found beneath; and it is quite certain that the existence of such a power is a matter of unquestioning faith on the part of large numbers of intelligent persons who have witnessed what they believe to be its genuine manifestations.[11] This subject, however, was carefully enquired into more than forty years ago by MM. Chevreul and Biot; and their experimental conclusions anticipated those to which I was myself led in ignorance of them by physiological reasoning. They found that the forked twig cannot be firmly grasped for a quarter of an hour or more in the regulation position, without the induction of a state of muscular tension, which at last discharges itself in movement; and this acts on the prongs of the fork in such a manner as to cause its stem to point, either upwards, downwards, or to one side. The occasion of this discharge and the direction of the movement are greatly influenced, like the oscillations of bodies suspended from the finger, by *expectancy* on the part of the operator; so that if he has any suspicion or surmise as to the 'whereabouts' of the object of his search, an involuntary and unconscious action of his muscles causes the point of the rod to dip over it.

Again, since not one individual in forty, in the localities in which the virtues of the divining rod are still held as an article of faith, is found to obtain any results from its use, it becomes obvious that its movements must be due, not to any physical agency directly affecting the rod, but to some influence exerted through its holder. And that this influence is his *expectation* of the result, may, I think, be pretty confidently affirmed. For it has been clearly shown, by careful and repeated experiments, that, while the rod dips when the 'diviner' knows or believes he is over a water-spring or a metallic vein, the results are uncertain, contradictory, or simply negative,

[11] I have lately received a pamphlet from an Engineer in the United States, giving most circumstantial details of success thus obtained within his own experience.

when he is blindfolded, so as not to be aware precisely where he is. The following is a striking case of this kind that has been lately brought to my knowledge:

A friend of mine (says Dr. Beard),[12] an aged clergyman, of thorough integrity and fairness, has for many years—the larger part of his natural life, I believe—enjoyed the reputation of being especially skilled in the finding of places to dig wells, by means of a divining rod of witch hazel, or the fresh branches of apple or other trees. His fame has spread far, and the accounts that are given by him and of him are to those who think human testimony is worth anything overwhelmingly convincing. He consented to allow me to experiment with him. I found that only a few moments were required to prove that his fancied gift was a delusion, and could be explained wholly by unconscious muscular motion, the result of expectancy and coincidence. In his own yard there was known to be a stream of water running through a small pipe a few feet below the surface. Marching over and near this, the rod continually pointed strongly downwards, and several times turned clear over. These places I marked, blindfolded him, marched him about until he knew not where he was, and took him over the same ground over and over again; and although the rod went down a number of times, *it did not once point to or near the places previously indicated.*

I very well remember having heard, some 35 years ago, from Mr. Dilke (the grandfather of the present Sir Charles) of an experiment of this kind which he had himself made upon a young Portuguese, who had come to him with a letter of introduction, describing the bearer of it as possessing a most remarkable power of finding, by means of the divining rod, metals concealed from view. Mr. Dilke's family being at a summer residence in the country, his plate had all been sent to his chambers in the Adelphi, where he was visited by the Portuguese youth; to whom he said 'Go about the room with your rod, and try if you can find any mass of metal.' The youth did so; and his rod dipped over a large standing desk, in which Mr. D.'s plate had been temporarily lodged. Seeing, however, that there were circumstances which might reasonably suggest this guess, Mr. Dilke asked the youth if he was willing to allow his divining power to be tested under conditions which should exclude all such suggestion; and having received a ready assent, he took his measures accordingly. Taking his plate-box down to his country residence, he secretly buried it just beneath the soil in a newly ploughed field; selecting a spot which he could identify by cross-bearings of conspicuous trees, and getting a plough drawn again over its surface, so as to make this correspond precisely with that of the rest of the field. The young diviner was then summoned from London, and challenged to find beneath the soil of this field the very same plate which he had previously detected in Mr. Dilke's desk at the Adelphi; but having nothing whatever to guide him even to a guess, he was completely at fault. Mr. Dilke's impression was that he was not an impostor, but a sincere believer in his own power, as the 'dowsers' of mining districts seem unquestionably to be. The test of blindfolding the diviner, and then leading him about in different directions so as to put him completely at fault in regard to his locality, is one that can be very readily applied, when the diviner is acting in good faith; but, as I shall show you in the next lecture, it requires very special precautions to blindfold a person who is determined to see; and in some of the cases which seem to have stood this test, it seems not improbable that vision was not altogether precluded.

An additional reason for attributing the action of the divining rod

[12] *Review of Medicine and Pharmacy* (New York), Sept. 1875.

to the muscular movements called forth by a state of expectancy (perhaps not always consciously entertained) on the part of the performer, seems to me to be furnished by the diversity of the powers that have been attributed to it; such as that of identifying murderers and indicating the direction of their flight, discovering the lost boundaries of lands, detecting the birth-place and parentage of foundlings, &c. The older writers do not in the least call in question the reality of the powers of the hazel fork, but learnedly discuss whether they are due to natural or to diabolic agency. When in the last century the phenomena of Electricity and Magnetism became objects of scientific study, but had not yet been comprehended under the grasp of law, it was natural that those of the divining rod should be referred to agencies so convenient, which seemed ready to account for anything otherwise unaccountable. But since Physicists and Physiologists have come to agree that the moving power is furnished by nothing else than the muscles of the diviner, the only question that remains is—what calls forth its exercise? And the conclusive evidence I have given you that the definite oscillations of suspended bodies depend on involuntary movements unconsciously determined by states of *expectancy*, clearly points to the conclusion that we have in the supposed mystery of the divining rod only another case of the same kind. It is well known that persons who are conversant with the geological structure of a district are often able to indicate with considerable certainty in what spot, and at what depth, water will be found; and men of less scientific knowledge, but of considerable practical experience, frequently arrive at a true conclusion on this point, without being able to assign reasons for their opinions. Exactly the same may be said in regard to the mineral structure of a mining district; the course of a metallic vein being often correctly indicated by the shrewd guess of an observant workman, where the scientific reasoning of the mining engineer altogether fails. It is an experience we are continually encountering in other walks of life, that particular persons are guided, some apparently by an original and others by an acquired intuition, to conclusions for which they can give no adequate reasons, but which subsequent events prove to have been correct; and I look upon the divining rod in its various applications as only a peculiar method of giving expression to results worked out by an automatic process of this kind, even before they rise to distinct mental consciousness. Various other methods of divination that seem to be practised in perfectly good faith—such, for example, as the Bible and key test, used for the discovery of stolen property—are probably to be attributed to the same agency; the cerebral traces of past occurrences supplying materials for the automatic evolution of a result (as they unquestionably do in dreams) when the occurrences themselves have been forgotten.

Many of the cases of so-called thought-reading are clearly of the same kind; the communication being made by unconscious muscular action on the part of one person, and automatically interpreted by the other—as in the following instance. Several persons being assembled, one of them leaves the room, and during his[13] absence some object is hidden. On the absentee's re-entrance, two persons who know the hiding place stand one on either side of him, and establish some personal

[13] The experiment succeeds equally well, or perhaps better, with ladies.

contact with him; one method being for each to place a finger on his shoulder, and another for each to place a hand on his body, one on the front and the other on the back. He walks about the room between the two, and generally succeeds before long in finding the hidden object; being led towards it (as careful observation and experiment have fully proved) by the involuntary muscular action of his unconscious guides, one or the other of them pressing more heavily when the object is on his side, and the finder as involuntarily turning towards that side.

These and other curious results of recent enquiry, while strictly conformable to Physiological principles, greatly extend our knowledge of the modes in which states of mind express themselves unconsciously and involuntarily in muscular action; and I dwell on them the more, because they seem to me to afford the key (as I shall explain in my second lecture) to some of these phenomena of Spiritualistic divination, which have been most perplexing to many who have come in contact with them, without being disposed to accept the spiritualistic interpretation of them.

OUR NEW FRIGATES.

By a Naval Officer.

An officer, holding a high official position, who recently attended the launch of an ironclad, had the courage to openly impugn the truthfulness of an influential portion of the press, and to speak lightly of the grave disasters which have recently brought strong animadversion on the engineering skill and seamanship of the Royal Navy. He also called on the Admiral-Superintendent of one of the Dockyards to bear testimony to the high state of organisation which everywhere reigned in these departments.

Singular to relate, in the column adjoining to that in which his speech was reported, were four paragraphs bearing on the objects of his eulogy. The first was from that very careful paper, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and alluded to an order on steam tactics recently issued by Admiral Drummond. It concluded in the following terms:—'Possibly the gallant Admiral's intention of being in every way prepared for eventualities may have had something to do with the issue of this order, but the Raleigh and Monarch collision afforded a direct proof that a little better acquaintance with the signal-book would not have been amiss on the occasion.'

The second was headed 'Dockyard Reorganisation,' and went on to describe that alterations which, at a great expense to the country, had been made in the staff had proved an entire failure; so great, indeed, that as soon as Parliament met a scheme was to be brought forward which would practically restore the original *status quo* of these establishments. The third was the most serious—one, indeed, which the naval service, and the whole country will long have reason to remember—the loss of the Vanguard. It has, however, its redeeming point, for, on examination, a long list of ships were found to be in a similar unsafe condition. Well may it be asked who is responsible for this glaring defect of cutting ventilating holes through watertight bulkheads in fighting ships. Of all men admiral-superintendents should know something of this. To state that it was done by the ignorance or presumption of a subordinate is scarcely a reasonable excuse. Iron bulkheads and coal bunkers are not cut through, or their original mode of fitting altered, without incurring a considerable expense for skilled labour, unless a custom is practised which has long been deemed obsolete, *i.e.*, charging to one ship the outlay incurred in altering another. No doubt the Admiralty will closely investigate into the circumstances attending this infraction of the laws of ordinary prudence.

The fourth bore the ominous heading of 'The Thunderer Relief Fund.' On this it is unnecessary to dwell. It is, however, quite evident that the engineering world are not satisfied with the verdict given by the jury. A most able article on this subject will be found in the October number of the *Nautical Magazine*, and some pertinent remarks in *Fraser* of the same month. None of the parties concerned appear to be able to confute the theories therein laid down. The Inspector of Machinery, who was on board at the time the accident happened, although not in charge, suggests that in future such a catastrophe may be avoided by placing on the front of every boiler

a small warning safety-valve, which should be loaded somewhat in excess of the others. Now, if it be possible for three valves, on the same boiler, to stick fast with a pressure of 25 lbs. to the square inch, on what principles of mechanics will the fourth, which may be loaded to, say, 35 lbs., lift. Doubtless this scientific officer will be able to satisfy the doubts of those whose practical and theoretical knowledge of the subject is certainly deserving of the consideration of one of their own profession. The much-vexed question of who is really responsible for the condition of the engines and boilers of the fleet, may well be mooted here, with the hope that someone who is really well informed on the subject will give a satisfactory reply. Do the authorities at Whitehall draft the engines and boilers; or, within certain limitations as to space, &c., is this left to the contractor? In fact, to ask a straightforward question, who was responsible for the staying of the boilers of the Thunderer, where every fastening was wrenched from its seat while the stays remained intact? Until this be answered, engineers will not rest satisfied. A division of responsibility is at all times most objectionable and unsatisfactory to all concerned. Take, for example, the recent Admiralty Circular to the Steam Reserve at Keyham, wherein, after passing through the various heads of the executive department, the Chief Engineer and Inspector of Machinery is called on to warn, &c., &c. It is presumed that in the end the warning reaches those well-dressed and well-gloved young men who may be observed at near ten o'clock leisurely strolling toward the office with the last French novel in their hands. Anyone who may feel anxious to note their return home at four p.m. will see them in the same faultless costume. We dare not ask whether during the short hours of duty they have been employed in examining the elaborate machinery under their care, or if that important duty was left to engineer-artificers. But under any circumstances it is evident that My Lords are highly dissatisfied with the condition of the machinery and boilers of ships in the first-class reserve, and they have earnestly called on those in charge to be more careful in future of such an important trust. Since this article has been in proof, a well-informed paper, the *Hampshire Telegraph*, publishes the following information regarding the boilers of the Thunderer:

> Since the lamentable disaster which occurred on the previous trial trip on the 14th July last, the boiler which exploded has been replaced by a new one into which additional transverse stays have been introduced. This boiler was tested to twice the working pressure by the hydraulic test in November, and the joints and all parts were found perfectly tight, although the workmen had laboured under the difficulty of erecting the boiler in the after-stokehole of the ship, which it may be imagined it not so convenient as a boiler-shop. The whole of the boilers, indeed, have received additional stays screwed and nutted instead of being simply screwed through the plates and riveted over on the outside as before.

From this precaution it would appear that there are reasons for believing that the opinions expressed in this Magazine in October last as to the cause of the accident have been fully borne out.

The gallant Admiral went on to say that the Northampton was one of a class of ironclads which were not intended to take their place in line of battle, but to act as a flying squadron to chase off those 'wasps' which in time of war would hang on the flanks or rear of merchant convoys, and station themselves in the highways of commerce. Possibly after such a eulogy from such a source it may be considered impertinent to ask what are the qualifications of this particular class

of ships. Are they, as is claimed for them, the best models of modern Alabamas? By this I do not mean to infer that they resemble the vessel which was sunk off Cherbourg, but those which modern engineers declare can easily be built to surpass her. When it is known how many days' coals they will carry at full speed, and what that speed may be when deeply immersed, a better opportunity will be afforded of ascertaining their true value as a part of a flying squadron. All seamen will agree that an efficient light cruiser should be able to go through the Suez Canal, to enter an ordinary graving dock, and to sail and manœuvre reasonably well under canvas only; can the new class fulfil all or any of the above indispensable qualifications? If such be the case, England will be fortunate; but one who seldom commits an error on professional subjects has asserted that they will not. Rich as this country may be, she cannot afford to pay 350,000*l.* for a single cruiser, when cruisers will be required in every quarter of the globe. A quarter of the above amount should be sufficient to build the most perfect ship of the class required to protect our trade from San Francisco to the Antipodes. Many assert that the Northampton will prove a most valuable acquisition to a line of battle. If she is not intended for such rough work, it may well be asked why she is covered with nine-inch armour. A 'wasp' would not carry guns of a calibre to penetrate it at point blank range, and their tactics would be running, not fighting. Doubtless, they will remember the reply of Holkar to Lord Wellington—'I am not going to risk my horses which cost a thousand rupees each against your cannon-balls, which cost five pice.' The fact is, these cruisers will require higher qualifications than they have yet been known to possess before they can be considered effective. It is to be feared that in the effort to produce an Arab we have brought forth an elephant.

The gallant Admiral paid a compliment to the constructive department of the navy, of which he is the head, but omitted to mention the names of the officers to whom the country is really indebted for the good ships they possess. On the contrary, he led his auditors to infer that the credit was due solely to members of his own profession. Indeed, he said, 'the present First Lord of the Admiralty cast about him for the most able and efficient counsellors, and these consisted of the most practical, skilled, tried, proved, and efficient of our naval officers.' It is discouraging to find that under the advice of such a galaxy of talent things will go perversely, for, in the history of the Navy, such a series of preventible disasters is unparalleled.

Adequate professional knowledge cannot be acquired so easily now as it might have been half-a-century since; indeed, a great part of the naval tactics which have been handed down are obsolete. Ships have become such exquisite machines that great mechanical skill has to be called in to the aid of ordinary seamanship. For example, it should be made imperative for officers to thoroughly understand the manipulation of the elaborate steam steering gear which has now become a part of the fitting of all large ships of war. A slight disarrangement of this in action or manœuvring might cause imminent peril if not immediately remedied. Too much is often left to a junior engineer or the carpenter, and in action the services of these officers might be required elsewhere, and provision to meet such an emergency is indispensable.

Recently there was a grand descriptive eulogy in the *Times* on the Bacchante, Shah, and Inconstant, coupled with a remark that the

writer on the Navy in *Fraser's Magazine* was unjust if he included the last-named ship in his criticisms. It is almost unnecessary to discuss the merits or demerits of the last-named, for they are widely known. She was originally a crank ship, and could not be trusted to stay in a head sea. It is generally believed that she was reported by the Admiral who commanded the squadron in which her trial cruise was made that it would be unsafe to trust her near the land without steam. After this, her frames, which are about thirty-nine inches apart, were filled in with Portland cement and scrap iron. Possibly she may now be able to stand up to her canvas, but this will most assuredly affect her speed. Great stress is laid on the fact that, after the Captain had been permitted to capsize, she, the Inconstant, before a strong S.W. wind, averaged thirteen knots an hour from Cape Finisterre to Plymouth. The feat, if performed, is really so insignificant that it excites surprise to hear it brought forward as an example of great speed. If the author of the article in the *Times* will consult the logs of many of the Atlantic mail steamers, he will find that these magnificent vessels average more than thirteen knots an hour with, and against, the fierce Atlantic gales throughout the year. The Navy have not a ship which can compete with these, and it is distressing to note that those which are now building on the Clyde, will, if the published specifications are correct, fail to equal them. It is to be hoped that the Constructive Department will reconsider their plans before it is too late, and for once dismiss from their minds the idea of combining a fast cruiser and a heavy fighting ship. It was the demon of combination, added to graver errors, which caused the Captain to founder on that September night.

Mr. Brassey, according to the article in question, stated in the House of Commons that the Inconstant only carried sufficient coals for two and a-half days' full steaming. If this be correct, it would be interesting to know for what particular service she was intended. She is quite unfitted for the Baltic, as a blow on the heel would disable her as surely as the arrow of Paris did Achilles. A balanced rudder and a boulder cannot harmonise.

It is quite evident that, to judge by the testimony of the Controller, none of these beautiful ships are fitted to take their place in line of battle, or to come within range of the guns of an ordinary ironclad. Indeed, such a course would be simple folly and certain destruction. Can it be that they were designed as flagships, in order to give an admiral and his staff luxurious accommodation? On no other grounds can the erection of a heavy poop and forecastle be justified, for these structures spoil the sailing in a seaway. It has been before stated that a ship with fine lines cannot bear the slightest unnecessary weight in the ends. Theory, and, what is of more consequence still, practice, amply bear out this assertion, the sailing of many ships having been spoiled by the erection of light top-gallant forecastles.

An admiral must now be satisfied with less accommodation than what was deemed necessary thirty years' since. At that remote period, when he thought fit to go on a cruise, he carried with him his wife, his sons, his daughters, his manservants, his maidservants, his cattle, and his cow. Indeed, when the latter was hoisted in, it was the signal to the washerwoman that all clothes were to be brought on board. These were pleasant times. The Russian, the German, and the Italian were not. At long intervals a small craft belonging to one of these nationalities would come into

port, and, by their peculiarities, excite the derision of the lords of the ocean. For example, at boat exercise, the Russian coxswain would be armed with a formidable whip, which he managed as cleverly as the driver of a Cape team did his; and the stolid Northern seaman received such punishment without remonstrance or moving a muscle of his unmeaning face. Our only rivals were those gallant Frenchmen, who, in defiance of the numerous disasters they had experienced in the great revolutionary war, once more bade fair to have a struggle for the supremacy of the sea with their hereditary enemy. At Acre and Beyrout this was nearly brought about by the jealousy they entertained of our interference in that much vexed Eastern question.

As I have before said, the flagship was a pleasant craft to belong to; and when a small vessel came up to head-quarters from the Spanish Main with yellow fever, or from Syria with a fever even more dangerous, from its lasting effects, the officers were looked on as inferior beings, just as a guardsman used to look on his opposite number in a line regiment. At sea, when dinner was over, the guests would adjourn to the stern-walk for coffee. Probably the next ship astern would be commanded by a friend of the family, who, on seeing the ladies, would quietly drop the foresail and range up on the weather quarter to make his devoirs to the group; after which the sail would be hauled up and station resumed. When the watch had been mustered at eight bells, the spanker brails were carefully led on the quarter-deck, and ropes stretched across the poop, in order that no irreverent midshipman or mizen-topman might disturb the slumbers of the fair occupants below. If, perchance, the night turned out squally, and the officer of the watch or the old Master went into the fore-cabin to report the state of the weather to the admiral, the old gentleman would probably come out in his dressing-gown, and before speaking would hold up a warning finger, with a muttered, 'Hush! do not disturb the ladies!' And why should they have been disturbed in their slumbers? England had no anxieties then about her supremacy, and her ships played 'Rule Britannia' every evening. If a Yankee happened to be in port, the crew joined in chorus, as a hint that they would be quite ready to maintain the honour of their flag in the ropewalk on the morrow.

Never again will the eyes of English seamen be gladdened by the sight of those lovely sailing ships in which all ranks took so much pride. If, perchance, one now looks astern, he sees in the wake the bows of an ugly monster, which strikingly resemble the head of a devil fish, moving sullenly along under the power of steam. She may be over four hundred feet in length, but, aided by mechanical science, the helmsman guides her more easily than he once did his favourite corvette. Under the control of a real seaman these machines may be worked like a toy, but in the hands of an inexpert they are highly dangerous—more so than a creese in the grasp of an infuriated Malay. He strikes friends and enemies indiscriminately, the innocent his friends only.

It is a serious question for consideration whether Parliament is acting judiciously in permitting free trade in such magnificent engines of war, which at any moment may be turned against us. Every one that leaves our shores shortens the bridge between England and the Continent. Should it ever be completed, can we hold our own on the land? The writer is quite aware of the objections which may be raised against such an interference

with the laws of trade, but national safety should be a higher consideration with statesmen. When war has been proclaimed, the danger is acknowledged, and contraband of war cannot be exported in any shape. This free trade in ironclads, while it enriches a few individuals, taxes the great mass of the community, and, in addition, causes an uneasy feeling of a possible invasion to occur to the minds of the thoughtful. England and France are the great iron shipbuilding countries of the world, and if it were possible to close their private dockyards against the world, a great gain would be effected. It takes many years to effectually organise the extensive works which are necessary to construct an ironclad. The German, the Russian, the Austrian, the Italian, the Turk, the Spaniard, and the Greek, owe the existence of their navy to English firms. It is difficult to foresee what combinations may be effected between the great Powers, and international good faith is so little trusted that this country is compelled to keep up a naval force equal to that of the whole of Europe.

The gallant Admiral and many others have stated that we should feel proud of our ships because foreigners are following in the footsteps of this country. In a certain way this arises from the fact that English engineers design the majority, and, of course, follow out the same plans. They are not, however, imitating the Devastation and the Glatton class. As the power of artillery increases, the turret must disappear, and all that will be aimed at is shelter for the gunners under certain conditions; we cannot do more. This opinion has long been gaining ground amongst practical and scientific officers, not merely through reasoning induced by a study of the gradual but sure advance of firearms over the defensive armour of men in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but from an extensive series of special experiments extending over many years. Perhaps the most definite proof has recently been given by the Boxer shell, which explodes after passing through the first resisting section it meets. In a turret this would probably destroy not only animate but inanimate objects. On the still waters of the Mediterranean, with the aid of commanding speed, the two Italian ironclads, now in course of construction, would prove most formidable enemies to a whole fleet. The Admiralty are, evidently, fully aware of this fact, and have despatched the ablest of the constructors to watch the experiments at Spezzia. No one doubts the results, and our work must be commenced afresh.

A great English statesman recently said it was the duty of this generation to hand down their great heritage unimpaired to posterity. A few years since there was a glimmer of hope that diplomacy would be able to settle international disputes, but it is now evident to all but a few fanatics, that men with arms in their hands are not to be governed by any principle of justice. It is a melancholy conclusion to arrive at, amidst such boasted intelligence, yet the fact cannot be disputed, and England must on all occasions, while holding out the olive-branch in one hand, be ready with the sword in the other. Unquestionably the strain on the finances of many European Powers is greater than they can long support, and humanity may hope something from this.

Much has been said and written on the subject of the Russian fleet going to America. They may possibly have gone there to be ready to intercept a supply of munitions of war. It has been hinted that their object might be the purchase and fitting out of privateers.

Apart from all those laws of honour, which in the case of the Alabama the Americans so frequently quoted, experience has proved that America could not at the time of her urgent necessity build and equip those heavy-armed privateers of which we now hear so much. Possibly a few of their iron steamers which ply between New York and the southern cities in the Gulf of Mexico, would, if properly manned, do much injury to merchantmen in the West Indies, but there is not one which could be fitted to carry heavy artillery. Their decks are lumbered with houses, and the plating and riveting barely sufficiently strong to carry in safety the light cargoes which these States exchange. Vessels of this class could not steam or sail to the main tracks of commerce, and may, consequently, be disregarded.

In the Pacific the Americans possess a fleet of iron and wood steamers of large tonnage. The latter may be dismissed without a thought. The Pekin and Tokia are built of iron, but so badly put together that it was alleged the underwriters refused to insure cargoes sent by them until certain alterations were made. Their speed is about twelve miles an hour, and with a certain amount of strengthening they could be made to carry guns, but a single shot might prove fatal to hull or machinery. As these ships cost fully 200,000*l.* each in the United States, the Russians will scarcely feel inclined to purchase such expensive privateers, if our cousins were sufficiently base to sanction such a proceeding. On the whole, the chances of much annoyance from Russian-American privateers are small if we had those new corvettes afloat. But until they are, a declaration of war by one or more European Powers against this country would create a panic on Change such as the world has never witnessed before. It should be remembered that at the time of the Crimean War neither France, Germany, Russia, or Italy possessed a fleet of steamers capable of being extemporised into sea-going privateers. Now they all have vessels of this class, many of which are capable of carrying coals for three weeks at full speed.

Slowly the opinion that England is not absolutely safe from invasion is impressing itself on the minds of men. The writer stated this in an article published ten years since, before anyone could dream of the great combinations which may now be made to attain that object. Family ties cannot form a safeguard against political aggrandisement, and perhaps no stronger illustration of this fact can be recorded than is to be found in the speech of Prince Bismarck a short time since. Great as the proclivities of the German Royal Family are for their Russian connections, the great Minister boldly proclaimed that, should a certain contingency arise, the sword of Germany would be thrown into the scale of Austria. Such a courageous statesman has no reason to finesse when the most formidable army the world has ever seen is ready to march at a few hours' notice to carry out his behests.

Quite recently a brilliant young soldier (Captain Hozier) whose experience in war should command the respect of those in power, states distinctly that an invasion is practicable under certain conditions. Reviewers may speak of the power of the fleet as they list, but the greatest admiral who ever commanded one belonging to England was lured from his proper cruising-ground by false intelligence, and left the country exposed to an attack from the legions of the most formidable enemy who has menaced it since the days of William the Conqueror. Had steam been utilised then, Napoleon's army would have crossed the Channel.

We are here reminded of the question, Are the volunteers of to-day sufficiently organised to be able to carry out the duties which their Inspector-General recently stated would devolve on them should a landing be effected? In a highly cultivated and open country, such as England is, the troops who could successfully annoy the flanks and rear of an invading army would possess the highest qualifications of soldiers in an eminent degree. Indeed, volunteers would most assuredly be overmatched if alone they attempted a service which more properly belongs to veterans. During the Italian War the writer noted the careless style in which a regiment of volunteers skirmished, and the disorganisation which ensued in consequence.

Great stress is laid by many on the advantages which steam and torpedoes have given to the defenders of a port. Doubtless if an enemy could be induced to attempt an attack on Portsmouth by sea he would find the defence formidable. At the same time, the writer, from his own experience of these weapons, believes their usefulness to be overrated, unless the channel is very narrow. They failed to keep blockade-runners out of a single American port during the War of Secession, thickly as they were strewn. No one is so credulous as to believe that a landing would be attempted in the vicinity of a great arsenal, and torpedoes could not be moored along the whole of the eastern coast of the island. There lies the vulnerable quarter, and if the whole of the torpedoes which have been hitherto manufactured could be anchored off it they would not be worthy of the consideration of a great commander. Diabolical inventions are advancing at such a rate that the greatest care is necessary to guard against the machinations of such geniuses as Thomassen, who may blow up an ironclad by a machine carried in the waistcoat pocket.

When the above facts are carefully considered it will be seen that an absolute dependence on the power of the fleet is vain and illusory, an exploded fiction unworthy of a nation of conquerors. The writer can see how an attack may be organised, the plan of defence he is forced to leave to those who are entrusted with the onerous duty.

ENGLISH LOCAL ETYMOLOGY.

THE etymology of names of places is a subject respecting which most persons now and then feel at least some small degree of interest, and its importance as an auxiliary in historical research is very generally confessed. It is, therefore, a matter of surprise that this subject, so far as it relates to English names, has scarcely been treated at all by really qualified scholars.

One or two of the monographs devoted to the nomenclature of particular districts, are, indeed, more or less satisfactorily done. But the task of writing a comprehensive treatise on English local names in general has seemed (with good reason) so formidable to those who have been able to appreciate the amount of labour required to perform it rightly, that they have generally left it to be attempted by those whose knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, or Celtic, was just what they could pick up by turning over the leaves of the dictionaries.

I do not know where I shall look —amongst books of at all recent date —for a single exception to this rule. Dr. R. Morris's little tract (*Etymology of Local Names*, London, 1857) is clearly the work, not of the admirable scholar to-day, but of the promising tyro of twenty years ago. The work of Edmunds (*Traces of History in the Names of Places*, London, 1868) is acute and clever, but the utter lack of philological knowledge it displays is something quite startling.

After a careful inspection of all the books of this class which have come in my way, I have come to the conclusion that the best of them all is decidedly the Rev. Isaac Taylor's *Words and Places* (4th ed., London, 1873). Mr. Taylor, as his footnotes show, has diligently availed himself of the works of all the best philologists, both in English and German. Unfortunately he has also studied the works of some writers who are no philologists at all; and when I mention that he is capable of deriving the Scottish *bairn* from the Low-Latin *baro* (*Words and Places*, p. 46, note), it will not excite surprise that he should display some want of discrimination in the choice of his authorities, or that he should often go wrong when he ventures on independent research. The book, however, is written on a really admirable plan, and requires only the correction of its numerous errors of detail to render it in all respects excellent.

My object in this article is to expose certain current mistakes on English local etymology, and to offer some suggestions for its more effectual study; and as Mr. Taylor's book is the most creditable representative of what may be called the received views on the subject, I have chosen to throw my remarks to a large extent into the form of criticisms on that work. I shall be very glad if Mr. Taylor should find my strictures useful for the improvement of the further editions which the real merits of his book are certain to secure for it. It must be remembered that the scope of *Words and Places* is very much wider than that indicated by the title of this paper. The portions referring to *English* names with which alone I am now concerned, are, I believe, by far the weakest portions of the book.

The general principles of etymological research are so exceedingly

well laid down by Mr. Taylor that he scarcely ever errs except by a departure from his own rules. Stated in an abridged form, these rules—so far as they relate to the investigation of English names—are as follows:

1. Do not derive any name from a language which on historical grounds is out of the question.

2. Ascertain the earliest documentary form in which the name appears. For this purpose the authorities are the *Codex Diplomaticus*, Domesday Book, Dugdale, and county histories.

3. If it be necessary to recur to conjecture for the early form of the name, take care that your conjecture accords with the known laws of phonetic change. [This rule I would express somewhat more strongly: *Never* assume an abnormal corruption unless it be historically proved to have taken place.]

4. Accept no etymology which violates the grammar or idiom of the language to which the name is referred.

5. Pay especial attention to the analogy of other local names in the same neighbourhood.

6. See that your derivation does not conflict with the topographical features, or the history, of the place to which the name belongs.

Such are Mr. Taylor's professed principles of investigation. So far as I can see, they are absolutely correct, and not very far from being exhaustive. Unfortunately, many decided instances of their violation may be found in his own pages.

The first rule, indeed, I have not observed that Mr. Taylor has anywhere broken, unless it be in assigning Gaelic derivations to a few English village names. However, the intrinsic improbability of English villages bearing Gaelic names is a matter of opinion; but I think most of Mr. Taylor's supposed instances may be proved on other grounds to be erroneous. For example, when he refers the Shropshire names Clun, Clunbury, and Clunton to the Erse *claoine*, a plain, he seems to have overlooked the fact that these places are all situated on the river Clun. The latter name, anciently *Colun*, may reasonably be identified with the very common river-name Colne.

It is from neglect of the second and two succeeding principles that Mr. Taylor's mistakes principally arise. In some cases the reference to documentary evidence has been made, but too hurriedly, as when Marlborough is said to be a corruption of 'St. Maildulf's borough.' It was not Marlborough, but Malmesbury, with which Maildulf had to do. The present name (in its earlier form, Mealdelmes-byrig) arose from a jumble between the names of Maildulf and Ealdhelm, an ecclesiastical worthy of later date. Beda (H.E. v. 18) speaks of 'Aldhelmus, abbas monasterii quod Maildufi Urbem nominant.'

In other instances, however, Mr. Taylor has altogether omitted to ascertain the ancient forms of the names which he has attempted to interpret. In his list of names derived from the Danish word *thing* (meaning judicial assembly) he has included, amongst other very doubtful instances, Tinsley, near Rotherham, and Dinsdale, in Durham. I do not know whether there is not here some violation of the *third* rule, for although the change of *thing* into *din* does sometimes occur, I do not think a clear example can be found except where the word has had to pass through Gaelic-speaking lips. But at all events Mr. Taylor's etymologies of these names are at once set aside by a reference to their earliest forms. Tinsley appears

in Domesday as *Tirneslawe* and *Tineslawe*, and is obviously derived from a personal name—probably Tinne, which was borne by the father of one of the English correspondents of St. Boniface. Dinsdale, although on the Durham side of the Tees, is mentioned in Domesday Book with the two orthographies *Dirneshale* and *Digneshale*. The latter form is in more recent documents corrupted into *Dedensale* (*gn* softened into *dn*), and afterwards still further into *Detynsall*. The two attempts at spelling the name in Domesday Book seem to show that the original form began with *Digr*. Now Dinsdale is traditionally connected with the famous Earl Siward (the alleged ancestor of the Surtees family), who, according to William of Malmesbury, was designated by a Danish cognomen Digera, meaning Strong. (Compare Ôlafr enn digri, 'Olaf the Stout,' Islendingabôk c. i.). I scarcely think it would be permissible to read the name in Old Danish as Digrans-höll, the hall of 'The Strong,' since I cannot ascertain that adjectival cognomina ever admitted the postpositive article in any Scandinavian dialect; but it does not seem a very far-fetched conjecture that 'enn digri' may have been corrupted by Englishmen into Digren, and adopted in this neighbourhood as the ordinary appellation of the Danish Earl. However, whether this tempting supposition be accepted or not, there can be little doubt that *Digneshale* is derived from the name of an early owner.

Another mistake of similar origin has been committed with reference to the name of Lichfield. If we had nothing but the modern spelling to guide us, the reading of it as *lic-feld*, field of corpses, would not be particularly improbable. Perhaps in the case of some of the smaller Lichfields this etymology may be correct. But the famous Lichfield in Staffordshire is always mentioned in Beda and the Saxon Chronicle as Licetfeld or Licedfeld: so that the derivation given by Mr. Taylor, though it is adopted in the city arms, is really quite impossible. Without laying any stress on the possibility that Lichfield may be the Lectocetum of the Ravenna geographer, I think there can be no reasonable doubt that the earlier part of the name is *pre*-Saxon. Mr. Taylor goes on to find the root *lic* in the names Lackford, Leckford, and Leckhampton, which decidedly seems to be a transgression of his own third rule.

Mr. Taylor's fourth principle, which demands a rigorous adherence to grammar, has been very frequently overlooked by him. Quoting the Anglo-Saxon name of Bakewell as Badecanwylla, he adopts, without a word of comment, Camden's interpretation of it as 'bath-well.' In Camden's day this was not at all a bad guess. But when we find it reproduced by a modern writer, we have the right to ask him by what process of inflection or composition he supposes *bœth* to have become *badecan*.

The truth is that no Anglo-Saxon could possibly have understood the name otherwise than as a personal derivative—'Badeca's Wells.' This personal name is found (as *Beadeca*) in the Anglo-Saxon poem of *The Traveller's Tale* (line 225), and it must also have been borne by the father or some ancestor of the celebrated Benedict Biscop, as he was designated by the patronymic surname Baducing. Perhaps the name Bedca, from which Mr. Taylor correctly derives Bedford, may be only a dialectical variation.

The Domesday spelling of Bakewell, *Badequella*, presents a curious, but of course quite accidental, co-

incidence with the modern German for 'bath-spring.' I fear that non-philological readers will be disposed to see in this fact a strong confirmation of Mr. Taylor's interpretation of the name. Bad as Mr. Taylor's (or Camden's) etymology is, it is not the worst that has been proposed. More than one modern popular source of information explains the name as *bedican-well*, the bediked or fortified well!

A very dangerous opening for the perpetration of ungrammatical etymologies is, as may be supposed, afforded by the local names which are, or seem to be, derived from names of persons. It is very easy to glance over a list of Saxon and Icelandic personal names, until we find one which bears some resemblance in sound to the local name to be explained. To ascertain whether our conjecture is grammatically admissible requires a little more knowledge. With respect to Anglo-Saxon names of this class, Mr. Taylor is nearly free from blame. He does not, like some other writers on the same subject (notably Mr. Flavell Edmunds), imagine that a Saxon man's name ending in *-e* can form its genitive with *-an*, or that a name in *-a* can form a genitive in *-s*.

But in dealing with Scandinavian personal derivatives he is less happy. The Cumberland Ransdale and Rainsbarrow cannot be from Hrani (genitive Hrana). Ulverston (Domesday *Vlurestune*) is not from Ôlafr, which would have given Ôlafs-tûn, but from Ulfarr, or its Anglo-Saxon equivalent Wulfhere. Buthar (Budharr, gen. Budhars), as an etymon for Buttermere, Butterthwaite, Butterhill, Buttergill, &c., if permissible on grammatical grounds, does not accord with 'the known laws of phonetic change.'

The grammatical points to be borne in mind in dealing with this class of etymologies may be indicated in a few words. Icelandic names ending in *-i* form their genitives in *-a*. This vowel usually becomes *-e* in the Domesday spelling, and in the modern forms is elided. Names ending in a consonant form the genitive either in *-ar* or in *-s*. The inflection *-ar* generally disappears in English local names, as in Haconby for Hakonarbœr. There are, however, some exceptions, as Osmotherley and Amounderness. The genitival *-s* is always retained when the local name is a dissyllable; in longer compounds it is very frequently suppressed (compare, for instance, Stainsby from Steinn, with Thurstonland from Thorsteinn). It is a curious fact that the genitival *-s* of Ketill, and its derivatives Askell, Grimkell, Thorkell, &c., is, as far as I know, *always* omitted in the English place names derived from them.

The rules above given are, I believe, applicable to all *purely* Scandinavian local names in England. When we meet with such a phenomenon as Barn*s*ley (Yorks), or the Domesday Osbern*es*tune (now Osberton Notts), we are warranted in concluding that, although the places were once owned by a Danish Björn, or Asbjörn, the inhabitants spoke not Danish, but Anglo-Saxon.

Etymologists in general seem to have underrated the largeness of the proportion in which personal derivatives occur in Anglo-Saxon local names. The reason of this is very obvious. The personal names which appear most frequently in local nomenclature are not those of the *well-known* type of Saxon names —those beginning with Ælf, Æthel, Cyne, and the like, but belong to the (to us) less familiar and less intelligible class of simple names like Dod, Hand, Wada, Badda, Bædde, Toc, and so forth. As the

existence of these personal names is not likely to be known except to those who especially search for them in old charters, the character of their local derivatives is generally misconceived, and strange and fanciful etymologies are found for them in Anglo-Saxon or Celtic. It is possible, indeed, that among the names which seem clearly to be of personal derivation there may be many which are merely *interpretative corruptions* of earlier Celtic names. The Roman Verolamium, Beda tells us, was corrupted by the Saxons (through the form Varlamacestir) into Varlingacestir, evidently under the notion that the name was derived from a Teutonic clan of Warlings. But, after making all reasonable deductions on this score, it remains a fact that personal derivation plays a much greater part in English local nomenclature than has hitherto been generally believed.

One of the most obstinately besetting sins of local etymologists has been the disposition to make their science 'interesting' by strained derivations of names from celebrated personages of history or mythology. Mr. Taylor will furnish us with examples of both the forms of this error. One of them is illustrated by the list of places (amongst others containing Ellerburn and Ellerbeck!) which he imagines may be named from King Ælle of Northumbria. The other appears in his derivation of Hellifield (Domesday Helgefelt), Helaugh (Domesday Hailaga), and half-a-dozen other Yorkshire names, from the Norse goddess Hel; and in the suggestion that Toot Hill (Old English *totehil*, 'Watch-tower hill,' from toten, *speculari*) may possibly preserve the name of the Celtic deity Taith or Teutates.

Contrary to the common preconception on the subject, genuine etymologies of this kind are very rare. The *eponymi* of our English villages are for the most part mere obscure landowners or farmers, respecting whom it would be absurd to seek for any more information. Still, there are a few cases in which local names clearly do contain references to gods or to well-known historical figures; and sometimes the cautious inquirer has the pleasure of coming upon them unexpectedly. One is glad, for instance, to find the Yorkshire mountain, Roseberry Topping, mentioned in old documents as Othenesbergh, *i.e.* Odin's mount.

A specimen of an interesting historical reference in a local name may be found, if my conjecture be correct, in the case of Dinsdale, previously explained in this paper; and I feel tempted to state here a speculation of similar character relating to the Derbyshire name of Hathersage. This name appears in Domesday as Hereseige, and in other early documents Haveres-hegge. The vulgar pronunciation in the neighbourhood is 'Allersage.' The present spelling, so far as I can learn, is entirely modern. These facts seem to me to point to the reading of the name as *Ælfheres-hegge*, *i.e.* Ælfhere's *hedge* or stockade. It does not seem a very daring conjecture that the place may have been a strong post placed by Ælfhere, ealdorman of Mercia, as a check on incursions from Northumbria. At the same time, it is important to remark that this is only a permissible speculation, not by any means an established fact.

I should like to see some evidence adduced for the statement made by Mr. Taylor (p. 92) that the termination *-um* is 'the Frisian form of *ham*.' The assertion has the countenance of some good scholars; and Dr. R. G. Latham goes so far as to make the occurrence of this termi-

nation a test of 'the Frisian element' in the ethnology of various English districts. This, I venture to think, is manifestly a mistake.

It is a well-known fact, not ignored by Mr. Taylor himself, that all the Teutonic and Scandinavian languages in their earliest stages had the habit of making exceptionally frequent use, in local nomenclature, of the dative case, preceded by the word *at*, *on*, or *in*. The preposition practically formed part of the name, so that we read in Beda of places called 'Ad Murum,' 'Ad Barve, quod interpretatur Ad Nemus,' and so on. Now the termination of the dative *plural*, alike in Old Norse, Anglo-Saxon, and Old Frisian, is *um*; and in reading our early historians we find abundance of such names as In Feppingum, In Gethlingum, On Wirhalum, 'vicus celebris qui vocatur At Bathum,' &c. As the English language lost its inflectional character, the preposition was dropped, and the forms ending in *-um* were employed indeclinably; exactly in the same manner as English travellers and map-makers speak of the towns of *Holum* and *Reykium* in Iceland. In Domesday and other early records we meet with scores of names having this ending; some of them being of Scandinavian and some of Saxon origin. In the modern forms of these names, the termination has either disappeared, as in Locthusum, now Lofthouse; or is disguised by a corrupted orthography, as in the change of Carrum into Carham-on-Tweed, and of Morehusum into Moorsholm.

I am by no means satisfied that the very numerous '*um* finita' of Friesland and Sleswick are not themselves datives plural. The Frisians may simply have happened to make an unusually frequent use of a principle of nomenclature common to all the Teutonic tribes. But even if this supposition be disproved, it seems clearly absurd to think that the syllable *um* has any value as a test in English ethnology.

There is one point connected with the idiomatic use of the dative in Saxon names which should be mentioned, as Mr. Taylor has fallen into a ludicrous mistake through overlooking it. When a compound name containing an adjective is put in the dative (singular), the adjective is declined separately, according to the *definite* form. Thus in Hanbury (A.-S. Heán-byrig), Hendon, &c., the first syllable is the dative of *heah*, high. Mr. Taylor oddly identifies it with *heán*, disgraceful or contemptible! One would have thought that the intrinsic improbability of a number of names of such a meaning ought to have suggested that there must be some mistake in the explanation.

I have endeavoured, in these somewhat slight and desultory remarks, to give some practical illustration of the methods which ought to be followed by the inquirers in local etymology. The reader who is able to form some idea of the amount of laborious research which the use of these methods implies, will no doubt agree with me that the preparation of a trustworthy general treatise on English place-names is a task beyond the power of any single scholar. If the thing is to be done at all, it can only be by a number of thoroughly qualified students in various parts of England, each devoting his attention to the nomenclature of his own district, and bringing to bear on the subject all the light derivable from personal knowledge of the localities and from locally-accessible historical documents.

In these inquiries no ancient name should be passed over, even if it

belong only to a single house or a moorland rock; because the name of the most insignificant place may often be of the highest value as furnishing an analogy or establishing a law of formation. After these sectional inquiries are completed, it will require a skilled philologist to reduce to system and consistency the mass of information that has been gained. When this has been done, and not till then, we may hope to see a comprehensive treatise on English nomenclature worthy of the present state of philological science in general.

HENRY BRADLEY.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

SOMEWHAT more than two years ago there was published in the pages of this Magazine what it may be hoped was a tolerably faithful description of the House of Commons. It may not be amiss to attempt to do something of the same sort for the House of Lords. Such an effort is at least seasonable. The Chamber of our hereditary legislature has certainly not been diminishing in importance during the present Parliament. An unusually large number of national measures have been originated by it; it has been the scene of many debates of great moment and of rare excellence; it has witnessed the rise and development of one or two Parliamentary reputations on a more striking scale than the House of Commons has known. The statesmanship, the oratory, the wisdom, and the debating power of the Peers will compare not unfavourably with the best standard of the Commons; and the consequence is that the cry for the reform (not to speak of the abolition) of the House of Lords, has entirely subsided. There is every reason to believe that in the Session of Parliament which begins this month, the House of Lords will more than divide public attention with the House of Commons. The Prime Minister will have his place on the red morocco covered benches on the right of the Woolsack, and any rumours that Lord Beaconsfield intends to abdicate the Premiership in favour of the Chancellor of the Exchequer may be lightly regarded. It was Sir Robert Peel's opinion that the statesman primarily responsible for the conduct of Her Majesty's Government could not possibly discharge all the duties of his position in the House of Commons. In the address which he delivered in August last at Aylesbury Lord Beaconsfield evidently intended to endorse and emphasise this verdict of his ancient foe. Independently of the attraction which Lord Beaconsfield's presence is likely to constitute, there is the noticeable fact that half, and that unquestionably the most influential half, of the select Committee which initiates the legislation of the country, and on whose conduct the fate of Government and parties depends, have seats in the House of Lords. The Ministry will, in fact, be extremely weak in debating resources and rhetorical capacity in the House of Commons, and abnormally strong in the House of Lords. The Conservative situation is thus exactly the reverse of what it was thirty years ago, when the late Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, was summoned in the lifetime of his father to the Upper House, to reinforce and to inspire the enfeebled and dispirited Tories. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Secretary of State for War are the only two occupants of the Treasury Bench in the Commons who can be regarded as masters of Parliamentary tactics. Mr. Gathorne Hardy is a more impressive, vigorous, and eloquent speaker and an incomparably better debater than Sir Stafford Northcote, but he lacks the temperance of mind and the clearness of political vision which have secured for the latter the succession to Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Cross has remarkable power of lucid exposition, and has acquired the art of making neat and happy replies

to Parliamentary questions. Mr. Ward Hunt has a good voice. Lord John Manners has a poor voice. Neither is a pillar of strength to his party. It is enough to mention the names of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Forster, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Childers, Mr. Playfair, and above all Lord Hartington, who has acquired a rare knowledge of the House of Commons, to see the extreme disadvantage at which Ministers will be in the lower chamber of the legislature when compared with their opponents.

In the House of Lords the case is exactly the reverse. It has still to be seen whether Lord Beaconsfield, who as Mr. Disraeli was able so to supplement the mediocrity of his colleagues, as to have no cause to fear any onset from his opponents, will win the same triumphs in the House of Lords. Thirty-seven years ago he recognised that very different standards and sorts of rhetorical excellence and efficiency existed in the two Houses. He makes one of his characters say, in the *Young Duke*, 'One thing is clear—that a man may speak very well in the House of Commons, and fail very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite. I intend in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both. In the Lower House, "Don Juan" may perhaps be my model; in the Upper House, Paradise Lost.' Fortunately, Mr. Disraeli 'has had time' to achieve the object of the ambition at which he prophetically hinted thirty-seven years ago. It will be interesting to see whether he will be able to master the Miltonic as completely as he has mastered the Byronic ideal. As a matter of fact, Mr. Disraeli's later Parliamentary manner is quite as well adapted to the House of Lords as to the House of Commons; and for some time past it might be thought that the Prime Minister had by frequent rehearsals been endeavouring to acquire the epic dignity and solemnity which he mentions as rhetorical desiderata for the Peers. But if a total change were necessary, would Lord Beaconsfield be more than able to assume the change? But it must be remembered that the House of Lords, of which Mr. Disraeli spoke in the *Young Duke*, was itself very different from the House of Lords which Lord Beaconsfield will address some ten days hence. It is not merely that there is a much larger supply of the popular element among the Peers —that the Peers themselves are now as a body quite as faithfully representatives of English interests, prejudices, tastes, likes and dislikes as the Commons; that the Upper House has unconsciously adopted many of the Parliamentary ways of the Lower. The same social and intellectual atmosphere is breathed in the House of Lords as in the House of Commons and in the clubs and drawing-rooms of London. Educated persons, whether they do or do not belong to the hereditary legislature, have all of them pretty much the same appetite in intellectual matters. Fossil traditions and instincts are out of date, and the attributes which have secured Mr. Disraeli his ascendancy in the House of Commons will stand him in the same good stead in the House of Lords. These are facts which go some way towards minimising or nullifying the distinction that Lord Beaconsfield has drawn between the requisite conditions for the two kinds of Parliamentary success.

Largely, in any forecast of the interest and importance which the House of Lords is this year likely to have for the nation at large, comes the consideration of the character of the debates by which it will be mainly engaged. It is safe to predict that the Eastern Question, and

the complicated collateral issues which arise out of it, will be prominent as in the Lower, so in the Upper House. But with what different results? The House of Commons, as it is now composed, is not competent to discuss grave and difficult topics of international relations. On the minutiæ of domestic legislation—local taxation, roads bills, shipping bills, liquor bills, and the like—it can bring to bear an extraordinary amount of many-sided and practical experience. But, with some half-dozen exceptions, the professed foreign politicians of the House of Commons, are enthusiasts, crotchetteers, charlatans, or all three. The comparative values of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, when issues of this description are raised, came out very strongly, not only in the foreign policy debates towards the close of last Session, but also in the debates on the Imperial Titles Bill. As we shall probably have enough, and more than enough, of the former in a very short while, let our retrospect be here confined to the latter. The repeatedly adjourned discussions in the House of Commons had, of course, the effect of acquainting the Government with the popular prejudice which seemed to exist against the phrase—Empress of India. But they did nothing more than this. They did not add to the sum of popular knowledge on the subject. They were popular protests, and nothing more. The controversy was no sooner removed into the House of Lords than it seemed to be in an atmosphere, not only of greater calmness, but of greater intelligence. The arguments adduced *pro* and *con* were those of knowledge, and not of emotion. The debates visibly enlarged the horizon of popular information. In addition to which the Peers showed a more lavish profusion of those powers which chiefly sway even a popular assemblage, than had been witnessed in the House of Commons. Perhaps the great speech of the great debate on the subject was that of Lord Napier and Ettrick. Though Lord Napier spoke from the Opposition side of the House, he spoke generally, but conditionally, in favour of the measure. With his argument we are not concerned. We refer to his speech merely because it was an illustration of eloquence, intellectual acumen, and copious knowledge which would have adorned any representative assemblage. Lord Napier and Ettrick will very shortly have no lack of similar opportunities. Many years ago, when his lordship was secretary of legation at Naples, Lady Holland asked him who was the most agreeable person attached to the embassy. He simply answered, 'I am.' It was perfectly true, but it is not less true that Lord Napier can boast much more than the vague merit of being agreeable. In addition to possessing great political judgment, Lord Napier has, as a diplomatist at Berlin, Constantinople, and St. Petersburgh, gained a practical insight into the question of the East. There are other members of the House of Lords not less qualified to speak on such a subject than Lord Napier. His name has been merely selected here as typical of that deeper wisdom and wider enlightenment on topics outside the range of domestic statesmanship which are becoming scarcer and scarcer in the House of Commons.

As the object of this article is to present to the reader the House of Lords as it is, it need scarcely be said that we have no intention of dwelling at length upon its ancient history, or upon the many theories of its constitutional position, which have been propounded by political philosophers and practical statesmen at different times. The House

of Lords, as the Marquis of Salisbury said, may not be an institution which the author of an abstract polity would care to create, but as it exists we must take it for what it is worth, and not condemn it so long as it performs its work effectively. That it does this few will care to deny, and doing this its utility is a self-evident fact, which has silenced the agitation of eight years ago. Only on three occasions since the Reform Bill of 1832 has there been any appearance or danger of a collision between the two Houses of Parliament. The first of these was in 1860. On May 21st the House of Lords had thrown out the Bill for the remission of the paper tax by a majority of 89. The opposition was successfully led by the venerable Lord Lyndhurst, who on his 81st birthday spoke with all the eloquence and acumen which had made him famous half a century before. The question was whether the Peers had a right to reject a money bill. It was admitted that they had no right so to amend a money bill as to change the amount or incidence of taxation in any degree. On the other hand, it was shown by Lord Lyndhurst that the right now claimed by the Peers of rejection had been exercised before, and was logically implied in the discussion by the House of Lords of such legislation. These arguments were not replies to the contention that it was inexpedient to assert the privilege, and as is generally the case when a consideration of technical legality arises, the controversy was ultimately decided, not by the division in the House of Lords, but on the broad grounds of constitutional policy and prudence. The matter was first relegated to a committee, and then settled by Lord Palmerston's resolutions of July 5th, 1860.[2] It is merely necessary to mention by name the two other instances in which differences between the House of Lords and the House of Commons have menaced a legislative deadlock. Of this the former occurred when the Bill for the abolition of the Irish Church debate was going through Parliament in 1868, the Peers ultimately giving way. While the latter took place three years later, when their lordships rejected the Bill for the abolition of Army purchase, and Mr. Gladstone resorted to the expedient of straining the prerogative of the Crown by the issue of the Royal Warrant. Since then, unless, indeed, it be during the first and second sessions of the present Parliament, when the Public Worship Bill—so far as concerned the question whether the discretionary power should be vested in the Bishops or only in the Archbishops—and the Appellate Jurisdiction Bills, respectively, underwent considerable modification at the instance of the Lords, there has been no hitch in the amicable relations of the two houses.

The legislative activity of the House of Lords has also been noticeable since the advent of Lord Beaconsfield to power. Of the thirty-six measures of importance introduced to Parliament, twenty have originated in the Peers' Chamber. The Public Worship Bill in 1874, and the Judicature Act in 1875, both owed their parentage to our hereditary legislators. During last year the abortive Oxford Reform Bill first saw the light in front of the Woolsack, and was the occasion of one of the most noteworthy speeches of the Session from the Archbishop of Canterbury. The fact that both the Secretary of State for India and for the Colonies are in the House of Lords, has also

[2] *See* 'Molesworth's History,' vol. iii. p. 167.

undoubtedly caused that assemblage to occupy a more conspicuous place in the public eye than for some years it has done. It is to be noticed also that the recent debates in the House of Lords have not only been in many cases of a high order of excellence, but that they have introduced to public notice a larger proportion of capable candidates for political eminence comparatively, if not absolutely, than has been observed in the House of Commons elected three years ago. This is the more remarkable, seeing that the number of those who habitually take part in parliamentary debate is much smaller in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons. In the latter the total may perhaps, roughly speaking, be thirty; in the former it is probably not more than fifteen. Further, difficult as it may be for a young and untried man to get the ear of the House of Commons, that difficulty is very much greater in the House of Lords. The young peer rises full of suppressed fire and enthusiasm, to meet with as chilling a reception as a well-bred audience can give. He is ignored; he is silenced by a general undertone of conversation; or he finds that he is defeated by the peculiar acoustic qualities of the chamber in which he essays to speak. It is a different thing if he belongs to a family traditionally famous in Parliamentary annals. If he is a Duke of Richmond, a Marquis of Salisbury, an Earl of Derby, Carnarvon, of Clarendon, or the representative of any other great political house, he will be sure of attention. But at all times the sphere of active statesmanship in the House of Lords has conformed to the conditions of a close borough, and unknown aspirants to Parliamentary fame have not been encouraged, and have proclaimed their ambition only to ensure collapse.

That this tradition has to a great extent been broken through in the course of the past year must be partly perhaps ascribed to the circumstance that the House of Lords has signally ceased to be under the domination of one or two individuals, and thus for the present the paralysing influences which such a *régime* naturally exercises upon the rest of its members have passed away. Its ruling spirits, of course, assert themselves—Lord Cairns, Lord Salisbury, Lord Granville, the Duke of Somerset—to mention only a few of the most prominent names. But nothing like the dictatorship which, in times past, Lord Thurlow, Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Lyndhurst exercised, can now be found. There is undoubtedly a growing tendency among their lordships to give the rising talent of their house a chance, and this tendency has already had the happiest results. The representative of a long line of statesmen—the head of a house which has secured the entrance to political life of a Macaulay and a Lowe, the wearer of a title which seems to symbolize the attributes of the true Mæcenas of Whiggism—the Marquis of Lansdowne took his seat in the House of Lords with an academic as well as ancestral reputation, was at once listened to as by right of birth, and made his mark as speaker and debater, when serving as an under-Secretary of State five years ago. Lord Lansdowne, who was the most promising of Mr. Gladstone's patrician recruits, may now claim to have become the *enfant terrible* of the Opposition. The last Session brought to the front, though in one case not for the first time, two young noblemen of whom, from the promise of their school and college career, much was expected—Lord Colchester and the Earl of Morley. For the time, these two members of

the House of Lords, though seated on opposite benches, may be said to have combined together under the leadership of Lord Lansdowne for the purpose of resisting the Ministerial Oxford Reform Bill. Lord Colchester was heard as the accepted organ of a select body of Oxford residents, and the matter of his speech was deserving of all consideration. His rhetorical manner has not changed since the days in which he used to declaim the precepts of Eldonian Toryism to the assembled undergraduates of the Oxford Union. His elocution is so defective, his voice so uncertain, his mode of expression so stilted and artificial, that, though he may be useful in Council, he can never be powerful in debate. Lord Morley had the same university prestige as Lord Colchester, and in addition to this was, when at Balliol, as Lord Boringdon, a favourite pupil of Professor Jowett. He has been in the House of Lords upwards of seven years, but till last Session his voice had not been heard on any occasion of importance. His *début* will have hardly satisfied the expectations of his friends; and it is plain from the reception which he met, that he must divest himself of a certain aggressive *doxosophy* before he can hope to be a power among his peers.

The case is very different with certain young noblemen who sit on the back benches of the Ministerial side of the House—the Earl of Camperdown and the Earl of Aberdeen, who, with Lords Donoughmore, Rayleigh, and Walsingham, are quite the most promising of the youthful Conservative peers. In each of these there is not merely political talent and considerable rhetorical power, but pre-eminent common sense. They have none of them, as yet, delivered any set orations, save, indeed, when moving or seconding the Address to the Throne, a duty which has devolved upon four out of the five. All, however, have had the opportunity of speaking briefly on matters of social or domestic political importance, and have favourably impressed competent critics, whether amongst their own party or their opponents. Lord Walsingham, indeed, is less of a neophyte than the others, and has already taken rank as a practical politician of marked ability and great practical usefulness. He is, moreover, doing much outside the House of Lords: and, in the second chamber of the legislature, extra-parliamentary achievements carry more political weight with them even than in the House of Commons. His feats as a slayer of grouse may be placed upon one side, but it is not unimportant to mention that, as a trustee of the British Museum, newly appointed to the office by the Prime Minister, he is not disposed to regard the post as a sinecure; and that, as a scientific agriculturist, he is setting a good example to the farmers of his county.

Unquestionably the honours of last Session, in the House of Lords, belonged, among the junior members of that august assemblage, to Lord Rosebery, and the only fear is lest the amount of praise which has been justly given to the young nobleman should turn his head, and spoil him for future efforts. Entering public life with no preliminary blare of academic trumpets, but with an established reputation for sagacity and acumen among those who knew him, Lord Rosebery, though he had only once or twice briefly addressed the House of Lords on unimportant topics, had delivered more than one good speech outside its walls before he distinguished himself by his remarks on the Imperial Title Bill, a year ago. He had displayed the happy knack of self-adaptation to

circumstances, with equal felicity, on occasions grave and gay; when in his capacity of President of the Social Science Congress, he surveyed the progress and condition of all branches of human knowledge, within the limits of a two hours' prelection; when as chairman at a dinner given to that actor, he proposed the health of Mr. Toole; when, while making, with Lord Bute, the grand tour of the United States, he addressed a copy of verses to Sam Ward—the hero of Welcker's and Delmonico's, the king of the lobby at Washington, and of *bons vivants* at New York—a poem which adorns to this day the album of every American lady of fashion. It should be mentioned that on the same day on which, last Session, he won his laurels in the House of Lords, the Earl of Rosebery had already scored a double success at Newmarket. This accomplished, he took the train to London, and in a few hours was making the speech of the evening, that speech at Westminster in which he wittily described the new Imperial title as 'labelled for external application only.' The knowledge of the world which Lord Rosebery has gathered is not unlikely to be highly useful to him in his political career. But the period has now arrived when this young, clever, and popular nobleman, who has given such signal evidence of political capacity, may be expected to devote more attention to the State, and less to the stable.

Has the 'rising talent' of the House of Commons anything better to show than the instances which have here been mentioned? During the last Session Mr. Cowen, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Burt—all of them new men—made their mark. But what fresh Parliamentary lights are to be found among the many ingenuous youths who have entered the present House of Commons for the first time? Can it be said that during an entire decade among the new members of the House of Commons, who are at the present moment this side of five and thirty, there have been revealed any who has unmistakeably about him the making of a statesman? The renovation to which the House of Commons is at any time liable, may alter the character of the prospect, but, as matters are, the preponderance of political promise is to be found in the House of Lords.

For the purpose of acquiring a general view of the House of Lords, its chief members, and the manner in which business is conducted therein, perhaps it will be the best plan to ask the reader to accompany us thither in imagination, on any afternoon during the Session. It is essential that the weather should be fine, for the Peers' chamber is dependent on the beams of the sun for its picturesqueness of effect. It is five o'clock, and in 'another place'—the House of Commons—work has been going on for three-quarters of an hour. Most of the gentlemen strolling through St. James' Park in the direction of Palace Yard, or dismounting from carriage and steed there or at the entrance to St. Stephen's from the side of Poet's Corner are peers, and from the number of them it may be inferred that an interesting or important debate is expected. The House is beginning gradually to fill as the visitor takes his seat, not behind the bar, nor in front of the House—positions the best for purposes of hearing, but the worst for purposes of vision—but in the front row of the Strangers' Gallery. The afternoon sun pours in through the painted windows, illuminating the gilding of the decorations, and bathing in lustre the green carpet, with its prince's feathers of gold, and the crimson morocco of the benches. If there is something

barbaric in the hues and patterns, there is some effect of historic dignity in the statues of the famous founders of noble houses, which adorn the niches in the wall, and under which are inscribed names immortalised in our national story. On each side of the chamber save the side allotted to reporters, is the Peeresses' Gallery —that structure against which Lord Redesdale so emphatically protested on the ground that it would make the House of Lords like a casino. If gay dresses can produce this result there is certainly some danger of Lord Redesdale's apprehension being fulfilled. Given only fine weather and an attractive debate, and the Peeresses' Gallery will be a parterre of elaborate and multi-coloured toilettes, rivalling in their resplendent variety the innumerable tints which the decorative taste of Barry has impressed upon the architecture of the fabric.

It is not only in these respects—sumptuous ornamentation, the presence of ladies, full in the sight of the assembled legislators—that the interior of the House of Lords presents such a contrast to the House of Commons.

There is an air of agreeable abandon in the mien and behaviour of their lordships. The countenances of the Members of the House of Commons have for the most part a look of anxiety or preoccupation. They enter their chamber like men oppressed with the consciousness of responsibility, burdened by a despotism of immutable laws and rigid etiquette. There is nothing of the sort in the House of Lords—no painful evidence of the thraldom of ceremonial, rules, or customs, or of the ruthless sacrifice of pleasure to duty. The whole atmosphere seems redolent of well-bred nonchalance and aristocratic repose. For instance, there is, in theory, a Speaker of the House of Lords called though he always is the Chancellor, just as there is a Speaker of the House of Commons; but the functions of the two are separated by a gulf which is conclusive as to the difference of their relative positions, and also as to the spirit in which the business of the two Houses is conducted. The Speaker of the House of Commons is something more than *primus inter pares*. For the time being he is regarded as of a nature different from, and superior to the honourable gentlemen by whom he is surrounded. Though there is nothing which the House of Commons likes better than a personal encounter, or a vituperative duel between any two members, there is nothing approaching to disrespect to the gentleman who is the first Commoner in England—the custodian and embodiment of its privileges—that it will tolerate. When Dr. Kenealy abused Mr. Disraeli, the House of Commons merely laughed. When he comported himself in merely a careless manner to Mr. Speaker, it showed its disgust and indignation in a most unmistakeable manner. The Speaker of the House of Commons is, in fact, the commissioner-in-chief of the privileges and prerogatives of the House of Commons—whom the House has agreed to make the depositary of its ceremonial interests. To the Lord Chancellor no such trust has been delivered. The Peers are a self-governed body, the preservers of their own 'order,' and the protectors of their own privileges. Though the keeper of the Queen's conscience may sit enthroned in majesty on the Woolsack, he is not fenced round by any divinity sufficient to deter noble lords from lounging indolently, at half length, upon its well-padded sides. Save for the dignity of his garb, the Chancellor might be nothing more than the usher of the court. Unlike the

Speaker in the House of Commons, his lordship does not decide who shall have priority. When more than one Peer rises, their lordships keep order for themselves; the Chancellor has not even a casting vote when the numbers in a division are equal, and his only strictly presidential duty is to put the question, and read the titles of unopposed measures. On the other hand, he is the direct representative of royalty on all occasions when the Sovereign communicates with Parliament, and he is the representative official mouthpiece of the House of Peers when they hold intercourse with public bodies or individuals outside.

It is rare to find more than a third of the sittings of the House of Lords occupied. There is no need for members, as in the House of Commons, to come down a couple of hours before the business of the day begins, and bespeak a place for themselves by affixing their visiting card. All is calm and comfortable; there is no haste, no rude competition, no unceremonious jostling. It is five minutes past five, and Lord Cairns has taken his seat upon the woolsack. The proceedings of their lordships begin with what, to the spectator from the gallery, is merely a dumb show. The Chancellor rises, repeats a cabalistic formula, which is in effect the titles of the measures that are not opposed —private bills and so forth—and after having murmured, in tones audible to few but himself, some twenty times, that 'the Contents have it,' sits down, and waits for his colleagues on the Ministerial Bench, or his noble friends on the Opposition Bench, to commence. Independently of the condition of the galleries and the space before the throne and in front of the bar, behind the iron benches at the opposite end of the House, there are other signs which will acquaint the visitor whether a keen debate or important division is expected. If it is he will notice that the Parliamentary clerk, who stands a little in front, and to the right of the entrance on the left side of the throne is particularly busy in writing down on a tablet which he carries in his hands the name of every peer whom he can see. He will also notice that a gentleman of pleasant appearance and polished address, is particularly active in saluting noble lords as they come into the chamber, or after they have taken their seat. Presently the same gentleman hurriedly commits a number of names to paper, under the headings C. and N. C., not before he has first conferred with the above-named Parliamentary clerk for the purpose of verifying his catalogue, standing a little aloof, smoothing with his hand, at intervals during the process, his flowing beard. At last his task is over. He completes his calculation with a smile of satisfaction, and walks leisurely up to the Government leader in the House of Lords to whisper a few words in his ear. The Government leader is for the time the President of the Council, the Duke of Richmond, and his friend and colleague is Lord Skelmersdale, the most popular, cheery, well-favoured and assiduous Ministerial 'whip' ever known in their lordships' house.

Meanwhile Ministers are answering the few questions to which in the House of Lords they are ever called upon to respond. The Marquis of Salisbury, in tones wherein courtesy is indistinguishable from sarcasm, is informing the Duke of Argyll that the future examination of Competition Wallahs is a subject that is receiving his closest attention, but that at present there is no intention of substituting Sanskrit for Greek, or Physiology for Latin. Lord Cadogan has met an interrogatory from Lord Cardwell with a *non*

possumus, or Lord Derby, in reply to a question from Lord Campbell and Stratheden, has declared that certain papers relative to some forgotten commercial treaty or identic note shall be laid upon the table as soon as possible. The curious feature in the collective life of the House of Lords at the present moment is that no one seems to care for what his neighbour is doing or saying. The Chancellor is writing a note on his knee. The Primate is talking to an Archdeacon whom he has introduced into the House on the left of the Episcopal Bench. The Duke of Richmond is strolling into the lobby. Lord Granville is chatting to the Duke of Somerset, who sits immediately behind him. But after awhile the preliminaries come to an end, and then, if there is to be a real debate, and not merely a discursive conversation, the debate begins.

While it is in progress we will abstain from speculating on its character, and will rather occupy ourselves with a rapid glance at the more prominent of their lordships, who happen to be present, and who may possibly engage in the discussion as the evening draws on. Seated in the centre of the table just before the Woolsack, is Lord Redesdale, chairman of committees, conspicuous with the invariable swallow tail coat and white tie, looking neither older nor younger than he did a quarter of a century ago. He is busily engaged in writing letters or in looking over official documents. On his left, in the place which the late Lord Lyttelton invariably occupied, is Lord Stanley of Alderley—in appearance marvellously like what Henry Stanley was, a couple of decades ago, before the traveller had developed into the politician, and was in the habit of starting off at an hour's notice for the wilds of Tartary, with no luggage worth mentioning but a pipe and some Turkish tobacco, prepared to dine with much satisfaction off dates and rice, and cold water. A good speaker Lord Stanley is not, and never was. He generally reads his speeches, and generally, too, in tones which it is extremely difficult to understand. But their substance is always admirable, and if the topic be distinctly related with the East—with Turkey, or India, or China and Japan, Lord Stanley's authority is weighty. Exactitude, knowledge, humour and cleverness—these are qualities which he never fails to display, but too often at a time, and in a manner which causes his audience to ignore them, and really robs them of their effect.

Of the front opposition bench the first occupant who claims attention is Lord Shaftesbury, a speaker—and so far as possible we now confine our remarks to oratorical qualities—whose sentences, indeed, are always well constructed; but whose argument is sometimes so loose and inconsequent as scarcely to deserve the name of argument at all, and whose enunciation is frequently so careless that he can only be heard by those who are sitting immediately next to him. At times, however, Lord Shaftesbury shows himself an orator full of fire, eloquence, and conviction. Next to Lord Shaftesbury is generally found Lord Coleridge, whose rhetoric, 'honeyed with the oil of persuasion,' what need to describe? Beyond sit Lord Cardwell, with pensive air and folded arms, seldom a speaker, always a close and critical listener; Lord Granville, the Opposition leader, radiant and polished to behold, with an air of genial langour about him affected rather than real, and a strength of satire which may well astonish those who are accustomed to regard him rather as a professor of deportment than a statesman; eminently

uncertain as a speaker, sometimes giving the House nothing but weak doses of political platitudes; at others earnest, dignified, abounding in sagacity and wisdom. His near neighbour on the same bench, Lord Kimberley, is a statesman who is in his true element in Parliament—a keen politician, a fluent, perhaps too fluent, speaker, and abounding in cleverness and knowledge. The Duke of Argyll will probably be a better orator and a more influential personage ten years hence than he is now. His rhetoric has required and is now gradually gaining a certain mellowness, which is an immense improvement. Earl Grey, who sits near the Duke of Argyll, his head inclined slightly forward so as not to lose a word which is said—and whatever the subject of discussion his attention is invariably the same and never flags—frequently regards it as a duty to play the part of *advocatus diaboli* to any measure which may be before the House. But aggressive though his criticism may be, it is always to the point, and he inherits many of the attributes which were conspicuous in his father, the Premier of that administration which passed the first Reform Bill. His voice is still clear and strong. His common sense immediately supplies the solvent before which mere plausibility disappears—a common sense that comes not only of experience but of vigour, and is full of a force which is tempered and not diminished by age. On the bench immediately behind that on which the Opposition leaders are seated, the most conspicuous personage is the Duke of Somerset, perhaps on the whole the most pungent, witty, and incisive speaker of whom the House of Lords can boast. His style, indeed, is rather that which we might expect, but which at present we should look for in vain, in the House of Commons. No one is more quick to detect imposition, or to strip it of its veneer of fine phrases and fair promises than this free-thinking, hard-hitting peer. Unfortunately his Parliamentary utterances cannot be heard from the strangers' gallery, and the reporters follow him with difficulty. Still they do follow him; and his speeches will bear the test of careful study even in their summarised form. The representative character of the House of Lords has been already dwelt upon in the course of this article. There is certainly no member of the House of Commons who so thoroughly represents the educated, popular, destructive, critical spirit of the age as his Grace of Somerset. Lord Campbell and Stratheden is the last peer on the Liberal side on whom it is necessary to say a few words. If Lord Campbell did himself justice he would long ago have made a far greater mark in Parliamentary life than he seems likely to do. On foreign politics, and especially on the politics of South Eastern Europe he is more thoroughly and accurately informed than almost any of the opposition peers, unless it be Lord Napier. Lord Campbell is, moreover, master of a literary style, whose only defect is occasional obscurity, generated by a straining after epigrammatic point, and an over-wrought refinement of expression. But Lord Campbell, notwithstanding the copiousness and exactness of his knowledge, his unrivalled mastery of bluebooks and his memory for the text of treaties and protocols, is an ineffective speaker. He is listened to in spite of himself, because what he says is known to be worth hearing. Happily Lord Campbell is in the habit of printing his more important speeches, and the world is thus supplied with what are really valuable manuals of political teaching.

With debating power the Conservative benches in the House of Lords are, as has been said, much more plentifully furnished than the Whig or Liberal side. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who will now resign his leadership only to the newly-elevated Prime Minister, has always done his work discreetly. He has, in fact, done all that was wanted of him. He has never failed to make a Ministerial statement, however complicated the subject, in a clear and business like manner. He has been uniformly courteous to his opponents, and is thorougly trusted by his colleagues. Political influence, beyond what must attach to the possessor of a couple of Dukedoms, he has had, and aspires to have, none. The great defect in Lord Derby, as a speaker, is the prominence of Lancashire in his accent. It is here alone that he reminds one of his father, in whom the same peculiarity was apparent, especially in moments of political passion and excitement. He never hesitates, has no varied inflections of tone, and consequently never soars to the height of the orator. He appeals to the reason and judgment of his hearers, whether in Parliament or out of it. Lord Carnarvon's voice is weak, as his figure is slight, but he employs it to the utmost advantage, and without any semblance of painful effort. Not a word that he says is ever lost; and in the spirit and vigour with which his sentences are delivered, as well as the admirable form into which they are thrown, one forgets the physical disadvantages of the Colonial Secretary. A true statesman Lord Carnarvon has shown himself: had nature been more lavish in her vocal gifts, he would been a great orator. As it is, he has a perfect idea of what oratory should be, and does his best to reproduce its effects. Between the speaking of Lord Carnarvon and Lord Salisbury there are certain points of resemblance. In both there is the same tinge of academic culture; the same use of telling and incisive phrases; the same studied avoidance of the conventional and the commonplace. Lord Salisbury's voice is extremely powerful, and the merest stranger would not have heard twenty words from him before he perceived that they were the utterance of a correspondingly powerful mind. The Indian Secretary possesses in a greater degree than any of his colleagues, or, indeed, than any of his opponents, except Lord Selborne, the power of replying to a whole series of speeches on their general merits, leaving not a point in any one of them unnoticed, and on doing this without having previously taken a single note, or jotted down a single fact as an *aide mémoire*. He is, in brief, a master of Parliamentary debate, as he is a master also of sarcasm and irony. These qualities he displays less frequently than formerly, but he has not lost the use of them. Possibly they are reserved for the period when he may again be in opposition. At present he cultivates something approaching even to geniality, though the addiction to stinging phrases and crushing retorts is manifestly suppressed with difficulty. It is generally said that Lord Salisbury sighs for the atmosphere of the House of Commons. It is, however, difficult to see how his lordship's ambition could be more completely gratified than it now is in the House of Lords. A greater political power he could not be. He is supreme in his own official department, and he is a Parliamentary force as well. A political party, he is under no circumstances likely to attach to himself; and it would only be on the assumption he was desir-

ous of so doing that a seat in the House of Commons would be a distinct advantage. Lord Salisbury has therefore probably discovered by this time that a high place in the peerage, and the supremacy of the Indian Office, more than compensate for the deprivation of the chance of 'wielding at will that fierce democracy.'

The Episcopal Bench is, on the whole, very ably filled. As an orator and debater, the Bishop of Peterborough need fear no rival among the temporal peers. Dr. Magee may lack the *bonhomie*, the consummate knowledge of the world and of human nature, the light and ready humour, the adroit and mellow wit of Dr. Wilberforce. But he never speaks without making a number of distinct points, or without bringing entertainment as well as conviction. The Primate is lucid, impressive, dignified, eloquent: epithets each of which may be applied to the Archbishop of York, whose mien and utterance remind one more and more of the 'magnificent man' as portrayed in the fourth book of Aristotle's Ethics. In the case of Dr. Wordsworth, the Bishop of Lincoln, there is much of rhetorical power and earnestness to admire, immense learning, and at the same time an incredible amount of political unwisdom. Dr. Wordsworth, perhaps, never yet made a speech in the House of Lords which had not the twofold effect of commanding the respect of his audience for its sincerity and erudition, and of alienating their feelings from the cause which it was his purpose to espouse. The Bishop of Manchester is not a good Parliamentary speaker, being too didactic and hortatory. The Bishops of London and Winchester are, after Dr. Magee and the two Archbishops, quite the best; but the Bishop of Peterborough is, in his own line, without a rival among their lordships.

Here our brief enumeration of some of the more prominent members of their Lordship's House must end. Other names, not less worthy of mention, will readily occur. Enough has been said to show the essentially representative character of our Upper Chamber as it is now composed, its importance in the work of national legislation generally, and the special service it is likely to render in the debates that may be expected to occur this year. It has also been seen that while, in respect of mature and finished statesmanship, the House of Lords is certainly at no disadvantage when compared with the House of Commons, neither is it so as regards political promise among its members. The influence of an example such as that of Lord Rosebery may be of the highest utility. That the House of Lords is gaining rather than losing power in what is certainly a democratic age would be a legitimate conclusion from the isolated history of the Judicature Act. The traditions and the habits of aristocratic dependence have passed away; but an aristocratic hereditary legislature, which does its work well, stands upon unassailable ground. The functions of the House of Lords are, it may be said, critical rather than constructive. This, while it gives their lordships less opportunity of national display, increases their capacities for national usefulness. In all probability for many years to come the House of Commons' legislation will lack just those qualities of finish and fulness which the revision of the House of Lords will ensure. It is also to the House of Lords, rather than to the House of Commons, that we must look to preserve the standard of English statesmanship, and English

parliamentary speaking. Incompetent speakers there doubtless are among the peers, but they seldom break silence. As for the regular speakers, their utterances are never without two merits—lucidity and compression. As a corrective to the diffuseness and obscurity which are the bane of the House of Commons' rhetoricians, the speeches in the House of Lords would alone be of extreme value. To this must be added the fact, that they have the very positive recommendation of superior knowledge. Sydney Smith's comparison of the Lords to Mrs. Partington, in her efforts to mop up the Atlantic, has long since lost its point. The House of Lords has ceased to be a mere obstructive in the work of national legislation. It is rather now a depository of the best traditions of English statesmanship, and a model of the best sort of modern parliamentary debate.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN EGYPT.

A RECENTLY published official report[1] on this subject supplies some information that will probably be new to many readers, on a feature of Egyptian progress which has been almost totally ignored in the late discussions on the condition and prospects of the Khedive's dominion. The financial administration and resources of the country have been fully, if not always intelligently, ventilated; but hardly an allusion has been made to this other element of national life on which its civilisation and prosperity, less immediately perhaps but quite as certainly, depend. For aught either writers or speakers have seemed to know, Egypt is now as educationally decadent as in the worst days of the Mamlouks, or as Turkey itself still is. Decadent she certainly is as compared with the time when Alexandria was the centre of intellectual life and activity, not to the Levant alone but to all Europe; but this Cairene blue-book testifies to the existence and successful working of a school system, neither the extent nor the results of which appear to be generally known. A brief sketch of it, in the light of these latest figures and of some personal investigation on the spot, may therefore have interest for both the economist and the politician.

The foundations of the present system of public instruction in Egypt were laid by the Caliphs, who first at Alexandria and afterwards at Cairo—as in Syria, at Baghdad and in Spain—fostered learning and the arts with a munificence unequalled by either their Greek or Roman predecessors, and which stands in still more marked historic contrast with the neglect of both by their Tartar successors of Stamboul. Besides themselves founding many great libraries and colleges for the higher education, they encouraged the endowment of secondary and primary schools by private liberality, till every town and almost every village of the country had its *medresseh* or *kouttâb*. In this way originated the system of *wakfs* (pious foundations) which threw the ægis of religious protection over all property devoted to these and other charitable uses, and secured it against the spoliation from which in after times no mere private estate was safe in either Egypt or Turkey. Thus it was that while Europe was sunk in the intellectual gloom of the Middle Ages, Egypt again became the home of science and philosophy, which flourished there as, after the decline of the Baghdad Caliphate, they flourished nowhere else but in the Moorish colleges of Spain. With the fall of the Fatimites, this splendid patronage ceased, and thence on through the turbulent Mamlouk dynasties that followed, and the still more anarchic times which succeeded the Turkish conquest, Egyptian learning steadily declined till the *savants* who accompanied Bonaparte's expedition found even in Cairo hardly a trace of either the letters or art that were rivalling those of Cordova and Seville, when Peter preached the first Crusade. The wide learning once taught at the Azhar had dwindled to lectures on the Koran and the traditions of the Prophet, the study of the Arabic language, calligraphy, and elementary arithmetic, and geography; while

[1] *Statistique des Ecoles Civiles*: Le Caire, Ministère de l'Instruction Publique.

most of the colleges attached to the other great mosques had sunk nearly to a level with the primary schools, which in their turn, although—thanks to their *wakfs*—still numerous, had ceased to teach anything beyond the recitation of the Koran. The French occupation was too short, and its main work too purely military, to leave room for any attempt at educational reform; the country was indeed exhaustively surveyed, and many administrative improvements were begun, but in the matter of public instruction Menou left it in 1801 as Bonaparte had found it three years before. Nearly a quarter of a century later, however, the ambition and military necessities of Mehemet Ali supplied the impulse to a revival, which, although discouraged by Abbas Pasha and only feebly assisted by Saïd, has attained proportions during the present reign that fairly entitle it to be called the intellectual *renaissance* of Egypt.

The first difficulty encountered by Mehemet Ali, in resolving after his successful Wahabite campaigns to complete the organisation of his army on a European basis, was the want of officers, both combatant and administrative; and to supply this he opened in 1825 a staff school at Cairo, under the direction of an intelligent young Turk, whom he had had specially trained in France with a view to this reform. This was followed by a medical school for the education of army surgeons, by special schools for military engineering, gunnery, veterinary medicine, languages, practical mechanics, and agriculture, the professors in which were mostly Frenchmen or natives educated in France, and the whole of the pupils, as they became fit, were drafted into the State service. The success of these institutions encouraged an extension of the experiment, and during the next two or three years many Government primary schools were opened in Cairo, at Alexandria, and in the chief provincial towns, as nurseries for the higher seminaries. Education on the whole was not merely free, but the pupils were lodged, clothed, fed, and even paid a small monthly wage at the expense of the Government. The result fully answered the expectations of the Pasha. Within little more than five years from the opening of his first school, a numerous staff of sufficiently trained officers enabled him to complete his scheme of military reform, and in 1832 he began his rebellion against the Porte, with perhaps the best organised Eastern army that had till then ever taken the field. The victories of Horus, of Beylan, of Koniah and Nezib, again, on a larger scale than in the Hedjaz, proved the immense advantage of the new over the old system of tactics and drill; and while the war lasted the schools which had contributed so much to these results continued to receive liberal State support. With the reduction of the army, however, after the peace of 1840–1, these military seminaries lost their *raison d'être*, and with it practically ceased the Viceroy's interest in educational reform. The schools themselves, indeed, remained open, but the movement languished till, from having numbered more than 20,000 pupils, they reckoned only 11,000 at his death. Under the reactionary Abbas the whole were closed, and for nearly six years public instruction in Egypt was again reduced to the elementary curriculum of the mosque colleges and primary schools. Saïd Pasha, more liberal, re-opened several of the special seminaries, and munificently assisted the foreign schools in Cairo and Alexandria, which, as we shall see, have rendered admirable service to Egyptian education, but he lacked the energy to prosecute the reform begun by his father; and at his death in 1863 the medi-

cal school in Old Cairo was the only one of the Government academies in at all prosperous operation. Like his predecessor, too, he had done nothing whatever to improve the condition of the old Arab primary schools, which remained as the Mamlouks—it might be said the Saracens—had left them.

In the matter of public instruction therefore, as in much else, the present Viceroy, on his accession, found before him a wide field for reforming activity, and he soon disclosed a policy of working it, not merely in the interest of the army, but of the whole population. The military academies were reorganised on a basis of much greater efficiency than under Mehemet Ali, with the result, it may be here mentioned—as fuller description of these army schools does not properly fall within the scope of this paper—that except such as were commissioned during the preceding reigns, there is not now an illiterate officer in the Egyptian army, nor is even a corporal promoted from the ranks without a knowledge of at least the 'three Rs.' A brief sketch of the three systems of scholastic machinery now at work in Egypt, over and above these military academies, will convey some idea of what has been done thus far for popular education. These are (1) the schools established and wholly or in part supported by the Government; (2) the old mosque colleges and Arab primary schools; and (3) the schools belonging to the non-Mussulman native communities and the various foreign colonies which, although not under State control, are very liberally assisted by the Khedive.

The first of these groups comprises nine specially 'Government Schools,' the pupils of which being fed, clothed, and lodged by the State, are for the most part, at the close of their course, drafted into one or other branch of the public service; a School for the Blind;[2] 2 Girls' Schools, a Normal School; and 23 Municipal Schools, which supply a good primary and secondary education gratuitously to those who cannot afford to pay for it, and at a very moderate cost to those who can. The 9 special schools are—the Polytechnic, the Book-keeping and Surveying, the Law and Languages, 2 Preparatory, the Industrial, the Medical and Pharmaceutic, the Midwifery, and a third Preparatory at Alexandria, the 8 others being all at Cairo. Although registered separately, the first three of these and one of the two Cairene preparatory schools are located in the same building, and are in reality rather divisions of one great establishment than distinct institutions. In the Polytechnic section—the most advanced of the whole, but which last year reckoned only 33 pupils with 13 professors—the course of study extends over 6 years, and includes the higher mathematics, chemistry and physics, geology, mechanics, Arabic, English or French (at the option of the student), geography, history, and drawing. The instruction given in this school is in all respects thorough, and the results, as shown at the yearly examinations, do real credit to its teaching staff, only one of whom, the drawing-master, is a European. The Book-keeping and Surveying School educates another class of employés, who are instructed, as its name indicates, in account-keeping, land surveying, Arabic, French or English, writing, and drawing. It last year registered only 20 pupils, all resident, with the disproportionate staff of 12 professors, of whom the same

[2] Since the official report was published, a second school for the blind has been opened and is now in vigorous operation.

drawing-master as in the Polytechnic was the only Frank. In the Law and Languages School the course is four years, and comprises Mahometan and comparative European law—with now especial reference to the mixed code recently framed for the new tribunals—history, the Arabic, Turkish, Persian, French, and Italian languages, and Arabic and Roman writing taught by 11 professors (the director and one other only being Europeans) to 35 students, of of whom 20 were residents. Most of the native judges and subordinate officers of the new Courts have been educated in this school, which must acquire increased importance as a nursery for both magistrates and pleaders, as the reforms now in course of experiment take root and prepare the way for a purely national judicature. Of more immediate, both official and popular, value, however, is the Medical School at Kasr-el-Aïn, which, founded in 1827 by Mehemet Ali, closed by Abbas Pasha in 1849, and reopened by Saïd in 1856, has since then, under the teaching of such celebrities as Professors Clot Bey, Reyer, Lautner, Bilharz, Griesinger, and other French and German specialists, restored Egyptian medicine to the rank of a science, and replaced the Frankish quacks of the last generation by a native faculty which has no equal in the East. The Mahometan prejudice against dissection has here long been got over, and the latest results of Western pathology having been freely accepted, this college of Kasr-el-Aïn now yearly turns out physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, many of whom would not discredit our best European schools. Its curriculum extends over five years, the first two of which are devoted to further pursuit of the general education already begun in the lower schools, and the remaining three to exclusively medical studies. In 1875 its classes—taught by 18 native professors, mostly educated in Europe—were attended by 195 pupils, of whom 175 were residents, bound at the close of their course to enter the army or the civil service, and 20 independent outsiders who, though paying nothing for their instruction, are free to follow private civilian practice where they will. Much as this institution has been improved since the days of Mehemet Ali, a relic of his old militarism still survives in the manner in which its classes are recruited. The resident vacancies are annually filled by an arbitrary draft of youths from the preparatory *lycées*, three-fourths of whom are apportioned by lot to the medical, and the remainder to the pharmaceutical section of the school, without reference to individual taste or aptitude in any way. This method of impressment, which is applied also more or less to the Polytechnic and Surveying Schools, may have been necessary forty years ago, when Government education meant only enforced preparation for the army, and was dreaded accordingly; but as this is no longer so, and education is now becoming every year more popular for its own sake, the *alumni* of these higher academies might with advantage be allowed to choose their own particular careers. A large and excellently organised hospital in connection with this school furnishes ample means of clinical instruction to the students, and gratuitous medical treatment to all comers, irrespective of race, nationality, or religion. Attached to it also is the School of Midwifery, in which 30 young native women, also wholly maintained by the Government, are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of medical science, and obstetrics. After passing through a three years' course of instruction, they are certificated

and sent into the provinces, where the common prejudice of Arabs and Copts shuts the door against male practitioners of this speciality. Next in importance to this flourishing medical college ranks the Industrial School at Boulak, the river port of Cairo, which though founded only in 1867, is already, as an agent of technical education, rivalling the success of its mature neighbour of Kasr-el-Aïn. Just as the latter fitly adjoins the military and civil hospital, so this Boulak school forms part of the great establishment which groups together the Government printing-office, the cannon-foundry, and the railway workshops; and here again the instruction given, during a course of at first three, but now of five, years is most complete. Besides mathematics, chemistry, drawing, topography, and English or French, the pupils are taught nearly every branch of practical mechanics, but especially engineering. In 1875 they numbered 44, all residents, with a teaching staff of 6 natives and 3 Europeans. The passed students of this school have already largely replaced foreigners as engineers and mechanical directors on the various public works, and in the Government and Daïra factories, in which also the working hands are now almost entirely natives. Of the two Metropolitan Preparatory Schools whose pupils, after an elementary course of three years, pass to one or other of these higher institutions, that in the same building with the Polytechnic, Surveying, and Law Schools, last year registered an attendance of 192 pupils, of whom 157 were residents, with a staff of 34 native and 4 European masters. The instruction here given includes rudimentary mathematics, geography, history, drawing—an accomplishment, it may be remarked, which is taught with great success in all these schools—Arabic and European writing, and the Arabic, Turkish, English, French, or German languages. The other school of this class, also in Cairo—in the Old Mamlouk palace that lodged Bonaparte's short-lived Institut d'Egypte—was one of the earliest scholastic creations of Ismaïl Pasha, having been founded in 1864, the year after his accession, and in respect of organisation and efficiency is surpassed by no other school of its kind in Egypt. Its course, which also extends over three years, is similar to, but a degree more elementary than, that of the school last noticed, and for the Moslem lads of its lower forms includes instruction in the Koran. Its muster-roll last year showed the large attendance of 539 pupils, only 69 of whom were non-resident; of its staff of 34 masters but 2 are Europeans. The third of this triad of preparatory schools is at Alexandria, and also dates from 1864. In organisation and course of instruction it is a close counterpart of the second, with, however, only 298 pupils (23 outsiders) and a teaching staff of 21, of whom only the drawing-master is a European.

These 9 special schools thus collectively educate 1,386 pupils, 1,218 of whom are residents—taught by a net staff of 136 masters, allowance being made for 22 doing double duty. For the year, this is a diminution of 49 in the number of pupils as compared with 1874.

More interesting, however, than the whole of these male seminaries, as an evidence of progress and of the lead Egypt is taking in eastern civilisation, are the two Girls' Schools, which, though not yet three years in existence, are already admirably educating some 450 Moslem, Coptic, and other girls as, since the Hegira, women in the East have never been educated before. It is to the third wife of the Khedive that the initiative of this

great reform is due. Three years ago, the only public schools for girls in Egypt were that conducted with exemplary self-sacrifice by Miss Whateley, and another by ladies of the American mission. But these, although attended by a few Moslem children, were but as a drop in the ocean for the great mass of the Arab population. The deeply-rooted popular prejudice against female education had, however, baffled every attempt of the Government to supply this primary condition of social reform, till in the spring of 1873 the Princess Tsheshma Haft Hanum, the third wife of his Highness lent the prestige of her sex and her position to the effort. Under her auspices, and at her private cost, an old palace in one of the most populous quarters of Cairo was purchased, in great part rebuilt, and adapted to the necessities of school life, with accommodation for 200 boarders and 100 outside pupils. Even thus sponsored, however, the scheme was so far in advance of public opinion that, although it appealed to the poorest classes, offering free board, lodging, clothing, and education to all who chose to come, it was with difficulty the first batch of pupils was obtained. But, the spell of prejudice once broken, the school rapidly filled with both residents and outsiders, and since then the applications have been many hundreds in excess of the accommodation. The pupils ranging from seven to twelve years of age, are of all ranks, races, and creeds known to Egypt—from Pashas' daughters to slave girls; Arabs, Copts, Nubians, Jews, and Levantine Christians of every cross of blood. The course of instruction, which will spread over five years, includes reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, geography, Turkish, English, or French, music, the Koran (for Moslem pupils), plain and ornamental needlework, cookery, laundry and general housework—all thoroughly taught by a staff of 15 masters and mistresses, 2 of the latter of whom and the directress are Europeans. Periodical lottery sales are held of all needlework beyond the personal clothing of the pupils, and the proceeds given to a dowry-fund for the poorest girls. The great success of this first effort to rescue Egyptian womanhood from the ignorance and apathy of harem-life, and so to lay the true foundations of a really national education, soon led to the opening of a second school with a less extensive course, mostly with a view to domestic service, in another part of the capital, where, under a staff of 9 teachers, of whom the directress and one mistress are Europeans, 147 pupils (76 boarders and 71 outsiders) were last year maintained and instructed at the charge of the Khedive's first wife. Both these institutions, adequately endowed by their foundresses, are now under the control of the Ministry of Public Instruction, and rank amongst the most flourishing and important of the schools of Egypt. A third is in course of erection, and will be at work before the close of the present year, and, in compliance with numerous petitions, arrangements are in progress to open others in the chief provincial towns. In fact, popular prejudice has been completely overcome, and if this movement in favour of female education be continued, as there is every reason to hope it will, in another generation the most essential of Eastern reforms—the social emancipation of woman—will in Egypt be an accomplished fact.

The first established School for the Blind is also little more than two years old, but it last year usefully instructed 88 non-resident pupils in arithmetic, Arabic grammar, and the Koran, for all of which an excellent series of raised-letter text-books has been prepared and is

in successful use. Similar instruction is given in the other recently opened school of this class, in addition to which the pupils—many of them adults—are also taught mat-making, knitting, wood-turning, chair-making and other handicraft suited to their condition.

The Normal School, which is also a recent addition to the system, is an effort of great importance to raise the level of education in the Arab primary schools, by training a class of masters of much higher qualification than the present illiterate *fkis* and *moadibbs*. With this view, instruction was last year given in mathematics, geography, history, writing, elements of physics, and the Koran to 35 non-residents, chiefly recruited from amongst the most promising gratis pupils of the two preparatory schools, who, if qualified at the end of a two years' course, are appointed to country schools, with a fixed salary, and the prospect of further promotion. In connection with this institution, there are also classes for actual teachers of primary schools who desire to improve themselves, and so qualify for Government pay and employment. These persons receive gratuitous instruction and a pound a month till they either succeed or fail, during the same term, in passing the necessary examination.

Of the 23 municipal Civil Schools which complete the roll of the purely Government institutions, perhaps the most important, though not the largest, is that founded three years ago by Prince Tewfik Pasha, the heir-apparent, on his estate at Kobbah, near Cairo, where, in addition to a very complete course of secondary instruction, practical farming is taught to 90 pupils, 50 of whom are boarders and the remainder gratis outsiders. This institution, like the two girls' schools, is wholly supported by its founder, and so costs the education budget nothing. Besides it, there are 16 other schools of this class, in or near Cairo, which receive no boarders, but, as before remarked, provide free instruction for those who cannot afford to pay for it, and levy only a trifling charge from those who can. These last year collectively registered 1,683 pupils. In Upper Egypt, 3 similar schools have been established in the towns of Benisouef, Minieh, and Assiout, which together educated 631 pupils; but of these 502 were residents, fed and clothed at State cost. A fourth is in successful work at Benha, in Lower Egypt, 233 all residents, and finally two in Alexandria (of which one was founded and endowed by Rattib Pasha) complete the tale with respectively 139 and 129 *externes*.

Since the publication of the report under notice this list of Government institutions has been increased by the establishment of three industrial schools, in which the least promising pupils of the primary schools are taught trades, instead of, as was formerly the custom, being drafted into the army. In these the instruction is free, and half the proceeds of the work done—less a deduction of 5 per cent. for pocket-money—is applied towards forming a fund to provide the pupils with free kits of tools and other aid, to a start in life at the end of their five years' course.

Next in official order after these Government seminaries come the mosque colleges and Arab primary schools, which are mostly supported by their own endowments (*wakfs*), and, with a few exceptions, are independent of State control. At the head of this second category stands the great college of El-Azhar ('the splendid'), the oldest mosque in Cairo proper, and which has long been famous as the chief university of Islam. In 1875 this great centre of Moslem learning registered 11.095 students, attracted

from all parts of the East, and representing in unequal proportions the four rites or sects into which Soonee orthodoxy is divided,[3] lectured by no fewer than 325 sheikhs or professors. Each 'nation' has its separate *riwack*, or cloister, with its library and staff of teachers proportioned to the number of its *moogawireen*. The chief sheikh, or head of the mosque, belongs to the Shafee rite, and has at all times been an important personage in the official hierarchy of Egypt. The present occupant of the post is Sheikh-ul-Islam for all the dominion of the Khedive. As might be expected, the instruction here given is much less liberal and modern than the curriculum of the upper Government schools. It is, in fact, as before remarked, limited to the mental gymnastics of Arabic grammar, logic, rhetoric, Koranic law and theology, and to such a smattering of pre-Copernican astronomy and mathematics as is requisite for an almanac maker, or the timekeeper of a mosque, with a view to precision in the hours for prayer; for it is still both 'science' and doctrine at the Azhar that the earth is flat, that the sun moves round it, and that the sky consists of seven superimposed canopies. At the Government schools reason and knowledge ridicule this old-world dogma, but here in the mosque faith clings to it still. Before the secularisation of the mosque lands by Mehemet Ali, the Azhar enjoyed large endowments, but these are now reduced to the rents of some adjoining houses, which merely suffice to furnish rations of bread and beans to a majority of the students, who, however, further receive from the Government distributions of clothes and provisions during Ramadan and on the occasion of the other great religious festivals. The instruction is, of course, free, as the professors are unpaid, and maintain themselves by private tuition, copying the Koran, and other clerical work. Up till 1872 these sheikhs were, in a manner, self-elected; but in that year the Government interposed with an order that for the future they should be admitted to teach only after passing an examination in their respective subjects, and should be classified in three grades, promotion from the lower to the higher of which should also depend on a similar test of qualification. The result has already been a marked improvement in the quality of the instruction given; but even yet, for all modern and practical purposes of education, this great college is centuries behind the secular State schools.

The other principal *medresseh*s are those attached to the mosque of Ahmadi at Tantah, and to that of Ibrahim Pasha at Alexandria, the former of which was last year attended by 3,827 students, with 36 professors, while the latter registered respectively 413 and 65. The instruction given in these seminaries is similar to, though more limited than, that provided at the Azhar, and, like the latter, both are supported mainly by their own endowments.

Comparatively wide, however, as are the scope and influence of the institutions thus briefly noticed, the true measure of instruction among the great body of the Fellaheen is supplied rather by the *kouttâbbs*,[4] or Arab primary schools, most of which date back from the early

[3] The Hanafeites, the Shafeites, the Malekites, and Hambalites, called after the four great doctors of Soonee theology. The first of these includes nearly all Turkey and the remoter East, the second most of Egypt and Syria, the third North-Western Africa and Morocco, and the fourth (which sent only twenty-three pupils last year at the Azhar), the Wahabees of Central Arabia and a few fanatical sectaries of Baghdad and Nablous.

[4] Properly *makatibb* in the plural.

years of Moslem rule in Egypt, and rank, educationally, below the Irish 'hedge schools' of half a century ago. As every village possesses one or more of these elementary nurseries of learning, the total number of them throughout the country probably exceeds 5,000, the whole of which were, up to three years ago, entirely free from Government control or inspection in any way. In 1875, however, a sort of educational census was taken, which, though confessedly imperfect, registered an aggregate of 4,685 *kouttâbbs*, attended by 111,803 pupils Of these, Cairo returned 265, with 8,875 scholars, and Alexandria respectively 137 and 3,114; the remaining 4,283 and 99,814 being scattered throughout the other fourteen provinces. About half these primary schools have, or originally had, small endowments; but between these and the others which depend wholly on the voluntary contributions of the pupils—averaging a piastre a week each, for those who pay anything at all—there is little or no difference in either the method or quality of the instruction given. The chief aim and limit of the whole are to teach the reading and learning by heart of the Koran, supplemented or not by writing, and the most elementary arithmetic, beyond which modest range the scholarship of the *fiqui* (teachers, plural properly, *foquah*) seldom or never extends. Many of them, indeed, are not merely illiterate, but blind to boot, and depend on their great powers of memory and the adroitly used help of an *arif*, or monitor, for at all decently acting their part. Their emoluments, however, are, as a rule, on a par with their qualification, averaging commonly not more than an Egyptian pound (20*s.* 6*d.*) a month.[5]

In the case of schools with endowments, this modest wage is supplemented during the month of Ramadan with gifts of a tarboosh, a piece of white cotton for a turban, and another of blue stuff for the usual long blouse, from the funds of the *wakf*; to which the wealthier parents add gratuities of a few piastres as soon as their children can read or have learned by heart one or more of the 114 chapters of the Koran. As the office of schoolmaster, too, of whatever grade, is looked upon as semi-clerical, the *fiqui* further adds to his earnings by reciting the sacred book at funerals, marriages, and circumcisions, where he is always a welcome, and generally a remunerated, guest. Within the past couple of years, many of these primary schools have been induced, by the bribe of State aid, to submit themselves to the Ministry of Public Instruction, to the extent of accepting periodical inspection, and a higher class of teachers furnished from the Normal School. But the great majority conservatively resist State interference, and remain at the low ebb they sunk to after the Turkish conquest.

Still, rude and limited as is the instruction provided by even the worst of these *kouttâbbs*, they educate the great mass of the Fellaheen up to a level which, low though it be, is much above that reached by the Mussulman peasantry in Turkey proper, amongst whom, ability to spell out the Koran and scribble the simplest *mektoub* is a very rare accomplishment indeed. Any very considerable improvement of these primary village schools must, however, of necessity be a work of years, as their very number and the cost of a higher class of teachers preclude rapid reform. But the policy of Riaz Pasha, the present Minister of Public Instruction, is to gradually bring the whole under

[5] The maximum salaries of the teachers in the secondary schools under Government control are 750 piastres (about 7*l.* 14*s.*), and the minimum 200 piastres (2*l.* 1*s.*) a month.

State control, and by a better administration of their endowments to increase the pay of the *fiqui*, and so attract higher qualification, without either unduly swelling the education budget, or sensibly adding to 'local rates.' Much may, no doubt, be done in this way; but even Pharaoh can no longer make bricks without straw; and progress in public instruction, like the extension of railways or canals, must be regulated, not by what there is room for, but by what the country can afford. At present, without reckoning the military and naval academies (which are charged to their respective ministries) or the liberal donations made by the Khedive from his privy purse to the non-Mussulman and foreign schools, and exclusive also of the *wakfs* by which most of the mosque colleges and primary village schools are wholly or in part supported, its education budget costs the Egyptian Government above 60,000*l.* a year, to which the Khedive adds 23,000*l.* a year, the rent of his wády estate; against less than 50,000*l*, a year similarly spent by the Porte on a population nearly seven times as large. True it is that much of this amount is absorbed by the board and clothing of pauper pupils, and so does not represent outlay on pure teaching; but without such bribe of free living, few or none of those who benefit by it could be lured to education at all.

It remains to notice the native non-Mussulman schools and those belonging to the foreign colonies which form nearly as important an element in the educational resources of Egypt as either of the groups thus briefly sketched. Of the former, the Copts have in all 12 in Cairo, 1 in Old Cairo, 1 in Ghizeh, and 2 in Alexandria. Of these, the most important is the college attached to the Patriarchate, which last year registered 379 pupils —40 boarders and 339 externs—of whom 302 were Copts, 16 Moslems, 1 a Jew, 8 Armenians, 5 Greeks, 4 Greek Catholics, 2 Armenian Catholics, and 1 a Syrian, to whom 13 masters taught Arabic, Coptic, English, French, geography, writing, and singing. A theological school at the same time trained 12 non-resident candidates for the priesthood, teaching them divinity, Coptic, Arabic, and church chanting. A third seminary, the college of Hart-Saqqaïn, was attended by 74 non-residents, of whom 71 were Copts, 2 Moslems, and 1 an Armenian Catholic, who were instructed in Arabic, Coptic, English, French, writing, and arithmetic. In the same quarter is also a girls' school, in which 45 pupils, all Copts, were taught Arabic and needlework; and near the Esbekieh is another, where 80 girls received similar instruction. The remaining 7 schools in the capital, as also those in Old Cairo, Ghizeh, and Alexandria, are primary schools attended only by Copts, and last year mustered altogether 244 pupils, who learned Arabic, Coptic, writing, and elementary arithmetic. The total cost of these Coptic schools was last year 201,518 p., towards which the Khedive contributed 109,688 p., being the rent of 1,500 feddans of land given by his Highness as an endowment; of the remainder, 20,000 p. was derived from house property belonging to the schools, and the balance, 71,879 p., from the Patriarchate, which controls the whole. The Catholic Copts have besides several primary and secondary schools chiefly in Upper Egypt, at Assiout, Tahkta, Akhmin Ghirgeh, Kenr h and Nagadeh, in which la. year nearly 300 children received instruction.

Besides several primary schools in Cairo, and Alexandria, the Jews maintain in both cities a large free school for children of their own community. In the metropolitan

seminary 175 boys and the same number of girls were last year taught Hebrew, Arabic, French, Italian, writing, and arithmetic; and in that in Alexandria similar instruction was given to 127 boys and 145 girls, of whom 70 of each sex were Egyptians, and the remainder Israelites of other nationalities. There is also another Jewish boys' school in Alexandria, in which a tithe of the 55 pupils are free, and the rest charged a small weekly fee. But these institutions furnish no complete measure of the state of education amongst the Jews of Egypt, as both boys and girls of this community largely frequent the numerous foreign schools in operation throughout the country—to such an extent, indeed, that an illiterate Jew is a rarity anywhere between Alexandria and Assouan.

The rayah Greeks support two free schools for boys and girls at Cairo, in which respectively 140 of the former are taught Greek, French, Arabic, arithmetic, mathematics, geography, and history; and 120 of the latter learn Greek, French, history, geography, arithmetic, needle work, and music. In Alexandria, where this community is more numerous, it similarly educates, in two separate schools, 430 boys and 222 girls, of whom, as in Cairo, a considerable number belong to other rites. Indeed, the liberality with which nearly all schools in Egypt are thrown open to all comers, without regard to race, creed, or nationality, is one of the most gratifying features in connection with public instruction in this country.

The Armenians, though availing themselves readily of both the native and foreign schools, maintain only one free seminary for 30 boys of their own community at Cairo, in which the course of instruction is limited to Armenian, Arabic, French, and arithmetic.

The Syrian Maronites have three primary schools in Cairo, and the Greek Catholics of the same 'nation' another in Alexandria; but the whole contribute little or nothing to the educational progress of the country, and call, therefore, for only passing mention.

Between these native, so to speak, denominational schools, and the large contingent conducted by foreign missionary and other agency, may be ranked the two fine 'Free, Gratuitous, and Universal Schools,' founded in Alexandria and Cairo respectively, in 1868 and 1873, under the patronage and with the very liberal support of Mehemet Tufik Pasha, the heir apparent. As their programme states, these institutions are 'exclusively scientific and professional, and teach no religious dogma whatever, so that men and children of all creeds may come and learn what is needful for their aims in life. Their work belongs to humanity, and they cannot in any case become the instruments of a system or creed, since they recognise only liberty of thought and morality dissociated from every preconceived idea.' So broad a basis, coupled with gratuity of instruction, speedily attracted a heterogeneous crowd of pupils to both schools; the 486 who were registered in Cairo last year included 262 Egyptians of every native race and creed, 15 English, 62 French, 73 Italians, 26 Greeks, 21 Austrians, 5 Prussians, 3 Turks, 3 Russians, 3 Spaniards, and 13 of undetermined nationality; while the 256 on the books of the Alexandria school were equally diverse. The course of instruction in both institutions is nearly identical, including Arabic, English, French, Italian, elementary mathematics, history, and writing. In connection with both are night schools for adults, which are also largely attended by Arabs, Copts, Jews, Levantines, and Europeans of almost every nationality—the waifs and strays of Babeldom who have no time for school work by day,

but who take industriously to it six evenings a week under the attractions here offered. The Khedive is also a generous supporter of these schools, which depend on voluntary contributions for the balance of their expenditure.

The most important foreign day school in Egypt is the Italian College at Alexandria, founded during the reign of Saïd Pasha, who aided it with a grant of 2,400*l.*, to which the present Khedive subsequently added the gift of a large and valuable piece of ground, the sale of a part of which covered the whole cost of erecting the college building. This institution ranks as a 'national college,' and as such receives a subvention of 1,200*l.* a year from the Italian Government. The course of instruction includes Italian, Arabic, English (if desired), French, mathematics, book-keeping, natural philosophy, history, geography, writing, and drawing. A majority of its pupils are Jews, and about 20 of the remainder Moslems.

Of the foreign missionary schools which play so important a part in public instruction in Egypt, the oldest are those conducted by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul and the Lazarist Fathers, whom Mehemet Ali encouraged to establish themselves in Cairo, in 1844, by a grant of valuable house property as an endowment. The Brothers of the Christian Doctrine soon followed, and during the next ten years the success of these pioneers and the liberality of the Viceroys attracted further reinforcements of Franciscans, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and other educational propagandists of Rome, who, it must be gratefully admitted, have contributed much to the spread of popular instruction in the country. Most of their schools are free, and, although the 'national' religion of the whole is Roman Catholic, proselytism is subordinated to sound secular teaching; and the result has been a deserved success, both in Alexandria and Cairo, to which their labours have been chiefly confined. Independently of private schools, these Catholic missionary seminaries last year registered 3,132 pupils, as diverse in race, creed, and nationality as those in attendance at any of the schools already noticed.

The schools of the American Board of Missions rank next in importance, and similarly owe their success in great measure to the liberal protection of the Khedive. The first of these was opened in Cairo in 1855, in a building granted by Saïd Pasha, and within the next ten years others followed at Alexandria, Medinet-el-Fayoum, Assiout, Kous, and Mansourah. These have since been supplemented by 13 others in the chief towns and villages of Middle and Upper Egypt, until last year no fewer than 28 schools, with an aggregate of 1,244 pupils, were in active operation under agents of the Board. Their chief centres of work are at Cairo, Alexandria, and Assiout. In the first of these they have a boys' 'college,' 2 girls' and 1 mixed school; in the second, 1 boys' and 1 girls' school; and in the third, 1 boys' and 1 girls' school, a 'college' for advanced male pupils, a theological seminary for native Protestant candidates for the ministry, and a training-school for female teachers. Nearly the whole of these are free, the cost of their maintenance being borne by the Board, aided by grants from the privy purse of the Khedive. Last year the site of the old building occupied by the college at Cairo being required for one of the civic improvements, his Highness gave instead of it a valuable plot of ground in one of the best parts of the Esbekieh, with a donation of 7,000*l.* for the erection of a new and improved tenement, which will suitably lodge not merely the 150 or more pupils, but the whole teaching staff of

missionaries and their families. Although these American schools throw open their doors to pupils of all races and faiths, their chief *clientèle* are Copts, amongst whom Messrs. Ewing, Lansing, Harvey, Hogg, and the other principal agents of the Boston Board have won deservedly great influence.

Comparable with the best of these American seminaries is the 'British Mission School,' founded in 1862, and since then personally conducted in Cairo by Miss Whately, the daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin, who has devoted her life and fortune to the promotion of instruction amongst the Fellaheen, with an energy and liberality which have already made her school one of the chief educational forces of Egypt. In 1875 it gratuitously taught Arabic, English, French, geography, history, and writing (and to the girls needlework) to 150 male and 158 female pupils, chiefly peasants, but also including not a few of middle-class and higher rank, whom the excellent repute of the school attracted to its classes. This institution is also much indebted to the generosity of the Khedive, who made a free grant of its site; but it mainly depends on the private fortune of its foundress, and the contributions of English travellers visiting Cairo.

A couple of Scottish mission schools in Alexandria complete the list of the more important of these foreign auxiliaries of public instruction in Egypt. Last year these two institutions, which are also free to the poor, were respectively attended by 95 boys and 92 girls, of all races and creeds, who, besides needle work for the girls, are taught Arabic, English, French, Italian, writing, arithmetic, and history.

Such, then, is the educational machinery now at work in the dominion of the Khedive. The official inspection of last year, which was confessedly incomplete as regarded the village schools, and omitted also many private ones conducted by foreigners in the large towns, returned a total of 4,817 schools of all classes, with an aggregate of 140,977 pupils in regular attendance. This showed an increase of 1,072 schools and 27,722 pupils on the figures of the preceding year, but the augmentation is, no doubt, to be explained as much by the greater completeness of this last return as by the actual growth in the number of schools during the twelvemonth. 'On the other hand, says the report, 'the inspection of more than one province having been made either while the harvest was being gathered in or at the time of high Nile, when nearly the whole population was out in the fields or on the river banks, the recorded figures often imperfectly represent the average attendance of the year. Such as they are, however, the results now submitted prove a rapid increase, which shows how fructuous and persistent have been the efforts made by his Highness for the spread of public instruction in the country.' Relatively to Europe, the educational level attained by Egypt is not, of course, a high one; but it is still respectable. Thus, while Prussia and Switzerland register 15, France 13, England 12, Austria 9, Ireland 8, Greece 5, Portugal $2\frac{1}{2}$, and Russia 2 per cent. of their populations as receiving primary instruction, Egypt shows $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of her motley millions as under regular school teaching of some kind, or, in fact, more than 4 per cent. of her whole male population, seeing how few of her 140,000 odd pupils as yet belong to the other sex. Such figures form a potent factor in Egyptian progress, and, in view of their steady growth from the first year of the present reign, are full of hope for the future not merely of the country itself, but —from its relation as the natural

watershed, so to speak, of civilisation to the whole continent—of Africa at large. Nor could the conduct of this great humanising work well be in better hands than it is at present. Riaz Pasha, the Minister of Public Instruction, like most of the other members of the present Cabinet, received an excellent European education, and is in all respects a man of wide and liberal culture; while his lieutenant, Dor Bey, a Swiss gentleman of long educational training and experience, is, perhaps, the ablest European specialist now in the service of the Khedive.[6]

J. C. McCoan.

[6] Since this paper was in type, Mr. Rogers, formerly H.M. consul at Cairo, and lately the Egyptian Government agent in London, has (on the abolition of the agency) been reappointed administrative Director of Public Instruction, a post which he held with much usefulness for a short time before his nomination to London.

CARNOT'S PLAN FOR INVADING ENGLAND.

THE apprehensions of a French descent upon England, entertained by our forefathers during the wars of the Great Revolution, are still traditionally remembered. The 'invasion panics' with which John Bull was at times overtaken were recounted some years ago (in the *Cornhill Magazine*, No. II., 1860) by the able pen of the late Mr. Higgins ('Jacob Omnium'); together with the two tangible embodiments of Gallic designs against British soil — the expedition of Hoche, which stress of weather drove back, and the actual landing of Humbert in Ireland (1798). In the recently published *Mémoires du Maréchal de Grouchy* (Paris, 1873–5), by his grandson, the Marquis de Grouchy, have been included inedited documents which reveal a curious project of the renowned Carnot—the organiser of victory—with a view to annoy, if not annihilate, perfidious Albion.

Evidence has long existed tending to show that the traditional popular impression regarding Carnot as a man of 'antique virtue,' and a War Minister who invariably 'organised victory,'[1] is, if not exactly a myth, a considerable exaggeration of his real merits. But few probably would have looked to find him seriously entertaining and elaborating the grotesque scheme, combining elements at once of the ludicrous and the atrocious, which is disclosed by the documents included in the work of the Marquis de Grouchy.

The inception of the project does not apparently rest with Carnot, but with a certain General Labarrolière, who, in 1796, when Carnot was a member of the Directory, submitted his idea in a short note to the War Department. 'Combien,' remarks this personage, with possibly a twinge of conscience, 'combien le projet a d'avantages, *malgré son immoralité*.' Carnot, struck with its advantages and undeterred by its immorality (which, perhaps, he would have palliated by referring to the English Quiberon expedition), straightway drew up the paper with which the Marquis de Grouchy has made us acquainted.

The following are the chief heads of this notable Memorandum for the Organisation of a Partisan War in England (*Instruction pour l'Etablissement d'une Chouannerie en Angleterre*):

The direct object of this plan is not to set in motion a revolution in England, although it is possible that a revolution may break out through circumstances which its execution may originate.

But at present the objects of this plan are, to disquiet the Government of England; to mete out to it all the evil which the *Chouannerie*, organised and supported by the English Government, has inflicted upon us; in this way forcing it to desire the cessation of a war which, with this lighted brand cast upon a portion of English territory, would become fatal to a large number of its inhabitants.

The men to be employed in this expedition should be, as much as possible, young, robust, and daring; men accustomed to dangers, and prone to grasp at booty.

Following the example of the buccaneers in the West Indies, they should know how to carry death and despair into the ranks of their enemies; so that the reports of their strength and their boldness should

[1] The well-timed exclamation—'Décrèterez-vous donc d'accusation l'homme qui a organisé la victoire?'—uttered by Bourdon de l'Oise, alone saved Carnot, in May 1795, from being put on his trial for his conduct as a member of the Committee of Public Safety and his connection generally with the Terrorists.

suffice to terrify and put to flight all who might propose to obstruct their march.

Intrepidity, audacity, contempt of death, should above all things be found in the chiefs of the expedition. With forces organised as proposed, the example and the personal influence of those who lead them count for everything; they should exercise, so to say, despotic power over their men.

A portion of the troops can be made up of convicts and galley slaves—such of them as may be found to possess the physical and moral qualities requisite in the men of this expedition.

These persons to be assured the possession of the plunder they may gather; to be promised the tranquil enjoyment of their gains in some one of our colonies—for example, Cayenne, or the late Spanish portion of Santo Domingo. A fortune easily acquired, and the unmolested enjoyment of it in the future, should be held out to them.

Further than this, these convicts should be led to expect the full remission of their penalties in recompense of the services they are to render to their country.[2]

The first nucleus of the proposed forces, to the number of, say, two thousand men, should be organised in companies of about fifty men each, having their officers, subordinate to a supreme chief charged with the general direction of operations.

This chief should be invested with large authority. He should be empowered to constitute military committees of three members, charged with the judgment of breaches of discipline. Cowardice should be regarded as an unpardonable crime, which it should be the duty of everyone to denounce. Those guilty of it should be at once brought before the committees.

It must not be forgotten that an expedition composed at first of so small a force can only achieve success by bold and extraordinary measures. The chiefs must study to inflame and keep alive in their companies that enthusiasm which multiplies their strength a hundred-fold, and which can surmount all resistance. Let them persuade their men that they are invincible, and they will be so.

The 'Instruction' here comprises some details as to arms and accoutrements, among which was to be included a small supply of sabres and spurs for the cavalry, 'the formation of which should commence as soon as the first capture of horses is effected.'

Provisions (the 'Instruction' continues) should be carried in abundance, so that subsistence be assured for a considerable time. Brandy and tobacco will form an important part of the supplies. Nothing must be neglected to prevent *ennui* and melancholy attacking the soldier. The Frenchman is sure to conquer when he marches singing to the fight.

It would be well for measures to be taken to ensure the simultaneous arrival of all the expeditionary forces on the points of the coast determined upon for debarkation.

Two important considerations, however, appear to discountenance the starting of the whole force from the same port:

1. So considerable an embarkation might rouse the suspicions of the English, and cause them to be on the alert to intercept such a flotilla; also to station along their coasts forces which might contest our landing, or render it more difficult.

2. Desirable as it is that debarkation be effected at one and the same time, it is not less so that it be made on different points of the coast, both because the larger the extent of territory over which our troops spread terror and desolation the greater will seem our strength in the enemy's eyes, and also because, by this mode of procedure, the means of subsistence will be obtained with greater facility.

It will be well, therefore, for the embarkations to take place at several ports; and it should be announced that the destination of the forces is for our islands [in the West Indies].

On landing, the chiefs will seize those positions which, from their study of the map, they will have perceived to be the most advantageous. They will also agree on modes of communication with each other, and fix rallying-points in the interior whereat to reunite in case of need, or to which they may despatch for each other reinforcements and munitions.

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[2] 'Each individual who passes over to play the *Chouan* in England should set out with the design to get together or steal one hundred thousand francs (*avec le projet d'y amasser ou d'y voler cent mille francs*), so as to have the prospect of finishing his career in ease and tranquillity. Let all the convicts to be thrown upon the island be assured that, at the end of a certain time, to be fixed by Government, they will receive besides the gains they may have amassed a formal pardon from the Government.'—*Letter of General Labarrolière.*

They will announce themselves and their soldiers as the 'avengers of liberty and enemies of tyrants.' They will give to their soldiers, and will themselves assume, as occasion may suggest, those military *sobriquets* which are sometimes effective in augmenting the confidence and audacity of their recipients and the terror of those whom they attack. This moral stimulus has often exercised an influence.

If the force, on its arrival, were to attack the property of all classes, every inhabitant of the land would become its enemy, and it would very probably be overpowered by numbers.

What must be done, therefore, is to solemnly proclaim *la guerre aux châteaux et la paix aux chaumières*;[3] and the conduct of the troops, especially in the commencement,[4] must conform to this declaration. The chiefs must exercise constant vigilance on this point.

As the troops advance into the interior they will open all the gaols, and enlist and incorporate the prisoners.

They will rouse up all the working-men, the indigent, and the discontented, giving them supplies and arms, and holding out to them the prospect of plunder.

All vehicles must be broken up.

The first efforts of the expedition must be to procure horses, and to organise a body of cavalry; this arm will have to be employed with the greatest discretion, until its strength shall have become considerable.

The war, to fulfil its object, must be carried on in the same way as that waged against us by the *Chouans* in the interior of the Republic.

Regular engagements must be avoided, save when superiority in numbers renders success certain.[5]

Attacks must be made on as many places as possible, and over a large extent of territory, to give the enemy an imposing idea of our force. The enemy must be harassed, led over a great extent of ground in one day, and thus impressed with the opinion of our skill and of the difficulty of overcoming us. We must attack when it is known that the enemy is weak; escape from him, and disappear, when his numbers are superior. In attacking, the enemy must be approached under cover of the hedges and ditches, making all possible use of the occurrence of fog and rain. When beaten, he must be pursued *à outrance*, and no quarter given to prisoners. Ways of retreat must be carefully noted; this should be easy in a country with its communications cut. The bridges must be broken down, and the roads blocked up, whenever circumstances render these measures expedient. The mail coaches and all Government conveyances to be stopped and plundered. This will oblige the Government to employ a large number of its forces simply on escort duty.[6] Everything belonging to the Marine, or which might be of use to that department, to be burnt. Any Government moneys found in country places to be seized. Any *communes* which may attempt resistance to be summoned to lay down their arms. Military executions to be made, and contributions levied among such as actually oppose us. Relations to be kept up with the towns by means of such of our soldiers as know the language. Spies to be sent out in the radius of our base of operations; these to be paid either out of the Government moneys which may be seized, or by the contributions levied on the rebellious *communes*, and especially on the large landowners.

Such are the rules, the observation of which appears more especially necessary to fulfil the ends of the projected expedition.

The reader may probably be curious to know 'whether any effort was made by the Directory to set this extraordinary plan for the invasion of England in activity?'

We think we may answer, There was. Early in 1797 a diminutive

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[3] The well-known war-cry of the early days of the Revolution, originated by Chamfort.

[4] 'The commander should be instructed,' says the note of General Labarrolière, in blunt terms, '*parler beaucoup de liberté, mais n'avoir positivement que le projet de détruire, et non d'édifier.*'

[5] 'The troops must give battle as seldom as possible,' says the note of General Labarrolière; 'only when they are absolutely forced to it, or when they are six to one.'

[6] 'Si on pouvait espérer qu'une troupe, débarquée en Angleterre, d'une force quelconque, pût forcer les Anglais à donner des escortes à toutes leurs voitures publiques, on aurait, ce me semble, obtenu de grands avantages, puisque dans l'armée de l'Ouest il y a plus de 60,000 hommes uniquement employés en escortes, et que, malgré ce nombre immense de troupes, le Gouvernement éprouve chaque jour des pertes.'—*Note of General Labarrolière.*

expedition sailed from Brest, the career of which, brief and petty as it was, seems to point it out as despatched—possibly as a mere pilot balloon—in accordance with this 'Instruction' of the Director Carnot now brought to light.

Very few Englishmen probably are aware that, within the memory of living men, the foot of the invader has in reality been planted on our island; that a French force, successful in crossing our 'silver streak of sea,' did actually effect a landing on the soil of Albion. The story of this invasion is of but Liliputian historical import, though it is amusing enough.

On the 20th of February, 1797—a fine frosty morning—four vessels which, despite their showing British colours, presented several suspicious characteristics, were seen off the Pembrokeshire coast, nearing the small town and harbour of Fishguard. They were indeed French, and from them during the latter part of the day disembarked a force numbering somewhat over a thousand men, bringing with them 'several casks of ammunition' and one cask of brandy, and proceeded to encamp on a rocky height near Fishguard. 'Their casks,' says Fenton, the historian of Pembrokeshire, who has chronicled in Johnsonian periods the event of which he was partly an eye witness, 'they rolled up an almost precipitous steep, grown glassy by the dryness of the weather—a task apparently so Herculean as almost to exceed credibility.'

The worthy Welsh folk of Fishguard, though much alarmed, did not lose their presence of mind in so startling a crisis, and messengers promptly went off in all directions to rouse the surrounding country. During the night riders in hot haste dashed into Newport, Cardigan, Newcastle Emlyn, Tenby, Haverford-West, and other towns still farther away, so that a respectable force of yeomanry, &c., drew together by the next morning. Our brave fellow-subjects of Wales did not falter. As the sudden news that 'the French have landed at Fishguard' broke upon them, 'What shall we do?' was in general, we are told, the first exclamation. But it was promptly followed by the cry 'Go and meet them!' and go they did.

Meanwhile during the morning hours of the 21st the French were not idle. Whether or not we assume that this expedition was indeed an instalment of the execution of Carnot's plan, it is certain that, as far as in them lay, the invaders were, to the letter, acting up to the precepts of his 'Instruction.' Parties of them were about endeavouring to 'spread terror' in all directions, and certainly with sufficient desire to 'gain booty.' The booty they acquired was, it is true, chiefly of a homely character; for, 'finding the farms without anyone to take care of them,' they provided themselves with all the butter, eggs, fowls, geese, &c., they could lay hands on, which, returning to camp, 'they ravenously devoured.' 'The geese,' says Fenton, 'they literally boiled in butter.'

In their eagerness to guard themselves against the *ennui* and melancholy so harmful to the French soldier, many of them now proceeded to vigorously attack their own cask of brandy, with such results that 'their general, to prevent further mischief, caused the remainder to be poured out on the ground.' It happened, however, that in many of the farm-houses and cottages about Fishguard there were casks of wine, which had been recovered from a vessel wrecked on the coast only a few days before, and these were discovered by the thirsty invaders. The unlucky French general, whose ships meanwhile had weighed anchor and quietly departed, soon

found the greater part of his forces in a condition that, as Fenton puts it, 'raised the men above the control of discipline and sunk many of their officers below the power of command.'

It is unnecessary to dwell on the details of this ridiculous landing; but we have further to say that blood was actually shed, and lives lost, in this one day's war in Pembrokeshire. A cottager, surprising a Frenchman in the act of consuming 'some of his bread, cheese, and ale,' ran the 'Mounseer' through with a pitchfork. Two other valiant Welshmen made a furious onslaught on the advanced post of the enemy. The Cambrian heroes were both killed, but not until 'they had succeeded in killing one Frenchman and wounding another.'

Other encounters, too, are said to have taken place.

Before the day was over, to the credit of Welsh promptness, sufficient local forces—the Castlemartin Yeomanry Cavalry, two companies of fencible infantry, the Cardigan Militia, and some seamen with artillery—had arrived, under the command of Lord Cawdor, to confront and overawe the invaders. On the next morning, after a vain application for favourable terms, the French commander made an unconditional surrender; and to this day the Government inspector annually compliments the yeomanry of Castlemartin on being the only corps of that respectable force which has actually faced the enemy in the field.

So ended what was, we may suppose, the solitary attempt made to put into execution Carnot's grand plan 'pour une *Chouannerie* en Angleterre.'

THE TECHNICAL TRADE SCHOOLS OF NORTH GERMANY.

By Henry Solly,

Principal of 'The Artisans' Institute,' Castle Street, St. Martin's Lane.

LEAVING Blackwall on July 29 by the large and well-appointed North German Lloyd's steamer *Strauss*, we reached Bremerhaven early on the 31st, where, no dynamite explosion being prepared, we enjoyed a survey of the new port of the old world-famous Hanseatic town of Bremen (about fifty miles higher up the Weser), which owes its existence to the spirited and sagacious action of a late member of the Bremen Senate. This enterprising gentleman, in a high-handed, autocratic sort of way, without divulging his plans even to his brother senators, lest the chance should be lost, concluded a bargain with Hannover,[1] in their name, for a certain number of acres, on which Bremerhaven now stands, in exchange for payment of an old debt due from that kingdom to the then independent republic. The event has fully justified the proceeding, and the thriving port on the Weser may some day rival Hamburg in the extent of its commerce.

From Bremerhaven we proceeded in the afternoon by steamboat up the Weser to a pleasant country house, the residence of an old friend, on the banks of that river between Vegesack and Bremen, embosomed in trees, and which afforded a delightful shelter from the oppressive heat of August.

The land throughout the territory of Bremen and Oldenbourg is farmed chiefly in small holdings, each owned by the peasant cultivator, who generally resides in a neat and commodious cottage two or three times the size of our English cottages, but the upper part of which is used as a loft for farm produce, while the back part is appropriated to his live stock, if the proprietor has any. The different properties are seldom separated by any fences or hedges, but present much the appearance of a large allotment ground in England. So far as I could understand, the cultivators purchase their small estates by the help of loans; and exactly the opposite process has been going on in that country to what has been carried forward in England for the last hundred years, by the larger properties being gradually broken up into small holdings.

The North German people struck me as remarkably clean in all respects save one, and that is in the matter of drainage, and in sewage arrangements generally, which are marvellously neglected.

Being specially desirous of understanding as much as I could of the educational appliances of some of the large towns, particularly those for technical education and art workmanship, I visited (under the kind escort of Herr Luce, one of the commercial fraternity of Bremen) several schools both in large villages and Bremen. The whole system is unquestionably magnificent, and is carried out with that unvarying fidelity and precision which characterise the German people in most matters of national duty and concern. For the information, then,

[1] The incorrect English spelling of this name appears to have originated in the time of 'the Georges,' from the practice of abbreviating the spelling by writing one *n* and putting a dash over it, signifying that another *n* was omitted. The dash was dropped, and the *n* not replaced.

of those who have no acquaintance with it, and without pretending to give any large amount of details, I may say that the primary schools (or *Vorschulen*), the commercial (or *Realschulen*), and the Gymnasium (which is something between the Edinburgh 'High School' and University College, London) supply all the educational wants of a general character by an exhaustive programme for the youth of Germany. Every child is obliged to attend at least the primary schools or to receive adequate instruction elsewhere; while an immense stimulus is given to attendance on the higher schools by the fact both that no Government, railway, or similar appointments can be obtained without having passed certain examinations, and that such examinations also enable young men to obtain a one-year instead of a three-year term of that military service from which no youth of any rank, calling, or profession can obtain entire exemption. The Gymnasium and secondary schools in Bremen occupy a very large and well-proportioned building, admirably furnished and fitted up for its purposes. The fees of the pupils and students pay about half the expenses of the establishment, the remainder being provided by the State. There are two *Realschulen* in Bremen, and I took the opportunity of going over and examining the arrangements of one of them (training about 250 pupils), which seemed as thorough and as complete as possible—the main distinction between these and the Gymnasium being that the classics are not taught in the former, nor the higher branches of science generally. In one class-room I heard the teacher giving a lesson in natural philosophy, illustrating the laws of capillary attraction and cognate phenomena, with plenty of apparatus and experiment, to about eighteen intelligent lads. About the same number in another room I found receiving a lesson in English history during the sixteenth century, and in all these classes a great deal appears to be done by means of question and answer.

Another and larger class were engaged in gymnastic exercises, wherein they displayed considerable activity; but neither there nor anywhere else in Germany do we often find German boys engaged in anything like our English outdoor games. During the three-quarters of an hour allotted as a 'recess' in the course of the morning's school time, the boys were only engaged in sauntering about in the courtyard, employed for the most part in conversation. Nevertheless it must be observed that their manner was anything but listless, and their countenances generally showed animation and cheerfulness.

Corporal punishment of any kind, as far as I could learn, is comparatively very rare in German schools.

I now proceed to give a very brief and imperfect sketch of the *Gewerbschulen* (or technical trade schools) at Bremen, in which I was particularly interested; for these schools in various parts of Germany are doing, on a fine scale and with large support from the Government, what we are doing in a very humble way, and by means of private liberality, at the 'Artisans' Institute' which we have established in London. The German *Gewerbschulen* are intended both for apprentices and journeymen, chiefly in the following trades: carpenters and joiners, cabinet-makers, machinists or engine-fitters, pattern-makers, cutlers and hardware manufacturers, modellers and plasterers, tailors, shoemakers, &c. Persons, also, who aspire to be master builders come to these schools, but regular architects would be trained at the Polytechnic or the Gymnasium school. The instruction given at the Bremen school (for which a large and remarkably handsome building has

been erected) is much the same as that communicated by our Science and Art teachers under the South Kensington Department; but at the 'technical trade schools' in Hamburg, Holz-Minden, Einbeck, Hannover, Nürnberg, &c., there are, in addition, workshops where precisely that practical teaching is given by skilled workmen which is being given at our little London pioneer establishment to artisans, for the first time, I believe, in this country.[2] The director (*Gewerb-Consulent*) of the Bremen school told me that he would much like to have such workshops connected with his school, taught by practical skilled workmen, that his students might learn how to apply the scientific and artistic knowledge which they were gaining there to the actual material in which they would have to work when engaged in their respective trades, whether wood, iron, stone, plaster, clay, &c. He hopes by-and-by to have them. In Holland also, I may mention, the need of these workshops, with skilled workmen for teachers, as a most important addendum to all schools for the instruction of artisans, is being fully recognised; and in its *Ambacht* or technical trade schools the practical teaching of the workshop has for some time been part of the established system. At Amsterdam and Rotterdam these *Ambacht* schools, I am told, are particularly admirable; but I am not aware of any other similar schools existing at present in that country. I was informed, however, that to those schools only apprentices were admitted. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Government of this country, before very long, may see the propriety of so far extending the powers and scope of the 'Science and Art Department, South Kensington,' as to permit of their giving the same payments to skilled workmen of approved competency, in the capacity of teachers, as they now give to certified teachers under their existing regulations. So long as such teachers can pass an examination proving their fitness to impart the practical and scientific kind of instruction required, surely their inability to come up to a quite different and higher standard ought not to be a barrier in the way of their receiving the Government grant as 'payment for results.' To enable the Department, however, to make such payments, I presume that Parliament would have to authorise the Department to make a minute sanctioning them. What is right and necessary for improving and completing the technical education of Continental workmen cannot be altogether unnecessary or wrong for British workmen, who, on the whole, have fewer opportunities for art culture and technical improvement generally.

There cannot be a doubt that these workshops are as necessary for completing the technical and scientific training of artisans as the laboratory for chemical and mining students, or the dissecting-room and the hospital for medical pupils.

The *Gewerbschulen* are intended to improve the taste of handicraftsmen, and to enable them to design new patterns, &c.; at the same time they are used by employers (called *Meister*, or masters, their journeymen being called *Gesellen*), who consult the 'Director' at the head of the school whenever they require information about new inventions, patterns, &c.; while the *Gesell* who wishes to become

[2] Excellent workshops, well fitted up in all respects, with competent practical teachers, under Mr. D. Walker, have been opened for some years at King's College, London, in connection with their science classes; but the price of admission puts them far beyond the reach of ordinary workmen, and, as might be expected, their usefulness is restricted to a wealthier class.

a master, working on his own account, must regularly attend the classes of the school. To enter it he must perfectly understand drawing, and must have full knowledge of certain sciences, such as geometry, &c.; and, as a matter of course, must have passed his three or four years' apprenticeship with a master, in whose house he has had board and lodging. In the *Gewerbhaus* mentioned above, and under different teachers, quite separate from the *Gewerbschule*, are several classes in which geometry is taught, and the elementary principles of drawing, these latter being attended by boys of from twelve to sixteen years on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, by apprentices at night, also on Sunday afternoons. 'To understand all this,' said Herr Luce in describing the German system, 'you must bear in mind that all German children are compelled to attend school from six years till fourteen; those that are too poor to pay the school fees can be sent to the free schools, where no payment is required; but all schools are under the control of the State, and all teachers have to pass their examinations before Education Commissioners. At these they learn thoroughly reading, writing, arithmetic, religion, general history, singing, geography, and receive instruction in physics, chemistry, mathematics, geometry, and drawing; thus they are prepared, when they become apprentices, to understand the higher grades. I think, therefore,' he added, 'that our young men have a great advantage in their general knowledge, and our teachers find a better foundation to build upon than you have in England.' Perfectly true, my friend—the more's the pity for us—but ten years hence let us look at the question again.

The technical department of our Artisans' Institute was established without any knowledge of what was being done on the Continent—our ignorance, though culpable, being shared, I suppose, by persons of much greater weight than ourselves, and much more called upon by their position and duties to know and make known the work of other countries in this department—perhaps South Kensington to wit. Certain conferences of working men, which I was led to hold in the spring of 1873, when trying to establish the 'Trades Guild of Learning' for skilled workmen, first initiated me into the wants of working men on this point. They spoke very clearly and decisively as to the need of instruction being given both to apprentices and journeymen *by practical workmen* in their respective trades. The Science and Art Department teachers, thoroughly competent and able as they are in regard to scientific training, are, of course, not qualified to apply their teaching in the workshop. As an illustration of this want, and of a praiseworthy but necessarily very imperfect attempt to supply it, I may mention that a journeyman zinc-worker, of the name of Latter, stated at one of these conferences that, finding there was not a single workman in his shop able to cut out a pattern, say for a hip-bath or other vessel, he had started a Saturday evening class for teaching them how to do things of this kind on mathematical principles. The class was very fairly successful for a time, some men walking three or four miles to attend it. Another working man, Mr. G. F. Savage, a die-sinker by trade, who has long taken a considerable interest in technical education, having assured me, in reply to my enquiries, that it would be perfectly possible to start classes of this nature at the Artisans' Institute, we made the attempt, though with some fear and hesitation, found them welcomed by a select but slowly increasing number of workmen in certain trades, and then learnt

that the same thing had been carried on for several years with the greatest success at certain Continental schools supported by the whole power of the State, and in Holland by private contributions also. A small committee of working men superintend the working of the technical department of our Institute, and, to prevent any misapprehension of the object of these classes, it is distinctly announced that they 'are not intended or adapted to teach men or boys a trade, only to improve them in it; for which reason no person is allowed to enter' them 'unless he is or has been already apprenticed, or has some other recognised means of livelihood.' Among other illustrations of the teaching given here, I may mention that a very neatly executed model of a 'hip roof,' made by the students of the carpentry and joinery class, was exhibited at our annual meeting held at the Mansion House last summer, the bevels of every rafter in it having been cut on strictly geometrical principles.

Returning to the 'technical trade schools' of Germany, I may mention that, as part of his official duties, the director is always looking out in various quarters for the newest designs and patterns with which to supply his students; and the Bremen master had lately been spending three or four weeks at the great Munich Exhibition for this purpose. Among other objects of interest which he showed me as part of his teaching apparatus, I was particularly struck with a publication issued in parts by the *Kunstgewerbschule* of Nürnberg, and published by Sigmund Soldan. It was full of beautiful studies, designs, &c., for freehand drawing, and for art workmen generally.

I shall never forget one engraving, consisting of a design apparently intended for the ornamentation of some portion of a church or cathedral. It was in the form of a long Gothic window, and was divided into three compartments; the lowest was a picture of the dead Abel on his mother's knees, and the topmost was some other Scriptural subject, both exceedingly well executed; but the centre picture of our Lord raising the daughter of Jairus was inimitably beautiful. The face of the maiden was something to be treasured in the memory for ever—a vision of holy and delicate loveliness, and of an indescribable peaceful heavenly wonder, as she opens her eyes once more on this sublunary world—such as one felt it a blessing to look upon.

The drawing classes are conducted not only on week nights, but on Sunday afternoons also, and are then called the 'Sunday school.' I visited the latter one Sunday afternoon, and found about 150 students of various ages, from 12 to 40 or 50, engaged both in freehand and straight-line drawing. One young man, over whose shoulder I looked, a locksmith, I believe, by trade, was drawing the pattern of a complicated lock; another was engaged on a very elegant design for a lightning conductor; a third was copying a magnificent antique bust in very capital style. I asked the instructor incidentally whether he thought any of these young men had been to church in the course of the day, to which he at once replied, 'Probably nearly all of them.' But, in common with such of the working-class population as are in the habit of attending Divine service, they would go to it at seven or nine o'clock in the morning.

I found it generally admitted that, as with us, the apprenticeship system is now by no means sufficient to teach youths their trade, and the *Gewerbschulen* are necessary to supplement the teaching of the workshop.

The director observed, in regard to this apprenticeship matter, that

the small masters have not variety enough of work to teach the lads their trade, and the large masters cannot afford the time. If he could have the workshops spoken of above attached to his school, apprenticeship, as far as trade was concerned, would not be necessary; for the lads might gain both scientific and artistic knowledge (including, of course, invention and design) in one department, and the application of their knowledge to material in the other. It should be remembered, however, that most of the lads who come to 'technical trades schools' have already learnt the elements of geometry and drawing at the primary schools (or *Vorschulen*) previously. On the other hand, every employer is required to keep apprentices as assistants to the journeyman, otherwise he could not get journeymen to work for him; but in that capacity the apprentices are only told what to do, and are required to attend the night schools in the winter months, that they may learn not only drawing, but the scientific and technical reasons for what they have been doing mechanically in the shop. The evening school hours are from 6.30 to 9 P.M. The apprentices appear generally to have board and lodging, but little or no pay for the first three or four years. No premiums are now paid for apprenticeship as a general rule, I was informed, in consequence of the difficulty of getting apprentices, the reason given being that there were so many other ways in which youths could earn wages. In Bremen and some other places the trade schools are free to all apprentices both on Sundays and week days, but in other towns small payments are required; but of course these payments do not nearly cover the whole expense of the establishment, and we find, therefore, as before stated, that the technical trade schools of Germany are mainly supported by the State.

Architects, builders, and engineers must have worked at least three sessions as bricklayers, carpenters, masons, engine-fitters, &c., in practical workshops or on railways or other public works, and must pass sundry examinations before they can be what are called 'practical directors,' or have the command of workmen—the practice in this respect, as regards all building and constructive operations, being assimilated to the law by which every officer in the army must have previously passed through the ranks. In like manner, no man can be a foreman (*Polir*) in building works until he has passed an examination of some kind both practical and theoretical. Might not a few regulations of this kind be adopted in our country with admirable effect?

It is true that where rules of this sort are made imperative by law, the government which enforces them is sometimes sneered at under the title of a 'paternal' government, or even the more contemptuous epithet of 'grandmotherly.' Now, there is no doubt that there are great advantages in the possession by any nation of those qualities of self-reliance which enable a community to do all sorts of useful things by means of voluntary effort, instead of trusting to, or leaning upon, its government for the supply of its various wants; and we have reason in England to be proud of the large amount of self-help and voluntary effort for various purposes which has been manifested among us. On the other hand, it is quite certain that all governments have a very important function to perform by taking the initiative in leading the way in many good works, and in supplying the deficiencies of voluntary effort. Too often this sneer at paternal government is simply a device to excuse governments for shirking their rightful duties. And whatever else we may have to be proud of,

we have certainly great cause in this country to be ashamed of the extent to which both people and Government have lagged behind Continental nations in the matter of technical education.

Moreover, if we are to be wholly dependent for the establishment of such schools on private and voluntary support instead of partly on Parliamentary grants, there ought, at least, to be an end to the objections often made by employers of labour and wealthy persons when applied to for subscriptions on behalf of educational institutions for working men, viz. that those who are to benefit by the said institutions ought to find the money for them. In no country and in no period of history, so far as I am aware, have the people who needed education been both able and willing to meet much of the heavy expenses required for providing it.

Where would our great national universities and public grammar schools have been had their establishment and maintenance depended on the pecuniary support of the poor students for whose benefit they were founded? But the truth is, as regards technical education at all events (some of us dare to think even general education for adults of the working classes comes under the same category), it is clearly a matter of national importance; and hence the reasonableness of requiring the nation (as is munificently done in Germany) to contribute largely to its promotion. Hence, also, the *un*reasonableness on the part of persons of property in discouraging appeals to private munificence by replying that all these educational institutes for workmen ought to be self-supporting.

Between the two stools of private instruction and public training, of individual liberality and Government provision, technical education in this country has come to the ground. The old system under which the *master* was really a *teacher* as well as an employer, and which formerly supplied that education, has to a very large extent, by universal admission, practically broken down. Journeymen and apprentices complain, foremen and employers admit, that a youth nowadays has to pick up the knowledge of his trade how he can. A very sharp lad learns a good deal, but the average apprentice knows nothing when his time expires but just the particular subdivision of his trade, in one little groove of which he has been too often kept working the whole of his time. For here is the double misfortune of the present state of things: not only is it nobody's interest now, in many cases, to teach an apprentice his trade, but it is actually the interest of the employer to limit the lad's work to just that one particular department in which practice has made him dexterous—able, therefore, to earn more money for the capitalist.

Sometimes even an older workman fears that by teaching his junior he is training up a rival who will, perhaps, ultimately supplant him in his own workshop. Hence the absolute necessity for the establishment of evening technical classes and technical trades schools generally. And unless private enterprise or Governmental aid (better still if both combine) establish such schools extensively and promptly, there is no doubt serious evil must result. In London there is some reason to hope that the great City guilds will take up the question, and, in conjunction with metropolitan large employers of labour and wealthy public-spirited men, carry it out in that thoroughly efficient style which London sometimes tardily adopts to the admiration of the rest of the world.

But since the principle of Government support in the matter of education has been so entirely conceded, and efficiently acted upon, in

the case of the South Kensington Department, there can be no satisfactory reason given why that aid should not be extended by it to practical and technical teaching of the kind given so effectually in the technical workshops of Germany, Holland, France, Switzerland, and other continental nations. The excellence of all the arrangements under the Science and Art Department, so far as they have hitherto gone, furnishes strong reason for making them complete by the additions now indicated.

Any reference to this subject, even in the very brief notice now being given, would be grievously incomplete if I did not mention with honour the admirable *Polytechnische*, or Polytechnic Schools, which in Hannover, Berlin, Carlsruhe, Leipzig, Munich, and other towns, provide instruction of the higher kind for architects, engineers, glass-manufacturers, ship-builders, chemical manufacturers, &c., by a two years' course of a very thorough and searching character. As in the case of the other schools before mentioned, the students' fees would not nearly support these establishments, and they are largely supplemented by Government grants. The head of each *Gewerbschule*, and of course of the Polytechnic Schools, is a man of good education and social position — the teachers of the technical workshops being, of course, practical skilled workmen, working at their trade during the day, and teaching their classes upon the appointed nights.

Before leaving the subject of technical education it is necessary to advert to one rather difficult, not to say painful consideration. When I have urged upon English workmen, both in London and elsewhere, the value and importance of such training, particularly dwelling upon what is being done on the Continent in this direction, they have replied, 'Yes, that is all very well if there were a disposition upon the part of employers to encourage and reward really good work. We don't find in many shops either the foreman or the master at all disposed to encourage us in putting the very best work we can into any particular job. They want quantity more than quality, and often grudge the time that we may be disposed to spend upon it. And this, you see, sir, prevents us taking a pride in our work, and we are afraid would lead masters of this stamp to look unfavourably upon the technical education that you want to promote. The employers in Germany must be of a different stamp to many of those in this country.' And when I have remarked upon the benefit it would be if foremen in this country were subjected to an examination before they could be promoted to that office, as in Germany, the reply has been, 'No doubt that would be a capital thing for the men, at least the better sort of them, for they often suffer from incompetent men being made foremen. But many employers would not care to have foremen who were well educated, and who wish to get the best work done. They want foremen who will get *most* work out of the men.' The frequency of this reply, both in London and the provinces, makes one fear that there must be too much truth in it; though, of course, there are many excellent shops where the employers are most anxious that the work they turn out should be of the very best quality. On the other hand, employers will, of course, reply: 1st, that men will sometimes make a pretence of employing extra skill on a job as an excuse for dawdling over their work; and 2nd, that the public are most to blame because they demand cheapness, and are indifferent about the good quality, beauty, and finish of the goods they buy. There is too much truth in these allegations also, no doubt; and

there is no remedy, I suppose, for all the various evils now complained of, except that general diffusion of high culture and artistic taste among all classes of the people, rich and poor, buyers and sellers, manufacturers and workpeople, wherein continental nations certainly appear to surpass us, and which would make a better demand for really good work. But, quite apart from any questions of taste and finish, both employers and workmen ought to see that when a man can cut and carve and measure scientifically, instead of merely by rule of thumb, he does his work more quickly, more accurately, and saves material into the bargain. No wonder that intelligent workmen, who wish to do their work well, feel indignant at the treatment they sometimes receive at the hands of short-sighted employers or jealous foremen. A very intelligent mechanic told me the other day that having been able to adjust a screw-cutting turning lathe for a particular job, from his knowledge of certain arithmetical principles, when nobody else in the shop, including the foreman, had been able to do it, the treatment he received from the said foreman after that time was so harsh and disagreeable that he had to leave before many months were over. Of course he could not say that this treatment was the *consequence* of his superior knowledge; all he knew was that it *followed* immediately on the circumstance above mentioned. And it is, perhaps, scarcely to be wondered at that when I was asking him to undertake the charge of our technical (metal) turning-lathe class, he answered that he didn't feel much encouraged to teach others what had only brought mischief to himself!

During my stay in Bremen I went over an institution called *Der Verein Vorwärts* (signifying, I suppose, 'The Progressive Association,' or 'Union for Progress'), which is an association of workmen closely resembling one of our 'Working Men's Clubs and Institutes,' but established long before any of ours, having been opened in 1847. It is defined in its *Ordnung*, or 'constitution,' as 'a society formed for the improvement of workmen. Its object is the promotion of mental and moral culture as the foundation of the material prosperity and civic freedom of its members. The means for the attainment of this object are chiefly instruction, addresses, conversations, social intercourse, lectures, &c. Any grown-up workman of good reputation, as well as any one wishing to promote the beneficent object of the society, may be admitted as a member. Neither position in society nor occupation will determine as to the eligibility of admission, but honourable conduct and a good name.' The society has a large and commodious building, with a good library and reading-room (in which no talking is allowed), with rooms for conversation, classes, and lectures. No billiards or bagatelle, but chess and draughts are provided, with plenty of newspapers, magazines, &c. Dinners can be had there, with other refreshments, such as beer, coffee, &c. The subscription is very low, being only 3*s.* 6*d.* per annum, or 4*d.* per month. All artisans above seventeen years of age are admissible as members; those under that age may attend classes and lectures. The number of members is very considerable, and a similar institution at Hamburg, the *Arbeiters-Bildungs Verein*, has several thousand members.

The *Gewerbhaus* is the seat of the *Gewerbverein* and of the *Gewerbschule* but though the translation of *Gewerb* is 'trade' and of *Verein* 'union,' *Gewerbverein* is certainly not anything like our trades union. It is an association

of employers who have their own business, and employ workmen and apprentices. At the head of this association is the *Gewerbkammer* (Chamber of Trade) consisting of about twenty members, elected for a couple of years, with a president and vice-president nominated every year. This *Gewerbkammer* watches over the interests of the different trades in every respect; and assembles as often as it thinks advisable. The members of the *Verein* maintain a library, engage scientific men to deliver lectures, and often concerts and other entertainments are given.

We do not find the same institutions all over Germany, on the contrary, they differ in almost every state. The little republic of Bremen has many peculiarities, and most of them are of a political nature. The Government resides principally in the Senate, but that body can pass no law without consent of the *Bürgerschaft*, which consists of 175 citizens elected by the people. 'General popular elections,' said my friend, 'would not answer; the working-classes would soon have the reins in their own hands.' Hence all the inhabitants are divided into classes, and wealth and knowledge are duly considered. Thus the first class is formed of all learned men; the second of merchants; the third of tradespeople, and so on up to ten. Each class has to send a fixed number to the *Bürgerschaft*, and from this electoral system probably arose the *Gewerbkammer* or Chamber of Trades, for the employers and manufacturers claimed the same rights as the merchants who have their 'Chamber of Commerce,' &c. The working-classes have various *Krankenkasse* answering to our sick and provident societies, to which, weekly or monthly, trifling sums are paid, and which give in time of sickness assistance, or pay for funeral expenses, but no trades unions exist for keeping up wages or for paying men when out of employment. 'Of course,' adds my friend, 'we have had many strikes, but they are generally promoted by the leaders of the socialistic party, and nearly all have totally failed. The socialists are becoming a strong political party, and wherever dissatisfaction is discovered they are sure to appear and to stir up further agitation.' These remarks are in harmony with what I heard elsewhere, but I had no opportunity of hearing what workmen might be disposed to say in reply.

The *Kunsthalle*, or 'Hall of Art,' contains paintings and statues, but unfortunately being then closed, I was unable to see them. During the winter months it is opened on Sundays and Mondays for the members and their families. Nearly every Sunday new paintings are exhibited, as all the older ones are circulating through Germany. Every two or three years a large exhibition is opened, when many pictures are bought by the Committee, and disposed of by lottery.

Bremen can boast of a very good public library, the chief librarian of which, Dr. Kohl, is well known through Europe as the author of *Travels in Russia*, translated into English some years ago and very highly spoken of by the reviews. He had done me the honour of asking me to be his guest during my short stay in Bremen, and was anxious to know all I could tell him about our schools for workmen in England. The library under his care consists of about 80,000 volumes, and is free to the public on exactly the same terms as our free public libraries in England. It contains, among other treasures, some curious old Bibles and valuable MSS. Dr. Kohl, like my friend above-mentioned, in speaking of the working classes in Germany, expressed serious apprehensions at the greatly increasing number of

the party called 'Social Democrats.' The principal article in their creed appears to be the abolition of private capitalists, and the substitution of great Societies, receiving State aid, by which all workmen are to be employed. Several other gentlemen, both in Bremen and other places, with whom I conversed, one of them a magistrate from Hamburg, confirmed these dismal forebodings, and in support of their fears referred me to the increase in number of the newspaper organs of the party, and of adherents to their various societies. One of these gentlemen, amid the confirmatory nods of the rest, added significantly, 'Wait till the January elections, if you have any doubts, and then you will see'—referring to the elections to the Reichstag, which take place at the beginning of the year, and which are conducted by universal suffrage. My own impression, as a dispassionate looker-on, was that both the impulses of the Communistic party and the apprehensions of other classes respecting them are chiefly at present a reactionary result from the severity of the yoke under which the handicraftsmen of Germany, until recently, were kept, alike as regards trade unions, other social movements, religious liberty, and especially political rights. The right, *e.g.* even of holding public meetings, is of very recent concession, but one of which Radical and Communistic members of the Reichstag are beginning freely to avail themselves. In the little town of Vegesack on the Weser, I noticed an old placard on the walls informing the public that a meeting would be held (some day in last June, I think), when the undersigned, a Herr 'Wilhelm Haselou,' would review the position and relation of political parties, he being, as I was informed, a Radical M.P. in the Imperial Legislature. No doubt, though the movement in question is still in its infancy,[3] it will attain large proportions, and fill many minds with dismal fears, the latter result being intensified by the novelty of the phenomenon. And by this I mean not merely the nature of the agitation, but the novelty of any working-class agitation at all. But neither need we doubt that, unless injudicious attempts at repression or violent and unconstitutional measures are resorted to, the whole movement will harmlessly culminate and quietly collapse, as its supporters gradually perceive the intense absurdity and suicidal nature of their proposals, and at the same time feel that they really have full liberty of agitation for any object however subversive and ridiculous. Of course, if by any chance they obtained a majority in the Reichstag before their party had learned the real nature of their aspirations, serious consequences might ensue; though even a little practical power to realise their views might be useful in helping to 'disillusionise' them, and no harm probably would be done. Violent or unconstitutional opposition is the only thing to be really dreaded at present. Nevertheless it must be admitted that, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, there is a great and lamentable want of sympathy between the working and upper classes. It is true that great efforts are, and for some time have been, making to promote special and technical education for artisans. But then, since this is just as needful to promote the interests of the manufacturer as those of the workmen, the moneyed classes do not get credit, in consequence of those

[3] 'The Communistic candidate at Heidelberg two years was "nowhere" in the election for the Reichstag,' observed a friend of mine then residing in that town; but things have changed a good deal since then.

efforts, for any special sympathy with the industrial population. Again, it is true that gentlemen's sons sit side by side with the sons of artisans in many of the German schools, but that is because the teaching is so excellent and cheap; and I am assured that this circumstance does not tend to bring the two classes together at all in after life. On the whole I believe it is true that, with all our class prejudices and antagonisms, there is a greater amount of sympathy at present between the English gentry and the hand-workers of England than between the corresponding classes in Germany. And I also fully believe that unless good feeling and mutual understanding are much more developed in that country between these two classes than has been manifested there for the last half-century, no little trouble in one form or other must inevitably result, especially now that such vast political power has been conferred upon them. Of course, I should not venture to express this opinion so decidedly on my own imperfect acquaintance with the country. I speak the convictions of one gentleman (among others) whose frequent and continued residence in Germany, and whose pursuits and sympathies (which lead him to investigate closely these social relations), specially qualify him to give a reliable opinion on the subject. Of this, however, there can be no doubt—that the influence of an educated high-principled man, free from every kind of party sectarianism, with genial manners, popular sympathies, and large and varied culture, who by virtue of his office should be continually in contact with working men under natural and favourable conditions, would be of immense value, not merely by its educational power, but as a conducting medium between the upper and the working classes. It is this influence which we think the office of 'Resident Principal' in Artisans' Institutes, wherever they may be established, would secure. Hundreds of highly educated men, possessing the qualifications above described, might be willing, for a salary as small as that of many a curate, to undertake the duties in question, and to consecrate their whole time to their performance as entirely as if they were the head-master of a grammar school or the pastor of a Christian community. It will be the best guarantee for the wise and peaceful solution of most of the great social and political problems which affect the relations of those two great sections of society, if institutions of the class I have described can be formed, to offer such situations, and if men can be found in sufficient numbers to fill them.

Having recently visited the *Bristol Trade School* of which I entertain a high opinion, I may mention here that it consists of two departments, one for those under and another for those above the age of eighteen; also a preparatory department for boys not under nine years of age. The subjects taught in the middle school are mathematics, descriptive geometry, mechanical and experimental physics, chemistry, art drawing, &c.; and in the adult department, chemistry and chemical analysis, machine drawing and building construction, vegetable physiology and botany, applied and theoretical mechanics, steam, freehand, model, and perspective drawing, Latin, French, German, &c. There is also the 'mining department' school, which is well equipped with educational appliances, and the 'chemical laboratory' department, both of which have convenient and well-furnished rooms for practical chemistry, for chemical analysis, and assaying. The neighbourhood of Bristol abounds in subjects of geological instruction, and the owners of coal-mines give every facility for study on the part

of students in the trade school. The fees for these different departments and classes are moderate, well within the reach of artisans for one or two classes; but a reduction might, I think, wisely be made if a student wished to attend more, as mechanics often could not afford so high a payment, or else they have not, in general, as yet learned to value instruction sufficiently to pay the price required for several classes, even in this thoroughly workman's institution. In the case, however, of the middle school, their parents or friends would usually pay the fees for the pupils; and might be expected, if they cared to send a lad there at all, after leaving the primary school, to value the teaching so far as to be willing to pay the school fee of 15*s.* per quarter, an entrance fee of 5*s.*, and a registration fee of 2*s.* 6*d.* For the senior department the fees are 7*s.* 6*d.* for the science classes for the course of about eight or nine months, and 5*s.* for the art classes; laboratory practice, one and two guineas; languages, from 5*s.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* the course. The advantage of such classes being opened on these terms to promising lads when they leave the primary schools, and of substantial benefits being offered by the 'Science and Art Department' as an inducement to parents to continue the education of their sons beyond the usual age, can hardly be overrated; and it is much to the credit of the ancient city of Bristol that its authorities should have set up so useful an institution. May I add my hope that good workshops may shortly be added to the establishment. The classes are all taught in the evening, from 7 to 9 P.M., every evening in the week being occupied with one or more of them, except on Saturdays.

THE CORNISH PILCHARD FISHERIES.

THE Pilchard Fisheries around the coasts of Cornwall are deserving of more consideration from the general public than they have hitherto received. The pilchard is a member of the genus *Clupea* in size and shape, somewhat resembling the herring, but having a shorter under-jaw and rounder or fuller body, and being distinguishable from that fish through balancing itself when held by the dorsal fin between the thumb and forefinger, the herring under a similar test being found to be heavier at the head than tail. The Cornish coasts are the only parts of the British Isles near which pilchards ever make their appearance in any large quantities, and off those coasts during the annual season (usually from the beginning of July to the end of December) a single body or shoal of pilchards frequently extends through an area of three or four square miles of water. It is supposed that the fish, in company with the shoals which annually frequent the Spanish coasts, pass the remainder of the year in deep water in the North Atlantic, but they have never been seen near the surface further west than 9° of longitude, and their place of retirement has not yet been positively ascertained.

From time immemorial the pilchard fisheries have been divided into two distinct branches—the 'seine' and the drift fisheries—a seine (sometimes written sean, but preferably and more often seine) being a large net with corks on one side and leads on the other, by which the fish are surrounded, and which can only be used near the shore.

The seines are owned by the monied and commercial classes of the county, and the drift fishery is that of the fisherman proper with his boat and nets, usually representing the whole of his meagre capital, and who is doubtless a direct descendant of the ancient Cornish wrecker, and may at the present day be generally found living among his own class in some distinct portion of his town, differing in many marked respects from the other inhabitants. But he is remarkable for strict sobriety and for making a most intrepid seaman, though few true fishermen ever abandon their original calling.

The seats of the seining enterprise are St. Ives by far the most important — Mullion, Gunwalloe, Newlyn, Porthleven, Coverack, Mevagissey, and there are one or two seines at several other small places, extending from Boscastle on the north, round the Cornish peninsula to Plymouth Sound, and also one seine at Challaborough on the adjoining south coast of Devonshire. The pilchard drift fishery is prosecuted by nearly all towns on the Cornish coasts and by a few places on the Devonshire coast as far as Brixham. Mackerel are the only other fish seen near those parts in great numbers, and the seines are also sometimes used for them, and there are catches by drift tackle or line of ray, cod, ling, hake and gurnet.

The feeling between the two branches of fishing industry may be characterised as one of continual animosity and dissension. Of the numerous facts which corroborate this statement we may mention the bitter wranglings of party with party that occurred in London before a Committee of the House of Commons previous to the passing of the Sea Fisheries Act of 1868, and the rebellious attitude in the season of 1875 of the St. Ives drift fishermen against the present

of students in the trade school. The fees for these different departments and classes are moderate, well within the reach of artisans for one or two classes; but a reduction might, I think, wisely be made if a student wished to attend more, as mechanics often could not afford so high a payment, or else they have not, in general, as yet learned to value instruction sufficiently to pay the price required for several classes, even in this thoroughly workman's institution. In the case, however, of the middle school, their parents or friends would usually pay the fees for the pupils; and might be expected, if they cared to send a lad there at all, after leaving the primary school, to value the teaching so far as to be willing to pay the school fee of 15*s.* per quarter, an entrance fee of 5*s.*, and a registration fee of 2*s.* 6*d.* For the senior department the fees are 7*s.* 6*d.* for the science classes for the course of about eight or nine months, and 5*s.* for the art classes; laboratory practice, one and two guineas; languages, from 5*s.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* the course. The advantage of such classes being opened on these terms to promising lads when they leave the primary schools, and of substantial benefits being offered by the 'Science and Art Department' as an inducement to parents to continue the education of their sons beyond the usual age, can hardly be overrated; and it is much to the credit of the ancient city of Bristol that its authorities should have set up so useful an institution. May I add my hope that good workshops may shortly be added to the establishment. The classes are all taught in the evening, from 7 to 9 P.M., every evening in the week being occupied with one or more of them, except on Saturdays.

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St. Ives Seine Fishery Act. The severe Acts 13 & 14 Chas. II. cap. 29, &c., and various subsequent ones serve to prove the strife in years gone by.

St. Ives is a quaintly-built old town of about 7,000 inhabitants, on the north coast of Cornwall at the south west extremity of St. Ives Bay, 5 miles by road from Hayle at the head of the bay, 10 miles northward from Penzance, and 14 miles N.E. by E. from the Land's End. St. Ives Bay is a broad opening 3 miles deep and 3½ in greatest width from St. Ives Head to Godrevy Point, and the Gull Rock with its lighthouse. The pilchard fisheries in the bay are regulated from July to December by an Act of Parliament passed in 1841 (4th and 5th Vic. cap. 57). The seines must be used during the time from one hour before sunrise to one hour after sunset, the remaining period being allotted to the drift fishery.

There are at present 280 seine-boats at St. Ives, each of which is provided with a seine but only about one quarter of that number is got ready for sea every year. The sizes of the seines vary from 900 to 1,200 feet in length, and from 50 feet to 70 feet in width or depth. The seine-boats are open ones about 35 feet long, used not further than half a mile from the shore, and only during the pilchard season, when each has a crew of eight men called seiners.

The portion of the bay near the town is divided into six stations, each boat holding the bay for one day on each, so that a boat may probably have only six days' fishing for several weeks. But most of the seine-owners are now formed into companies, each of which has frequently some boat 'in hand.' The boats lie at anchor with their crews at appointed positions, and on the neighbouring heights are stationed men called *huers*, whose duty it is to watch for fish which are distinguished by a brownish copper colour in the water. And it is found that this method of fish-seeking was practised in the Archipelago during the time of the Greek ascendancy, and possibly the custom may have been brought to the Cornish coasts hundreds of years since by the Phœnician traders in tin and copper.

As soon as the huers descry the fish they with instruments called *bushes*, or white linen bags distended on wooden frameworks at the end of small sticks, one of which is held in each hand, signal to the men in the boats below and direct their movements. Then immediately there is raised in the town a cry of 'heva' (an ancient Cornish word peculiar to St. Ives, and signifying 'the cry is up'), and for a time all other occupations are suspended, and hundreds of spectators crowd the beach and hills eager to catch a glimpse of the approaching shoal upon the successful capture of which probably depends the welfare of the town for the ensuing winter.

After a seine is cast round a shoal of fish, the side with corks attached of course floating on the water and that with leads sinking to the bottom, the space generally between the two ends of the seine is covered by one or two *stop-nets*, as occasion requires (the Act not allowing a *stop-net* to be over 720 feet in length or more than 2 *stop-nets* to be used for 1 seine) and the whole is warped nearer to the shore by *blousers*, who are landsmen (chiefly artisans and labourers) employed on land during the pilchard season for general purposes. Then commences the interesting operation of *tucking*, or of dipping the fish with baskets into the seine-boats from a *tuck-net* cast into the seine. And here we will venture strongly to recommend the West of England tourist who seeks picturesque sights to be present at St. Ives Bay during the period of tucking. By that time the fish become so frightened and so closely brought together, that they keep up a constant twit-

tering, and may be described as presenting the appearance of a glittering mass of silver. And indeed St. Ives Bay, with its green, translucent sea, and lofty sombre, blue-elvan headlands, interspersed with white sandy beaches, is well worthy of a visit at any time.

The fish on being brought ashore are taken to cellars prepared for the purpose, where they are salted in *bulk*, and allowed to lie for about four weeks. A layer of salt is first spread on the ground or floor of the cellar, and over that a single layer of fish is put; then again a layer of salt, and so on the *bulk* is proceeded with, until a pile from five to six feet high is made. Afterwards the fish are *broken out* and washed, and then packed in wooden hogshead casks and pressed, or rather jammed as closely as possible together by *pressing stones* and *bucklers*. The oil got from this process is sent to various English towns, and is used chiefly for tanning. A hogshead contains 2950 pilchards, or 24 *hundreds*, reckoning six score and a cast of three over to each hundred, and generally weighs from 4 to 5 cwt. The fish are shipped to the ports of Italy and the Adriatic, those being the only places to which they have been exported during the last ninety years. They are consumed in the towns of Italy and Austria chiefly during the period of Lent.

The wages of the huers are 3*l.* per month, and one-fiftieth part (in kind) of the quantity of fish taken by their respective companies. The seiners are paid 10*s.* per week, and about one-tenth part of the fish taken; and the blousers are paid about 2*s.* 10*d.* for every hogshead of fish exported during the season by their respective companies. The work in the cellars is done chiefly by women and girls. The total value of the seine fishery plant at St. Ives is estimated to be about 75,000*l.*

The drift fishery boats at St. Ives number 101, ranging from 14 to 20 tons register. These are some of the finest and fastest boats in the Kingdom, and besides being used for pilchard and mackerel catching, a large number are engaged every year in the Irish herring fishery. The drift nets are about 400 fathoms long and 6 fathoms deep, and have corks at top, but no leads. The same nets are used for herring as for pilchard catching, but for mackerel larger meshed nets are required. The drift boats go to sea wholly at night, and the nets are cast out at venture in any depth of water at any distance from land, and the boats allowed to drift—whence is derived the term "drift fishery." The boats are generally owned by the crews in shares; and the cost of a boat with her complement of two nets is about 360*l.* There are also 150 smaller boats used only for the drift and line fishery in St. Ives Bay. The total value of the drift fishery plant is about 40,000*l.*

The success of the fisheries is, of course, dependent upon natural causes, over which man has no control, and is continually fluctuating. The largest amount of pilchards on record as ever having been caught during a single season is that taken in 1847, when 35,000 hogsheads were exported from St. Ives alone. A single seine has occasionally been known to enclose so much as 5,500 hogsheads at once. During the last two seasons the pilchard enterprise at St. Ives has been very unfortunate. In 1874, 3,246 hogsheads were exported from the town. In 1875, only 800 hogsheads were caught by the drift boats, and none by the seines. Up to the end of November, 1876, nothing was taken by the seines, and barely 50 hogsheads by the drift boats; but since then a shoal of about 800 hogsheads has been enclosed by a seine at St. Ives, and

the drift-boats have made some good catches.

There are six or seven seining stations on the north coast of Cornwall eastward of St. Ives, and about 200 drift boats at the various fishing towns on that part of the coast. Between St. Ives and the Land's End are 17 boats, with 59 men and 6 boys at Pendeen Cove, and 38 boats with 122 men at Sennen Cove.

On the south coast of Cornwall the seining enterprise has of late years lost much of its importance, and the drift-boats have gradually increased in numbers. In the Mount's Bay there are now 20 seines and 479 drift boats, the latter being distributed as follows:—at Penzance and Newlyn, 168 boats, with 798 men and 109 boys; at Mousehole, 109 boats, with 399 men and 73 boys; at Porthleven, 172 boats, with 611 men and 112 boys; at Prussia Cove, 40 boats, with 55 men and 9 boys. It must, however, be remarked, that most of these boats are, in addition to the pilchard fishery, used also for mackerel and crab catching. 4,000 hogsheads of pilchards were exported from the Mount's Bay during the season of 1875.

Eastward of the Lizard the term *seine* comprehends 2 seine-nets, 3 seine-boats, 16 men, and 2 boys; and the cost of a complete seine is about 800*l*. Unless fully equipped in all these particulars, a seine is not allowed by the other seines to occupy a position near the shore to watch for fish.

Formerly Mevagissey, a small town on the south coast 4 miles south of St. Austell, was one of the chief seats of the seine pilchard fishery. In 1818 there were 44 complete pilchard seines at Mevagissey and 20 others at the neighbouring coves, but in that year the seine fishery seems to have reached its climax at those parts. Until that date, or within a short period of it, Government granted (to all fishing towns) a bounty of about one third of the value of the fish taken, and also allowed fish-curers to have salt free of duty. This last privilege was to many a greater one than the bounty, for, during our national wars with Napoleon, the salt duty was very high. Soon after 1818 the Silver Staff (the name given to the bounty) was withdrawn, and subsequently the salt duties were remitted. Also about that time a new industry sprang up in the hills near Mevagissey, namely the raising of china clay for manufacturing purposes. This sent its refuse white waters by almost every stream into the sea, polluting it at times miles from the shore, and of course hindering the seine-men from discovering the object of their search, and, moreover, driving the fish from the favoured places where the seines could be used. After these changes, the seine fishery with many people at Mevagissey was not worth pursuing, and from that period it has gradually declined. The number of seines had dwindled down to two in 1867, and no fish has been caught by a seine for some years past.

The old seine proprietors made many efforts to resuscitate their enterprise, and they charged the long nets of the drift-men with hindering the fish from coming to the shore and with breaking up the shoals, and bringing into the markets inferior fish. And it may be observed that the Royal Commission of 1868 upon the fisheries of Great Britain, who enquired fully into the matter decided, that the charges were founded on prejudice; and on going to Scotland to investigate the herring fishery—a kindred industry—they found the drift system altogether in the ascendant; seines never having been introduced there till the year 1836. A slight decrease had been experienced in the drift fishery at some places, and at those places the driftmen urged similar ob-

jections against the seines, namely that they dispersed the fish and caught an inferior description.

In 1818 there were only about 6 drift-boats at Mevagissey and neighbouring coves. There are now 60 boats at those places, each with a crew of 3 or 4 men, and one string of nets and averaging from 10 to 15 tons burden.

The present season will barely be an average one for catches on the south coast. The amounts will probably be:

		HHDS.
Exported to Mediterranean	about	1,000
Sold to Sardine Pilchard Company	„	670
Sold to petty merchants and consumed fresh in the county	„	700
		2,370

Total value about £4,500.

The total quantity of pilchards exported from Cornwall during the season of 1873 amounted to 32,000 hogsheads, of which St. Ives yielded 15,200 hogsheads. The quantity in 1874 was 7,543 hogsheads, Mount's Bay yielding 2,878½ hogsheads, and in 1875 only 7,337½ hogsheads were exported from the county. The prices of pilchards vary according to the quantities taken, the size of the fish, the amount stored in Italy from previous years, and the condition of the Spanish catches. The earlier or summer fish are usually of a smaller size than those taken in the autumn and winter months. The summer fish of 1875 realised from 52*s.* 6*d.* to 55*s.* per hogshead, while the winter catches brought from 80*s.* to 97*s.* 6*d.* per hogshead. Probably the quantity of fish consumed in the county during a successful season would be about 3,000 hogsheads.

As we have before stated a few Mediterranean ports are the only markets which pilchards have had for many years. And it is a matter of surprise that no attempt has ever been made to start a general *home* consumption of the fish. The pilchard is much preferable in flavour to the herring, and would we feel assured if properly brought under public notice meet with a constant demand. The chief objections to any plan for this end are that the vast quantities sometimes caught at once would glut any ordinary market, and the usual method of salting the fish would be distasteful to the English palate. Also the pilchard, being of a much richer or fatter composition than the herring, could not be similarly dry-cured. Yet surely in these days of scientific progress some means could be discovered for preserving the fish in a desirable manner. The formation of a small company at Falmouth in 1874 for curing the pilchards in oil, and selling them like sardines in tin boxes was a step in the right direction, although only part of the summer catches have hitherto been employed for the potting process, and the fish when prepared in this way are regarded by the public rather in the light of a delicacy than as being suited for ordinary and general consumption, and are too expensive to be largely bought by the poorer classes, among whom fish of the herring kind are mainly used as food.

A couple of small steamers with, say, Hayle as their port (where they would have ample harbour accommodation &c.), could easily supply Cardiff, Swansea, Llanelly and other ports of the Bristol Channel with the fish in a fresh state, and London could be reached in a very few hours by rail. But we fear that the requisite capital and energy are at present wanting in the county to carry to maturity any plans that may be suggested.

JAMES QUICK.

TUSCAN PEASANT PLAYS.

I

WHEREVER you may go in Italy you are sure to hear that strange, archaic chant—that long-drawn-out, monotonous, melancholy cadence on a word totally impossible to identify, but which you fancy must be *morte*, or *amore*. It comes across the lagoon from the yellow-sailed Venetian fishing boats; it rises with the sound of spade and pickaxe from beneath the arches of a Roman excavation; it echoes drearily through the Bolognese arcades, as the white oxen drag the massive carved oaken wain, loaded with wine vats, across the uneven pavement. And so also the quaint, melancholy, nasal chant rises up from the field of hemp and corn and vine in front of the terrace of our semi-farm, semi-villa residence, at San Pietro Lucchese, in the Commune of Borgo a Mozzano, in the Province of Lucca.

I have heard the chant a thousand times and have never thought of asking any question concerning it, till on this particular evening, as the bluish shadows ascend the round green chestnut hills, and the yellow light glimmers through the mulberry and vine leaves, and the peasants hang their triangular fishing-net to our balcony; and the old women come out on the threshold with distaff and spindle; on this particular June evening I am seized with a curiosity concerning that strange chant. I bend over the geraniums and jessamines at the terrace railing and beckon to the crisp-haired contadina, who, with a bundle of grass, vine leaves, and long creepers on her head, is clattering up the rough-paved ascent in loose wooden clogs.

'Rosina, what is that song that your father and brothers are always singing in the fields and in the courtyard? — that long-drawn-out song. You know?'

Rosina is at first puzzled, then thinks I am laughing at her; then, perceiving that I am not, gradually comprehends what I mean.

'Ah!—that is the song of the *Maggio*.'

'What is the *Maggio?*'

'*That* is the *Maggio*.'

'But why *Maggio?* Why May?

'Oh, it has nothing to do with the month of May, except that they act it then; but they act it also in June and July.'

'Act this song?'

'Act the *Maggio*. Don't you know what a *Maggio* is? They acted one last year—my brothers, and the watchmaker, and others; but this year they could not, because there was not money to hire the dresses from Lucca.'

'But what is it that they act? Where do they learn it? and what has it all to do with this song?'

'They sing the verses to it. They act all sorts of historical facts (*fatti storici*), like *Fioravante, Son of the King of France*, and the *Jerusalem Delivered*. They buy the *Maggi* books at the fairs. If you care to see them, I can lend you those of last year; but they are no longer very clean.'

'Oh, never mind that! only let me see them.'

So next morning I found on my table two little books of about twenty pages each, with soiled yellow and green paper covers. One was entitled, *The Maggio of Fioravante, Son of the King of France*, and gave in a dramatic form the story of a grandson of Constantine, exiled by his father for cutting off his tutor's beard, and then taken

prisoner by the Turks, and released by a fair Mahometan convert; the other was called *The Etruscan Heroes in Africa*, and showed how Ferdinand of Tuscany founded the Order of St. Stephen, and had the Corsairs turned out of Bona, while he remained in pious safety at Pisa.

From these two specimens, and my subsequent conversations with Rosina, I obtained the following information concerning the *Maggi*. A *Maggio* is a regular dramatic poem of a tragic sort, though sometimes enlivened by comic scenes, written in batches of octosyllabic lines. It is declaimed to the chant above-mentioned, and represented with appropriate gestures on a stage raised for the occasion. The actors are all peasants, and so likewise are the spectators; and the female parts are performed by men.

'Narciso, your coachman,' explained Rosina, 'took both Armida and Clorinda. He looked beautiful, dressed as an enchantress, and then as an amazon, being so fair and like a girl.'

The books are printed expressly for the peasants, and are written no one knows by whom, for the same plays have been acted within the memory of grandfathers and grandmothers. As to the dresses, there are people at Lucca who have bought and patched up a lot of old garments, and real steel helmets and armour, which they let out by the month to the young men who are learning a *Maggio*.

This much I learned through Rosina, and it sufficed to inspire me with a great desire to see a *Maggio*. At first this appeared impossible, as none was being performed in any of the villages overlooking this part of the valley; but little by little came confused and conflicting reports that a *Maggio* was in course of performance somewhere in the Garfagnana or valley of the Upper Serchio, some miles from S. Pietro Lucchese.

That a *Maggio* was going on somewhere in those parts no one denied, but no two persons agreed as to the exact spot: the woman who supplied us with butter was determined that the *Maggio* was at Pian della Rocca, an agglomeration of houses on the old road from Lucca to Modena; the gossips of our peasants maintained that it was at Turrite Cava, a hamlet at the opening of a long and narrow defile running towards the sea through the marble mountains of Carrara; while the carriole drivers and charcoal burners declared respectively that the real place was Coreglia, the old feudal possession of Castruccio's family, or Ghivizzano, a small walled town commanding the entrance of the Garfagnana. Every day the certainty of the performance increased, but every day also the perplexity concerning the precise spot where it was to take place became greater. At length, however, a boy was despatched in the direction of the Garfagnana, and he brought back the news that after all Ghivizzano was the place. So for Ghivizzano we started, I and some friends who shared my curiosity, one holiday morning in July.

The road towards the Garfagnana winds up a steep bank overlooking the Serchio; sometimes rising among fields of corn and hemp, intersected by vine-garlanded poplars; or descending through little patches of wood, where the chestnut tree grows in terraces, and overshadows tangles of fern and yellow broom; or diving down at moments, so as to bring you almost on a level with the Serchio, which breaks over the round fragments of rock that impede its course, or flows in a shallow, smooth greenish brown stream beneath the drooping vegetation of the bank. At length the narrow valley suddenly widens, the Serchio runs through the middle of an extensive dry shingly bed, surrounded

by an amphitheatre of hills; and on the other side, nestled on a green hillock, appears Ghivizzano, with its circular walls and crenelated towers.

I must confess that as we came within sight of our destination, doubts began to arise in our minds as to the correctness of the information we had received, and the total absence of any thing like a flow of people towards the old fortified town, increased our fears lest the *Maggio* should after all be taking place not there, but at Coreglia, Pian della Rocca, or Turrite Cava.

However, on arriving among the straggling houses which, so to speak, represented Ghivizzano on the high road, we found ourselves in a crowd of peasants, from whom we learned that the *Maggio* was about to take place, but would be performed, not in the town above, but in a farm close by. To this farm we accordingly went, escorted by some natives, who seemed greatly to approve of the desire for æsthetical improvement which led us to their *Maggio*. They kindly obtained our tickets (two soldi for the pit, or threshing-floor, but double that for the *posti distinti*, reserved seats, on the balcony), and as the *Maggio* could not be performed until all the people had come down from vespers, one of our conductors proposed that we should employ the interval in visiting Ghivizzano itself. So, led by him, we ascended through the roughly paved lanes of bramble and ash, our conductor never failing to stop any stray peasant with the anxious question 'È finito il vespro?' Vespers were far from over, so we continued climbing, round beneath the high circular walls, the tops of which have been converted into dwelling houses, so that the carnation sprays and vine wreaths of the windows nearly touch the ivy and fox-glove growing out of the loop-holes and cannon-ball indentures; thus through the gate where the notables sat in their holiday clothes, and up into the rugged street of Ghivizzano, with its dark old Tuscan houses, their overhanging roofs, and stone escutcheons. As vespers were still going on, we clambered into the vineyard at the very top of the place, where among a tangle of vines and grass stood the broken walls of the citadel, and the crenelated tower, fissured from top to bottom, and filled with a luxuriant growth of laurels, ivy, and vines. From this tower—attributed by popular traditions both to Countess Matilda and to Castruccio (both of whom appear in the minds of the inhabitants of Ghivizzano to have flourished somewhere about the time of our George II.)—we had a splendid view. The green Garfagnana, with the Serchio running like a shining ribbon through it, lay at our feet; in the distance rose the flame-like mountains of Carrara, and far off glimmered Castelnuovo where Ariosto once governed the valley for Alfonso d'Este; and Barga, a strange mountain city, which has undergone little alteration since it was a free republic, shaking off the yoke of a Lombard duke, and since its artists sculptured its weird cathedral pulpit, where saints and imps and monsters crowd as in a nightmare. Nothing could be more serenely beautiful than this valley, which had once resounded with the tramp of Castruccio's horsemen and re-echoed with the boom of Sforza's cannon.

Our self-constituted guide by no means sympathised with the spirit which made us linger by the old tower. 'Let us go and hear the Maggio!' he cried impatiently, and hurried us down the steep descent.

The peasants were beginning to leave the church, handsome dark women and lithe fair-haired boys

sauntered in little knots down the path; vespers were over, and the *Maggio* must be on the point of commencing.

'Andiamo a sentir il Maggio,' repeated our guide, and down we ran as fast as we could.

As we entered the lane leading to the farmhouse which served as theatre, and as we laid down our tickets on the table before its gate, a sound of fiddles and voices warned us that the performance had already begun. The threshing-floor was filled with sitting spectators—men, women, and children in holiday dress; in the corner stood the usual twin carabineers, with cocked hats and blue and scarlet plumes, while people crowded at the surrounding windows. At the extremity of the area was a stage propped against a wall; the sides and back were draped with sheets, above which rose the green, sunlit hills; and three persons, a lady wearing a blue cravat and a black dress trimmed with violet, and two warriors in velvet cloaks, armour and helmets, occupied the scene, carrying on a moving conversation in that monotonous Chant of long-past ages while at the close of every four lines a few bars were performed on a fiddle and a clarionet, played by two men seated at the side of the stage. The scene was evidently one of great pathos, for all three interlocutors gave the most dismal inflexions to their voice, and waved their white handkerchiefs, and pressed them to their eyes most woefully. They were all youths under twenty; and the one who played the queen looked so like a raw-boned, fair-haired peasant woman, that only his deep voice could convince us of his disguise. At first it was totally impossible for our unaccustomed ears to comprehend more than a word here and there, but a new light was thrown on the subject by the appearance of a man habited as a shepherd and of a swaddled-up baby. 'Who is that baby?' I asked of my neighbour, a sturdy old peasant with a humorous mouth. 'Oh, nobody!' he answered; 'it is only a puppet of rags—l'è un fantoccio di cenci.' Nevertheless, as the helmeted warrior handed it to the shepherd, he sobbed out, 'Prendi Ciro pargoletto'—'Take the infant Cyrus.' After the future founder of the Persian monarchy had been carried off the stage in his infant condition, and thrown on to the roof of the adjacent barn, he re-appeared as a lad of fourteen or fifteen, and the reputed son of the shepherd. And here began the exciting part of the play, for old Astyages evidently had got scent of his grandson's preservation, and tried to assassinate his daughter and son-in-law in consequence. On the other hand, the real little Cyrus (known to himself only as a shepherd boy) was accused of having made away with another boy, whom Cambyses and Mandane mistook for their son; and thence ensued a tremendous scene, in which the enraged father darted on his child, who was saved only by the intervention of the shepherd, who dashed the wooden dagger to the ground, drawling out, 'Ferma, padre disumano—o—o!' (Stop, inhuman father!); and the piece ended with the abdication of Astyages and of Cambyses in favour of Cyrus, who was kissed all round by the royal party, in a more frigid and dignified manner than was to be expected, to the chanted exclamations of 'Figlio caro,' 'Madre dile—e—e—tta,' and the like.

On the whole, the performance, without being sophisticated, was far more polished than we had expected. The performers were evidently mere peasants acting before mere peasants and without any notion of a less rustic stage,

but they were never vulgar or loud, on the contrary their gestures were, if anything, too constrained, and their declamation too cold. The effect, on the whole, was, if monotonous, dignified and artistic, for there was not a trace of anything like sensationalism or realism; in short, if it was art of the most rudimentary and rustic kind, it was true art, and such as could arise only among a very human and æsthetically gifted race. The spectators behaved extremely well, indeed much better than those of Florentine *Pergola* or Bolognese *Teatro Communale*, applauding moderately and judiciously and evidently considering the performance as a superior kind of amusement.

After the termination of the play, the village doctor kindly sent for the prompter and principal getter-up of the piece—an old carpenter from the plain of Lucca. He appeared to be passionately fond of *Maggi*, to which he devoted much time and labour, and showed us very modestly his play book, arranged almost entirely by himself from Metastasio's *Ciro Riconosciuto*. Such a *Maggio* as this, he said, usually required a couple of weeks' study, and the price of the tickets just covered the expense of hiring the costumes, which on this occasion was about fifty francs. The performers and himself had therefore no pecuniary interest in the thing, and acted, as the doctor said, merely from their passion for *Maggi*.

II

My curiosity had been satisfied with respect to the *Maggio* itself, but I now began to speculate concerning the origin of this species of performance, which, from all I could hear, is strictly limited to the Tuscan provinces. The few Italians in *villeggiatura* at S. Pietro Lucchese, had for the most part never heard of a *Maggio*, and the more educated among its inhabitants seemed to know not much more about it—the doctor, indeed, said majestically that in his opinion 'all such matters could be traced back to the cothurnus of the ancient Romans;' and a young priest, of less classic tendencies, affirmed that the chant of the *Maggi* was 'the song of the old troubadours'—but neither could afford any further information. Nay, incredible though it may sound, one of the most learned philologists of Tuscany, called by his countrymen the Italian Grimm, appeared from the answer he wrote to a letter in which I asked his opinion respecting the origin of this species of performance, not to know what a *Maggio* is, confounding it with the May songs written by Lorenzo the Magnificent and Politian. I then thought that Professor Tigri's book on Tuscan popular poetry might enlighten me on the subject, but in it I found only a passing mention of the *Maggio* without an attempt to trace its history. After this I gave up all hope of gaining any information on the subject from writers; for, with respect to old chronicles, how could I expect to learn anything concerning a purely rustic amusement from writers who professedly treated only of town concerns? Mystery-plays and pageants I might indeed read of, but the *Maggio* interested me just because it was neither a mystery-play nor pageant, because it was a kind of performance different from any other I had ever heard of. I therefore turned for information to the actors of the *Maggi* and and to the *Maggi* themselves.

A broken watch-glass afforded me a pretext for an interview with the watchmaker of a neighbouring village, who was the teacher and getter-up of *Maggi* for the whole surrounding country. I found him extremely intelligent, and well

versed in the science of *Maggi*, although far from regarding them in the enthusiastic and disinterested manner of his rival at Ghivizzano. He was perfectly prepared to answer my questions respecting the origin and age of the performance, and his answer was evidently the result of considerable meditation on the subject. 'The oldest *Maggio* that was ever performed,' he said, 'dates from the time of Napoleon, and is the *Maggio* of Judith.'

'What!' I exclaimed, 'from the time of Napoleon only? That is impossible!'

'Let me speak,' he interrupted with his curt, positive, Tuscan idiom—'let me speak. The *Maggio* cannot be older than the end of last century, and you shall hear why. You know that the subjects of very many *Maggi* are taken from Metastasio's operas. Well, you know also that before Metastasio there were no operas. That is a fact; no denying it, is there?'

'No,' I answered feebly, for the man's extreme certainty on the point entirely annihilated all I had read about Rinnuccini, and Strozzi, and Zeno, and the other predecessors of Metastasio.

'Well, then, there were no operas before Metastasio; and, there being no operas, there could have been no *Maggi*; and as Metastasio flourished in the eighteenth century, there can be no *Maggio* of before the time of Napoleon. Do you see that?'

'Then you consider the *Maggio* as an imitation of Metastasio's operas?'

'Certainly. Some one went to Lucca and saw an opera: he returned to the country and imitated it—the imitation was the *Maggio*. That explains how so many of his plays form the groundwork of *Maggi*.'

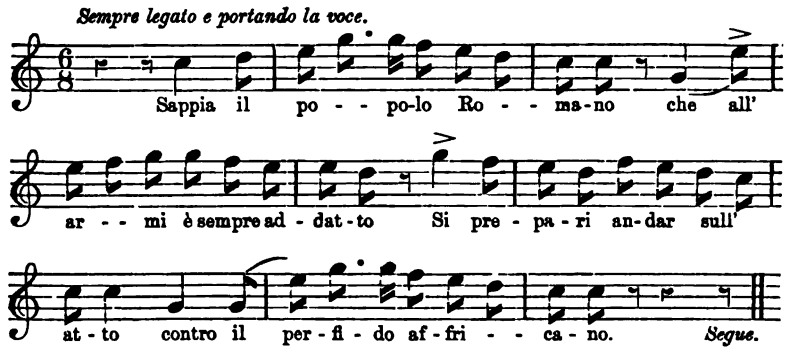
'But the song of the *Maggio* is certainly very old—as old, at least, as the church chants—and cannot therefore date from Metastasio's time.'

'Nor does it. What does, is the mere adaptation to it of an imitation of Metastasio's plays. No one ever invented that song; it is a poetical product of the people ('una cosa poetico-paesana'); it is as old as our hills, and before the invention of the *Maggio* the stanzas of Ariosto and Tasso were sung to it. That is why, when the *Maggio* was invented, the versification of Metastasio had to be exchanged for the eight-syllable rhymed line.'

'According to you, then, the *Maggio* has never had any connection with church rites?—not even the sacred *Maggi*'?

'None whatever. I tell you that the *Maggio* originated with the opera stage. No one has ever heard of performing a *Maggio* in honour of a saint. The sacred subjects are taken merely because Metastasio also had taken them for his plays. As to their performance being on holidays, that is merely because on other days the people are busy. The *Maggio* has no connection with church functions; it is simply an imitation of Metastasio's operas.'

I confess that the watchmaker's explanation did not satisfy me. That the *Maggio* had no religious origin I had at once perceived, but that it was an imitation of the opera of last century I could not believe; and the reader will, I think, agree with me after reading a more detailed account of this sort of drama. As, however, I quite agree with the watchmaker in his declaration that the chant of the *Maggio* long preceded the *Maggio* itself, I had better first say a few words concerning it. The song of the *Maggio* consists of the following notes repeated, with only the slight alteration of an appoggiatura from one end of the piece to the other.



These notes can convey, however, but a partial notion of the chant, for the duration of each separate sound depends on the word to which it is united, and the general pace is regulated by the feeling of the performer, who besides adds a number of strange slurs, drags, and turns, which it is impossible to describe or to note down. The chant does not, however, bear the faintest resemblance to our recitative, as it is not only most limited and monotonous in modulation, but also regular in length, sung and not spoken, and evidently not imitated in the least from the speaking tones of the voice. It cannot be too much dragged and drawled. Rosina despairs of ever teaching it me properly, as she says I have a trick of speaking it (like a recitative) instead of singing it. The chant ought strictly to be noted in the tenor clef, above which it is never sung, and I dare say that the exclusion of women from being performers is due in part to the impossibility of singing the chant effectively except in the chest register. The verse is made to suit the chant, not the chant to suit the verse, precisely because in the *Maggio* the whole interest lies in the verse and not in the chant; consequently the chant remains unchanged.

This particular song of the *Maggio* is only one of a number of similar chants, adapted to different metres, and to which the people sing the ten-syllabic and six-syllabic rhymes, respectively constituting *rispetti* and *stornelli*. The song to which Tasso was chanted could not have been precisely the same as that of the *Maggi*, as the verse of the former is a ten-syllabic iambic one, while that of the latter is an eight-syllabic trochaic kind; this does not, however, alter the characteristic features of the chant, which depend upon the beginning and the close of it, and not on the greater or smaller number of intermediate notes.

What the real age of this style of chant may be, might be ascertained approximately by a comparison with the oldest church psalmody and with other forms of national music, but all I can say is that the chant impresses me as intensely antique, and as having originated in a time when man was still bowed down by the weight of surrounding nature, and when his art had still a strange slavishness about it. This effect is especially noticeable when it rises up from the corn-fields at noon, uniting with the sawing of the cicala, the droning of the frogs, and the murmur of the river in nature's drowsy, monotonous concert. It gains, indeed, a certain life and grace when performed on the stage; it becomes more free, more human; yet the contrast is none the less striking when, as is often the case, this weird primitive song, which

sounds as old as the surrounding hills, is united to words written by Metastasio for the learned and subtle composers and the supple-throated and splendid singers of the eighteenth century.

Very many of Metastasio's plays —the *Olimpiade*, the *Demofoonte*, the *Semiramide*, for instance—have been turned into *Maggi* by the schoolmasters and artisans of Tuscan villages, but these are by far the least interesting of the kind, as they have borrowed the modern dramatist's phraseology and his regularity of construction, and have lost the mixture of the comic with the serious, the homeliness of expression, and the freedom of scenic effect which characterise the evidently older *Maggi*. The subjects of these latter are taken sometimes from Tasso and Ariosto, who form part of the library of every intelligent peasant here; but mostly either from the Lives of the Saints, or from a queer little book called the *Reali di Francia*, an old Italian translation of old French tales of the Carlovingian cycle, from the conversion of Constantine to the birth of Orlando, and which, after, no doubt, delighting many noble lords and ladies of the days of Pulci and Bojardo, has now descended to be the chief historical authority of the Italian peasantry. But whether the subject be sacred or profane, whether it be the history of Joseph, of St. Eustace, or of St. Euphrasia, or that of Fioravante of France; of Buovo, the grandfather of Orlando; or of Attila, *flagellum Dei*, it is treated in precisely the same manner—as a play, and not as part of any religious function. Indeed, several circumstances concur in persuading me that, as the watchmaker affirmed, the *Maggio* never had any connection with the Christian worship, and that it never belonged to the class represented nowadays by the Ober-Ammergau Passion-play. In the *Maggio*, for instance, there is no trace whatever of a chorus; all is the progress of events; and, as this is limited neither by time nor space, but represents much which in other plays would be narrated, the *Maggio* would seem to have originated (as, perhaps, our Shakespearian historical play did likewise) in the whole life of some personage being narrated by different performers, instead of originating, like the Greek tragedy, in a religious hymn, in which, however much the dramatic nucleus might be developed, it still remained embedded in a shell of lyric poetry. The very song of the *Maggio* conduces to prove this, for its monotony of rhythm and modulation evidently fitted it for the recital of a story as distinguished from the singing of a hymn, just as we find the unchanging hexameter appropriated to the epic, whereas the more varied distich, and the shorter and less regular metres, belong to lyric poetry. I think that were a blind person to be present at the performance of a *Maggio* he would, judging from the mere sound, conclude that a story was being told; but he would never guess that it was being acted, so little are the verse and the metre capable of expressing any individual feeling.

With respect to the disregard of anything like dramatic unity, it is not fair to judge of the *Maggi* in general by those taken from Metastasio's plays, whence the unities have been taken ready-made. In the old *Maggio*, on the contrary, there is no division into acts and scenes, and no attention is paid to time and place; so much so, that one half of the actors may be in one province and the other in another, and a message can be carried to Brittany and the answer brought back to Paris in the course of the same minute. So also the interval between the exit of one actor and the entry of another is sufficient for a child to grow into a man. The unity of

action is not more respected, for the mere circumstance of two persons being in the same place suffices to connect their adventures, although they may never meet in the whole course of their action: thus, instead of selecting one of the episodes of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, like that of Armida, of Clorinda, or of Sofronia, and making it the nucleus of the play, as much of the whole poem is dramatised as the duration of the *Maggio* will admit of.

I felt so persuaded of this epic, as distinguished from lyrico-dramatic, origin of the *Maggio*, that I did all I could to obtain old *Maggi*, in addition to those now in use, and which are printed at Volterra, as I hoped by this means to find a more rudimentary form of the *Maggio*. In this I was much disappointed, for one of the peculiarities of the *Maggio* is that the same version of a play is never twice performed. When the performers have learned their parts, the original manuscript, become too ragged and soiled for further use, is thrown aside, and as no other copy has been made of it the subject and general treatment are handed down only by tradition to another maker of *Maggi*, who writes a new version of the tale, which in its turn is lost. Thus it comes to pass that a really antique *Maggio* exists neither in an old MS. nor in a modern transcript. However, I shall present the reader with a sample of the oldest *Maggio* I have been able to discover, that of *Santa Oliva*, the copy of which, judging by the paper and ink, is at least a hundred years old, and must, from the very peculiar orthography, have been made by a regular peasant of some comparatively remote and therefore unsophisticated locality. The story of Santa Oliva is probably a form of the myth to which we owe the *Peau d'Ane* of Perrault, for, like the king in that tale, the Emperor Julian of Rome thinks himself bound, by a promise made to his dying wife, to marry no one save his own daughter, the beautiful and virtuous Oliva, who thwarts his intention by cutting off both her hands; for which act of pious disobedience her parent dooms her to be tied to a tree in a wood infested by wild beasts. She is, however, miraculously saved and at last found by some knights, who take her to the court of *Bertagna*, which may be construed into either Britain or Brittany. The good-natured Queen there is much shocked at the sight of Oliva's maimed wrists, and tells the royal physician to cure her:

> Dottor mio savio, stamane
> Giunta è questa disgraziata,
> Vorrei fosse medicata
> Perchè ha mozzo ambe le mane.

The doctor, after quoting half the philosophers of antiquity, and several others known only to writers of *Maggi*, decides on their authority that the surgeon should be called in, as the injury is arterial:

> Di Aristotile, e Platone,
> Di Asclepiade con Isocrate,
> Di Galeno con Ipocrate,
> Di Plutarco e di Solone,
> Di Porfino, e di Aristeo
> *Lavislobe* e *Cassivaggio*,
> Gli aforismi di gran braccio
> Ho studiato, ed Elideo.
> Porciò qui non basta il medico.
> Ma facendo quel che giudico,
> Necessario è anche il chirusico,
> Perchè questo è un mal arterico.

The Queen then gives her baby in charge to Oliva. But one day, as (despite her want of hands) Oliva is carrying the royal infant 'beyond the house of its nurse,' a baron, having vainly made the advances to which nursemaids are apparently subject even in tragedy, spitefully dashes the child out of her arms and runs away. The King and Queen of Bertagna come up in time to find their baby lying dead on the ground, and order the seemingly guilty Oliva

to be once more exposed in the desert. Oliva prays that Heaven may lend her courage to bear the cruel fate that awaits her, and the Madonna not only miraculously restores her mutilated hands, but guides her to a nunnery, in which she is kindly received. But the *fattore*, or agent, of this convent takes a dislike to her and secretes a chalice in her cell; the chalice is discovered, and the abbess condemns Oliva to be thrown into the sea in a chest. She is rescued by merchants and sold to the King of Castile, who becomes enamoured of her and makes her his wife. But Oliva's trials are far from being at an end. The King goes to the wars, and the Queen-mother, jealous of her daughter-in-law, pretends that Oliva has given birth to a monster, and forges an order from the King to have mother and child burned. The Viceroy, knowing Oliva's innocence, but fearing to disobey, burns puppets representing the young Queen and her offspring, while the latter are thrown in a chest into the sea. A washerwoman near Rome finds the chest, and adopts Oliva and her child. Although in the capital of her father's empire, Oliva makes no attempt to disclose her real rank till many years later, when it so happens that the King of Castile, who had put to death his mother on discovering her wickedness towards Oliva, comes to Rome in order to obtain from the Pope a tardy absolution of his crime. The Emperor Julian goes forth to meet the King, little dreaming that the latter is his son-in-law, and asks him how he has supported the journey, and whether he does not feel rather hungry in consequence of it:

Imperatore: Com' ha avuto buon andare?
Rè: Molto buono.—*Imp.*: Avrà appetito?
Rè: Quasi quasi.—*Imp.*: Ecco l' invito.
Rè: Per far che?—*Imp.*: Per desinare.

However, the royal and imperial dinner has to wait on the table, for at that moment up comes the little son of Oliva, who has instructed him to call the King of Castile *papa*. The King, astonished at this appellation, thinks that the child must belong to the Emperor, and that he is being mistaken for his host. But the boy persists—he is speaking to the King and not to the Emperor—the King and not the Emperor is his papa:

Non la sbaglio, dico a voi,
Dico a voi e non a lui,
Siete voi pappà e non lui,
Padre e figlio siamo noi.

The King, secretly delighted at the notion of such a 'charming, well-bred, well-instructed' boy being his, sends him away with a ducat, but bids a trusty servant follow him home and discover who he really is. Although dinner is on the table, he proposes to employ the interval of the messenger's absence in going to the Pope for absolution of a sin of his, and, having despatched this business, he will return for dinner. But the Emperor is too civil to permit his guest to go alone, especially as he too has certain sins on his conscience which he will take this opportunity of getting rid of. The servant then returns with the washerwoman Oliva, and Oliva's child, and there ensues a long scene between father and daughter, husband and wife; and after the Emperor and the King have sufficiently often exclaimed 'It appears to be she, and it appears not to be she,' Oliva is finally made happy as the daughter of the Emperor of Rome and the wife of the King of Castile. The play, however, does not end with this event, but is protracted by four more pages describing all the rejoicings in honour of it. The washerwoman, the merchants, the Viceroy, and everyone who has shown kindness towards Oliva are presented with six thousand sequins; the whole town is to be illuminated with Chinese lanterns and torches;

the artillery is to be continually firing and rockets are to be let off on the Capitol; all the bells are to ring and *Te Deums* to be sung in every church by a tenor, bass, and soprano; a square mile is to be covered with eating-tables for the people; there are to be hunts, tournaments, and balls, and the palace is to be lit up during a week with chandeliers and lamps. The play ends with an admonition to imitate the piety of Santa Oliva and with the usual excuses for indifferent acting.

I am sorry that this *Maggio* of Santa Oliva should not afford an instance of the sometimes very pretty prologue in which a page recites the praises of spring, and that it should not give a sample of the buffoonery usually mixed up with the serious parts. The usual clown (*buffone, frullone*) of the *Maggio* is a decent though not very refined or subtle character; the rudimentary popular type of Falstaff—fat, cowardly, gluttonous, boasting and humorous, who pretends to have killed Attila or the Great Turk, but confesses that he prefers to wreak his vengeance on pies, roasts, capons, and sweets, just as the giant Morgante confessed to the Paladin Orlando.

I think that it is scarcely necessary to point out to the reader the improbability, nay, impossibility, of such a performance as the *Maggio* originating in an imitation of Metastasio's opera, which was a tissue of recitatives and airs sung in the most artistic and artificial manner by the most florid and exquisite of singers. That the *Maggio* should have originated in the opera is the natural deduction of a person who, like the watchmaker, knows much about the *Maggio* and very little about the opera. On the other hand, a person who knows much about the opera and little about the *Maggio* will just as naturally reverse the proposition and declare that the opera originated in the *Maggio*. Of course, both performances, like all which are not mere imitations of nature, are due to the same desire for æsthetical pleasure, but the recitative and melody of the opera could not grow out of a chant so traditionally monotonous as that of the *Maggio*; the overwhelming interest in the music, which produced the opera, could not be due to the overwhelming interest in the words, to which the *Maggio* is due. The opera is essentially the dramatised concert, the *Maggio*, on the contrary, the dramatised epic; in the first the words are written to furnish rhythms and subjects for the music, in the second the music is used merely to facilitate the recollection and recital of the words. But the opera, in its splendid artistic artificiality, could originate only among a people whose most illiterate class requires an amusement so refined and artistic as the *Maggio*.

V. Paget.

BRITISH TRADE.

No. VI. FRANCE.

IF possible, people have been more astonished at the progress of France since 1871 than at the apparent retrogression of Germany. When the enormous fine which the Germans exacted at the close of Napoleon III.'s last mad war was first heard of, nearly everyone in this country cried, 'France cannot possibly find such a sum,' and the cruelty of the conquerors in exacting it was a favourite subject of declamation. It did, indeed, look a most outrageous exaction of blood money when reckoned up in the full view of a France still lying broken, disorganised, and bleeding at the feet of the new power her own wrong-headed recklessness had helped to call into being. Not only were two of the wealthiest and busiest provinces of France to be torn from her, involving the abstraction from her resources of revenues amounting to more than 1,500,000*l.*, and an industry worth many millions a year to her commerce, as well as some of her steadiest sons and strongest fortresses, but the mutilated empire was to pay in addition sums which, when all added together, amounted to as near as possible 240,000,000*l.*, including the local fines and the maintenance of German troops in the northern provinces held in pledge till these money indemnities were paid.[1] Where was a crippled, discredited country to borrow such a sum? The universal feeling seemed to be that it was a task beyond her strength.

When, therefore, France rose at once to the difficulty of her situation, raised the money sooner than had been stipulated, paid it, and got rid of the obnoxious invader; and, above all, when, in spite of an addition of something like 30,000,000*l.* to her budget, she worked herself out of deficits, without any apparent injury to her trade or serious clog on her producing capacity—the amazement and admiration became as great as the previous doubting pity. France was the most marvellous country in the world, so rich, so patient and wise; she had profited by her misfortunes, and had extracted out of them an increased prosperity which was strikingly in contrast with the helpless poverty of her proud neighbour. The Germans, it was said, envied her this industrial triumph, and regretted that they had not exacted a larger sum of money, and, in short, the standpoint of onlookers was entirely changed. The thoughtless—who usually speak most—rushed thus to another untenable extreme, and believe now that France is capable of anything. Her prosperity, they say, cannot suffer by what affects even England, so great is her wealth and thrift.

To my thinking both these extremes are about equally erroneous. I do not believe that France carries her great burden lightly, any more than I can assert that she did not pay her fine with a striking readiness. France no doubt toils on steadily, and does not grow sensibly poorer or weaker, but she is nevertheless loaded

[1] Lord Lytton's Report on the Financial Situation of France, in *Legation Reports*. Part I., 1874.

very heavily, and I am by no means sure that she can escape yet without something very like a commercial crisis, arising in part out of the troubles and debts of the war. At least all is not so smooth with her as her admirers would have us believe, and the utmost I can admit is her ability to go on paying her way with a great effort and struggle. I recognise, too, that by-and-by the difficulties which lie across her path may grow less, but at the same time these considerations must not blind us to the facts; and not a few of them give, it seems to me, much cause for anxiety. This being so, I think the discussion of a few of the chief factors in her economic situation must possess some value. I do not desire to carry the reader through all the labyrinth of French finance, but it is impossible to be able to tell what her trade prospects are without first having a clear idea of what the last six years have done in the way of adding to the national burdens, as well as of the manner in which these burdens are adjusted to the shoulders of the people. Is the present taxation of France more than she can safely pay as a competing manufacturer and trader, or is the incidence of the taxation so distributed as to put nowhere a crushing weight on any particular class or industry? These questions are all-important in any attempt made to gauge the position and trading capacity of the country. Until we can give them an intelligible answer it is of no use to talk about imports and exports, and the marvellous fertility of French soil, or the equally marvellous industry of French workmen. I fear I must again inflict a few figures on the reader before I can clear the way towards an understanding of these questions, but I will be as sparing of them as possible.

First of all, we must get a conception of the debt, interest, and other national outlay of the country now as compared with a time not many years distant. The growth of the debt will be best shown by a short table; and as the previous growth of this debt, as well as the late war losses, may be fairly put down for the most part to the recklessness of the Emperor's administration, it will be best to begin the summary at the beginning of his reign. We shall thus see in a rough way what the charlatan Imperialism has cost France. I take the figures chiefly from Kolb's *Handbuch der vergleichenden Statistik*, and otherwise from official publications, French and English, such as Lord Lytton's report, already cited, and the French official *Gazette*:

THE DEBT OF FRANCE.

Date	Capital		Interest and Amortisation
1851	214,000,000*l.*	(about)	8,500,000*l.*
1861	389,000,000*l.*		14,000,000*l.*
1869	447,000,000*l.*	(say)	15,000,000*l.*
1874	906,000,000*l.*		48,000,000*l.*

From first to last the Second Empire has added nearly 700,000,000*l.* to the debt of France. The French love tinsel and parade, 'glory' and a theatrical posturing before the world, and they have paid for their likings. This large national debt is not by any means all either that France has paid for its vanity. The city of Paris alone has a debt of about 80,000,000*l.*, involving an annual charge of nearly 3,800,000*l.* The debt of London, taking the Metropolitan Board of Works stock and the City debt together, is less than 15,000,000*l.*; and as the population of Paris is considerably less than half that of London, we can easily form some estimate of what a crushing burden it is which the former has to carry. Most of this dead weight also is due to the policy of the late Emperor, his half-strategic half-stockjobbing transformation

of Paris. No wonder that frauds are attempted on the *Octroi* duties, that wine is adulterated, or that its consumption is growing gradually smaller.[2] And we do not sum up the local indebtedness of France in naming that of Paris. All over France communes have got into debt, and of the larger cities each has its permanent burden. By the instrumentality of the Crédit Foncier alone, a privileged lending institution which has lately been very much disgraced by its dealings in Egyptian bonds and Treasury bills, provincial France has got in debt to the extent of 64,000,000*l.* or so, independently of what may be borrowed by towns through other instrumentalities. Altogether the taxation which the French people have to raise every year at present for local and national purposes cannot be much less than 150,000,000*l.*, of which the State requires 107,000,000*l.* to 109,000,000*l.*, and the city of Paris about 8,500,000*l.*

Some idea of what the local burdens of France are may be formed by the perusal of a few statistics regarding the *Octroi* duties of Paris as compared with the rest of France. For example, we find that the duty paid on wine per head in Paris is about 20 fr. a year, while the average of all the other districts or communes is rather under 3 fr. a year. Altogether the municipal taxation of Paris involves a charge of nearly 47 fr. per inhabitant, of which 27 fr. comes from liquor taxes. For the rest of the country the mean pressure of local taxation is only a little over 13 fr. per head, of which about 5 fr. comes from drink. These figures show that Paris is, compared with the rest of the Republic, enormously burdened, but the comparatively moderate *Octroi* and other taxation of provincial France is not on that account to be taken little account of. Added to the national requirements and the direct taxes, it suffices to make France the heaviest taxed country—head for head—in the world.

The burdens of France are very heavy; but it would be unwise to jump at once to the conclusion that they are too heavy for the people. There are several mitigating circumstances in the situation which ought to be taken into account before coming to a definite opinion on that point, and we must remember that in any comparison with England the excess of the French population over ours must also be allowed for. France has nearly 4,000,000 more inhabitants than Great Britain, and has therefore by so much a greater tax-paying power. On a comparison of imposts per head, therefore, France has not much more to carry than England; while, if we go back to the time of the Napoleonic wars, and compare what England had to face in the years 1812 to 1825 with what France has had to do since, we shall find that her task is not nearly so Herculean as that of England then was.[3]

But that is only a minor consider-

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[2] The wine consumption of Paris is about 180 litres per inhabitant; a larger average than that of any town in France, or than that of provincial France generally, but it is an average which tends to decrease.

[3] I cannot do better at this point than call the reader's attention to Kolb's excellent comparison of the burdens of France with those of England and Holland (*Handbuch*, p. 351). He shows that at the close of the last campaign against Napoleon I., or rather in 1817, when the accounts of the war had been, as it were, finally adjusted, England had a debt of about 841,000,000*l.*, which had to be carried by a population of about 20,000,000, including that of Ireland. This gave a capital debt burden per head of 42*l.*, or 1,050 francs, almost a half more per head than the Imperial debt of France is at present. To be sure, the immediate burden of the English debt was not nearly so heavy as that of France, but this difference may be taken as incidental. By-and-by, when temporary

ation, after all. The growth of the French debt has no doubt been unprecedentedly rapid, yet when all is said its normal charge will not, within a few years, much exceed in actual amount that which England had to bear after the French wars at the beginning of the century, when the population was not within 14,000,000 of that which France has now, and when this country was much more exhausted. The interest alone on the present French consolidated debt is under 30,000,000*l.*, and the excessive charge which France has at present to bear is due in part to the exceptional obligations under which she lies for the repayment of a portion of the debt. In its straits the French Government got the Bank of France to advance nearly 60,000,000*l.* to help to pay the war charges; and this money was to bear interest at only 1 per cent. per annum, on condition that 8,000,000*l.* a year of the principal should be paid back till the debt was liquidated. This arrangement was, to some extent, disturbed in 1874 and 1875, but since then surplus receipts have enabled the Government to make up partially the deficiencies which had accrued, so that we may consider the finances of France relieved of a heavy charge of 8,000,000*l.* per annum by 1880, should nothing untoward occur. The State Budget of France should, then, show an annual expenditure of not much over 100,000,000*l.*, if not of less than that sum.

When all is said these annual charges remain very onerous, however, and it becomes a question of much interest how the country is able to stand them, and what prospect there is that it will continue to do so as manfully as it has done. Before passing on to discuss how this great taxation affects French trade and competing power, it is therefore necessary to make one further general observation, so that we may comprehend a little the sources of the nation's strength. It relates to the manner in which the Rentes, or French debt, is held. There can be no question that this has a most important bearing on the tax-sustaining power of the community. To the Treasury, considered by itself, it may not apparently matter to whom it has to pay the annual interest or other debt charges, but to the people it is all-important whether the money thus paid by the Treasury goes out of the country or comes back to them. Had the huge debt which England had to bear after her great anti-democratic wars been held mostly abroad, we should to-day have been in a position very different from the one we now hold. But, if I may use the expression, the nation happily owed its debt, for the most part, to itself; and the chief practical effect of this was that certain classes of the people grew rich with greater rapidity than they otherwise might have done, while others grew, perhaps more, hopelessly poorer. Our debt, no doubt, had thus a most substantial and, in many ways, hurtful influence on the social condition of the people, driving the majority who pay taxes, but who have no interest in the 'Funds,' towards poverty, and helping the minority to live in greater luxury, but otherwise it has as yet done no substantial harm. A national

arrangements run out or get abolished, the charges of the French debt will approximate our own very closely. For the most part France has borrowed as cheaply as England, and often, owing to the better financial policy which her ministers follow, more cheaply. An essential difference between the enduring capacity of France and England is, however, to be noticed in their widely different position as to colonial finances, but on that I dwelt in the text.

debt held at home perhaps impoverishes classes of the people, but it may increase the trading capacity of a country rather than otherwise, by the creation of a good medium of credit. Only in the sense of being an injurious social force, therefore, has our debt been hitherto any drawback upon the national prosperity; and it might be demonstrated that in some ways that prosperity has been materially augmented by the economic forces brought into play by the debt. It has been an enormous help to the capitalist, and has also tended to keep the labouring population on the whole well in hand.

Now, what is true of England is, in some respects, more true of France. The huge taxation rendered necessary by her debt is not even such a burden to the great majority of the people as ours is, still less such as it would be did none of the money paid as interest come back to them. On the contrary a greater number of the people are interested in Rentes to an extent mu[illegible]yond the taxes they pay than i[illegible]ther country in th[illegible]rld, and [illegible]ore get back as [illegible]st some [illegible]of what they p[illegible]xes. [illegible]r there are [illegible]400,0[illegible] of Rente [illegible]in th[illegible] the public [illegible]the[illegible] are consta[illegible]ing[illegible] take these [illegible]hol[illegible] tatives of [illegible]are[illegible] cluding th[illegible] populatio[illegible] this sour[illegible] proporti[illegible] the [illegible]0,000[illegible] distribution on the tax-sustaining power of the community are proportionately greater. The French can thus afford, as a people, to pay higher taxes than probably any other nation in the world, because the taxes flow back to them in such large measure, and over so enormous an area, that it is, for a great number of people, a mere taking of money from one pocket to get it back into the other. This consideration is, therefore, of much value in forming a judgment upon what France may be able to continue to do under her seemingly overwhelming load.

That France stands in this advantageous position is due to the social and agrarian changes of the first revolution. It is not necessary to repeat what everybody knows about her peasant proprietors and their hard, scraping parsimony. This class, forming the backbone and strength of the land, are, a great majority of them, holders of Rente, and all are hoarders. Some 52 per cent. of the entire population are in one capacity or another engaged in agriculture, including the cultivation of the vine; and there are near[illegible]000,000 occupiers, mostly free[illegible]s, of small farms in the cou[illegible]t is plain, therefore, that her[illegible]ere is a great staying po[illegible] must be taken account of. [illegible]nd a privileged class of [illegible]rietors, few in number be[illegible]ssed of enormous privi[illegible]ept a very heavy per-ce[illegible] profits obtained from th[illegible] of the soil. Call it [illegible] name you like, this is [illegible]t; and, therefore, by s[illegible] capacity of the mass [illegible] for meeting the de-[illegible] State is reduced. In [illegible] not so. Except in [illegible]ces the State can ob-[illegible]on much of what goes [illegible] the owner of land [illegible]e. We the [illegible]

that the French agrarian system reacts in two ways to the advantage of the French State; it provides a very wide and strong tax-paying class, and it enables this class to draw back to itself a very perceptible portion of the taxes paid. The contrast between France and England in this respect affords food for much reflection.

Here, then, we have two very important sources of strength in the economic situation of France, which must not be lost sight of in estimating her capacity to go on doing as she does now. An unprejudiced weighing of their value must lead the most despondent and doubting to be at least slow in concluding that France is overloaded, whatever temporary disturbance or dulness may yet arise out of sudden augmentation of debt. For my own part, I believe France might be able to bear almost her present taxation with ease, provided that it were rightly distributed; and, therefore, if it is now pinching and crippling the country to any alarming degree, as I think probable, it must be because the incidence of it is unwisely distributed, or because the country has not at present recovered from the shock of conquest and sudden credit inflation; not because France has not strength to carry the load.

This question of incidence bears directly on the subject in hand, to which the preceding remarks form what may appear to some a long-drawn-out introduction, for we in this country know very well that ill-regulated taxation may kill trade in spite of every natural element in its favour. On the question of the position of the trade of England with France, as well as that of France with England, the taxation of France has therefore the most direct bearing possible. Is it crippling, or the reverse? Here the answer seems to me to give very little cause for satisfaction. No two nations are more intimately bound together in trade relations than France and England. Broadly it may be said France supplies us with our luxuries, and we minister to her necessities. The heavy, solid utilities of commerce, the products of our power looms and engine shops, of our mines and smelting furnaces, are furnished by England; and from France we get in return many of our most useful as well as choicest wines, innumerable dainties and delicacies, objects of art, luxury, and most of the conceits of fancy and fashion with which we seek to lighten somewhat the staid surroundings of our practical English life. It would be difficult to conceive a case where the distinctive qualities of two races better fitted them for the freest possible interchange of produce with each other, because in no other instance that could be cited is each so completely supplementary of the other. There is nothing that we can supply better than France which France needs to be jealous of us for supplying, and very few things in the making of which her people excel ours in skill, taste, or natural advantages where we need care to compete, or could effectively compete with her if we tried. Free trade between the two countries would, therefore, probably at once mean more business for both. There may be, of course, exceptions to this broad statement, as to all such, but taken generally it is true; and all the more is it to be regretted, therefore, if anything intervenes to prevent the full development of the barter trade between the two nations.

A good deal does intervene, unfortunately, and it is by no means certain that the situation in this respect may not grow worse between the two countries before it is mended. True the present Minister of Finance, M. Léon Say, may be trusted

to urge the nation on towards free trade. It is his expressed aim to abolish pernicious taxes, to suppress disturbing bounties, and in all ways to open up France to the traders of other nations. But at the same time he deprecates any attempt to alter the present order; he decidedly refused to entertain the proposals made by M. Gambetta, as chairman of the Budget committee, which went in a general way towards a relief of the nation from heavy indirect burdens injurious to trade, and the substitution in their place of, amongst others, a direct income tax. The fact is, French people have been so long habituated to pay most of their taxes indirectly that they will toil along under any weight of *octrois*, taxes on locomotion, monopoly prices, and such like rather than submit to a good heavy income tax say, or a capitation tax, or to any heavy far-reaching direct impost, such as a country so constituted should be willing to accept, as on the whole the most equitable and easiest borne load. Even the 'bounties,' as they are called, which M. Léon Say professes himself ready to abolish 'if they exist,' cannot, so far as one great monopoly is concerned, be apparently meddled with in any effective fashion. The sugar refiners of Paris seem able to defy the Government, and to continue in the enjoyment of what is practically a bounty of 3*s*. per cwt. of sugar exported, paid out of the general taxes of the realm. The cost of this single pernicious monopoly to the French people is rapidly approaching 1,000,000*l*. a year, and yet nothing is done by the Government to stop the mischief. The fair and true way to end it would be for Government to abolish the sugar duties, out of which the bounty arises; but while a heavy direct tax is an impossibility they do not seem able to do this, and the next best thing, an adjustment of the scales under which the duty is levied and the drawbacks allowed, seems also beyond the power of the Government.

It is worth while looking into this sugar question with some closeness, because it affords an admirable illustration of the quagmires into which some French industries seemingly very prosperous are in danger of falling. In some figures quoted lately by the Paris correspondent of the *Times* it is demonstrated, for example, that the consumption of sugar has been almost stationary in France for many years, while that of England has gone on increasing with great steadiness and rapidity. As the French are unquestionably fond of sugar, there is little doubt that this abstinence is due to the heavy taxation, or rather to the vicious monopoly established under the shelter of the tax, and by means of which a few wealthy sugar manufacturers actually mulct the State now of some 800,000*l*. per annum, in addition to the profits they obtain by selling their sugar for home consumption at a price beyond what the actual incidence of the Government duties would warrant. In all countries where sugar duties have been levied on the graduated scale of saccharine values, the consumer has suffered severely, and fraud in one form or other has tended to become chronic in the trade; but in France the mischief seems to be deeper-rooted than anywhere else. The French sugar duties and their concomitant bounties are indeed a most curious instance of the character of much French taxation, as well as of the difficulties which beset French financial reformers. Established out of spite against England, to foster a native industry, they have ended by making that industry master of the situation. The refiners are too powerful for the

Government; else it would never permit so heavy a sum to go annually into their pockets out of the proceeds of the sugar taxes. The manner by which this is done is simple in the extreme. All raw sugars are taxed according to a graduated scale in proportion to the amount of saccharine matter they contain, and the refiners merely contrive to have the raw French-grown beet sugar, which is entered in bond for refining, classed at lower than its true saccharine value. When this sugar has been refined, if any of it is exported the refiners are entitled to get back the duty, and they accordingly demand a drawback equivalent to the full saccharine standard which the refined sugar shows, thus mulcting the State of the difference between the debit and credit. By this means two very divergent objects appear to be accomplished. The refiner, under pretext of the high duties, keeps up the prices of sugar at home and realises large profits. But abroad, by help of the Excise drawback, he appears as a cheap seller, and in point of fact has within the last few years almost driven English sugar refiners out of the market. In short, the higher the duty the bigger, as a rule, his profits both ways, for so long as his sugar is taken into bond by colour rather than by its true saccharine value, he obtains a larger profit on his drawback with every augmentation of duty, and rises into more supreme command of foreign markets at the expense of the tax-paying French public.

This curious monopoly, founded on fraud, has been much protested against in England, and sugar refiners here deprived of their trade have been urging our Government to put on what they call a 'countervailing duty,' so as to neutralise the effect of the bounty. This, however, would be a most foolish policy, not only because it might lead France to retaliate in turn with other vexatious duties, but, even supposing she did not do so, because the quickest way to make France sensible of the mischief this irregular trade is doing her is to let her feel to the fullest extent its effects upon the people and the revenue. When the tax-payers begin to see what their huge export sugar business means, they may agitate for free trade in sugar and many things besides. We would be fools, indeed, to punish ourselves for the folly of others, however much temporary mischief that folly may do to us in isolated instances. A remedy will come, so far as our traders are concerned, presently, but for France it is impossible to say when the matter may be put right. We can only help her to do it by steadfast adherence to our free trade policy. Obviously, at all events, we have here a large department of French trade placed on a most unstable footing, and should anything occur to sweep it away, or to expose it to fair competition, a considerable number of the French rural population now making a living by growing beet, as well as many hundreds of sugar-makers' workmen, would be seriously, and perhaps permanently, injured. Unless I mistake the signs, something of a crisis is at the present time threatening the French sugar trade. The planting of beet has been diminishing, the *Economiste Française* tells us, especially in the North of France; and what is grown has for some time been, it appears, steadily diminishing in quality, owing to the manner in which the refiners grind down the prices allowed to the beet cultivators. Although the very limited home consumption may be easily met, and more, from the reduced yield, it will evidently be much more

difficult for the refiners to retain their hold on foreign markets, for they will have to do so by the help of foreign raw sugar, the price of which they cannot control. We may, therefore, soon see the worst effects of this bad system abolished. The same authority tells us that the yield of sugar last year will not exceed 200,000,000 kilomètres, against 450,000,000 the year before; and there is therefore a most serious deficiency to be made up from the not overabundant sugar harvests of other countries.

It would not be fair to take this prominent example of French trade as an illustration of what dilemmas French taxation usually results in, and yet in their degree all protective duties work harm to the country protected and distort its commerce. They make a few people rich at the expense of the many, more than any form of internal tax can do, and it is a question whether the agrarian system of France and the marvellous thrift of the people generally will win the battle against so many enemies of progress. Almost equally mistaken in a fiscal point of view, for instance, is the great tobacco monopoly, which produces a gross revenue of more than 9,000,000*l.* per annum, and the working of which is divided amongst sixteen manufactories. Not only is this method of producing revenue totally at variance with a wise commercial policy, but it is most costly to the people, were it for nothing else than the way in which it stifles commercial enterprise and spirit. Were the system of Excise to be introduced, and the growth and manufacture of tobacco liberated, as well as the import of the raw leaf rendered easy on payment of a high duty, it is more than probable that the revenue obtained would be greater, while the people would obtain their tobacco cheaper, and might become able to supply other nations to a much greater extent than now. Under the present régime healthy competition in quality and prices has no place, and an indigenous tobacco cultivation is fostered at probably considerable loss to the country, if not danger to itself. Instead of cultivation following the natural demand and the capacities of the soil, it is more or less arbitrarily fixed according to the will of the Government, and foreign tobacco is only allowed to be imported at certain assigned depôts.

Strong as this reasoning may be, I fear that we must not look very sanguinely for any immediate substantial advance of France in the path of free trade, and it is just possible that the continuance of a bad system may injure the staying power of the people by crippling the general trade, and so bring a commercial crisis. I do not say that it is likely, but it is not improbable, especially when taken along with the bad speculations which many French financiers have indulged in. Let us see how the matter actually stands. At present the taxes of France are raised from a great variety of sources, some of which, like the abortive match monopoly, are too insignificant for a great nation to bother itself about, and many of which are obviously impolitic. We are concerned only with those that affect the course of international business, and when we compare the taxes and tariffs of France with our own, it is easy to see at what a disadvantage she places not us only, but also herself. In addition to the imports of France, she finds it necessary to tax exports and to levy duties on manufacturing industries and on transports—all tending to clog the trade—but the import duties attack us most intimately. The bold expedient tried by the United

States of fining the foreigner, as is imagined, to the extent of the State's requirements, would not suffice in France, and cannot now be tried, I hope. Her necessities are so much greater that it would be impossible to overtake them by raised import duties alone. In justice to France, therefore, it must be said that her import tariff is very much lighter than that of the other countries we have had under review, except of course India and perhaps Germany. Her policy is to levy, comparatively speaking, a little here, there, and everywhere, rather than to extract a huge sum out of two or three preponderating duties. In this, no doubt, there is much wisdom, inasmuch as the wealth and resultant wants of the people are minutely distributed. But, for all this, in the aggregate the import duties of France are onerous enough, as a glance at the summary I subjoin will prove;[4] and there can be no manner of doubt that the very care with which they are spread over a great variety of articles is most injurious to business. As contrasted with the English tariff, French Customs duties are still

[4] If we except the prohibited articles, such as tobacco, raw and manufactured, and matches, the articles on which French Customs laws weigh heaviest are the wove tissues of cotton, jute, hemp, and wool. All these are subjected to a carefully drawn up scale of duties, which progresses according to fineness. The lowest duty on cotton is about 20*s.* per cwt., and the scale advances to upwards of 6*l.* per cwt., which is the duty on fine cloth containing 44 threads and upwards to the 5 square millimètres. Sundry unbleached and printed calicoes are charged 15 per cent. *ad valorem*—a high duty—and altogether this tariff must be considered very unfair and unduly heavy. No doubt it owes its existence to the influence of the manufacturers of Alsace, now no longer in French territory. The duties on woollens are not quite so onerous, being for the most part 10 per cent. *ad valorem*; but that is still very heavy, and especially when contrasted with the unrestricted freedom of England. Linen, hemp, and jute goods fare rather worse, fine cloths being rated as high as 8*l.* 3*s.* per cwt., and only the very coarsest kinds obtaining admission at low duties. Where *ad valorem* duties are charged, the usual rate is 15 per cent. *ad valorem*, and 'drills' pay 16 per cent. Silk escapes very lightly, many manufactures of it being admitted free. The other great staple of English export, iron, cannot be said to bear very heavy duties, but yet they are more than free traders could be expected to tolerate patiently; and were France well supplied with coal and metal within her own bounds, they might be sufficient to turn the scale quite against us in the market. Oddly enough, if we except fire arms, the highest duty is charged on 'needles;' but all sorts of iron, almost without exception, are liable to a Customs duty. Rough cast iron pays only 9¾*d.* per cwt., but steel, sheet steel, sheet iron, bar iron, and all descriptions on which any labour has been spent pay duties averaging from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* 2*d.*, the average duty for these descriptions being about 5*s.* Pins, fish-hooks, and pens pay from 20*s.* 4*d.* to 40*s.* 8*d.* Here again, therefore, the English free trader has much to complain of, inasmuch as the goods which we are best fitted to furnish to France in exchange for her exports to us are all more or less heavily burdened. Other metals suffer in a similar way, the duties on copper manufactures running from 4*s.* to 12*s.*, but ore copper is admitted free; so is pig lead, pig and bar zinc, and ingots of tin. As compared with Austria and Russia, the French tariff for all these articles is favourable, because not designed to be prohibitory; but as compared with Germany, Italy, Belgium, and Holland, it is, as a rule, worse; and now that the German duties are reduced still further or abolished, it is time for France to think about revising her tariff. Amongst minor but still not unimportant articles France charges a considerable duty on caustic soda (23*s.* 6*d.*), and levies duties of from 2*s.* to 3*s.* on other alkalies. Leather and leather goods are also subject to rather onerous burdens, and only raw hides and parchment are admitted free. Even articles of food do not escape, and besides sugar, already noticed, bacon and hams, cheese, salted butter, salted beef and pork, fish (especially cod fish, which pays 19*s.* 6*d.* per cwt.), and confectionery, all pay more or less duty. That on cocoa and chocolate is exceedingly heavy, no less than from 40*s.* 2*d.* to 49*s.* 3*d.* per cwt. Here in England, where the duty on these articles is still retained, it only amounts to 9*s.* 4*d.* per cwt. on cocoa, and 18*s.* 8*d.* on chocolate.

either very burdensome, or else vexatious in their minuteness. We allow everything that France produces almost, except wines and spirits, and certain articles of luxury, such as prepared fruits or perfumes with alcohol in them, to enter duty free, but France taxes almost everything that we send her. There is, then, no fair reciprocity between the two countries; and notwithstanding that we are on the whole the most important customer which France has, that is not done by France to unfetter the trade between the two nations, which a wise selfishness on her part would dictate. As a consequence, we import from France very much more than we export to her. Though both sides of the account steadily increase, the imports do so by much the more rapid strides. For instance, in 1862 the two sides of the account, according to the *Statistical Abstract*, nearly balanced; but since then the operations of the French tariff have been felt in the restriction of our exports to, and the gradual rise of our imports from, France, till the latter show a very heavy preponderance. With the single exception of 1871, when France was too disorganised to send us what we would have bought in ordinary times, and when her own abnormally stimulated necessities compelled her to be a more extensive customer to this country, the balance of trade has always latterly been in favour of France by many millions sterling a year. In 1875 the figures were—British imports from France 46,700,000*l.*, exports thereto, 27,300,000*l.*, showing a balance in favour of France of no less than 19,400,000*l.* There is no doubt something of this discrepancy due to the differing degrees of wealth in the two countries, but that allowed, it is on the whole mostly owing to the tariff; and it should, therefore, be the object of this country to strive for a more free interchange of commodities as a condition favourable to both countries. How important it is to us that France should become a bigger customer of ours in the future is illustrated not only by the present extent of the mutual commerce, but by the rapidity with which it has expanded within the present generation, or little more. In 1829 if we may rely on the very crude statistics then available in either country, we barely sent France a million and a quarter's worth of goods, and in 1854 the total of the exports thither was only just over 3,000,000*l.*, taking British and Irish produce alone, and perhaps about 5,000,000*l.* to 5,500,000*l.*, including all colonial products. By 1860 our total exports to France had risen to double that value, and since 1862 they have never fallen below 20,000,000*l.* There has, therefore, been a remarkable progress in spite of obstacles, and there is nothing which seriously hinders it from becoming greater in the future, save the tariff. The general purchasing power of the French people is likely to increase, whatever temporary financial troubles may overtake the country.

Yet at present there is not much chance, I fear, that the barrier will be perceptibly lowered. As I have already observed French ministers of finance are peculiarly hampered by traditions and official habits, and find extreme difficulty in changing the modes of raising the necessary supplies. Recognising, as many of them do, the advantage of free trade almost as much as we do, they yet cannot adopt it, for the simple reason that the people, they are told, will not bear a greatly increased direct taxation. M. Gambetta's notions about establishing an income tax have met with no response in the country, and the

finance minister has accordingly to fight, probably against his strongest convictions, for the maintenance of all sorts of hampering, irritating customs, excise, stamp, and *octroi* duties, which the French people will rather suffer under than permit to be superseded by a few direct taxes, and one or two heavy excise and customs duties which would leave the way clear for reducing the tariff in other directions. M. Léon Say fought hard the other day, for example, to retain his extra 2½ centimes on salt, pleading that the budget could not afford to lose them, and although he lost his motion he was probably, in a sense, right. Wherever there is a chance of obtaining a few hundred thousand pounds, in fact, it is necessary, under the present fiscal system, to try and get it in some indirect way; and the country is so averse to a heavy income or war tax that the finance minister is forced to put burdens on locomotion, for example, such as this country would not endure; to tax matches by making their manufacture a privileged monopoly, or soap and candles, salt and sugar, and, in short, to institute a minute ramification of stamp and other duties which lays hold of nearly every object capable of bearing the imposition of a *sous* or two. In the budget for 1876 the taxes on railway traffic alone were estimated to produce over 3,700,000*l.*, and the gross receipts of all the railways in France for the year 1875 were only 33,600,000*l.* This tax amounts, therefore, to more than 11 per cent. of the gross revenue. English railway shareholders who have a perpetual interest in their property, while the French only enjoy leases, grumble when the Government tax they pay reaches 1 per cent. of the gross receipts, and cry out about the patent injustice they suffer. They little think what they enjoy. Where would our dividends and low fares with express trains be were the railways here burdened as in France? Everywhere French commerce is thus injured by the necessity of raising taxes on and through it, and yet France makes progress, is growing in wealth, and bears her lot with what strikes an onlooker as a quite wonderful strength.

For all this, and the reciprocity argument apart, we cannot contemplate her situation without some misgivings. Very little would temporarily upset the towering fabric of credit on which her prosperity is reared, and it is becoming every year of more importance to the nation that it should enjoy free-trade with the outer world. The working classes in towns, and also in some country departments where there is a large non-landholding class of *ouvriers* are overborne by their many taxes, and the richer people are not bearing the share they should do. Other countries are stealing forward and opposing France in her peculiar trades; our own colonies are seeking vigorously to enter the wine-producing category, and Hungary and Greece, as well as Italy, have made no mean progress. If France at once hampers her home producers and narrows the area of her foreign trade by the system now pursued, most serious consequences must by-and-by ensue. I am convinced that, comparatively mild though her present fiscal system may be when regarded fragmentarily, it is essentially thus tending to hurt the country's best interests, and that in the long run the people will suffer, however industrious they may be. Diffused as wealth is, there are large classes of the nation who, whatever their thrift, are not able to save enough to make them insured, as it were, against the pressure of the tax-gatherer and the changes of

trade currents. Even in prosperous times these grow gradually poorer, and when any calamity overtakes the country, such as a bad wheat or grape harvest, or a deficient beet-root crop, or, worst of all, a financial panic and disorganisation, they must feel the dead weight that lies on them with crushing effect. The indirect taxes of a wealthy nation should as much as possible be levied through luxuries on wealth, and in times of financial pressure the State should endeavour to draw its main excess taxation from the richer classes by direct imposts, as not merely the best way to speedily raise the necessary money, but as the soundest course economically for the nation. As far as they dare French financiers may have striven to do this by indirect taxation, and their operations show a skill and ability much beyond that usually found in England. They levy some 25,000,000*l.* from registrations, succession duties and stamps, and small sums from various direct sources, including a real and personal estate tax yielding about 9,000,000*l.* But a great deal more than a fair proportion of the hundred odd millions required annually presses on the poor, such as the salt tax, already instanced, the tax on slow railway travelling, on many articles of import, particularly cheap clothing fabrics and corn, the taxes on sugar, oils, &c., and even a variety of small taxes obtained from the stamps necessary to make transactions or manufactures legal.[5] When added to the local dues of such an over-taxed city as Paris or even to the ordinary communal imposts, these various irritating, draining, and ever present Government requirements exercise a most hurtful influence. The weight of poverty becomes for great masses of the people nearly unbearable.

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[5] The Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, in his letter of January 7, gives the following very useful summary of the Budget of France for the present year, as finally adopted by the Chamber of Deputies:—'Total revenue expected for 1877, 2,737,003,812fr.—that is, 109,000,000*l.* sterling. Of this sum is collected from direct taxes, 412,470,600fr; from indirect taxes, 2,324,533,212 fr. The direct taxes are distributed as follows; Land Tax, 172,400,000fr.; Personal Tax, 58,500,000fr.; doors and windows, 40,761,600fr; patents, 155,938,400fr.; mortmain, 4,975,000fr.; dues from mines, 3,200,000fr.; horses and carriages, 9,999,600fr.; and other trifling items. The revenue raised from the indirect taxes is distributed thus:—Registration and mortgage duties, 466,379,000fr.; stamps, 154,240,000fr.; domains, 13,975,000fr,; forests, 28,548,680fr.; Customs, 268,445,800fr., of which 39,200,000fr. is paid on colonial sugar; 24,800,000fr. on foreign sugar. The Excise on alcoholic drink amounts to 377,889,000fr.; on home sugar, 122,842,000fr. The match monopoly pays 16,000,000 fr.; paper, 12,000,000fr.; oil, soap, and candles, 17,000,000fr.; the railway passengers' duty, 75,900,000fr.; *petite vitesse*, 22,500,000fr.; tobacco, 312,400,000fr.; powder, 13,094,000fr.; and other sources of minor importance. The Post is expected to supply 116,126,000fr.; the tax on income from personal property, 36,676,000fr.; Telegraph, 16,600,000fr.; and the revenue from Algeria, 24,483,400fr. The expenditure for which this revenue is expected to provide amounts to 2,737,312,194fr. This sum is distributed as follows:—Public debt and justice, 34,430,740fr.; public worship, 53,919,745fr.; foreign affairs, 12,720,500fr.; interior, 81,569,586fr.; marine, 186,709,786fr.; public instruction, 49,211,282fr.; fine arts, 7,417,480fr.; agriculture and commerce, 19,762,388fr.; ordinary public works, 79,234,983fr.; extraordinary public works, 159,011,552fr.; the charges of collecting taxes, 252,391,616fr.; Algeria, 24,587,322fr.; and reimbursements, 19,557,000fr. The total of expenditure is 2,737,312,194fr., and the revenue 2,737,003,812fr. The deficit amounts to 308,382fr. There is also to be taken into account the Budget Rectificatif, comprising more than 100,000,000fr. of Supplementary Estimates voted in 1876, and which necessarily recurs in 1877. Against this is reckoned the addition to the revenue due to the increase of consumption since 1875, the receipts of which year are, according to usage, taken as the estimates for 1877.'

The wealth which the peasant proprietors can produce in time of need should not, in short, blind us to the fact that there are very many poor people in France, huddled in the towns and villages, and that the money earnings of large classes are so small that relief from taxation is for them a necessity of existence. In the country districts labourers are worse paid than in England, and can hardly be otherwise when a parsimonious class of peasant owners think they can spare little or nothing for hired labour. Although wages are higher in towns, as a rule, they are largely neutralised by the increased local taxes. We do not indeed find evidence that the pauper population of Paris has increased to any great extent in late years, but it certainly shows no signs of diminishing. I have not the figures of the pauperism of Paris for a date sufficiently recent to enable an exact comparison to be made, but my impression is that the pauper population of London is not more than one-half that of the sister city, reckoning the numbers per thousand inhabitants.[6]

We must now take leave of this subject, however, and turn to one or two other matters of interest. In reviewing the hindrances and disabilities which the trade of France may be considered subject to, it is necessary to take note of the position of the Bank of France, and the large paper circulation it possesses. Like the United States when overwhelmed with war, France had to resort to large issues of inconvertible paper, and it was only by means of these that the Bank was able to make advances to the Government. The suspension of cash payments thus caused has continued till now, but it cannot be said that French trade has materially suffered in consequence, and in nothing has the skill of French financiers been more conspicuously shown than the delicacy with which the balance of credit has been adjusted so as to prevent a heavy and disastrous depreciation of the inconvertible paper. Resumption has been kept steadily in view, and every opportunity which the balance of the trading account, or of financial dealings, gave, has been seized to increase the bullion reserve of the Bank. Thus, although the paper created or afloat has reached as high a figure as 108,000,000*l.*, the premium on gold has never been appreciable, so far as the smaller commerce of the country was concerned. It has never been, practically, more than one or two francs per thousand, and for a long time the notes have been at par. This is not astonishing when the Bank now holds bullion to the extent of upwards of 85 per cent. of the total note circulation. The

[6] The wages of the working classes in France have risen by large percentages during the Empire, but they are still in many districts very small, and agricultural labourers especially get but little absolutely or relatively. According to the careful official statistics compiled by M. Loua, the wages of workmen who are fed by their employers have risen 46 to 49 per cent. between 1853 and 1871, and the wages of non-nourished workmen 40 to 43 per cent. The maximum wages of the latter class of workmen in the departments exclusive of Paris, was 3·42f. in 1872, the latest return I have seen. This is equal to about 2*s.* 10*d.*, and is much below the average rate of wages in England, although higher of course than the pay of the unskilled agricultural labourers in some parts of England still. The average wages of women appear to be from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* a day in the provinces. Wages are much higher in Paris, men getting from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 2*d.* a day, and women from 2*s.* to about 2*s.* 6*d.*; but it must take the greatest possible thrift to make this go far. Of course no absolute comparison could be made with these figures which are of the most general kind, but they do at least indicate that the money earning facilities of the lower orders in France are comparatively low. The pauper population of Paris is over 100,000; that of London at present about 84,000.

only manner in which France can be said to have suffered by the suspension of specie payments, therefore, has been by its exclusion from the international bill-broking and discount market. The world's bullion dealing and the exchange business founded thereon has all centred in London, no doubt to the serious loss of some French financial houses and banking establishments, a loss which some of them have, however, contrived partially to escape from by opening branches in London, where they engage vigorously in the competition for this kind of business with our own financial houses. These complain indeed that this competition is ruining them, and to hear some bill-brokers talk, one would imagine they were all going to be beaten by the foreign invasion. What with French houses, represented by French or Polish Jews, and German Jew houses, all fighting for the crumbs which a dull trade and cheap money leaves them, the old-fashioned English broker finds his occupation gone, or hardly worth retaining. How far the shutting off, to which France herself is now financially subject, touches her general commercial interests indirectly, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to say, but I am disposed to think, at least, as little as the inconvertible paper currency does her bill dealing.

The Bank of France, then, may be considered a thoroughly sound and admirably conducted institution, which has done not a little to protect France from the worst evils of a forced paper currency. The same cannot, however, be said of many of the other banks in France, and the situation of some of them is, it appears to me, calculated to excite no little anxiety and alarm, lest the nation should be enveloped before long in a monetary and mercantile crisis which may prove more injurious to her than that of Germany or Austria. The French joint stock banks nearly all do what is called 'finance' business, *i.e.*, they furnish money to float companies, traffic in unplaced railway or foreign State bonds, and generally play the rôle undertaken in England by a class of people known by the not very savoury names of 'promoters' and 'loan mongers.' They thus often contrive to get large amounts of money locked up, which under no circumstances could they recover were any thing suddenly to cause it to be required. Fenced round by privileges and official support, as some of these credit institutions are, and upheld by a sort of mutual *camaraderie*, in the race for inordinate wealth, they, nevertheless, cannot escape the consequences of transactions of this kind, and at the present time it is a moderate estimate which places the dubious liabilities of a few prominent members of the group at from 40 to 50 millions sterling. Some of the credit institutions are known to be in a very weak condition, and should one go there is likely to be a panic, and a general collapse. This is, to my mind, the most visible danger to which France is at present subject. The republic has inherited from the empire a crowd of not very reputable 'financiers' who have unquestionably led the French public into a great many ruinous projects, for which, sooner or later, a day of reckoning must come; and when it does come the huge gap which it will reveal is not unlikely to take many a day to fill up. There is more need on this account also that France should do her utmost to unshackle her general trade, on which alone the country can rely in a time of financial depression. Whatever expands that, whatever opens fresh markets for French produce, and

facilitates the cheap acquisition of what Frenchmen want at home, must most materially assist the nation to tide over its troubles. There is a mass of rottenness in the financial speculations of the country which has got to be cleared away sooner or later, and the country, however sound at the core, must suffer while this is getting done. Her burdens being at the same time just as much as she can well carry in quiet and prosperous times, her future is not without grave dangers. She will not escape finally from the reactionary move which has overtaken other nations, however much her industry may give her a recuperative force, and her mercantile laws may seem to enable her to stave off the evil day.

As regards other features of the general foreign trade of France at the present time, there is not much more to be said. It is fairly satisfactory; and the imports especially might seem to prove that the present fiscal system of the country is no great hindrance to her general trade. England last year, however, felt the effect of these more sensibly than ever before almost; and we find accordingly that many important departments of our exports to France show a diminution. As a general rule it may be said that France is now buying from us less manufactured goods and more materials either crude or half-manufactured, such as wool and woollen yarns, coal, and pig-iron; and this alone proves that the protective system which she at present trades upon is sensibly diverting the trade between England and France from the courses which it would naturally pursue. It needs no demonstration to prove either that France cannot be the gainer by that diversion; she will have to pay for it in dearer materials made at home, and in trades founded on the dangerous basis of duties which prevent her from sharing the foreign business of her neighbours, and which, therefore, keep them in an eminently precarious position. The exports of France, taken generally, show a falling off last year, and the two sides of her trade account are now showing a debit balance against France, instead of as in former years a large balance to her credit. No doubt the dulness of trade in other countries may account for the smaller demand of French productions, and when trade grows more active over the world generally, her business may revive. But the trade policy of France cannot be considered as a help to this revival. The increase which last year's import trade exhibits, is indeed due mostly to higher imports of food and of raw material used in home manufactures, which, although a direct result of the trade tariff, is not a sign of sound progress. It is not sensibly owing to a heightened demand for foreign industrial products such as would come were France growing really richer by her foreign trade, and therefore we cannot be sure that the decline of French exports is not ominous of a coming contraction of her trading power.[7] A continuance of this adverse balance might, indeed, in no long time lead to the diminution of the bullion reserves of the bank and the consequent postponement of a return to specie payments.

The best argument for a further advance in the direction of free trade is however, after all, to be found in the manner in which French foreign trade as a whole, as well as with

[7] The following telegram, dated Paris January 16, gives the official figures of the French foreign trade for the past year:

According to official returns published to-day, the value of French imports during the past year amounted to 3,950,000,000f., against 3,537,000,000f. for the year 1875. The

England alone, has advanced during the last sixteen years—since Cobden succeeded in persuading Louis Napoleon to adopt an ameliorated customs' tariff. In 1860 French imports, exclusive of the transit trade were only 76,000,000*l.* in value: by 1864 they had risen to over 100,000,000*l.*, and in 1874 they reached over 140,000,000*l.*, which was, besides, lower than the values imported in any one of the preceding three years. At the same time the exporting power of France, instead of decreasing with the removal of high duties, has increased till last year even faster than its importing, proving, at all events, that the free trade policy of England has hitherto done her nearest neighbour no harm. No doubt the increased wealth, the development of habits of luxury, and the passion for display which the present and the passing generations have exhibited in this and other countries, have had a powerful influence in stimulating the production of these articles of taste and fancy which France excels in making, but when that is admitted it remains the fact that these do not form the bulk of the substantial portion of French trade. Toys, silks, leather goods, jewellery, works of art, and ornaments, may give employment to workmen of Paris and several of the larger cities, but it is her wine, her fruits and vegetables—the choice products of her soil and her fisheries, in fact, which form the solid staples of her export business. She cannot enter at all into competition with England as a great manufacturing country, partly because she has not the facilities for doing so, nor the working capacity perhaps, but also because England permeates the world with her traders, and leaves her workmen almost unshackled at home. Her trade is, therefore, conducted on a much more solid basis than that of France can be. In the matter of iron, moreover, France is comparatively poor, and at present, notwithstanding the depression of business which her iron masters feel, as well as ours, she is not able to provide raw iron enough for home consumption. Last year she imported about 95,000 tons of pig iron from England alone. She is still worse off for good coal, and required from us last year as much as 3,250,000 tons — the largest quantity, I believe, which France has ever imported in any one year. Wanting these all important constituents of production, France can never be a great manufacturing centre, and, therefore, whatever forces her into competition in that direction, must be in the end injurious to the prosperity of the country. Her business is obviously, in the main, to supply the luxuries of other nations, and the more of their solid articles of utility which she buys the larger customers for these will they become.[8]

But had France manufacturing

exports in 1876 amounted to 3,570,000,000f., as compared with 3,873,000,000f. for the preceding year. This increase in the imports and decrease in the exports, compared with 1875, occurs chiefly in the following articles:

IMPORTS.

	1876.	1875.
Provisions imported	959,000,000f.	747,000,000f.
Raw materials imported	2,310,000,000f.	2,154,000,000f.
Manufactured goods imported ...	496,000,000f.	467,000,000f.

EXPORTS.

	1876.	1875.
Raw materials exported	1,449,000,000f.	1,528,000,000f.
Manufactured goods exported ...	1,932,000,000f.	2,140,000,000f.

[8] The *Iron and Coal Trades Review* of January 5th states, in its French iron trade report, that only such firms as Schneider's at Creuzot, and De Wendel's at Hayonge,

advantages—which it is evident she has not—there is still one cardinal fact in her political situation which must prevent her from building up a foreign business in any but those articles which she can produce cheapest and best. She has practically no colonies that are worth anything to her. Algeria, of which she makes such a parade, does not pay her any appreciable amount either directly or indirectly, and never will do so, notwithstanding the money and labour spent upon its colonisation and improvement. Her other small settlements scattered over the world—shreds of a shattered dream of world dominion—are about equally profitless and insignificant.[9] To a great progressive nation, French Guiana, Martinique, Guadaloupe, Pondicherry even, and above all the settlements at Saigon, in Cochin China, might form the starting points of great conquests, of a civilising influence which would benefit the dominant nation indefinitely. But to France these settlements are of comparatively little use. Her West Indian colonies send her some raw sugar, and with the whole of them she of course does a certain amount of trade, but it is not trade that can expand very far, because for one thing the colonial policy of

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who have a good name, can run their works with anything like regularity, and at full time. And the report proceeds as follows:—'The French manufacturers complain greatly of the competition, for English makers with their cheap iron are preventing them getting remunerative prices for native iron. The importations of foreign iron during the first eleven months of 1876 amounted to 271,000 tons, against 263,000 tons during the same period of the previous year, while the exportations were only 199,000 tons as compared with 200,000 tons in 1875. This showing must be considered very unsatisfactory—an increase in importations with a decrease in exportations, and that, too, when the native manufacturers are doing their utmost to keep foreign iron out of the market. The coal trade is quite as unsatisfactory as the iron trade; no break in the black cloud of depression appears, and prospects are everywhere regarded as very gloomy. It is many years since the French coal trade was in such a condition as it is at present, and there is no saying whether it may not be worse. In October it was thought that business would be tolerably good throughout the winter, but, so far, the trade has been much below an ordinary one, and colliery owners are resolved upon reducing the output, more especially those in the Nord and Pas-de-Calais, it being out of the question to go on raising coal and putting it into stock, particularly when the extraction of the coal involves a loss.' This statement about the coal trade is very significant when placed beside the fact I have stated regarding the heavy French import of English coal. It proves that the winning of French coal is so expensive that England can beat the native article on its own ground after all freights are added.

[9] Besides Algeria, with a population of about 1,050,000, France possesses Martinique, Guadaloupe, and sundry small islands in the West Indies having an aggregate population of about 300,000. French Guiana, on the north-east coast of South America, has only some 17,000 inhabitants. The Isle of France, in the South African Ocean, near Mauritius, has a declining population which in 1872 did not exceed 194,000 souls. The colonies in Senegal are more important, and do a trade with the mother country worth about 700,000*l.* or so a year, while their population is perhaps about 450,000; but there is no other possession of which France can boast which is of the least importance, except perhaps Saigon. The five isolated points still retained in India are utterly useless to the nation, and the settlements on the Society Islands and in New Caledonia are almost equally valueless. French Cochin China is capable of becoming a splendid possession, and is the most populous of all her foreign settlements, but it is managed so as to be of little or no use to her. The largest part of the commerce which it possesses goes off in foreign vessels, and the country is full of misgovernment, squalor, and misery. Some cynic said that the only memorial the French would leave behind them when they evacuated the country would be the palatial Government house at Saigon, built on a desolate flat plain so as to be visible from the far retired dens of squalor honoured with the name of town. In short, the French have no genius for colonising, and no colony they ever planted permanently succeeded. To this day no English subjects are more difficult to lift above the level of their poverty than the French Canadians, remnant of an effort of old France to emulate the conquests of Spain.

France like that of Spain does not allow any offshoot to develop its energies in freedom. There is thus before her colonial trade no great future, and in nothing is the commanding position of England, the sources of her greatness and power more manifest than in the mighty position she holds as head of the most flourishing and progressive colonies that were ever planted by any nation. Against us, Frenchmen, with their inaptitude as colonisers, their second-rate capacities as practical traders, and their lack of great natural centres of demand, cannot hope to compete. Their truest interest is therefore to link themselves as much as they can on to the commercial greatness of their neighbour so as to be able to draw to themselves some of the wealth which flows to her shores. Our business with France must always be large, but it cannot grow as it ought to do till she has recognised and given effect to this cardinal truth.

I had intended to add a few observations about Belgian trade, but have no room left. Substantially, however, the position of the two countries is nearly identical, except that Belgium is better off for coal and iron than France. She is not so favourably situated however, as to be free from the depression which has been prevalent elsewhere, and her trade is at the present time fully more depressed than our own. She is also suffering from the effects of over speculation—banking and other frauds, which, although they may look insignificant in our eyes, cripple the little kingdom very seriously.

A. J. W.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.[1]

CHARLES KINGSLEY was born at Holne, in Devonshire, on June 12, 1819; and he died at Eversley on January 23, 1875, having lived seven months more than fifty-five years. An eager, anxious, hard-working, yet on the whole very happy life was contained in that period. He was preacher, parish-priest, politician, poet, novelist, historian, inspired teller of stories to the children: enthusiastic naturalist, architect and artist without building or painting. He was brave, impulsive, just, truthful, humorous, affectionate, beloved. He made his name known wherever the English language is read. He had his vehement traducers, most of whom knew nothing of him but from his writings: all who knew him and understood him were his loving friends. He had to *drie his wierd* through years of suspicion, misrepresentation and obloquy, for which he was himself in part responsible. Then came the bright time of success, professional eminence, and fame. And amid all these he died.

Though his life was one of little outward event, his inner history was remarkable: and his biography deserved to be written. It has been written, modestly and simply, by that noble and (let it be said) almost angelic woman to whom he was ever forward to say he owed all the good he had done in his life, and the happiness he had known. It need not be said that the story is told with perfect taste and with deep feeling. No doubt Mrs. Kingsley knew how great and good a man her husband was: but there is no exaggeration of the real goodness, ability, and varied usefulness of the man. It is not the mark he may have left on his generation that she dwells on most fondly; but rather the diligence of the parish-priest who brought new moral life into his parish, ministering day and night to the humblest; and the help he was enabled to render to many unknown friends in divers countries of the world, who had taken courage to write and ask the counsel of a stranger whose pages had brought light and strength to their perplexed and weary souls. Several of Kingsley's earlier works were first published in this magazine: and eighteen or twenty years ago there were those who looked for the letters C. K. appended to charming essays, and occasional little poems, which appeared in these pages. He had no dearer friend than John Parker, who then conducted *Fraser*, and whose heart was in his magazine and his friends who wrote in it. It was under John Parker's roof that the writer first met Kingsley, and speedily learned to feel towards him as all who knew him felt: it was in John Parker's company that the writer first visited Eversley Rectory, and saw what like Kingsley was in his beautiful and happy home. Some tribute to Kingsley is becoming here: and it may be rendered by one who though not of the inner circle of his special intimacy is yet proud to have been his friend, and knew enough of him to admire and love him.

For nine years, the portrait of Kingsley, close to that of John Parker, has looked down from the wall of the room in which I write.

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[1] *Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memoirs of his Life.* Edited by his Wife. Two volumes. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

It is a large photograph, taken while he was on a visit to the house by an amateur of extraordinary ability. It is the best and most lifelike portrait of Kingsley known to me. It has the stern expression, which came partly of the effort, never quite ceasing, to express himself through that characteristic stammer which quite left him in public speaking, and which in private added to the effect of his wonderful talk. Photography caught him easily. Those who look at the portrait prefixed to Volume I. of the *Life* see the man as he lived. Mr. Woolner's bust, shown at the beginning of Volume II., shows him aged and shrunken, not more than he was but more than he ought to have been: and the removal of all hair from the face is a marked difference from the fact in life: yet the likeness is perfect too. That somewhat severe face belied one of the kindest hearts that ever beat: yet the handsome and chivalrous features not unworthily expressed one of the truest, bravest, and noblest of souls. Kingsley could not have done a mean or false thing: by his make it was as impossible as that water should run uphill. He was truly magnanimous and unselfish: the last attainment of divers not wholly ignoble minds. In these days, part of the stock in trade of the unscrupulous self-seeker is sometimes a great parade of unselfishness: the man who never in his life really exerted himself for any other end than the advantage of Number One requests you to take notice that his sole end is the glory of God and the good of mankind. And the transparent pretext, which infuriates the perspicacious few, is found to succeed with the undiscerning many. But Kingsley, who never asked you to remark how unselfish and downright he was, was all that several successful men have pretended to be.

It is very hard to take it in that he is gone. Even when in broken health he was not the kind of man one thinks of as to die. And he did not live out his life. He had greatly overworked himself, but he did not die worn-out. Life's taper might have been husbanded out far longer. He died, like the hosts he had felt for, and pleaded for, of preventible disease. Rest, and care, might have kept him with us for many a day and year. I see and hear him now, life-like beyond expression, sitting on a seat, vacant now, opposite this table on which I write, with two little boys on his knees, telling them stories of his own as good as the *Water Babies.* I see, as if present, the keen sharp eye with which he scanned the little faces, to see if they were taking in what he said. And now he would only have been fifty-seven.

Looking back on one's own life, as a whole, you know how short it sometimes seems. It is indeed 'our little life.' But it is in reading a biography, a well-written and interesting biography, that one feels into how little space past time and past life crush up, as we look back. All a laborious life, not quite a short one,—all a human being's share of this world's work and history,—go into two volumes, which you can get through in an evening. Good Dean Alford has the memorial of all his hard work, all his disappointments and successes, in one. It is a common complaint, now-a-days, that biographies are too long. They may be, often, for the worth of what they have to tell. But if they are designed to convey the impression of what the man's life really was, they are of necessity too short. Two volumes, even if large ones, must fail to give you the feeling of real long years. They bring too near the changed and wearied man at the end, to the hopeful youth at the beginning. They cannot truly show how gradual and imperceptible was

the change, in feeling, in belief, in surroundings, in all things. Not even Dr. Newman could do it, in his too little space. And a biography, lively and readable throughout, necessarily fails to convey the fact concerning our life: the long dull periods, slowly dragging over, and the quiet uneventful times that seem now to have been so peaceful and happy. You may tell us, in a few pages or sentences, that a human being lived so many years here or there, did such work, passed through such transitions of character and feeling, experienced the pressure of such anxieties and losses. But only a very long history, designedly dull for many pages together, and going into details wearisome to most readers, can truthfully represent the fact of a life in which the sun never shines on three hundred and sixty-five days at once: in which the whole man by imperceptible gradation moves away and away. The story of Kingsley's life is indeed very briefly told in these two considerable volumes.

When he was born his father was vicar of Holne, under Dartmoor. Father and mother were both remarkable: Kingsley delighted to say that all the talent of his family was hereditary. When six weeks old, he left Devonshire, and he did not see his birthplace again till he was a man of thirty: but his mother's enthusiasm for the scenery round Holne was transmitted; and everything connected with Devonshire had a mysterious charm for Kingsley through all his life. His father held several charges in succession: one at Burton-on-Trent, one at Barnack in the Fen country, whose wide flats had also a singular attraction for Charles: then he held the living of Clovelly, a strange and lovely village in North Devon: where the extraordinary scenery and the curious primitive people left an indelible impression on his son: 'the inspiration of my life,' were the son's own words. In 1836, when Charles was seventeen, his father became rector of St. Luke's, Chelsea: and a change passed, of necessity, upon the outward surroundings of the family. This living the elder Kingsley held till his death. Charles was a precocious child. At four years old he preached a sermon which is preserved: and which is not unlike the sermons of other thoughtful little boys of four. He was gentle and quiet. All his life he suffered from a painful shyness: though he certainly did not look like it. His father was a Tory and an Evangelical: and though Charles was always a most dutiful son, his father's views (as in many similar cases) acted upon him for a considerable part of his life by way of repulsion. He gravitated towards them again as he grew older. When twelve years old, along with a brother who soon died, he was placed at Helston Grammar School in Cornwall, whose Head-Master was Mr. Derwent Coleridge, the son of the poet. Here Charles was 'a tall, slight boy, of keen visage, and of great bodily activity, high-spirited, earnest, and energetic;' 'original to the verge of eccentricity;' and foremost in feats of agility and adventure. It was remembered in the school how well he bore pain. Once, having a sore finger, he determined to cure it by the actual cautery; and having heated the poker red-hot in the school-room fire, he calmly applied it two or three times to the wound. There are those who, looking at a cheerful fire on a winter evening, have found it wholly impossible to imagine how any mortal could by his own will be burnt alive. Kingsley could have understood, whether as man or boy. He wrote from school to his mother that 'I am now quite settled and very happy. I read my Bible every night, and try to profit by what I read, and I am sure I do. I am keeping a

journal of my actions and thoughts, and I hope it will be useful to me.' When his father went to Chelsea in 1836, Kingsley became a student of King's College, London. It was a lift in the church; but as with many such, the substantial gain was balanced by sentimental loss.

'The change to a London rectory, with its ceaseless parish work, the discussion of which is so wearisome to the young, the middle-class society of a suburban district as Chelsea was then, the polemical conversation all seemingly so narrow and conventional in its tone, chafed the boy's spirit, and had anything but a happy effect on his mind.

'His parents were absorbed in their parish work, and their religious views precluded all public amusement for their children.'

I have heard Kingsley speak keenly of this period in his life; and describe, in his vehement fashion, the mutinous spirit which possessed him not against parental authority nor even parental views, but against the views and idiosyncrasy of the entire school of good folk among whom he had to live. But what he felt did not much appear on the surface. The excellent Professor Hall, of the Mathematical chair in King's College, writes of him, 'I own his subsequent career astonished me, for as a youth he was gentle and diffident even to timidity.' Professor Hall has doubtless seen his old students turn out both a great deal better and a great deal worse than he anticipated of them.

In the Autumn of 1838 Kingsley went to Magdalen College, Cambridge. Here he gained a scholarship by competition. And on July 6, 1839, he and his future wife met for the first time. From the beginning a powerful and healthful influence was exerted upon him by the young lady. He was full of religious doubts. His peculiar character had not been understood at home.

'His heart had been half asleep. It woke up now, and never slept again. For the first time he could speak with perfect freedom, and he met with answering sympathy. And gradually, as the new friendship (which yet seemed old—from the first more of a recognition than an acquaintance) deepened into intimacy, every doubt, every thought, every feeling, every sin as he would call it, was laid bare. Counsel was asked and given: all things in heaven and earth discussed: and as new hopes dawned, the look of hard defiance gave way to a wonderful humility and tenderness, which were his characteristics, with those who understood him, to his dying day.'

Yet, after this, the dark cloud returned.

'The conflict between hopes and fears for the future, and between faith and unbelief, was so fierce and bitter, that when he returned to Cambridge he became reckless, and nearly gave up all for lost: he read little, went in for excitement of every kind, — boating, hunting, driving, fencing, boxing, duck-shooting in the fens,—anything to deaden the remembrance of the happy past, which just then promised no future.'

With all his spiritual struggles, his physical strength did not fail. In one day he walked to London, fifty-two miles, without much fatigue: and for years after this a walk of five-and-twenty miles was a refreshment to him. Finally he took a good degree, having worked very energetically for his last few months at the University. He was Senior Optime in Mathematics, and First Class in Classics. But all who knew him were aware that this was little to what he might have done had he not fallen into that deplorable condition of morbid idleness.

He had been entered at Lincoln's Inn, thinking of the Bar; but by a felicitous choice turned to the profession for which above all others his whole character fitted him. Through all this period of his life, his letters to his future wife are as curious specimens of such a correspondence as John Foster's famous Essays, which were letters written in like circumstances. He began to see good in the Low Church party: and he thought Archbishop Whately (who would not have thanked him for mis-spelling his name as *Whateley*) 'the greatest mind of the present day.' He was ordained Deacon at Farnham, by Bishop Sumner of Winchester, whose personal character and inoffensive life did something (much needed) to obliterate the recollection of how he got there. And in July 1842, at the age of twenty-three, Kingsley settled at Eversley, where first as Curate and then as Rector he was to remain for just thirty-three years. It was, and is, a singular parish: with scenery rather Scotch than English. Three hamlets, each surrounding its little green, are surrounded by the moorland, and young forests of self-sown fir-trees. Parts of the country round are liker Perthshire than Hampshire. But the village-green, the church and the rectory, are distinctively English. The great fir-trees on the rectory-lawn are known far and wide. The people were much given to poaching. An occasional royal deer from the not remote Windsor Forest would stray into Eversley parish and never return: and hares and pheasants, in the old days, were common in cottages where now they are rarely seen. The parish had been grievously neglected: the church was empty on Sundays and the public-houses full. But things specially changed. Kingsley threw all his youthful enthusiasm into his work. And thus early he develops those views of what came to be termed *Muscular Christianity:* by which he meant nothing more nor less than the maintenance of the *mens sana in corpore sano.* He writes,

'The body is the temple of the Living God. There has always seemed to me something impious in the neglect of personal health, strength and beauty, which the religious, and sometimes clergymen of this day affect. It is very often a mere form of laziness and untidiness. I should be ashamed of being weak. I could not do half the little good I do here, if it were not for that strength and activity which some consider coarse and degrading. Many clergymen would half kill themselves if they did what I do. And though they might walk about as much, they would neglect exercise of the arms and chest, and become dyspeptic or consumptive.'

All this seems commonplace now, because Kingsley, and others who independently arrived at the same conclusions about the same time, have succeeded in getting it so generally accepted. One has heard it from pulpits without number: but the days were in which it was fresh and (to some folk) startling. I have known a case in which a sermon designed to show that the care of the body is a Christian duty, was pleasantly described as teaching that men should take more care of their bodies than their souls. The stupidest old woman in a Scotch dissenting 'body' would hardly say so now. And the following description of the fashion in which Kingsley got hold of his parishioners tells of what for many years now has been very common both in Scotland and England:

'This was one secret of his influence at Eversley: he could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadows, pitch hay with the haymakers in the pasture. From knowing every fox earth on

the moor, the 'reedy house' of the pike, the still hole where the chub lay, he had always a word in sympathy for the huntsman or the old poacher. With the farmer he discussed the rotation of crops, and with the labourer the science of hedging and ditching.'

A dark time came. There was a long break in his correspondence with his future wife: no doubt the break was intended to be final. A year of silence and hard work passed over. He was 'roughly lodged in a thatched cottage,' and the prospect of preferment in the Church seemed small. One feels how vain it is to represent, by a few lines written in the knowledge of future years, what that time must have been. Doubtless it served its purpose. At length the sky brightened. He was promised a living: the helpful correspondence was resumed: and in the prospect of being soon married he laid out his plan of life.

'We must have a regular rule of life, not so as to become a law, but a custom. Family prayers before breakfast: 8·30 to 10, household matters: 10 to 1, studying divinity or settling parish accounts and business,—our doors open for poor parish visitants: between 1 and 5, go out in all weathers, to visit sick and poor, and to teach in the school: in the evening we will draw, and feed the intellect and fancy. We must devote 9 to 12 on Monday mornings to casting up our weekly bills and accounts, and make a rule never to mention them, if possible, at any other time: and never to talk of household matters, unless urgent, but between 9 and 10 in the morning; nor of parish business in the evening. I have seen the *gêne* and misery which not following some such rule brings down. We must pray for a spirit of order and regularity and economy in the least things.'

Wisely resolved! Let us hope these rules were practically carried out. Early in 1844 the young couple were married: Charles Kingsley and Fanny, daughter of Pascoe Grenfell and Georgiana St. Leger his wife. They were to have settled at a curacy in Dorsetshire: but the living of Eversley becoming vacant, Kingsley was presented to it, and settled down in the rectory which is indissolubly associated with his name.

'He now settled at Eversley with his wife: and life flowed on peacefully, notwithstanding the anxieties of a sorely-neglected parish, and the expenses of an old house which had not been repaired for more than a hundred years. The house itself was damp and unwholesome, surrounded with ponds which overflowed with every heavy rain, and flooded not only the garden and stables, but all the rooms on the ground floor, keeping up master and servants sometimes all night, baling out the water in buckets for hours together: and drainage works had to be done before it was habitable. From these causes, and from the charities falling almost entirely on the incumbent, the living, although a good one, was for years unremunerative: but the young rector, happy in his home and his work, met all difficulties bravely: and gradually in the course of years, the land was drained: the ponds which ran through the garden and stood above the level of the dwelling-rooms were filled up, and though the house was never healthy, it was habitable.'

It is a disappointing account of the picturesque house which so many know. It must be confessed that a modern dwelling, well-built and roofed-in, thoroughly drained and ventilated, with lofty ceilings and large windows, is, after all, a preferable habitation to many a charming mediæval mansion, delightful to an æsthetic eye. Nor is cost to be forgotten. I have heard Kingsley say that it cost him

80*l.* a year to keep his rectory in repair.

There was a turn-over in all parochial arrangements. Of course there were some who opposed the new rector's *innovations.* The communion had been celebrated three times a year, and the churchwardens refused to provide for monthly celebrations. Kingsley had himself for many years to bear the cost; and doubtless the wrath of some who had known the church for thirty years and never wished these new-fangled decencies. But he made his way. He was a devoted parish priest, visiting perpetually as well as preaching regularly. He thought it best, amid that generation of poachers, never to touch a gun: but he sometimes had a gallop in the hunting-field. 'I defy any mortal,' said he the writer, 'to point out any part of my duty that is neglected: and, that being so, I take my recreation in my own way.' His preaching from the first arrested attention. The extraordinary experience of being able to listen with interest to a sermon was not the least startling of the innovations which aroused the parishioners of Eversley. The respectable Bishop Sumner, characteristically, found fault with the sermons as 'too colloquial.' I have known many respectable dignitaries to whom, for obvious reasons, a sermon to which human beings could listen was an unpardonable offence.

Now the active mind turned to literary work. *The Saints Tragedy*, his vehement testimony against asceticism, undertaken by the house of Parker, was published at the end of 1847. It excited much feeling at Oxford, traversing as it did the teaching in favour there: and when at Oxford on a visit in the spring of 1848, Kingsley found himself an object of interest to many. *Fraser's Magazine* had recently come into the hands of the Parkers, and at this time (April 1848) his first paper appeared in it, under the title *Why should we fear the Romish Priests?* Through the Parkers, Kingsley became acquainted with men who were to be his special friends: Thomas Hughes, Helps, J. A. Froude, Hullah, J. M. Ludlow, Archdeacon Hare. The Chartist movement of this year greatly interested him: he wrote a placard addressed to the *Workmen of England*, which was posted over London at a critical time: and he contributed to a little publication, *Politics for the People*, published by Parker, under the name of *Parson Lot.* I possess the bound volume: there never was but one; and I cannot say that it is interesting or impressive in any high degree. And the name of *Parson Lot*, suggestive of the one righteous man in Sodom, does not seem felicitous. Kingsley, in fact, in an exciting time, had (for a season) too great belief in people being saved and helped by fussiness, by public meetings, and political papers. And his declaration at a meeting of uneducated men who (as a rule) were disposed to do anything except work hard, practise self-denial, and help themselves, that he was 'a Church of England parson and a Chartist,' did no good either to himself or the cause he had at heart. *Yeast* came out as a series of papers in *Fraser*; and then, under the pressure of work and excitement, Kingsley quite broke down, and had to rest for some time in Devonshire. He felt strongly the necessity for making public worship bright and attractive: he writes to a friend 'Do I not shudder at the ghastly dulness of our services?' In this approximating to his great opponent of after-time. For Dr. Newman, in a speech at Birmingham, once declared of the Anglican Church, that 'the thought of her doctrines makes me shudder: the thought of her services makes me shiver.' No wonder, considering what these last were when Dr.

Newman was familiar with them. Things are quite different now: thanks to the much abused High-Churchmen.

In 1850, Kingsley, from conscientious scruples, gave up the office of Clerk in Orders in his father's parish, which he had hitherto held: and to meet growing expenses and a lessened income, he must write. The result was *Alton Locke*, written in the early mornings of the winter: which yielded him 150*l*. The Parkers did not venture to publish it, *Yeast* having injured *Fraser*; but it was brought out by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, on the recommendation of Mr. Carlyle. This new work, with *Yeast*, and the name of Chartist (given and taken with little real reason), made him a suspect man. Cautious people, with an eye to their own promotion, fought shy of him. Yet, though his years were only thirty-one, strangers began to write and ask his counsel upon many subjects. *Hypatia* came out in *Fraser*, beginning in January 1852, and running in company with *Digby Grand*, which was beginning to make the name of Whyte-Melville familiar to novel-readers. The fancies of what for a little was known as *Christian Socialism* attracted Kingsley, and his connection with it brought upon him many attacks. He felt these: but was even more annoyed by the eccentricities and follies of the odd set among whom he found himself as its supporters.

It was in the summer of 1851 that by invitation of the incumbent he preached in a London church a sermon on *The Message of the Church to the Labouring Man*, at the close of which the incumbent arose and informed the congregation that much of what Kingsley had said was dangerous and much untrue. The event was not unique: I have known the like happen in Scotland. Kingsley made no reply, though denounced in the newspapers as the 'Apostle of Socialism.' So innocent was the sermon that the Bishop of London (Blomfield), who hearing of the disturbance had forbidden Kingsley to preach in his diocese, after reading it and conversing with the author removed his prohibition. It is to be regretted that the biography records, as if worth something, some demonstrations by 'working men' which are only to be classed with those in favour of Orton and Dr. Kenealy. It was because these wrong-headed persons fancied that Kingsley's sermon was what every good man would disapprove, that they rallied round him. An equally discreditable impulse led to a proposal, never entertained, to defy the Bishop and start a 'free church.' Kingsley behaved thoroughly well throughout these events: and the outcome of the whole was, singularly, his song of the *Three Fishers*.

It is wonderful how he found time to write the long letters he wrote to strangers asking counsel. And it might be difficult to construct a consistent scheme of the theology he taught in them. I remember his admitting this frankly, on being asked how *this* was to go with *that*. 'You logical Scotchmen,' he said, 'must construct consistent theories: I have intuitions of individual truths: how they are to be reconciled I know not.'

Now strangers began to appear in Eversley church: officers from Sandhurst, and an occasional clergyman.

'After he gave out his text, the poor men in the free sittings would turn towards him, and settle themselves into an attitude of fixed attention. In preaching he would try to keep still and calm, and free from all gesticulation: but as he went on, he had to grip and clasp the cushion on which his sermon rested, in order to restrain the intensity of his own emotion; and when in spite of himself his hands

would escape, they would be lifted up, the fingers of the right hand working with a peculiar hovering movement of which he was quite unconscious: his eyes seemed on fire, his whole frame worked and vibrated.'

He tried to carry out a theory I have heard him express, that a preacher might fitly be as animated as he could be without moving his hands from his sermon. All gesticulation, he said, was vulgar and theatrical. This he said, listening to some account of an eminent Scotch preacher who used profuse gesticulation. But the theory, surely, grounds on a quite arbitrary canon of propriety; and Kingsley traversed it himself.

Mrs. Kingsley gives a pleasing picture of the father amid his family, where he sought to surround the children with an atmosphere of joyousness, and where punishment was hardly known. Solomon has a good deal to answer for, in the matter of spoiling children's tempers and breaking their spirits. And his own attempts to bring up his children well do not appear to have been so successful as Kingsley's. The griefs of childhood Kingsley could not bear to see: and busy as he might be, his study was always open to the little sufferer from some small trouble: many fine sentences were broken off to mend a broken toy. He instilled into his children the love of what (in some cases with little reason) are called Inferior Animals: down even to toads and snakes. But he could not bear a spider.

So his life went on, his reputation growing, and clearing itself of the old suspicions; though no doubt many good folk thought him rather a strange kind of parson. It has been said that he was a layman in the disguise of a clergyman. In one sense, this was true. He did not fear Mrs. Grundy. He would as soon shock her as not. But in the deeper truth, there never was a man more essentially a clergyman in all his ways and feelings. His piety pervaded his entire life: his reverence for religious truth was unceasing. If the old prim idea of clerical propriety is in great measure gone, the abandonment of a conventional sham is to some degree due to Kingsley. Much of his teaching, like that of Newman and of Carlyle, does not seem to us now so original as in fact it was when first given forth, because we have so much learned it. One thinks of the man, disappointed in hearing a play of Shakespeare. 'I was told,' he said, 'that Shakespeare was a man of original genius: whereas the play consisted to a great extent of the most hacknied quotations.' In 1859, Kingsley was made chaplain to the Queen; which in many estimable quarters, though not in all, would be received as testimony to his substantial orthodoxy.

In May 1860 he was offered the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge, which he accepted with some diffidence. It was then the writer first met him. For ten days, in the middle of a beautiful May, one long accustomed to a very retired life had a first glimpse of eminent men of letters under the hospitable roof of John Parker. How bright, kind, brotherly, and unaffected they were! It was profoundly interesting, and very strange. Among them were Helps, pleased with his appointment, just made, as Clerk of Council: and Kingsley, full of his new Professorship. I see them both, one bright May forenoon, sitting in Parker's pleasant library, both smoking, and Kingsley vehemently setting forth to Helps his plans for his lectures, for two very short hours. Then Helps had to go. The day was very warm, and Kingsley had talked himself into a white heat:

accordingly he discarded his coat and sat in his shirt-sleeves. In a little Parker opened the door wide, and said with some solemnity, *The Bishop of London.* Kingsley, always respectful to dignities, made a rush for his coat and had got half-way into it: when, with grave and solemn demeanour, fitted to the Episcopal bench, beseeming the title he had heard given him, walked in Helps! Kingsley, though charming, was certainly (as Parker said) 'a most exhausting companion:' London acted upon him as a powerful stimulant, fresh from the moors of Eversley: and Parker's weaker physique could not keep pace with that robust bodily health and the almost uproarious spirits. One of the band round Parker's table was Buckle, of the *History of Civilisation.* His fluency was wonderful: his knowledge seemed equal in all directions: he never would leave off talking if he could find a listener: the complaint was that he preached. But he was very impatient of all other preachers: not an entirely unknown characteristic. He had the enviable power of never allowing himself to be hurried in his work. Helps was John Parker's Prophet: who can speak of him worthily? Wisest, kindest, best of men! Mr. Theodore Martin and his wife (that supreme dramatic genius) were among Parker's chief friends. And Ormsby, one of the brightest and cleverest writers upon topics of the day. Parker was a constant visitor at Eversley Rectory: the writer will never forget a beautiful day at this time on which Parker and he went by railway to Winchfield, and thence walked the five miles to Eversley: spending as many hours as possible with Kingsley about the church and glebe, and walking back with him by Bramshill. That autumn was saddened by Parker's sudden death. Kingsley writes of him, 'His was a great soul in a pigmy body; and those who know how I loved him, know what a calumny it is to say I preach "muscular Christianity."'

About this time, Kingsley evinced a curious irritability on the last-named matter. Let him speak for himself in a remarkable letter written in February of this year to one then unknown to him, who afterwards became his friend; and who had contributed some papers to the magazine, one of which touched the sore subject. This letter sets forth the fullest statement known to me of his views upon it.

Eversley,
Feb. 15, '60.

Dear Sir,—Were you not so charming a writer; and one whom I long to know and to thank in person, I should not trouble you or myself by writing this.

But. In an essay of yours which seems to me one of your very best; and in every word of which I agree, I find (p. 250–251) talk which pains me bitterly, about muscular Christianity! Now—I am called by noodles and sneerers the head of that school. When muscular Christianity is spoken of either Tom Hughes or I rise to most folks' minds. Tom may take care of himself; for me, I say this.

I consider the term as silly and offensive. Whenever any man makes use of it to me I ignore the whole matter, and if I be troubled give him to understand that he is rude. And for this reason. It is all a dream, as far as I am concerned, about muscular Christianity. The best folk I know or ever shall know, have been poor cripples, noodles, ugly women, and that sort of 'off-scouring of humanity'—whom the Lord loved, because there is no form nor comeliness in them, to make men love them. Then, because I tell the handsome women and the strong men, 'Why are you not as good as these poor wretches? You can and ought to be a great deal better;' an insolent ——— reviewer, or somebody, gives me the nicknamed muscular Christianity, and sets up the theory that my ideal is a man who fears God, and can walk a 1,000 miles in a 1,000 hours. I have my ideal—I have many ideals—which I shall keep to myself; but I confess I have never been more moved than by such talk to show the

young prig, whoever he was, my muscular *un*-Christianity, unless my right hand had forgotten its cunning, and the lessons of Sambo the Black Fighter. But boy's nonsense on such subjects I can pass over. It is when a man like you re-echoes their impertinence (you yourself being not impertinent, and therefore speaking in good faith—which is all the more painful to me) that I *must* speak to you and ask, Do you think that I, who am not only a student of human nature, but have been a hard-working parish priest for 18 years, and love my parish work better than anything else in the world—do you think that I am such a one-sided *ass* as to preach what you seem to understand by muscular Christianity? There is not a word in your condemnation of it, to which I have not said 'amen' a dozen years since; and I beg that if that passage is to stand in your essays, you will except from the category, me, the very man whom noodles call the apostle of the doctrine.

I do entreat you to re-consider that passage. It is unjust, not to me, but to others. You say you find many books which talk, etc.; I wish you would name them to me. A list of them would be most pleasant to me; for ill and weak as I am, and forbidden to write, I would bestir myself to give any fellows who talk as you say (though I have never met with any) such a dressing in *Fraser* as would show them that my tongue was still sharp enough: Do, I beg you, tell me explicitly what and whom you mean—or say yourself—as you can do most excellently, in your next edition; and meanwhile, take the hint which I gave a young fellow (though you are not young nor a 'fellow,' but a wise and good man) who said in a well-meaning review of me, that I had never had an ache or a sorrow in my life; and I told him—as I tell you—that for the first 20 years of my life I never knew what health meant—that my life had been one of deep and strange sorrows; and that only by drinking the cup of misery and sickness to the dregs had I learnt to value health and happiness, and to entreat those who had health and happiness, to use them aright; for for all these things God would bring them into judgment.

I write to you openly, as to a brother, for I long to know you, more than any man whom I find writing now; and for that very reason I cannot abide your seeming to lend yourself to any of the vulgar misconceptions of what I am aiming at. I have my aim: but what that is I tell no man yet.

Yours ever faithfully,

C. Kingsley.

On November 12 he delivered his Inaugural lecture in the crowded Senate House at Cambridge, meeting an enthusiastic welcome from the undergraduates: and to a class of upwards of a hundred he gave his first course of lectures, afterwards published as *The Norman and the Teuton.* Opinions have varied as to the value of Kingsley's historical teaching: but there can be no difference of opinion as to his power of interesting young men. In 1861 he gave a course of private lectures to the Prince of Wales, with a little class of eleven others. The lectures carried the class up to the reign of George IV: the Prince was diligent in his attendance, and at the end of each term passed a satisfactory examination. *The Water Babies* came out in the spring of 1862: and in August of that year Kingsley visited Scotland, spending some days in Edinburgh, where for the first time he saw the worship of the Scotch Kirk. 'You can't expect me to like it,' was his candid statement to the friend he had heard preach.

His life and work went on, at Eversley and at Cambridge. Little need be said of the controversy into which, at the critical age of forty-five, he fell with Dr. Newman. Kingsley was substantially in the right, though Newman was the better handler of his case: and of Newman's personal integrity there never could be doubt in the mind of any reasonable man. In the spring of 1867 he edited *Fraser* for a few months in Mr. Froude's absence at Simancas. Though interested in the Magazine in which his literary life began, he had none of the feeling which has made others hold by a periodical for the sake of *Auld Lang Syne*, when offered far higher pay elsewhere. 'I carry my pigs to the best market,' was his downright remark to the writer. In the Autumn of 1867 he came to Scotland, and spent a memorable week in the ancient city

of St. Andrews, winning the hearts of all who came to know him. 'I apprehend I am a bad Englishman,' he wrote: 'for I like you Scots far better than my own countrymen.' When the writer received him at the railway, he looked older than he should have done. He said he had despised sick folk, and was now being punished duly: never feeling quite well. But after a bath in water nearly boiling, he brightened up, and was the life of a gathering at dinner of men and women who valued him as they ought. The British Association was to hold its meetings in the great town of Dundee, twelve miles off; and Kingsley had come mainly to attend these. But he did not trouble the British Association much. Just twice did he go to Dundee. Three trains and one ferry-boat (across the Tay) are needed to cover the distance from St. Andrews; and Kingsley got tired of the journey. The day after his arrival, Wednesday September 4, was bright and warm. He spent the day wandering about the ruined Castle and Cathedral, and sitting on the grass in St. Salvator's College: and in the evening went to Dundee to hear the Duke of Buccleugh give his address as President. There was a vast crowd in the handsome Kinnaird Hall: a great gathering, on the huge platform, of the philosophers of the age: and Kingsley was delighted when the Duke, very bright-looking and well set up, the broad blue ribbon of the garter crossing his breast, and every inch what it is his duty to be, began his address by saying that a good deal had been said by those who had proposed him for President about the bold Bucclenghs of past ages: but that not one of them had ever done anything requiring so much courage as he needed in rising to address all the scientific sages of the land. Of course, the applause was tremendous. Next day was given to a thorough examination of the old buildings of St. Andrews, in company with the good Dr. Robert Chambers: and to a partial round of the famous Links, to see the national game of Golf. 'Very French,' was his estimate of the St. Andrews Gothic. When that city was in its glory, France was the allied country and England the hostile one. Another evening visit to Dundee, on a subsequent day, ended Kingsley's attendance on the British Association. It pleased him much more to sit at his window and look out upon the broad bay, close under it: talking eagerly of all human things. A little expanse of carefully mown grass stretched from under his window the few yards to the edge of the cliff, fifty feet perpendicular. Here, sitting by the open window one sunshiny morning, he read his letters, eight or ten: and then, vehemently condemning some iniquity, he carefully tore them into little fragments, and cast the great handful from the window. His friend, dominated by a painful tidiness, could but think that each separate fragment must be gathered up again from the trim little green. On the Saturday afternoon, the University entertained the leading members of the Association at dinner in St. Salvator's Hall: and here Kingsley made a most beautiful and touching little speech, replying to the toast of *The Literature of Science*. Then, later, there was a reception in the University Library, where he was certainly the observed of all observers. Divers great men were there, but none so gazed upon as Kingsley. In all sincerity, he disliked it. Next day, he wrote to his wife:

St. Andrews,
Sunday, *September* 7.

I am looking out on a glassy sea, with the seabirds sailing about close under the window. I could wish to be at home seeing you all go to church. Yesterday was a day of infinite bustle. The University

and City received the British Association, and feasted them. Everything was very well done, except putting me down for a speech against my express entreaty. However, I only spoke five minutes. After this early dinner a reception *soirée* of all the ladies of Fifeshire 'East Neuk': we escaped early. I hate being made a lion of, and stuck tight to good Mrs. B. — — Nothing can be more pleasant than my stay here has been: but the racket of the meeting is terrible: the talking continual: and running into Dundee, by two trains, with the steamer at Broughty Ferry, between, is too much: so I have taken up my hat, and am off to Tillieproniе to-morrow. — — These dear Scots folk,—I should like to live always among them, they are so full of vigorous life and heart. — Tell Maurice Golf is the queen of games, if Cricket is the King: and the golfing gentlemen as fine fellows as ever I saw.

Still, he was not well. That Sunday forenoon he spent in bed: and when his friend returned from church, Kingsley said, with a sad face, 'I have had a driech morning.' Yet he roused himself and went in the afternoon to the parish church of St. Andrews, and in the evening to the pretty little chapel of St. Salvator's College, to hear a sermon by Principal Tulloch. He never went to bed, that week, before 1 A.M., and his flow of bright and enthusiastic talk was unceasing. Then he went up to Abergeldie, the residence of the Prince of Wales. The fine scenery was hidden by mists. Writing to St. Andrews, he said that on the other side he had drawn an accurate picture of the view from his window. The page was blank, except a frame surrounding it.

In the end of 1868 he resigned his chair, and in June, 1869, he was appointed Canon of Chester. Here he preached, taught the lads Natural History, and became a great power in the beautiful old city. He found the daily service 'very steadying and elevating.' In December of that year he and his daughter visited the West Indies. His impressions are given in his book *At Last*. In 1872, being now fifty-three, he was startled by the death of Mr. Maurice, of whom he always spoke as his master; and by that of Norman Macleod. 'He is gone as I am surely going,' he said; 'a man who has worn his brain away.' Yet he could not stop. Thinking of Kingsley's deep reverence for Maurice, one remembers with shame how far his students, in departed years, failed of rightly appreciating his lectures. I recal a little fortnightly, named *The Autocrat*, published in King's College long ago, in which this brief paragraph appeared:—

'Startling Phenomenon.

'A barometer from the museum had been accidentally left in Professor Maurice's class-room. Instantly on the lecture beginning, the index suddenly pointed to *Very Dry*.'

Kingsley became enthusiastic for the teaching in common schools of the laws of health. 'Alas,' he writes, 'why could we not have a professor of them at Cambridge and another at Oxford, and make every young landowner and student for holy orders attend their lectures?' It is worth notice that for many years his views have been carried out, though not by compulsion, in the case of the students for the Church in the little University of St. Andrews. Though the old energy was commonly present, the greatness of the way was telling now. In the summer of 1873 he wrote answers to a paper of questions familiar to many readers. To the question 'Your ambition?' the answer was, 'To die.' One remembers the end of John Foster's grand sermon on *The Three Jews in Babylon*. 'As to them, there could remain, after that day, but one thing that was sublime enough for their ambition;—the translation by death!'

In the spring of this year, Mr. Gladstone wrote to him proposing that he should exchange his canonry

at Chester for the vacant stall in Westminster Abbey. 'All I had ever wished, and more than I had ever hoped,' were his words in reply to a letter of congratulation. He had got to the end of his tether now. He would be no longer obliged to write for money, but might give his strength to his sermons alone. What the Great Abbey was to such a man, need not be said; nor what its Dean. And beloved Eversley, never to be abandoned, was but forty miles away. His eldest boy came back for a holiday from Mexico, just at the time of his father's promotion; and his aged mother, now in her eighty-sixth year, knew of his appointment before she died. Kingsley was pleased with the general sympathy amid which he entered on this dignified position; it blotted out many bitter recollections. But if he was no longer suspected, as the chartist parson and apostle of socialism, it is equally true that he was neither chartist nor socialist, Christian or other; but a reasonable Conservative in politics, and theologically a good old-fashioned High Churchman, with a liberal tone about his dogmatic creed. These things came too late. His son, struck by his broken appearance, urged rest and a sea-voyage. But the work at the Abbey must be done; great crowds thronged to listen to his preaching. The rest was put off till the beginning of 1874, when, with his eldest daughter, he sailed for America for change, and to see his boy, 'taking a few lectures with him, to meet his expenses.' There was but a year now. He left Queenstown on January 30, and January 23 in the next year was his last day. He was six months in America; he met everywhere a warm welcome: he felt at first very well. At Salt Lake City, Brigham Young offered him the Tabernacle to lecture or preach in: but Kingsley returned no answer to one beyond the pale of decent life. He visited Yo Semite, and saw the Big Trees. At San Francisco he caught a bad cold: and his brother 'The Doctor' meeting him in California found him suffering severely from pleurisy. It was while ill in Colorado that he wrote his last lines: as spirited and musical as any he ever wrote. Having so far recovered, he came home in August 1874, 'looking for a blessed quiet autumn, if God so will, having had a change of scene which will last me my whole life, and has taught me many things.'

But the end was near. And (as is usual) wise after the event, one sees, looking back, how needlessly it was hastened. That eager heart was not made to last long, indeed: thinking of Kingsley, one feels how apt are the words that speak of 'life's fitful fever.' But everything was against him through the months that remained. He returned to Eversley in trying weather: there was much sickness in the parish: his curate was away: and still weak from his American illness, he had to do duty far beyond his strength. Then, going to his Westminster work in September, a severe attack of congestion of the liver (the same thing which had needed the boiling baths of St. Andrews seven years before) left him sadly shaken and worn: and, while little able to bear it, early in October the dangerous illness of his wife reached him where he felt most keenly. But she recovered for the time; and in November he preached in the Abbey to vast congregations sermons wrung out with increasing labour, and as powerful as ever though the preacher was shrunken and bent. On Advent Sunday, November 29, he preached, with intense fervour, his last sermon in that great church: no one thinking that he would enter a pulpit no more. It was a day of dreadful storm all over Britain: the gale

seemed to shake the Abbey; and to Kingsley's sensitive nature the whole service was most exciting. The sermon was specially eloquent, but it left him quite exhausted. Next day, St. Andrew's Day, Kingsley heard Principal Caird of Glasgow give a lecture on Missions in the Nave, the Dean having ventured to ask that most eminent of Scotch preachers to appear in the Abbey, but not to preach, nor to take part in any service known to the Church. Coming out into the cold cloister Kingsley caught fresh cold and coughed all night. On December 3, he and his wife left for Eversley. But that night his wife was stricken down with what seemed fatal illness: and when told that there was no hope, he said his own death warrant was signed. He was careless of his own health, in a season of bitter frost and snow: and on December 28 he took to his bed, prostrated by inflammation of the lungs. Constant opiates were used to keep off hæmorrhage, and his dreams were all of the West Indies and the Rocky Mountains. His wife and he could not see one another: and the last two days he did not ask for her, evidently thinking she was gone. One sees, dimly, something of the strange experience the loving heart was going through. Early in the morning of January 23, thinking himself alone, he was heard repeating in a clear voice those beautiful words of the Burial Service which ask that we be not suffered, 'at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee.' He never spoke again: and before midday—passing so gently that his daughter and the old family nurse could scarcely tell when—Kingsley was gone. Where he went, he would miss one whom he had thought gone before him: one united through these years by ties which he often said eternity could not sever. His dream had been of that supreme blessing expressed in the unforgettable words *in death they were not divided.* But the wise and good woman was left for a little to tell, touchingly and beautifully, the story of the noble life which she had helped so mightily to ennoble.

Dean Stanley offered a grave in Westminster Abbey: but no one who knew Kingsley could doubt where it was that he would have himself have desired to be laid. And on January 28, 1875, he was carried to his last resting-place in Eversley churchyard by villagers who had known and trusted him as their Rector, with very imperfect knowledge of what he was beyond the limits of the parish. The Bishop of Winchester, the Deans of Westminster and Chester: soldiers and sailors: the Master of Fox Hounds, with his huntsman and whip, and outside the churchyard the horses and hounds: the gypsies of Eversley Common: the representative of the Prince of Wales: peers and members of Parliament, authors and publishers: were all gathered round the grave. In that familiar place, where every tree and shrub was known and tended by him, he rests. Above his head his wife has placed a cross of white marble. It bears, in the words *God is Love*, the central and vital truth in Kingsley's creed: and it sums the story of his life in words he had chosen long before:

AMAVIMUS, AMAMUS, AMABIMUS.

A. K. H. B.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1877.

DISCIPLINE AND SEAMANSHIP IN THE NAVY, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE sarcastic offer of the Assyrian monarch to King Hezekiah, to give him 2,000 horses if he could set riders upon them, is too often overlooked by our naval critics.

Ships, their guns, their armour, their engine-power, their strength, their seaworthiness, and their speed, are compared with former types of our own or of foreign navies, by speakers in the House of Commons, and this, with a generally warm discussion on dockyard expenditure, and the relative advantages of dockyard or contract-built vessels, forms the staple of the debates on the naval estimates.

But that which gives life to this mass of inanimate matter, the number and discipline of our crews, the intelligence and seamanship of our officers, is passed over with a brief question or two, usually framed in a spirit of jealousy of the Admiralty and of the superior officers, whose duty it is to maintain the *personnel* of the navy in a state of thorough efficiency.

Merely to state the fact would seem to be sufficient, yet it may not be uninteresting to point to a few instances in which magnificent ships, indifferently manned and officered, have proved themselves useless. Of this the battle of St. Vincent is a conspicuous instance, in which the admirably trained seamen of Jervis, under such captains as Nelson, Trowbridge, and Collingwood, with only fifteen ships, won an easy victory over twenty-seven Spaniards. Nelson was the first to appreciate the immense advantage the superior discipline and seamanship of our ships gave him over the ill-trained and inexperienced crews of our adversaries, whether French or Spanish, and adapted his tactics accordingly. Admiral Jurieu de la Gravière, in his *Guerres Maritimes*, is never tired of insisting on this, and after speaking of the demoralisation of the French navy, consequent on the Revolution, when the officers who,[1] 'under D'Estaing, Guichen, Suffren, and D'Orvilliers, had learned to manœuvre ships and command squadrons,' had been either guillotined or forced to emigrate, and when the Convention thought that it was sufficient to appoint old sailing masters to command the riotous crews which virtually ruled the French ships, he adds, 'From that time may be dated Nelson's contemptuous confidence. It took its rise in the disorganisation of the French navy.'

We need not, however, go back to former periods of history to see the self-evidence of the proposition that ships, like any other pieces of machinery, are valueless unless they are skilfully handled, and that the mere possession of big ships does

[1] Translation by Honourable Captain Plunkett, R.N., now Lord Dunsany.

not constitute naval power. The Ottoman fleet, as it lies at anchor off the Golden Horn, consists of magnificent ships, of almost equal nominal force to the British fleet lately in Besika Bay; yet who could have a doubt as to the result of a collision between the two squadrons? But it is unnecessary to go to the Turks for an illustration. At the time of the Franco-Prussian War, the Germans were possessors of the *Friedrich Wilhelm*, a far more powerful ship than any in the French navy, yet she made no sign; and we heard afterwards that her bottom was foul, that her screw was jammed, and that she could not be got into sea-going trim; on which Mr. Goschen concisely remarked, when First Lord of the Admiralty, in a speech at Bristol, that 'she was a mighty ship, but she did not belong to a mighty navy.' Prince Bismarck displayed his usual far-seeing wisdom in not making the transfer of some of the French fleet, for which he knew that he had no sailors, one of the terms of peace.

Of late, we are glad to find that there has been some improvement in respect of the amount of attention which is being paid to the internal economy and discipline of her Majesty's ships.

The loss of the *Vanguard* eighteen months ago is responsible for having first directed public attention to that subject known as 'Discipline and Command' in the 'Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions,' and every possible complaint on that head has been made subsequently by the press against the navy. Our ships are ill commanded, ill disciplined, and recklessly navigated. Naval officers are ignorant, unseamanlike, unskilful, while the men can indeed still swear and chew tobacco, but they have lost all the good qualities of the seamen of the old school. One paper is filled with a 'lively despair' at the state of the navy, another has found out that a species of 'softening of the brain' has infected all naval officers; yet in the House of Commons at least the old jealous feeling against the supposed arbitrary conduct of officers in command has not entirely passed away, for we find last year an honourable member anxious to get a report of the punishments in the navy, which he supposed to be excessive, while a former Secretary of the Admiralty did not think it beneath him to protest against 'the rough and hectoring tone still too common in the navy.' The attacks upon the efficiency of the *personnel* of the navy may be divided into two different and in many respects contradictory charges; for while one party, in which we may include the *Saturday Review*, *Punch*, Admiral Rous, and a goodly muster of retired naval officers of the old school, believe that the service is 'going to the dogs,' from want of practical seamanship and too great devotion to scientific attainments, while discipline is hopelessly lax; the other, of which we may take Mr. E. J. Reed as the spokesman, is never tired of pointing out that 'every ship is a new and complex puzzle,' which our present officers and men are incapable of controlling, and while practical seamanship is viewed as an entirely secondary matter, and discipline is ignored, the functions of the engineers and mechanics are unduly exalted.

Let us take the first and more general charge of the decay of seamanship and discipline.

The facts are rather assumed than proved; the loss of the *Vanguard*, the loss of the *Captain*, the grounding of the *Agincourt*, the accident to the *Iron Duke*, the narrow escape of the *Tenedos*,[2] are

[2] The *Saturday Review*, in its recent summary of the year 1876, complaining that the navy 'has never been so badly managed within living memory,' speaks of the *wanton*

triumphantly appealed to as unanswerable arguments. Of course it is tacitly assumed that such misfortunes never occurred formerly. It is true that we have but indifferent records, yet it is not difficult to prove that many more accidents happened in former days to our ships than occur now.

We will first mention a few of those best known, none of which were due to difficulties of navigation or the natural inferiority of sailing to steam ships.

Take, for instance, the capsizing of the *Royal George* at Spithead in 1782, as well described in Cowper's popular ode—

> A land breeze shook the shrouds,
> And she was overset;

and there is no doubt that her loss is to be attributed to some negligence and carelessness. Yet she was a 'first rate,' and bore the flag of the 'brave Kempenfelt.' Then we have the destruction by fire of another first-rate, the *Boyne*, the intended flagship of Sir John Jervis in 1795, also at Spithead, and five years later we have the destruction of Lord Keith's flagship the *Queen Charlotte*, in the Mediterranean, by fire. In a letter written by the late Admiral Sir W. Parker in 1794, just published in the life of that officer by Rear Admiral Phillimore, we have a description of the narrow escape of the *Africa* flagship in the West Indies, exhibiting, as the Admiral remarks, 'a curious instance of lack of discipline; barrels of gunpowder, and matches with their ends dipped in powder, all left loose in the gunner's store-room in the flagship of the commander-in-chief;' by which it would appear that some at least of these fires were caused by carelessness.

It would be tedious to refer at any length to the losses which have occurred through shipwreck or foundering among the large ships of our own or of foreign navies, but as there seems to be confirmed ignorance on these points, we are tempted to touch on a few remarkable cases. In Hawke's action with the French fleet off Quiberon in 1759, two of the French line-of-battle ships capsized from attempting to open their lower deck ports, while a study of the history of Sir John Jervis's Mediterranean squadron in the winter of 1796–97 will convince any impartial person of the fact that 'a succession of untoward accidents,' as Jurien de la Gravière called them, are not confined to our own time. Sir John Jervis, who may well be claimed as one of the finest seamen and disciplinarians the British navy has ever boasted, had the misfortune in that winter, when he was expected to make head against Franco-Spanish fleets of more than double his own force, to lose the *Courageux*, 74, and the *Bombay Castle*, 74, both wrecked, while the *Gibraltar*, another line-of-battle ship, grounded on the Pearl Rock, so well known as the scene of the *Agincourt's* misfortune, and had to be sent to England for repairs. Another ship got badly damaged by touching the ground near Tangiers, and the *St. George*, 98, narrowly escaped being wrecked off Lisbon, and had to cut away her masts. Thus there remained only ten ships of this fleet of fifteen sail of the line, yet we do not hear

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loss of the *Tenedos* and *Windsor Castle*. The facts being that the *Tenedos* was not lost, and did not even touch the ground, while the *Windsor Castle* was a merchant steamer. In another article the loss of the transport *St. Lawrence* is alluded to, and it is explained that though she was not a man-of-war, she was commanded by a naval officer, which is, however, an entire mistake, arising probably from her captain writing R.N.R., signifying Royal Naval Reserve, after his name. Admiral Rous, in one of his letters to the *Times*, alludes to the *Hercules* and the *Gladiator*; from the context we presume that he wished to refer to the *Goliath* training-ship and the *Glatton*. These instances show the extremely loose way in which it is customary to refer to the navy.

of any outcry against the gallant Admiral, who shortly afterwards, with his fleet strengthened by five sail of the line, was to win the glorious victory of February 14, 1797.

If we turn from particulars to generalities, we shall find that our average total loss is now rather under one-half per cent. per annum in the navy, while in the war of 1776–82, according to *Allen's History of the British Navy*, we lost by accident no less than ninety-three ships, giving an average of some 5 per cent. yearly. In 1808, 1809, and 1810, during the heat of the revolutionary war, notwithstanding the 'marvellous efficiency' of our ships according to Admiral Phillimore, the losses, according to *James's Naval History*, amounted to 38, 34, and 31 ships respectively, giving an average total loss of 4·5 per cent. for the three years on the number of ships employed, while no less than 227 vessels of all sizes were lost to the navy during the war from 1793 to 1815 according to Allen, not including those captured or destroyed by the enemy.

We have, perhaps, dwelt too long on the fact that accidents will happen, but it is at least clear that any argument founded on the remarkable immunity from misfortune of our ships in former periods, will not stand the test of history, and we think that we have proved that Her Majesty's ships are now, owing to better instruments, better charts, and the superior education of officers, better navigated than they were, even making every allowance for the advantage of steam power.

It may, however, be admitted that the ships are as well navigated, but at the same time asserted that the discipline is inferior to that of former times, and here we are met with the difficulty that we do not know to what former periods it is proposed to refer. There is no doubt a very prevalent, although we believe a mistaken opinion, among old naval officers, that discipline is not kept up as strictly as formerly, and they will attribute it to a long peace, and the removal of much of the captain's former arbitrary power.

We are not among those who believe that the discipline of the navy is as perfect as it should be, but we should much like to know when naval discipline reached any point of perfection. From the celebrated courts martial which have from time to time taken place, this perfection was not certainly attained among the superior officers. Without more than an allusion to the case of Benbow's captains who so shamefully deserted their Admiral, we have the courts martial on Admirals Matthews and Lestock in 1745; on Keppel and Palliser in 1778; on Lord Howe's captains after the June 1 victory; on Admiral Cornwallis for disobedience of the Admiralty orders in 1796; and that on Lord Gambier and Admiral Harvey in 1809, to show the jealousies, the bickerings, and the want of discipline, as a more critical age would view it, which then prevailed; while we have a graphic example of this given in the *Life of Admiral Sir William Parker*, before referred to. It appears that when Captain Parker commanded the *Amazon*, he was sent by Lord Nelson to Lisbon with special orders to avoid Sir John Orde, his lordship's senior officer; this he endeavoured to do, but he could not escape the vigilance of Sir William Hoste, who commanded one of Sir J. Orde's look-out frigates. In these days such a *rencontre* would be fatal, but in 1805 a captain looked upon his allegiance as due specially to certain high officers under whom he had served, rather than to the Admiralty, much as in '45 a Cameron looked to Lochiel more than to Charles Edward. So his biographer

relates that Parker took Hosto into his cabin, and said,

> I believe you owe all your advancement in the service to my uncle Lord St. Vincent, and to Lord Nelson. . . I must go on . . . Do you not think that it would be better if you were not to meet the *Amazon* to-night?

the result of which was that the *Amazon* was not further interfered with.

The above we think are proofs of great irregularity in conduct from a disciplinarian point of view; but we do not wish to deny that some ships commanded by able and judicious officers were very perfect machines in those days, when a captain had almost unlimited power over both officers and men. This had its advantages when entrusted to good hands, and we can quite believe that in the nine years of active service and constant cruising which Parker had in the *Amazon*, that ship was able to 'go anywhere and do anything,' with but little friction; but when such a man as the unfortunate Captain Pigott of the *Hermione* was in command, this arbitrary power was abused to an extent of which the modern navy has happily no experience, and the wretchedness and misery of those on board was only equalled by their disaffection. That a terrible mutiny followed is not to be wondered at, and even towards the end of the war we hear of one of our frigates being taken because the men refused to load their guns with the shot which a 'tartar' captain had forced them to polish. Such are and always must be the results of despotic power.

The mutinies at Spithead and the Nore in 1797 will long be remembered as the most serious danger to which this country has ever been exposed, and we propose to give a sketch of what occurred in one of the ships of the latter fleet, as related by Captain Brenton, then serving on board the *Agamemnon*, commanded by Captain Fancourt, which shows how curiously irregular discipline was at that period, and how much depended upon the personal character and influence of the captain. Brenton relates how all the ships deserted the brave Duncan one after another, and tells his own story as follows:

> On board the *Agamemnon* little suspicion was entertained of an intention to mutiny, till the people had dined, when they were called by the boatswain's mate; but none appearing, a petty officer came, and gave information that the ship's company had retreated to the forepart of the lower deck, and refused to come up. I was at that time officer of the watch and fourth lieutenant. I acquainted the captain, who desired me to accompany him down to speak to them. We went forward on the lower deck, and found the men had made a barricade of hammocks from one side of the ship to the other, just before the fore-hatchway, and had left an embrasure on each side, through which they had pointed two 24-pounders; these they had loaded, and threatened to fire in case of resistance on the part of the officers. The captain spoke to them, but being treated with much contempt, returned to the quarterdeck. Shortly after this, the men took charge, and the ship was wore towards Yarmouth, while the captain quietly went to his dinner, leaving me (says Brenton) in charge of the deck, though without the smallest authority, if such an anomaly can be conceived. At half-past 3, Axle, the master-at-arms, came to me and said, 'Mr. Brenton, you have given the ship away; the best part of the men and all the marines are in your favour.'

Brenton reported this to the captain, adding his 'firm conviction' that the master-at-arms was right, and advising immediate measures to retake the ship and join the Admiral. Captain Fancourt, however, refused to do anything, showing great weakness and indecision, and for some weeks the *Agamemnon* was in the possession of the mutineers. Brenton speaks of his captain as 'stamping and raving, declaring he had not an officer to support him,' yet being afraid to adopt energetic measures, finally carried out without his sanction by the officers. When the mutiny was over, and 'when some unhappy men had fallen victims to a little want of firmness on the part of their superiors,' we

find him telling the ship's company that 'himself and his officers were all equally culpable for not having suppressed the mutiny by force.'

The responsibility of a captain in such times was indeed great, and well might Lord St. Vincent say, in writing to Earl Spencer, the First Lord of the Admiralty: 'Very few men are qualified to command a line-of-battle ship; more than one captain who has distinguished himself in command of a frigate has proved himself perfectly incapable of governing six or seven hundred men such as compose our present crews;' and though the quality and training of our men is now infinitely improved, the remark will not be entirely inapplicable to the present day, when we consider the great variety of classes and ratings of which a modern ship's crew is composed.

If we turn to fiction, we shall, by comparing Smollett and Marryat, see clearly the changes and improvements which took place in the navy between 1740 and the early part of the present century. In Commodore Trunnion we have a sketch, though no doubt an exaggerated one, of what a distinguished naval officer could be rather more than a century ago, and in Roderick Random's doctor's mate's experiences we are directly informed of the manners and customs on board ship in those times. Though some of the scenes are droll enough, the coarseness, vulgarity, and cruelty is simply revolting, and go far to justify Dr. Johnson's famous definition of a ship as 'a prison with the chance of being drowned.' A captain says that he will have no more sick in his ship, and flogs all those on the 'doctor's list' for shamming, several deaths being the natural result! Another captain is an exquisite, who is redolent of musk, shuts himself up in his cabin, and faints at the smell of tobacco. Such were the attempts at discipline which the capricious tyranny of naval service rendered possible in those days. In Marryat, on the other hand, we can be amused without being disgusted, yet his charming sketches of life on board ship would be impossible in the present day, with more regularly defined ideas on the subject of discipline. Peter Simple goes down to Portsmouth to join his first ship, a crack frigate, commanded by a Captain Savage, who is represented to us as a good officer and a sound disciplinarian, and we find him given over to the tender mercies of a drunken old 'master's mate,' who has his wife living on board, described to Peter as 'a charming woman' by her husband, but whose antecedents will not bear looking into. The 'charming woman' and her husband get drunk and fight with each other, to the amusement of the sentries and midshipmen, swindle Peter out of his money, and having gone a trifle too far are turned out of the ship off hand by Captain Savage.

Were we ourselves to name any period at which the navy was as near perfection as possible, we should name that before Trafalgar, when the spirit of Nelson animated the officers and men formed in the school of Jervis. Nelson's fleet off Toulon kept the sea for twenty-one months, with scarcely a man sick and without any damage to the ships, while Villeneuve complains that his crews '*n'étaient pas exercés aux tempêtes*,' and that whenever he went to sea he lost spars by *maladresse* and inexperience.

Yet those who believe that there were no complaints at that time of bad discipline are entirely mistaken. The scenes of 'profligacy and debauchery' on board the hulks in the home ports were notorious, and in a letter written by Lord St. Vincent in 1806 to the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville, speaking of Mr. Fulton's 'infernal invention,' one of the first attempts at a floating torpedo, he says: 'At this moment, three o'clock in the morning, I very much doubt if there is an officer on deck in any of H.M.'s ships at Spithead,

Cawsand Bay, in the Downs, Yarmouth Roads, or at the Nore;' while the French ships he believed to be much more vigilant.

When this was the case in the year following Trafalgar, we cannot have much belief in the soundness of the discipline throughout the navy, even at that time, though it was probably far better in the Mediterranean and on foreign stations generally than in the home squadrons. We touch here, however, one of the great causes of weakness in discipline from which the navy has always suffered in times past, and is even now suffering, which demand a few words of explanation.

The navy was then, and still is, in some measure, little better than a militia. The men were pressed or raised for the commission, and the systematic organisation on which a sound discipline depends was quite impossible. An Admiral had indeed a goodly amount of patronage and influence on foreign stations, though he seldom interfered much with a captain's virtual freehold, the interior economy of his ship, but in a home post an Admiral's influence was scarcely felt, while a captain had little power, and sometimes cared less what occurred when his ship was hulked, fitting out, or paying off. All could be made up he thought when 'in blue water,' but the riot and license which usually accompanied fitting out or refitting were sure to leave their mark behind, and were the fruitful parents of much subsequent bad conduct.

In dealing with the discipline and navigation of our men-of-war in former periods, we have naturally trenched on the ground of 'seamanship' proper, to which we will now devote but few words. The first difficulty which presents itself is—What is this seamanship which we are so often told is in the present day absent in our ships, where it used to be so triumphantly conspicuous? Admiral Rous speaks of 'the kettle' as having emasculated seamanship, and he recommends officers being sent to sea in small sailing frigates to learn it. There is no harm in this, but surely the seamanship of the present day does not consist solely or chiefly in being able to handle a small sailing ship under sail. The seamanship of Nelson's day consisted in the art of keeping the sea in all weathers with the ships then existing, and managing them skilfully; and if this is a fair definition of seamanship, it holds good now for our ironclads. But it follows that much of the attention which was formerly given by a good sailor to his masts and sails must, now that the principal motive power has changed, be given to the state of his engines and boilers. He must learn, too, by practical experience at sea, how to handle enormous masses of machinery weighing 10,000 to 12,000 tons at high speeds, his steering gear being moved by steam power or hydraulic pressure, and these things are not to be learnt by mere sailing-ship experience. Seamanship, therefore, has changed, as it always must do with every change in the construction or the motive power of our ships, though the qualities which underlie the seamanship of any period of history must remain the same.

The naval officer of the present day has to devote himself to many subjects besides old school seamanship, and it is fortunate for him that much which was formerly essential in that respect is now obsolete. It is difficult indeed to know exactly what was required of sailors some 100 years ago, and one is lost in astonishment at the extreme tenderness both of the ships and spars, which even the most careful handling could scarcely make capable of standing an ordinary gale of wind; and we may allow that the qualifications of a good sailor of those days must have been invaluable, but assuredly many of them are

fortunately unnecessary even in our full-rigged ships, thanks to better spars and better rigging and better fittings generally. We commend a perusal of Mr. Walter's original account of Anson's voyage round the world, published in 1748, to any who may have a doubt on this point; at all events he will find it there gravely related how Don Joseph Pizarro's flagship, the *Asia*, in her second attempt to round the Horn in pursuit of Anson, 'through some misconduct of the officer of the watch, rolled away her masts,' and this is stated to have occurred in 'very moderate weather.' Nor do the masts of the English ships appear to have possessed any great advantage in point of security over those of the Spaniards, but it will hardly be held that it would be one of the ordinary duties of the officer of the watch in one of Her Majesty's ships in the present day to prevent the masts rolling overboard in moderate weather.

We believe, then, that the cry of want of seamanship now arises rather from a misconception as to the right meaning of the term among those who have raised it than from any other cause.

We have left to the last the charge made against the navy by Mr. Reed, as being certainly more true than any of the others, though we believe that much is now doing to rectify it.

It is, however, unquestionable that the ships have changed more rapidly than the *personnel*, especially the higher ranks of officers, have been able to follow. Each ironclad is truly a 'complex puzzle,' yet it is still possible to place in command of her an officer who, by seniority and service, is indeed entitled to an appointment, and who has all the qualifications of a sound disciplinarian, and of a good seaman of the old school; yet he will candidly confess that he is quite ignorant of steam, although his ship is to be moved by steam, to be ventilated by steam, to be fought by steam. Who can wonder that such a man is nervous under a responsibility to which he must feel that he is unequal. It would be unfair not to allow that many of our captains are fully equal to their responsibilities, and that they have kept up with the times by studying at the Naval Colleges at Portsmouth or Greenwich, and attending torpedo or gunnery classes at Portsmouth; but many who would be our best officers are married men with but small private means, and they cannot afford to move to Portsmouth or to the vicinity of London in order to study these important subjects during their half-pay time. As a post-captain's half-pay ranges from 228*l.* to 301*l.* a year, it will be well understood that many of these men are buried in some out-of-the-way part of the country where they seldom even see a paper, yet after some five or six years of half-pay they are called upon to go to sea, probably to command a small vessel on a distant station, after which apprenticeship, and another year on half-pay, they may be entrusted with machines costing nearly half a million sterling. That this ensures efficiency can scarcely be seriously argued, yet it is the natural outcome of the half-pay system which only exists in the navy of England, and which foreign navies have been much too wise to adopt, which looks upon the navy rather as a militia to be called out when wanted, than as a regular standing service.

We cannot blame the Admiralty for not having entirely altered this state of things. Such a reform as is required would cost money, and it would scarcely be popular, as there would always be many to urge the old conservative fallacy, that we have got on very well hitherto on this system under which our naval successes have been gained. Something has of late been done to palliate the evil. Lists have been reduced so as to become

more really effective, and but for the well-meant pressure of the service and the naval Press, who are always urging the claims of seniority and long service as in themselves sufficient qualifications for commands, we believe that more would be done in the way of selection of those most fit for command by the Admiralty. We believe that it would be possible and advisable to make it imperative on all junior captains, before they are eligible for employment in that rank, to pass through a practical course of steam and shipbuilding at Greenwich, and one of gunnery and torpedo instruction at Portsmouth. That an officer had not passed in such a course would, at least, be a sufficient answer to any pressure in his favour. They should, of course, receive full pay whilst so qualifying. This is the true remedy to be at present applied for an undoubted evil, but it will naturally be objected that to subject officers of mature age to examinations would be hard upon the individuals, and but an indifferent test of the higher qualifications required. We would accordingly devote a few words to this subject.

In the Admiralty efforts for the 'higher education of naval officers,' to secure which the College at Greenwich was established by Mr. Goschen, they have chiefly devoted themselves to the juniors, the inducements offered being in inverse ratio to the rank of the officer studying, and at first sight it appears reasonable that they should have confined their attention mainly to the rising generation. But it should not be forgotten that in every profession, and more especially in such a profession as the navy, where young officers traditionally look almost superstitiously to their seniors for example, young men will be apt to consider knowledge useless which is declared to be unimportant to their superiors. We regret that steam is no longer, as it once was, included in the 'seamanship' examination for lieutenants: it is, as we have endeavoured to show, an important part of modern seamanship, and to divorce it from the practical teaching and relegate its study to the schoolroom, is not only likely to convey a false impression of its practical value to the juniors, but as the seamanship examination is conducted *vivâ voce* before three post-captains, it takes away the inducements which they formerly had to keep up and improve their knowledge of steam for purposes of examination. We think, therefore, that it is essential to take some steps towards at once insisting on a competent knowledge being shown by the seniors of the technical subjects involved in the new and modern elements of seamanship and gunnery.

It would also be advisable to improve the pay and position of the chief engineers and other officers of that branch of the service, but we would urge strongly, at the same time, that the advancement of these officers should be regulated more by merit and less by seniority than at present. Most of our chief engineers are not equal to their responsibilities in the larger ships, where they have charge of, perhaps, over thirty steam-engines, besides pumps, double bottoms, water-tight doors, &c. Yet at a mature age, after serving on a distant station in a wooden ship, perhaps usually under sail, they are suddenly expected to be able to control efficiently the newest, the most expensive and complicated machinery. The simple remedy is to select the best men, and pay them well, without which an extra shower of gold lace and a general distribution of higher incomes would do more harm than good. We have been often obliged to make use of the word responsibility, and some words as to responsibility as it exists in the navy may not be amiss. The chain of responsibility from the lower

grades to the captain, admiral, and admiralty, appears to be viewed by public writers as much more direct than it is. Even the First Lord is probably not responsible for the appointment of the majority of the admirals and captains who are employed during his period of office, yet it can be scarcely maintained that it is his duty to exercise his individual judgment as to the appointments made by his predecessor on his taking up the reins at Whitehall. Admirals, again, have no voice in the appointment of any of the officers commanding ships in the fleet, with the single exception of the flag-captain, while captains are no longer able to discharge officers and men at their pleasure as they were formerly, and frequently, from causes to which we will allude more fully, captains are forced to put up with men whom they may consider, or who may have even proved themselves to be, flagrantly inefficient or untrustworthy. The discipline of the service has been, in short, to some extent sacrificed to justice to individuals and their security against arbitrary conduct on the part of their superiors. We may doubt whether the service suffers from this cause in the long run, but it assuredly makes the responsibility of the admirals and captains less direct than it was fifty years ago.

Yet, in an article in the *Times* on the loss of the *Vanguard*, we are asked the question, 'Why do we hold a captain responsible for his ship?' and the answer is, 'because it is the captain's duty to see that tasks are performed by efficient members of his crew, and to supersede, if necessary, the inefficient.' In theory, officers do accept this responsibility; but in practice it will be admitted that a large margin must be allowed for the conduct of inferior men such as must exist in any service, but who cannot be got rid of by the mere wave of a conjuror's wand in the hands of an admiral or captain. One point remains to be considered—of the first practical importance. No officer can feel thoroughly confident of the efficiency of machinery unless he is allowed to test it to its full power frequently; yet, in Her Majesty's ships, the economical restrictions on fast steaming are absolutely prohibitive of any such trial except once in six months; and, just as our ships were found to have fallen off in gunnery during the American War, owing to the insufficient amount of ammunition then allowed to be expended for practice, so, in time of need, it may now be found that our ships cannot steam efficiently at full speed owing to the inexperience of our engineers and stokers.

We have now dealt somewhat fully with the charges against the navy; and, while we have shown the groundlessness of some of the accusations which have been so roundly made, we have admitted that others have some foundation, and we have proposed some remedies.

The *personnel* of the navy has not received that consideration which it requires, and the officers are suffering from the vicious system of half-pay and insufficient employment—diseases which have, it is true, always existed in the navy, but which are doubly dangerous now that our ships, guns, and engines change so rapidly.

We should be glad to see naval officers below flag-rank always on full pay, and we believe this to be possible, allowing for a certain number on leave 'waiting orders' when desirous of being absent on the Continent or of taking other employment for a limited time, nor would the expense be out of proportion to the advantages gained; but we have no space for such a technical subject as the more frequent employment of officers. Mr. Childers, when First Lord of the Admiralty, described the want of employment of officers as the 'first

and greatest' of the evils under which the navy was suffering, and he endeavoured to remedy it, but want of money marred his well-meant efforts.

The political constitution of the Board of Admiralty is largely responsible for some points of discipline being left unsettled for long periods, while it is certainly not favourable to any important change regarding the *personnel* involving an increased expenditure. The civilian element in the Admiralty is strong, and the First Sea Lord who has departmental charge of these matters holds but an uncertain tenure of office and has no power over the purse-strings. The discipline of the army is undoubtedly more systematically attended to under his Royal Highness as Commander-in-Chief.

In making the above remarks it has been impossible to avoid touching on the governing body of the navy, although we are of course aware that it is the custom to justify it on other grounds than those with which we are now dealing. As a rule, the stronger the Government and the more secure the tenure by which the Board of Admiralty hold office, the more is effected for the permanent interests of the navy. The present Board has been roundly abused, yet Mr. Ward Hunt is, in the profession at least, more popular than any of his predecessors since the Duke of Somerset, principally from his firmness in acting on his own judgment instead of giving way to outside pressure, while the Sea Lords are acknowledged to have been selected from the most capable officers of the service. Yet without reference to individual boards, how halting and ineffectual has been their management of the navy in various points intimately affecting its discipline!

In the Admiralty dealing with the navigating branch we have an instance of the hesitating way in which changes in the *personnel* are effected. After many committees' reports on the subject, the Duke of Somerset decided to let them die out as a separate class, but Mr. Corry, when First Lord, reversed this decision and made fresh entries, while Mr. Hunt has decreed the final amalgamation and abolition of the navigating officers as a distinct branch.

Let us take again the entry and instruction of naval cadets. Each fresh Board of Admiralty has made new regulations on the subject. Mr. Childers introduced competition, Mr. Hunt abolished it, while scarcely anyone can say off hand what are the present rules on the subject of nomination, ages of entry, &c. Ten years ago, sea-going training ships for cadets, such as are adopted in all foreign navies, were established, and much was expected of them, at least the Admiralty of the day gave six months' extra 'sea-time' in addition to that actually served to the fortunate youths who did well in them; yet a few years later we find these training ships dying a natural death! Perhaps it will be thought that they were unsuccessful; not at all: at least, the only reason given was that the ships were worn out, and that no others were available. Here was a case where the highest interests of the service were sacrificed to a small question of expenditure.

Then we have the Cadets' College, which an Admiralty committee reported unanimously as superior to the *Britannia* for the education of young officers. The report was dated October 6, 1874, yet it appears that, owing to the difficulties of selecting a site which should please all the Government supporters in the House, the establishment of the college is indefinitely delayed, and we can scarcely expect a First Lord to insist on moving an unpopular vote. Were half the attention now paid to the *matériel* of the navy in the House of Com-

mons devoted to the *personnel*, this would not be the case.

But we take leave of the officers and turn to the men, and here we find that great improvement has taken place in discipline since the introduction of the continuous service and boy entry systems. The establishment of the gunnery schools at Portsmouth and Plymouth must not be overlooked, as from the number and character of the men passing through the *Excellent* and *Cambridge*, they have great influence on the service generally. Yet, being mainly drill ships, discipline has not been made the first point with them, and some 'sea-lawyer' and 'long shore' ways, with which the Admiralty are, we are glad to see, attempting to deal, have been introduced with the increased knowledge to which our valuable seamen gunners have attained. The time has arrived that all our seamen should be gunners and pass through the gunnery ships.

We have now a standing navy of continuous service men, most of whom have been brought up in the service, and they are, as a rule, contented and happy. The 'Naval Discipline Act 1866' is no longer written in blood as the old 'Articles of War' were, but a reasonable code; and the 'minor punishments,' inflicted by authority of the captain, are all regulated by the Admiralty.

A captain has still large discretionary power, and requires firmness and judgment to maintain discipline, but he is no longer an arbitrary tyrant, and on all ordinary occasions at least his powers are quite sufficiently extensive. Returns from each ship of every punishment inflicted are transmitted quarterly to the Admiral, and through him to the Admiralty, so that any excess or defect can be remedied. One result of this is, that though perhaps a captain finds his hands tied on special occasions, while his monthly and quarterly returns involve considerable clerical labour, the discipline of ships has become far more uniform, and seamen can feel some security that the system pursued on board one ship will not differ materially from that in another. We have learnt at last that discipline does not depend upon the severity, but rather on the certainty of punishments.

There is, however, one point of discipline in which the navy lamentably fails. Discipline, said Captain J. C. Wilson, R.N., in a lecture at the United Service Institution, two years ago, 'can only be arrived at by attention to innumerable small details . . . which, afloat, the exigencies of a ship life do not allow of.' He then compares the discipline of the navy unfavourably with that of the marines, and explains that moral conduct and good discipline, although often confounded and intermixed in a 'Punishment return,' are very different things. In the navy the moral conduct of our men is superior to their discipline. In the marines the reverse is the case.

This then is a want, felt in all sea-going men-of-war, and which cannot be entirely remedied on board ship; but the complaint, if it exists in a mild form there, becomes malignant enough in the receiving ships in the home ports, where men discharged from a ship paid off, or worse, boys fresh from our admirable training ships, are hulked, with no attempt at selection and no possibility of drill. They are employed in a little boat duty and in sparing the dockyard horses, and after six months or a year spent in unlearning all that their previous professional career had taught them, they go to sea to improve their morals and recommence their professional education.

That the demoralisation under such circumstances is inevitable among the younger men is proved by the fact that it exists in spite of the exertions of the captains of these ships, who are generally flag-

captains to the Port Admiral, a combination of duties which is attributable to an unwise economy.[3]

The remedy is simple, although at first sight expensive. It consists in the construction of naval barracks at each of our larger seaports, where our seamen could find a home, and where gunnery drills could be carried on, but above all where discipline could be strictly enforced, so that our men could walk on board ship fully trained and disciplined. These barracks should be contiguous to, but not in a dockyard, and of course the men should be employed as requisite in seamen's duties, but their drill and discipline should be made the first objects.

The question of naval barracks is one which distinctly shows how questions of discipline in which the whole well-being of the navy is concerned are shelved. There is, we believe, but one opinion as to their desirability, and, but for the expense, every Board of Admiralty for the last twenty years would have erected them; yet, not only would they add to the efficiency of the service, but they would be extremely popular with the men and materially increase their comfort. Captain Wilson, in another paper delivered last year at the United Service Institution, tells us that 'he takes it for granted that barracks will ere long be constructed,' as they are already recognised as an 'imperative necessity,' yet we shall be agreeably surprised if such a vote appears in the navy estimates for this year. Mr. T. Brassey, who is a conspicuous exception to the general rule in regard of carelessness in these matters in members of the House of Commons, in his recent work, *British Seamen*, quotes Mr. Shaw Lefevre as a strong advocate for barracks rather than receiving ships, his experience being that 'nothing was more expensive than a floating house.' Captain Wilson also believes that with the more thorough training possible in barracks 'the great difficulty in entering seamen direct from the merchant service would disappear,' and thus that fewer boys would require to be entered yearly to supply the navy with men.

On these two heads then, we might expect a considerable eventual saving, were barracks once erected, but in spite of their 'imperative necessity' we fear that the first cost will long be allowed to stop the way.

This we believe to be the real state of the case, but if more were wanted, we have the fact that the Admiralty did actually establish naval barracks at Sheerness more than twenty years ago, improvised out of an old meat-store, as an experiment. The building at first lacked every convenience, but it has gradually been improved, and though now far from what such a barrack ought to be, it has at least proved the success of the 'experiment.' The *Duncan*, an old line-of-battle ship, the flagship of the commander-in-chief at the Nore, lies moored close to the barracks, her captain being also captain of the barracks, and if we were ever logical in such matters it would be a pertinent question to ask in the House, why the men from the barracks are not transferred to the *Duncan*, or if the barracks have proved themselves so superior to a depôt ship at Sheerness, why they are not being built at Portsmouth and Plymouth?

We have before alluded to the scenes of riot and debauchery which took place in the home ports on

[3] Although we welcome the fitting out of the *Eurydice*, an old six-and-twenty sailing frigate, as a sea-going training ship for young seamen as a step in the right direction, it is wholly inadequate to meet the requirements of the service for salting our trained boys, while it can do little indeed towards remedying the evils we are now complaining of.

ships fitting out or paying off in former times. These fortunately no longer exist, but there is still a tendency to think that offences will then be passed over. For instance, a ship is paying off, and an officer or man misconducts himself. A captain may be good-natured, he may like his ship to escape the stigma of a court-martial on paying off, and neither he nor his clerks have much time to spare for all the formalities required, so he is inclined to pass over an offence which, under other circumstances, he would deal severely with; but it may happen that with a strict sense of duty he forwards charges to the commander-in-chief, who forwards them to the Admiralty to deal with. When the Admiralty consider them, the ship is on the point of paying off, the officers will be dispersed before the trial can take place, and it is allowed to drop through, discipline suffering terribly. It is not quite so bad while fitting out, but there is the same unavoidable hurry, and the same feeling on the part of the commanding officer. Some of this might be remedied by giving the Admirals at the home ports more power, but more would be done by marching the men straight into barracks on paying off, whence all junior officers and men should take their departure on leave as the marines now do. It has been suggested that some sort of battalion organisation for the navy would be possible with the institution of barracks, and it is certain that if seamen could be marched on board in divisions of 50, with their lieutenant, sub-lieutenants, and midshipmen attached, who would again land with them on paying off, an immense improvement in conduct and discipline would result.

We have then, we admit, our shortcomings in discipline as well as shortcomings in seamanship; yet on comparing the present with the past, when 'our bulwarks on the brine' won for the navy the enthusiastic admiration of the country, we have, we believe, made very satisfactory progress.

Our seamanship is good; our ships are well navigated; the discipline of our crews is satisfactory. Really 'smart ships' are not uncommon, while thoroughly 'slummy ships,' such as still existed here and there twenty or thirty years ago, are unknown to the present generation. The navy is not, as has been said, 'rotten to the core,' but, were it called upon, it would make its traditional answer, 'ready, aye ready,' as confidently and joyously as in the days of Nelson. And we believe that in the main such confidence would not prove unfounded. But in the criticism of the press and public, to which we have before alluded, there is a real danger, and one which might make our superior officers unequal to their responsibilities in time of need.

The cry is that of 'recklessness' in the management of our ships, and every possible accident is made the most of to prove its truth. This naturally much increases the responsibility of an Admiral or captain, and as the Admiralty are themselves violently attacked when an executive error is committed which they are entirely powerless to prevent, there is but one reply, in the injunction to use 'extreme caution.' We recollect, many years ago, an American man-of-war anchoring some miles away from the usual anchorage of a port in the Eastern seas, and the answer of the lieutenant who came on board to exchange the usual civilities, to the question as to the cause of his ship's anchoring so far out, was instructive. 'Sir,' said he, 'our captain's a man of few ideas, and that's one of them.'

Now, we do not want our officers to have this single idea of extreme caution, for it is essential that our ships should be skilfully and boldly, rather than timidly and cautiously navigated. Some risks must be

run, or efficiency cannot be expected. Steam evolutions at high speed are absolutely necessary for tactical efficiency, yet there is no doubt as to some danger accompanying them. Who can wonder if, in the present temper of the public, Admirals shrink from such an ordeal, and captains and officers grow up only accustomed to leisurely and cautious movements? Our officers cannot be expected to drive a coach and four skilfully, when they have only been accustomed to the more quiet and easy management of a one-horse 'shay.' And if this is the case in peace time, what are we to expect in time of war? Then, high speeds will be the rule; navigation will be rendered dangerous by the absence of buoys and lights on an enemy's coast, which will be lined with torpedoes.

Yet what will then be expected we know from Crimean experience. Officers trained in a school of caution and safety will be cowed by the bugbear of responsibility, and the nation will be astonished at the limited number who will be prepared at once to emancipate themselves from the false leading-strings in which it has become the fashion to hold them. Sir Charles Napier boasted that he had gone up the Baltic and come back again without losing a ship, and he was surprised at being received with a storm of derision on his return.

A naval attack is a charge of cavalry: generally irresistible if made at once, but delay it, and it will be easily frustrated. 'Something must be left to chance,' as Nelson said before Trafalgar; yet how few have the judicious boldness to seize an opportunity with the quickness required of naval heroes.

In Mr. Green's recent History we have Hawke's action off Quiberon described in the following stirring words: 'The sea was rolling high, and the coast where the French ships lay was so dangerous from the shoals and granite reefs, that the pilot remonstrated with the English admiral against his project of attack. "You have done your duty in this remonstrance," Hawke coolly replied; "now lay me alongside the French admiral." Two English ships were lost on the shoals, but the French fleet was ruined, and the disgrace of Byng's retreat wiped away.'

In another modern work, *Yonge's Naval History*, we have the same sentiments. He tells us how Hotham, in the Mediterranean, took two French line-of-battle ships, and in speaking to Nelson, then captain of the *Agamemnon*, said, 'We must be contented; we have done very well.' 'Now,' said Nelson, writing to his wife, 'had we taken ten sail, and allowed the eleventh to escape, when it had been possible to get at her, I could never have called it well done.' Even after Lord Bridport's action in 1795, when three French line-of-battle ships were taken, the same author tells us that the action must be reckoned as 'very discreditable to the commander-in-chief,' as it was discontinued while 'the land was still three miles off;' and he mentions this as another instance besides Hotham's of admirals 'proving irresolute and timid in posts of responsibility.' But we need not multiply instances. Under any circumstances we are likely to have more Hothams, Bridports, and Calders than Nelsons.

Nelson indignantly denied ever being rash; yet he pushed boldness to its extreme limit. At the Nile he left one line-of-battle ship grounded on a shoal; at Copenhagen he left two, while a third failed to fetch into action, yet a more cautious attack would probably have proved a failure.

It is instructive on this point to turn to the testimony of Admiral Jurieu de la Gravière, as to the effect of this boldness on the *morale*

of the French fleet at Aboukir, which we give in his own words. After complaining that Admiral Brueys had neglected to cause any look-out vessel to cruise outside, he adds, 'Ces deux nouvelles éclatent elles comme la foudre au milieu de la flotte surprise: L'ennemi est en vue! l'ennemi approche et se dirige vers la baie!' There are divided counsels. The boats are away watering, and although recalled, the state of the sea and the distance render it difficult for them to reach their ships, and Brueys nourishes the secret hope that he will not be attacked that night, and if the attack is put off till the following day he may yet escape. While there is confusion in the French fleet the English squadron shows no hesitation. 'On avait cru imposer à l'ennemi,' wrote Villeneuve to the Minister of Marine; 'mais il ne s'y est pas mépris, nous voir et nous attaquer a été l'affaire d'un moment.'

With the advantages gained by such an attack the battle was more than half won before a shot was fired, and the grounding of the *Culloden* subsequently became a mere inconvenient incident.

The importance of the navy to the very life of this country cannot be overrated. It is true that France, our ancient rival, has fallen from her high place among maritime nations, but if she is weaker, the Germans, the Russians, and the Italians have much strengthened their naval power. As a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for January says, with some pardonable exaggeration:—'L'importance de la marine, en dehors de toute autre cause, s'est accrue par le fait des changemens survenus dans l'assiette politique de l'Europe: il n'y avait en Europe que deux puissances maritimes, il y en a cinq aujourd'hui.'

History, if it has taught us anything, has shown that our naval victories were not won by the superior build or strength of our ships, but by the gallantry, the skill, and discipline of our crews, led by those naval heroes who knew how to do and dare. We yield to none in pride at the mechanical skill shown by this country, in our monster guns and our huge ironclads, but these alone, as Mr. Goschen said, cannot make a 'mighty navy.'

We conclude with an extract from the report of Captain S. B. Luce, U.S.N., on the 'Manning of the United States Navy and Mercantile Marine,' in which, after drawing a contrast very unfavourable to this country between the state of our ships and those of the French fleet at the outbreak of the Russian war, 'the English relying on their ancient prestige, having been content to continue customs which the advanced state of naval science had long before rendered ineffective,' while the French fleet, reorganised by the Prince de Joinville and the Emperor, had been brought to a 'state of perfection,' he says, in words which we trust many will lay to heart:—

'Money can always be raised by the State, and money will produce any number of craft, but money will not make sailors; gold will not make a disciplined crew, nor an experienced staff of officers; and of what use are ships without the soul to command and the ready hand to obey? To collect, form, and train these should be the first solicitude of a great maritime power, and it is the most important part of its task.'

E. R. F.

IMPERIAL DELHI AND THE ENGLISH RAJ.

'WHY was Delhi selected as the place to proclaim the Queen Empress of India?' By those who have been in India, and are familiar with its geography and history, this question would not be asked; but to many who have only a confused notion of the dusky race and of the vast empire which they occupy—a country whose name suggests rajahs, elephants, curry and rice, turbans, tom-toms, bad livers, brandy-pani, Juggurnath, horrible idolatry, mulligatawny, and a sphere for your son, nephew, or other relation to get an appointment in, if he can pass his examination—to such persons a slight sketch of what Delhi has been might be instructive reading, and it will explain why the great ceremony on the first day of this year took place at that city.

There are many large and important cities in India, each with a history and celebrity of its own. Benares has often been described as the Mecca, or Jerusalem, of India, but its holiness belongs to the Brahminical mythology. It is a city of temples, and it educates pundits, who are learned in the Vedas and the Shastras. It might be compared with Oxford, but it would be the Oxford which existed before the Reformation; yet the condition of Oxford at that period would scarce convey an idea of how young men study the profundities of Vedic philosophy in the sacred city of Maha Deo. Benares suggests no thoughts of power or government; Delhi, in contradistinction to it, has been called the 'Rome of Hindostan.' While Benares has been the religious capital, Delhi has been the political metropolis of India. It has still around its name all the halo of greatness and power. Calcutta is now the real centre of government, but it is only a place of yesterday. If the shrine at Kali Ghat, which gives Calcutta its name, be excepted, the place was unheard of except as a village till it was occupied by the East India Company in 1690, and its growth into size and importance was later still. Delhi is associated with the splendours of the Moghul Court and of the emperors who reigned supreme over India.

There is no other city in that country which is associated historically with the 'Paramount Power,' as we now express it. Buddha may have been a Chakravarta Raja, but he never ruled India. The great empire which Alexander found in India under Chandragupta, and which was extended by his grandson Asoka, must have embraced nearly all that is understood now by the phrase 'from Comorin to the Himalayas.' The *lats* which Asoka put up, and the rock inscriptions on such widely-extended points as Peshawer, the Doon, Cuttack, and Gujerat, fully attest the truth of the supposition. But knowledge of this is confined to pundits and students of Indian archæology; it has no place in the minds of the two hundred millions of the present day. Oojain may have become great as Palibothra—modern Patna—the capital of Chandragupta, waned. Kanouje may have succeeded to the greatness, but that is all too far back in the past; it is lost to the popular mind. Delhi eclipsed whatever glory or renown any of these places possessed, and retained it for about six centuries, when it fell, by right of conquest or commerce; for the 'Company Sahib Bahadoor' was an association of merchants, and

the extension of trade made them conquerors. The implied vassalage of the East India Company to the Emperor of Delhi existed down to 1827, when it ceased during the Governor-Generalship of Lord Amherst; hence the existence of a Badshah on the *guddi*, or throne, at Delhi is still within the memory of the living. The prestige of this great power is not yet forgotten; the remembrance still lives over the length and breadth of Hindostan.

In the six centuries during which Delhi was the capital of the Mahommedan power in Hindostan that city was the theatre of many historical events; and as these events were many of them connected with the possession of the supreme rule, some reference to a few of them will be of value as bearing on the last historical event which has taken place there, when her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India.

Mahmoud of Ghuznee, who is celebrated as having looted the great shrine of Puttun Somnath, whose sandal-wood gates he carried off, and which Lord Ellenborough erroneously supposed he brought back with the avenging army from Cabool, did not remain to occupy any place in India. He was the first to begin the Mahommedan invasion of that country, and is thus far deserving of notice. It was at the end of the twelfth or early in the thirteenth century that Kuttub-ud-din took Delhi by siege. Kanouje was at that date a city of great size, and it seems at the moment to have been of much more importance than Delhi. Only some bits of crumbling ruins now remain to mark its site. It also fell before the arms of Kuttub. Although he extended his conquests as far south as Benares, and even beyond that, yet he retained Delhi as the capital. He began the splendid series of buildings the ruins of which, yet remaining, give Delhi a celebrity among the cities of the world; and from these it derives an importance in the estimation of all who care for art and architecture independently of its political history. Every visitor to Delhi drives out to the 'Kuttub,' which name still preserves the memory of the first occupant of the Mahommedan throne. There he sees how the conquerors seized upon the principal Hindoo or Jain temple, and converted it into a musjed; how the followers of the Prophet sought to impress the idolators with a sense of their own inferiority by making the richly ornamented arches of the new building tower in pride over the old one, and Kuttub Minar was raised high in the air more as a column of victory than for calling the faithful to the house of prayer.

Long before Kuttub-ud-din had carried the Mahommedan conquest as far south as Delhi, Lahore had been taken; and this triumph had seemed so great, that it was declared that 'the sovereignty of India became extinct, and no descendant remained to light a fire on the hearth.' The conclusion one may draw from this is that the new comers were as yet 'griffs'—a term equivalent to 'freshmen,' and applied to all those who arrive for the first time in India—and had not yet acquired much knowledge of the country they had entered. Lahore, during the Mahommedan power in India, always occupied a very important position. Akbar lived there for some time. Jehangeer also had his Court there; and his tomb at Shahdera, on the Ravi, is visible from the walls of the city. The political importance of Lahore is recognised from its becoming the capital of the Punjab in the much later times of Runjeet Singh; but it never was the capital of any sovereign who had the right to call himself the Paramount Power in Hindostan.

The successors of Kuttub-ud-din are known as the Pathan dynasty,

and the only event necessary to record here as illustrative of the importance of Delhi was the effort made by Mohammed Toghluk to remove the capital to Dowlatabad, in the Deccan. India is a very large geographical space. To speak correctly, it is not one country, but a large agglomeration of nations. From the Himalayas to Cape Comorin there are many nationalities and distinct races of the human family. The climate and the faith differ as you travel from one point to another. It is doubtful if all these varieties of people were ever held in such peaceful rule as they are at this day. There were out-of-the-way corners and inaccessible places which could always snap their fingers at Delhi. This led to a proverbial expression. Delhi is very central so far as what we in our day call North-Western India is concerned, but it is not so if you look at a map and see such outlying points as Kattiawar, Travancore, and the eastern districts of Bengal. There were places even nearer than these which Delhi found it difficult to bring under and keep in subjection, and this independence, derived from distance, was expressed by saying, 'Dilhi bahut door hai'—that is, 'Delhi is very far away'—with the same significance as the Highland saying, 'It's a far cry to Lochawe.' This will explain the reasons which suggested the removal of the capital farther south. About two hundred miles north-east of Bombay, and within a few miles of the celebrated caves of Ellora, there is a very remarkable hill-fort. Its old Hindoo name of Deoghur still remains. It is a rock standing up with much resemblance to the Bass Rock or Ailsa Craig. The perpendicular scarp all round is natural, and about 150 feet high. No troops could by any possibility make an escalade; even Hunooman, with his army of agile monkeys, would have been bothered to find footing enough to climb the smooth sides of the scarp. The only entrance at the present day is through a passage excavated in the rock, and where this passage comes out above there is an iron grating to put over the opening, and a fire can be kindled on it, thus effectually stopping all chance of entrance to the fort by this means. In early days such a place was quite impregnable. The Mahommedans ultimately got possession of it, and probably it was its old reputation of impregnability which led Mohammed Toghluk to select it as the site of his new capital, which was built on the flat ground around the old rocky stronghold. The new city received the name of Dowlatabad, or the 'City of Wealth,' a title which was not prophetic, for it has long been deserted, and its walls, mosques, palaces, and streets are now in ruins, grass-grown, and without inhabitants. In carrying out his plan Toghluk ordered all the inhabitants of Delhi to remove to the new capital; and as the distance to flit with wives, children, and property was nearly 800 miles, the transfer was associated with great hardship and cruelty. Those who refused to move were put to death. So complete was the removal that the old metropolis is described as having been left as 'a resort for owls and a dwelling-place for the beasts of the field.' Ibn Batuta, the Mahommedan traveller of Tangier, was in Delhi about the year 1340, and he refers to this removal, and says that, owing to it, 'when I entered Delhi it was almost a desert.' And again he states, 'The consequence was that the greatest city in the world had the fewest inhabitants.' The order of the Emperor for all the inhabitants to remove was rigidly carried out, and this traveller tells of a man, blind and bed-ridden, who had not obeyed; he was tied to the leg of an elephant, and thus sent off to Dow-

latabad. He of course died on the road, and only a piece of one of his legs attached to the chain reached the new capital; this fragment was allowed to remain dangling after the elephant all the way till it entered the gates of the city, so as to literally fulfil the commands of Toghluk.

The effort to remove the capital permanently did not succeed. In about half a century afterwards we have Delhi again undergoing one of those trials which make it celebrated in history, and to which the capitals of great countries are liable even in our own day. In the short time just mentioned Delhi had been restored to all its former grandeur and importance. From Sherifuddin we learn that it was then composed of three cities, known as Inderput, or Old Delhi, Seiri, and Gehanpenah. Each of these places had walls of its own, but yet all were connected into one line of defence, the whole covering a vast space of ground. This of course is not the Delhi of our day, which did not then exist; now only the ruins remain at the Kuttub. The city had then, according to the author just quoted, from thirty to fifty gates; there was a splendid mosque, and an ancient palace said to be erected by a king known as Malek Jona, which was renowned as possessing the typical number of one thousand columns of marble. The place was celebrated for every luxury. Whatever Persia, Arabia, China, or the most distant climes could produce, or the most skilful workmen could elaborate, was to be found at that date in Delhi. Such was its condition when the victorious forces of the great Timur appeared before its walls. Resistance was impossible, and the Emperor had fled. Timur is said to have massacred 100,000 of his Hindoo prisoners; and, to escape the horrors of a siege, Delhi opened its gates and promised to pay a heavy ransom. The great Tartar standard was erected while Timur, seated on the 'throne of India,' rewarded the services of his princes and generals. Some resistance having been made to the exactions of his soldiers, the town was given up for three days to pillage and massacre. According to the historian of the time, who tells the story in the praise of Timur, never was such carnage seen; murdering, plundering, and burning went on during these three days, till that great and proud city was destroyed. Money, as well as gold and silver ornaments of all kinds, precious stones, diamonds, pearls, emeralds, rubies, and every form of luxurious wealth was carried off, but such was the profusion that the place was littered with what they could not take away.

This may be called the end of the Pathan power at Delhi, and with Baber began that of the Moghuls. This word is from *Mongol*, and although a bit of most doubtful ethnology, the term has survived to our day, and from it we have 'the Great Moghul,' by which distinctive appellation the Emperors of India are still known. From Timur's invasion to the date of Baber's sitting on the throne is more than a century; yet during that period Delhi never ceased to be the capital. With the reigns of Baber, Humayon, and Akbar comes the Augustan period of the Mahommedan domination. Under those emperors the power was extended to the utmost limits of India, and consolidated in a manner which it had never been before. To Akbar is given the glory of having been the greatest of all the Mahommedan sovereigns of Hindostan. Not only was he great in mind himself, but the highest point of power and splendour was reached while he ruled. Candahar, Cabool, and Cashmere on the north; Gujerat, the Deccan, and Bengal upon the west, south, and east, mark where his sway was

acknowledged. He divided the whole into twelve soobahs, and the Deccan was afterwards divided into three, and then into six. To each of these was appointed a soobahdar or governor, who combined the civil and military authority. Akbar was no fanatic Mahommedan; he attracted able men about him, making no difference whether they were followers of the Prophet or not; worshippers of Christ, Bramah, or Zoroaster were equally encouraged. Ruling such an extent of country, with so many divergences of faith, he made an effort to combine the essential doctrines of each creed, and by forming what has been described as an eclectic system, he tried to establish a religion which he thought might be acceptable to all. It was known as the Ilahi Tauhid, and with it was to be founded a new era; and it is said that coins were struck with the new system of dates upon them. Akbar manifested his width of ideas in one practical way, for he married Mahommedan, Hindoo, and Christian wives. The Roumie Begum Mahal at Futtehpoor Sikri, with the vine leaves and grapes among its delicate tracery—an exceptional feature in the art of the period—is pointed out to the visitor as the residence of the Christian lady. The Hindoo wife was a princess of the Rajpoot Rajahs of Jeypoor. Rajpoots had been conquered by Mahommedan emperors, but Akbar was the only one who ever conquered the heart of a Rajpootni, or at least conquered the well-known family pride of such an ancient house as that of Jeypoor, so that they permitted one of their daughters to become his wife.

Although Delhi was the nominal capital at this period, these emperors did not at all times reside there. Agra had become a favourite place, and it grew into importance under Akbar. Futtehpoor Sikri is more truly his monument than his tomb at Secundra. At Sikri he built a very grand new palace, and his name is associated more with it than with Agra or Delhi. The place turned out unhealthy, and but for this it might have grown into a city and become the capital of Hindostan—if, in addition to this, Akbar's new religion had succeeded. Futtehpoor Sikri might not only have been a great metropolis, but it might have also become a second Mecca. Its water was bad, and Delhi remained the capital. It is worth noting here that Milton, who wrote very shortly after Akbar's time, does not seem to have been familiar with the name of Delhi. In *Paradise Lost* he speaks of 'Agra and Lahore of Great Mogul.' It is not easy to give an explanation which would be quite satisfactory how it came that the reputation of these two cities was greater in the West at that time than Delhi. Not only Akbar, but Jehangeer and Shah Jehan spent more of their time at Agra than anywhere else. Our first ambassadors to the Great Moghul went to Agra; the date of Sir Thomas Roe's mission is given as 1615, and no doubt it was after its return to England that Milton must have been made familiar with that city. Still this does not explain why Lahore should have been so prominently known at that date, and that Delhi, 'the envy of the world,' as it claimed to be, should not have been even mentioned.

If Milton was indifferent as to which was the real capital of India, it was a feeling which was not shared by the great conquerors who led armies into that country with a practical object for their campaign. Timur made straight for Delhi, and when Nadir Shah carried out his invasion he had the same object in view.

The visit of this avatar of cruelty adds to the history of this city another important page,

which resulted from its metropolitan reputation. A small mosque is yet shown in the Chandney Chowk where it is said the Persian monarch remained in prayer the whole day while his soldiers—20,000 of them—went through the town murdering and pillaging. This is the man who, if he was not quite satisfied with the behaviour of the inhabitants of a town which he captured, would order so many thousand human eyeballs to be brought and counted before him. Gouging out eyeballs and counting them would have been too much trouble in a city which was the 'envy of the world.' Tearing off the valuable jewellery from dead and dying bodies was a much more satisfactory employment. Fabulous sums are given to express the worth of what was carried off at this time.

On the 12th of January last year a ball was given in the Dewan Khass, or private Hall of Audience of the Emperors of Delhi. As this building may be considered as having been the very central sanctum of the Mahommedan power, it was a striking event to see the son of the Queen of England within its walls. There the Great Moghul, the Shah-in-Shah, Badshah, the Centre of the Universe, the Shadow of God on Earth, had sat. For many generations the throne had been in that room. The throne is now gone, and the race that sat upon it is no more. The Shahzadah, the imperial son of a new line, was for the first time pacing the marble floor of that hall which had been associated with the Paramount Power in India. The event was suggestive. To realise its full importance one has to imagine its counterpart by supposing the royal family of England as deposed—or even more, that they had become totally extinct—and that a foreign sovereign, surrounded by his generals and high functionaries, were holding revel in Windsor Castle. The writer of these pages was present at the ball in the Dewan Khass, and heard more than one person enquire where the 'Peacock Throne' had stood; and enquiries were also made as to what had become of it. This may be taken as evidence that the fate of this historical symbol of imperial rule is not among the things generally known, and may justify some account of it. The general impression seemed to be that it had disappeared during the Mutiny, but this was not the case. It was broken up, and all its wealth of precious stones was carried off, by Nadir Shah, when he and his soldiers looted Delhi in 1739. An engraving of this throne is given in the seventh volume of Maurice's *Indian Antiquities*. Strangely enough, it is made from a drawing the work of 'a European artist' in the suite of the Persian conqueror. Tavernier, who saw the throne perhaps half a century before its destruction, gives a long description. He says:

The Great Mogul has seven thrones, some set all over with diamonds; others with rubies, emeralds, and pearls. But the largest throne is erected in the hall of the first court of the palace; it is in form like one of our field beds, six feet long and four broad. I counted about a hundred and eight pale rubies, the least whereof weighed a hundred carats; but there are some that weighed two hundred. Emeralds I counted about a hundred and forty, that weighed some three-score, some thirty, carats. The under part of the canopy is entirely embroidered with pearls and diamonds, with a fringe of pearls round the edge. Upon the top of the canopy, which is made like an arch with four panes, stands a peacock with his tail spread, consisting entirely of sapphires and other proper-coloured stones. The body is of beaten gold, enchased with numerous jewels; and a great ruby adorns his breast, to which hangs a pearl that weighs fifty carats. On each side of the peacock stand two nosegays as high as the bird, consisting of various sorts of flowers, all of beaten gold enamelled. When the King seats himself upon the throne, there is a transparent jewel with a diamond ap-

pendant of eighty or ninety carats weight, encompassed with rubies and emeralds, so suspended that it is always in his eye. The twelve pillars also that uphold the canopy are set round with rows of fair pearl, and of an excellent water, that weigh from six to ten carats apiece. At the distance of four feet, upon each side of the throne, are placed two umbrellas, the handles of which are about five feet high, covered with diamonds; the umbrellas themselves being of crimson velvet embroidered and fringed with pearl. This is the famous throne which Timur began and Shah Jehan finished, and is really reported to have cost a hundred and sixty millions and five hundred thousand livres of our money.[1]

That this celebrated throne was in the palace at Delhi is in itself an explanation why that city was selected for proclaiming a new occupant. Had the Peacock Throne still been in existence, it would have been the seat of the new Empress of India.

After the description of such an elaborate and costly State emblem, it may be worth stating that the Farsee—i.e. Persian—for 'throne' is *tukht*, the origin of which is humble enough, for the word to this day means simply 'a plank,' indicating a primitive origin. We have an analogous etymology in the West. The Indian 'Board' of Directors was a ruling power, and although our governing boards at home sit around a table, the simple *plank*, *banc*, or *banco*, was the starting-point of the word. The Hindostanee word *gudee* means *cushion* or *pad*, and is another equivalent for throne, as rajahs sit or recline on such an article in durbar. The Persian word *musnud* has the same meaning as *gudee*, and it is oftener used in historical works than that of *tukht*. In speaking of emperors it is generally said that such a one 'sat on the *musnud*,' while we in the West would say 'he ascended the throne.'

There is a later bit of history which ought to be told as indicating the importance of Delhi. As the Moghul power began to wane, the governors of distant provinces threw off allegiance and assumed independence; Hindoo rajahs did the same. The proverbial saying of 'Dilhi bahut door hai' had become more often the stimulating cause of political action as indolence and corruption affected the action of those at head-quarters. The Deccan, or the South, being farthest away, was the region where this change began to show itself in its most formidable shape, and out of the chaos of many struggles in that quarter the Mahrattas began to assume the chief position. The commencement of their power is generally given at the date of 1659, from the treacherous episode by which the Mahratta leader, Sivajee, established his greatness by the murder of the Mussulman general, Afzal Khan. It was near the old fort of Pertabghur, not far from the modern sanitarium of Mahabaleshwar, that a conference was arranged by which the two chiefs agreed to meet alone and unarmed. When they met at the spot appointed, and embraced according to the custom of the time, Sivajee managed to plunge a concealed weapon into the body of Afzal Khan. After murdering the general he easily routed the distracted troops; and this base act was looked upon not only as a meritorious act, but as a deed done in the cause of religion. From this most questionable event the Mahrattas rapidly grew, extending their power over the Deccan and through Central India. As the Mahommedan rule got more and more feeble they advanced and threatened Delhi.

While this was taking place another power had come upon the scene of Indian history. The 'Company Sahib Bahadoor,' as it was generally known in official

[1] Tavernier's *Indian Travels*, v. iii. p. 331, ed. 1713.

documents, had become another ruling influence in Hindostan, and it became a question as to whether they or the Mahrattas were to be the masters. The contest has been well described as a race between the two as to which should be first at Delhi, thus again illustrating the importance of that place. The battle of Assaye and the siege of Bhurtpore are the prominent events of this race to the capital. Bhurtpore fell in 1826, and in 1827 Lord Amherst threw off all allegiance, and ceased to perform the outward acts which would imply vassalage to the throne of the Moghuls. Virtually Delhi, and with it India, was at the feet of the Company, which implied that the sovereign of England was the real Emperor of Delhi.

It was often explained, while the Royal Titles Bill was under discussion, that this was the character of the Supreme Power in India which fell to us by the occupation of Delhi. The words 'King of Delhi' are often used in books, but they are not accurate. The Great Moghul was a Badshah.[2] He was Shah-in-Shah, King of Kings—that is, King of the Kings of Hindostan. Hence if the King or Queen of England's title were translated by 'Rajah' or 'Rani,' it would fail entirely to convey to the minds of Orientals the true dignity of the position; such terms would at once suggest to a native of India an enquiry as to whether the throne of Delhi really belonged to the Queen of England. Hence the Queen, except in common parlance, has never been called a 'Rani;' in all official documents the word 'Malika' was used—a term which can be traced back to the Chaldaic and Hebrew; and the Prince of Wales, on his visit to India, was known as the 'Shahzadah,' or *Child of the Shah*, a title only given to the sons of the Emperor of Delhi—thus acknowledging his imperial rank.

Although the title of Emperor was still left to the powerless pensioner who occupied the palace at Delhi, and who grumbled often about the extent of his allowances and the privileges permitted to him, yet when the Mutiny broke out the name of Delhi was found still to have a potency in it. Here came galloping in mad haste the first of the mutineers from Meerut, their hands red with murder and ready for more. To this centre marched every regiment when it had proved faithless to its salt. This became the focus of the whole movement. When Delhi was taken the backbone of the Mutiny was broken. The Shahzadahs were shot by Hodgson at Humayon's tomb, and their corpses were brought into the Chandney Chowk in a common cart. A court was constituted, and the feeble old man who had called himself 'Emperor' was tried for his life, sitting all the time on an old charpoy—a four-legged bedstead—in the very Dewan Khass where once stood the famous Peacock Throne. On the gilded marble walls of this room there is yet an inscription telling of its former luxury and pride—'If there is a paradise on earth, it is here! it is here! it is here!' This last of the Moghuls had a taste for poetry, and was noted for his own verses in Persian; so he could not possibly be ignorant of the gilded letters on the wall, and he must have felt their irony when applied to his own position. His life was ultimately spared, and he died a few years afterwards—a convict—in the Andamans.

Thus ended the Moghul dynasty; but a metropolis does not necessarily become extinct with the race of its sovereigns; such cities as Rome, Constantinople, Jerusalem,

[2] This is the form of the word in India; at Constantinople it is pronounced 'Padishah,' and is the usual title of the Sultan.

and Mecca tell us of spots which have not only survived many dynastic lines, but also maintained their metropolitan reputation through more than one faith. Delhi certainly established a very bad renown for itself during the Mutiny. If there be a paradise on earth, it certainly was not within its walls at that time. It had quite another reputation. The native soldiers were known as 'pandies;' as regiment after regiment mutinied and increased the unruly mob within the walls of Delhi, and tales of their doings reached the sahibs on the Ridge, some one dubbed the place 'Pandemonium.' The words fitted so well that it was generally used while the siege lasted. The policy of punishing Delhi with marked neglect for its misdeeds has been urged by many; and the expediency of selecting it for the late ceremony of proclaiming the new title has been the subject of criticism. Those who counsel the Government of India have thought otherwise, and considered it to be the right place. The old ascendency which it has so long held might be supposed to have a virtue in it, and they no doubt considered that there would be wisdom in utilising such a reputation. Were it possible for the Queen to visit India, a throne would be required for her, and the Dewan Khass at Delhi would be the place for that throne. As this is a subject which depends entirely on the feelings of the natives, anything that will illustrate their notions will apply to the point, and the following does so in a very direct manner. When the Prince of Wales first arrived at Bombay, I heard a native enquiring at a friend's about the Prince's movements, and as to what places he would visit while in India; and when Delhi was mentioned, the native at once said, 'He will go there to sit on the *guddi*.' The *guddi*, as already explained, is one of the words for throne. This gives us the association of ideas which exists in the minds of the people of India: Delhi is linked in their thoughts with the Supreme Power; the tradition of many centuries has placed the *locale* of the *guddi* there. As the imagination of the Oriental created a mythical but glorious throne which flew through the air with Solomon, so the native of India pictures to himself a gorgeous seat at Delhi blazing with gold and gems, and he who sits on that is the Great Badshah, to whom all the kings of Hindostan have to present their nuzzurs, or tribute of homage; their minds create a sort of god, with all the world as slaves at his feet. We all know how long feelings of association linger about localities at home, and the remark of this man at Bombay shows that it is the same in the East. The changing of the seat of government from Calcutta has often been talked of. This may never be done; but while there is uncertainty it is not unwise on the part of the Government to preserve one place at least which has had a consecration of authority about it, and is still believed in by the natives as conferring dignity and stability. What Westminster Abbey, with its coronation stone, is to Downing Street or the Houses of Parliament, Delhi is, and will long remain, in relation to Calcutta, or to whatever place the governing power may be removed to.

To treat Delhi with contumely and neglect is no new idea. It was talked about when Lord Canning visited that city immediately after the Mutiny. He and Lord Clyde, with a large camp, made a kind of triumphal march over the ground where the Mutiny had taken place; where the rebels had contended for power with us our highest dignitaries of State passed along with ostentatious display, holding durbars and rewarding the rajahs and chiefs who had been faithful. A large gathering of na-

tive princes had been held at Agra, and another of the Cis-Sutlej Sikhs was to take place at Umballa; it was then pointed out that Delhi was being passed by as a punishment, and comments were made upon it. But this was not the case. Had there been a contumacious chief within its walls, it might have been politic to pass him by with neglect. It was almost an empty town at that time, for the population had not returned to it, and almost all who had not been killed had fled. To punish empty walls would have been like beating the floor because it hurt the child. Neither would it have been in keeping with Lord Canning's policy—'clemency,' the title given first by those who opposed his conduct. He, by his abilities and faithfulness to his trust, not only conquered the Mutiny; but he also conquered this term of reproach, so that it has been associated since that time as an honour to his name. The policy inaugurated by Lord Canning was that of reconciliation. As he guaranteed to all the princes that their territories would remain to them and their heirs, his object was to impress upon them—and the time was fitted for the lesson when we were triumphant, and our power more securely established than ever it had been—that in the stability of the British Government each rajah had the best security for whatever he possessed. The Order of the Star of India was also instituted as a part of the same policy. It gives the Government an honour which it can bestow on whomever it thinks worthy; and they will no doubt be those who can most assist in carrying out the measures and objects of the State. It was also intended as an inducement to native princes to take an interest in the government of their own territories, to make them look after the public works, and the education and general good of their subjects, instead of sinking into the oblivion and luxury of the zenana. In this it has already done good, and many cases might be cited; the Maharajah of Jeypoor is a well-known instance, who has accomplished already a great deal for his people. The visitor to his capital may read, as he passes through the streets, the names of schools in gilt Roman letters, among them being a school of art. Lord Canning did at that time receive the young Maharajah of Bhurtpore at Delhi, and this he would not have done had he been acting according to the ideas which were imputed to him. His camp was pitched between the walls and the Ridge, on the ground over which the bullets had passed during the siege. There may have been a purpose in this. The British flag is always hoisted in front of the Viceroy's tent; and to do this, with all the paraphernalia of a camp and a court combined, on the very spot where the struggle had been, was to declare our supremacy in the ancient capital of Hindostan.

The reason why Delhi was selected, above all the many cities of India, in which to proclaim the Queen Empress of India will now have become evident.

Whether this proclamation should have been made or not is a question foreign to our purpose; but it may be pointed out that the conquest of Delhi, in which we beat the Mahrattas, made us the Paramount Power in Hindostan. The 'Company Sahib Bahadoor' gave over this conquest to the Queen, and this implied that she had a right to the throne at Delhi.

Neither does it belong to our subject to consider what ought to be the proper form of this title in India. There has been a long discussion on this, and it must be admitted that a great deal can be said against all the forms which have been proposed for the title. Kaisar-i-Hind is the title adopted. Most people at home are puzzled to

understand why the Hindostanee and the German for 'emperor' should be so nearly alike. Cæsar was translated into the Greek as Καῖσαρ. Mr. Wood's new work on the *Discoveries at Ephesus* gives numerous inscriptions containing the names of Roman emperors with this word as their title. The Greek form went north into Austria through Byzantium, and also permeated through Asia as the distinctive term for Cæsar. The word may be recognised where the memory of the Romans has remained, but it is perfectly unknown in India to the mass of the natives. The palace at Lucknow is called the 'Kaisarbagh,' or Garden of the Kaisar, and that is the only use of the word from Comorin to the Himalayas. 'Badshah' was the equivalent for 'emperor,' which belonged to the Moghul sovereigns at Delhi. This is the title which our progress in India gained for the Queen. The word is not foreign to the country, but is as well known as 'king' or 'queen' is in England; it is associated in the minds of the people with the Paramount Power. No better illustration could be given than that which took place at the ceremony when the proclamation had been made, and some of the most important of the native princes rose to speak. The Maharajah Scindia is reported to have said, 'Shah-in-Shah, Badshah, be happy. The princes of India bless you, and pray that your sovereignty and power may remain steadfast for ever.' Here, if this is correctly reported, we see that 'Shah-in-Shah, Badshah' were the words that came first to his mouth; and, as one of the most important of the kings of India, he is familiar with durbars and words of rank and state; and when the audience rose *en masse* in a burst of enthusiasm, this title came naturally to his tongue as that by which to define the new Empress of India, and these words are associated with the throne of Delhi.

Delhi was a capital of importance previous to the Mahommedans coming into India. It never seems to have had the odour of sanctity about it which belongs to Benares or Poorie, the shrine of Juggurnath. Still there are remaining some traces of religious associations with the locality, but they are so far back in the past that it is difficult to speak with certainty about the matter. Its first name was Indraprest'ha, and it was founded before the Mahacharata, or Great War, by Yoodishtra, one of the celebrated Panch Pandoo Ke Bhai, or Five Pandoo Brothers. This is the Indu race, known also as the Chandravansa, or lunar race. Delhi was their capital, and a long reign of princes, extending over thousands of years, is given in some of the chronologies; but as these are most probably only mythic, they do not belong to history; still the associations of these with such a capital is an evidence of its past religious and political importance.

As we have so lately been reading the accounts of the last great ceremony at Delhi in connection with its new supreme ruler, it may be worth while giving some notice of the first ceremony recorded as having taken place there. It is a long time ago, and dates are uncertain in the period where all is mythic; but when Yoodishtra, the first founder of Delhi, felt himself securely settled on his throne, he determined to signalise the event, and at the same time consecrate his 'paramount authority,' by performing the solemn rites of the Aswamedha, or Sacrifice of the Horse. This ceremony belongs only to the ancient period of Indian history, and seems to have been considered one of the most sacred of all religious observances. The 'steed of sacrifice' is liberated and allowed to go free for a whole year previous to

the ceremony. Arjoona, one of the Pandoo Brothers, had the care of this animal, and brought it back to Indraprest'ha, where a hall of sacrifice had been prepared. For this grand celebration none but princes could officiate; every duty, even that of porter, was performed by royalty. All the chiefs of the land were summoned to it.

As all the rajahs of India were present at the proclamation of the new Empress, there is at least one point of resemblance between the first great ceremony and the last which has taken place there. History often renews itself, and here we have a marked instance of it.

Vicramiditya removed the capital from Indraprest'ha to Oojain. It was in its re-establishment again as the capital that the name was changed to Delhi. This word is pronounced by the natives as 'Dilhi,' and it is usually explained as meaning HEART, 'dil' being the ordinary colloquial word with that meaning. This sense is somehow or another associated with the iron *hát*, or pillar, which still remains at the Kuttub. It is twenty-two feet high, and of wrought iron. The date of this curious monument is very uncertain. There is an inscription on it which may be put somewhere between the third and sixth centuries, but the pillar may be older than that. It stands yet in the centre of the Great Mosque, the first which the Mahommedans constructed in India. As this was built on the site of the pre-existing Hindoo temple, it may be considered as having been the central point in Delhi, corresponding, perhaps, with the town cross in England; and this may explain why the pillar is reputed to be the middle of the earth, the spindle or pole round which the world turns; and although it is now known that the base of the pillar is only twenty inches below the surface, the myth is that it goes down to the centre of the earth, where it rests on the head of a serpent. There is an evident resemblance in this to Delphi, which was a *terræ umbilicus* — ὀμφαλός, navel—or middle of the world. At the same spot where this iron pillar stands is the well-known Kuttub Minar, named after Kuttub-ud-din, the Mahommedan general who became the first Emperor of Delhi. Now, this title is not only a title of rank, but also means the pole or axis of the earth—the pole star, and the spindle on which a millstone turns. It will be a curious problem to discover whether these legends belonged originally to the Hindoo *hát*, or were brought there by the Mahommedan Minar; or whether the word 'Kuttub' has remained there in memory of the first Moghul emperor, or because it was associated with the heart and centre of the world —ideas which were less geographic than symbolic of paramount power, and of the seat or throne of a monarch who was himself addressed as 'the Centre of the Universe.'

The Mahommedans have a tradition that the present Delhi, which is known as Shahjehanabad —as it dates from Shah Jehan, about two centuries since—is the ninth place of that name (they make up this number from the many ruins of former Delhis which cover the ground, extending out to the Kuttub), and that the tenth Delhi will be the last. Then the Imaum Mehdi—who is promised to come—will appear to judge the wicked and the just, and the end of this world will be accomplished.

The origin, and at the same time the final end, of Delhi is thus shrouded in mythic legend.

Some account of the ruins of former Delhis would have helped to convey an idea of what it has been and the changes it has gone through, but the subject would require more space than can be given to it in this article. It may be enough to state that from the present Delhi—Shahjehanabad—to the Kuttub, the ancient Indraprest'ha, there are said

to be forty or fifty square miles of ruins. Some of these old cities, such as that of Toghlukabad and Inderput —also called 'Old Delhi'—remain with the town in ruins, though the walls still surround them. The fine old Pathan tombs, mosques, and crumbling walls of past grandeur are scattered about over this vast extent of ground, the whole forming a most attractive field for the artist or the archæologist to explore. The specimens of architecture left there by the Mahommedans are the finest of their period to be found in India, if not superior to anything left by the followers of that faith in any other part of the world. The palace, or fort, as it is called, of the present Delhi, with its rich-coloured walls of red sandstone and white marble domes, strikes the traveller on his first seeing it as something unique. The Jumma Musjed, which stands up prominently in the centre of the town, is undoubtedly the grandest and most imposing mosque in India; but if anyone wishes to see the finest mosque of all, let him go out to Old Delhi and look at the Keela Kona mosque, which belongs to what is, perhaps, the very best period of the Pathan style. Here, and at the old tombs at the Kuttub, the Mahommedan style may be studied as it was before it suffered from the decay which it went through to the time of Shah Jehan. The remains of Akbar's time at Futtehpore Sicri, fine though they be, are not equal to the older work of the Pathans at Delhi. In an architectural sense Delhi might claim to be the capital of Hindostan.

The proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India may be looked upon as the beginning of a new period in the history of the country. It is the beginning of a new dynasty. The previous Moghul race of rulers has ceased to exist; it has entirely passed away, and left no one with a rival claim to the throne. Our Queen reigns with unquestioned supremacy. All the princes of India came to Delhi to acknowledge this supremacy. It is a new era in many ways for India. It is exactly half a century since Lord Amherst announced that the sovereignty of the Moghul was at an end. What changes have taken place in Europe since that date! We have entirely altered our modes of travelling both by sea and land. The discoveries and inventions of that period have been many and important. The old has been disappearing, and the new has been taking its place. Science has been the wizard who has performed all this. It used to be said of our rule in India that, should we be turned out of that country, there would only be a few empty beer-bottles left as an evidence of our long occupation. That saying would have no truth now. Roads, railways, canals, telegraphs, and public works of every kind have been carried out during the last quarter of a century, and to such an extent that it has entirely changed the old condition of things. The change is even greater in India than in Europe, for the pre-existing state was much more primitive than in the West. India has altered but little in the details of life for the last two thousand years. The most ancient sculptures represent exactly what is yet to be seen in the village life of to-day. A change has now taken place; India has accepted a new ruler from the West, and it must also accept with that ruler the civilisation of the West. It is an entirely new era, and it will date in future history, by the natural process which all history goes through, from the sovereign who is associated with it—namely, Victoria, first Empress of India, proclaimed at Delhi on the first day of the present year.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

ON CERTAIN GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES IN FRANCE.

THE numerical results of that continued accumulation which is known by the name of compound interest have struck the imagination of the writer of fiction, no less than that of the half-educated political economist. In each instance an abstract property of numbers has been mistaken for a practical function of money. The idea of the great accumulation of private property which would attend on a rigid renunciation of the ordinary uses of wealth, for two or three generations, has controlled the execution of well-known wills, which have employed the legal acumen, and even influenced the legislation, of this country. The same conception furnishes the main element of the machinery of the *Juif Errant* of Eugene Sue. The question of the propriety of raising money by taxation, in order to form a sinking fund, destined to reduce taxation, is one much of the same nature. The fundamental error lies in regarding the interest of money as a natural product, instead of a highly artificial fiction, altogether dependent for its maintenance on great activity of production. When the question is thus viewed, it is clear that a nation cannot enrich itself by the mere process of taking money out of one pocket and putting it into another, under whatever pretext this may be done. It does not, however, follow that it may not occasionally be to the advantage of a nation to apply, to the benefit of a particular portion of its citizens, monies drawn from the common fund raised by general taxation. In point of fact this is continually done, although the tendency of the age is adverse to the principle. Poor rates and education rates are cases in point. The nation is, financially, neither richer nor poorer for the sums handed over by the ratepayers for the support of the indigent poor, or for the payment for the education of their children. But our legislators have considered that the political results of this application of a certain sum are so important as to overbalance any economical disadvantages.

In France there is not the same deeply-rooted objection to the unequal incidence of taxation—for to that the matter actually comes—that prevails in this country. The existence of the *octroi* duty is a case in point. Such an impost would be found intolerable in this country; although it may perhaps be more rightly regarded as the most objectionable mode of raising a town-rate, rather than as a financial injustice. But so few of the French themselves are aware of a very remarkable attempt, under the sanction of the Legislature of France, to provide for the declining days of the poorer classes by the magic power of compound interest, that we venture to think the fact is but little known out of France. A brief investigation of the subject may be of interest. Not the least remarkable part of the story is the fact that the attempt has hitherto proved fruitless; not by reason of its inherent difficulties, but from indifference on the part of those whom it was intended so greatly to benefit.

From the report made by the Commission charged to examine the condition of the working classes in France, we learn that, in the year 1850, an institution was founded for the assurance of an annual payment, not on the death of the insurer, but on and after his attainment of a certain age. Many

persons, the reporter states, have applied to the Commission of the *Assemblée Nationale* on the condition of the working classes, to recommend the establishment of a *Caisse de Retraite*, by which workmen might profit, in favour of old age. The reply of the Commission is, that such a *Caisse* has been virtually founded by the law of 1850. The machinery of this institution applies directly to the condition of the workman. It enables him, by means of either a single payment or a series of payments, to create for himself, or rather for his children, a resource for the time when old age will have rendered him or them less able to work. Such resource will thus be the fruit of his own foresight, self-control, and regularity of life. The Government itself receives the payments, and guarantees the benefit assured. The premiums are based on the tables of mortality, and the advantages offered are said to be fixed according to due mathematical calculations.

The law of June 10, 1850, allows of the deposit of the smallest saving in the hands of the State. It is entrusted to the *Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations*; where it i ıı vested in the purchase of *Rentes*; and the accruing interest is accumulated together with the capital.

The deferred annuity which is to be the return for the deposit is calculated according to the age of the depositor, and according to the age at which, between fifty and sixty-five years old, he is to begin to enjoy the proposed benefit. The return also varies according to its nature, as a simple annuity, or a permanent *rente*; the former ceasing with the life of the insurer, the latter descending to his heirs.

The payment may commence at the earliest age. By paying 100 francs on behalf of a child of three years old, an annuity may be assured, either of 149 francs to commence at 50 years of age; of 383 francs to commence at sixty years, or of 680 francs to commence at sixty-five years, to continue during the life of the recipient.

An annual payment of 10 francs, from the age of three years, will ensure either an annuity of 233 francs from the age of fifty years, or an annuity of 1,100 francs from the age of sixty-five years.

A lad is considered able to work advantageously when fifteen years old. By laying by, in the Government *Caisse*, 20 francs a year, or rather less than 3¾ pence per week, he may ensure a yearly pension of 212 francs (or say eight guineas) on attaining the age of fifty; or of 1,050 francs, or forty-two pounds per annum, if the commencement of his repayment be deferred until he has attained the age of sixty-five.

Although this institution is as yet unknown to the greater number of those for whose benefit it has been established, the payments made into the *Caisse des Dépôts* from 1851 to 1872 amount to the sum of 157,589,486 francs. This sum is increased by the arrears of *rentes* belonging to the *Caisse des Retraites*, amounting to 40,485,580 francs, making a total of 198,076,067 francs, or 7,923,040*l.* sterling. This represents the annual amount of 8,741,800 francs, or 339,678*l.* sterling, which is divisible amongst 56,067 recipients, giving an average of a little over 6*l.* per head. It would seem from the figures that the distribution will commence in the year 1901, and that the reception and investment of money will form the main function of the *Caisse* until that date. It is evident that the strongest guarantees of fiscal and political security are necessary for the stability of such an institution. It needs to be placed, by the gravest sanctions, out of the power of the Minister of Finance. We have had too much illustration, in more countries than

one, of the irresistible temptation which the contents of an independent *caisse* offer to the financier, not to believe that some degree of suspicion on this head may have had its influence on the classes of French society proverbial for thrift.

With regard to the calculations on which the benefits offered are based, they are inapplicable to this country. Deferred Annuities are not purchasable with us on such advantageous terms. If five per cent. compound interest could be obtained on the insurer's payments, and if no margin were required for the working expenses of the institution, Deferred Annuities on the scale proposed would just balance the payments. But where, as with us, Government Securities pay about three per cent. interest, the scheme is altogether disproportionate to the value of the premiums.

It is not apparent from the report from which we have collected the above-mentioned facts whether the benefit of the *Casse de Retraite* is restricted to French citizens. If there be no such limitation, it might, in certain cases, be worth consideration whether parents or guardians in this country would not be justified in securing a deferred life annuity for their wards on such favourable terms. The advantages to be gained would be—first, the responsibility of the French Government, which is likely always to be of a higher value than that of any private association for life assurance or similar purposes. Secondly, the saving by the insurer, not only of the risk of maladministration, but of any portion of the cost of management, in so far as represented by his payments. Thirdly, there is the solid benefit of the difference between compound interest at three per cent., or thereabouts, the highest rate of interest to be commanded by Government Securities in England, and at five per cent. as secured by the French law. The securing of no less an annuity than 27*l.* per annum from the age of sixty-five, by the payment of so inconsiderable a sum as eight shillings per annum up to that date, appears to give so disproportionate an advantage to the insurer, that one is tempted to ask whether it is not possible to render such a character as an aged pauper a thing altogether of the past.

It must not, however, be forgotten that the narrowness of the margin left by the French calculators is an element of no small peril. Assuming that political expediency may so far override exact economical rules as to justify the administration of such an establishment at the public charge, that is to say, as matter of charity, there remains the far more serious consideration of the rate at which money can be invested, with certitude, and also with promptitude, for two-thirds of a century yet to elapse. To rely on the power of obtaining such investments at the rate of five per cent., may well be thought a matter of risk. The greater the hope of obtaining such a return, the stronger must be the probability of the financial isolation of the state which guarantees it. The tendency — we think, the irresistible tendency—of interest is, like that of water, to find its own level. A difference to the amount of two-fifths in that rate indicates a great difference in the sense of security. If the ratio which has long ruled with regard to the English funds be maintained, there will be a strong inducement for the dividends of all first-class continental securities to approach nearer and nearer that ratio. If the French *rentes* be regarded as in every way as safe and as convenient an investment as the English Consols, it is outside the limit of pro-

bability that, fifty years hence, the one security can be so bought as to pay five per cent., while the other can only be bought so as to pay three per cent. Then again we are dealing with what may become very large amounts. If the public once began to take full advantage of the establishment of the *Caisse*, it is probable that the habit would spread. Very large numbers of insurers might accrue. If we assume, only for the sake of illustration, that there were a million of insurers, and that the prosperity and sense of security of France so rapidly increased that, within a few years, the French *rentes* rose to the level of the English Consols, the annuitants coming into usufruct at the age of sixty-five would be entitled to receive 66*l.* per annum for every pound of their past annual payment. The State, however, from the time that the funds attained the three per cent. level, would only afford, by the most perfect management, to pay 36*l.* per annum. The balance of 24*l.* per annum, for which the credit of the State was pledged, would have to be made up by taxation. The probability, indeed, would be that no government would look such a deficit in the face, and that the evil would go on increasing, as long as the capital of the *Caisse* would allow of tiding over the difficulty by drawing on principal, or until some very serious disaster occurred.

It may be said that these views are only speculation. But so, it must be replied, is the project sanctioned by the law of 1850. When we attempt to settle definitively what is to take place fifty or sixty years hence, we come very near the borders of the purely speculative, if we do not pass them. The attempt made by the French legislature is most instructive as it stands. As an example of an effort made to secure a possible benefit to a particular class of citizens, it deserves serious study. That it contains within itself elements of great peril we think is undeniable. The safety of the project hitherto appears chiefly to depend on the want of interest taken in its proposed benefit by those for whom it was designed. But the law, as it exists, can hardly be regarded as a guarantee for the future tranquillity of France.

F. R. C.

ETRUSCAN INTERPRETATION.[1]

By Francis William Newman.

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We must note the similarity of Front to βροντή. The Rev. Isaac Taylor seems to me rightly to explain Alpan as a *gift*, and Zilaθ, Zilaχ, Zilaχnu, as a verb which means *is buried*, especially in a stone coffin. Also Lupu, *died*, *obiit*.

To this short list we may add a few words supposed to be ascertained from the bronze mirrors, which have basso relievos at the back, and names on or near the figures. It is not certain that they are not mythological *proper* names.

Lasa, fairy.
Naθum, fate.
Vanθ, death (angel of?).
Culmu, a fury.
Hinθial, a ghost.
Maris, a genius.

Θanr seems to mean the *nymphs* of Diana: whence I infer that Θana, the commonest of female names, meant a *nymph*. Hence also the well-known name Tanaquil, Θanaχuil, its diminutive; quasi *nympha-cula*. Yet from it again came a man's name, Tanaquilo. In 803, under foot of a cup, is written, Θanursi, 'to the nymphs;' *qu.* to the ladies?

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Suppose that we had many Welsh inscriptions or books, but had lost all knowledge of the language. On gathering up the Welsh numerals, it would quickly appear that they are Indo-Germanic. Imagine then an eager student to infer the sense of the Welsh words by picking at random from any or every Indo-European language words that sounded more or less like this or that Welsh word! How any sensible man could fall into such an absurdity, is a mystery. As well explain (with the sailor of our jest books) *cheval* to be a *shovel*, and *chapeau* a chopper, in French. But concerning Numerals it may be added, that the group of languages which Prichard entitled Hebræo-African—including, with Babylonian, Syriac and Arabic, the two Abyssinian tongues, Amharic and Tigré, also the Lybian group (specifically named Zouave, Tuarick or Tamasheght, Shilha and Ghadamsi)—have similarities and analogies very striking, which unite them as closely as the Aryan languages are united; yet the Lybian native numerals differ from those of Arabic. At the same time, as was mentioned already, the Zouaves have abandoned their native numerals and have borrowed the Arabic. So futile is it to trust to any single likeness or difference.

The numerals on the Toscanelli dice were already explained as follows by Campanari—which reduces Mr. Taylor's achievement to a narrow limit:

Maχ, *one.*	Huθ, *four.*
Θu, *two.*	Ci, *five.*
Zal, *three.*	Sa, *six.*

But Mr. Taylor insists that Ci means *two*. I think he seized a right clue,

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Fabretti, whose numbering of the inscriptions I follow, further recognizes that a dative case ends in -si, and ablative feminine in -al, and a diminutive in -ula and χuila (=cula of Latin). Another diminutive is manifestly in -icla or -escle. Mr. I. Taylor rightly claims a plural of nouns in -r, -ir, -ar. If Tusurθir did not suggest it to the Italians, it is strange. To this I add a genitive plural in -um and -sum (as will soon appear), analogous to Lapid-um and Domino-rum.

In the July number of *Fraser* some protest was made against the delusion into which Mr. Taylor would plunge us by his Turanian zeal; but to new readers a short summary of the position may be proper. Mr. Taylor thinks he can prove that the Etruscan numerals, which certainly cannot be accounted 'Aryan,' have distinct similarities to Finnish, Siberian, or Mongolian numerals. Hence he pronounces that Etruscan is a 'Turanian' language, and proceeds to infer the meaning of the words by appealing at pleasure to any language included in that miscellaneous group. Let us take a parallel case.

Suppose that we had many Welsh inscriptions or books, but had lost all knowledge of the language. On gathering up the Welsh numerals, it would quickly appear that they are Indo-Germanic. Imagine then an eager student to infer the sense of the Welsh words by picking at random from any or every Indo-European language words that sounded more or less like this or that Welsh word! How any sensible man could fall into such an absurdity, is a mystery. As well explain (with the sailor of our jest books) *cheval* to be a *shovel*, and *chapeau* a chopper, in French. But concerning Numerals it may be added, that the group of languages which Prichard entitled Hebræo-African—including, with Babylonian, Syriac and Arabic, the two Abyssinian tongues, Amharic and Tigré, also the Lybian group (specifically named Zouave, Tuarick or Tamasheght, Shilha and Ghadamsi)—have similarities and analogies very striking, which unite them as closely as the Aryan languages are united; yet the Lybian native numerals differ from those of Arabic. At the same time, as was mentioned already, the Zouaves have abandoned their native numerals and have borrowed the Arabic. So futile is it to trust to any single likeness or difference.

The numerals on the Toscanelli dice were already explained as follows by Campanari—which reduces Mr. Taylor's achievement to a narrow limit:

Maχ, *one.*	Huθ, *four.*
Θu, *two.*	Ci, *five.*
Zal, *three.*	Sa, *six.*

But Mr. Taylor insists that Ci means *two*. I think he seized a right clue,

and deserves credit for it. He further interprets Θu to be *five*, and reverses the interpretation of Huθ and Sa. Sesf he supposes to mean *seventeen*, but its near similarity to Coptic Sashbe strongly suggests that it means *seven*; and since in Coptic Ti or Tiu means *five*, this somewhat confirms Mr. Taylor's interpretation of Θu. The Italians were led astray by the Latin *duo*. If we have got the true letters, Cezpa and Ceptafe seem to be numerals; perhaps even Uple; for in Fabretti 2104 we read, 'Avils *sas* amce *uples*,' where Sas and Uples seem in concord with Avils. But nothing further is proved. In a bilingual inscription Aelχe is interpreted Quintus; which suggests that Alχal means *ten*, as abridged from Alχ-alχ, five-five; but Mr. Taylor will have it that Alχ means *ten* and Alχal *twenty*. If so, maχ semf alχal would mean 141, where 71 must assuredly have been meant as a man's age. Cezpalχal *may* be 90 years; nay, Cezp for *nine* might come from Ci, Sesf, i.e. 2 + 7. But all beside is obscure.

That *Ci* means *two*, Mr. Taylor infers (justly, I think) from an important inscription, of which he ill explains the syntax, besides other obvious error. The word Arce seems to me to be a verb. Lupu with Lupuce, Zilaχnu with Zilaχnuce, and the verb Turce Turuce (*dedit*) suggest that -ce is a verbal ending, as in ἔδω-κε, δέδω-κε. If *Mi esmi* (Fabr. 2609 *bis*) be rightly translated, '*moi* je suis,' the passage from the root Es to Er in Latin Est, Er-at, would make it possible that Ar-ce meant *Erat*. It is found once beside; but I rather incline in both places to render it *Habuit*. The word Manim recurs only in the apparent plural Manimeri, words for which I can conjecture ἐκεῖνος and ἐκείνους of Greek—'that other one,' 'those others.' This will give a bearable sense. In the word Vls-si the V is written nearly as Hebrew ב, and is supposed corrupt for C, which has nearly the form of Hebrew כ. With this small correction, the inscription runs thus, and seems to me interpretable: Fabr. 2055.

1. Aleθnas V. V. Θelu zilaθ parχis:
2. zilaθ eterav clenar ci,
   Acnanasa C(e)l(u)s(a)-si:
3. zilaχnu Celusa ril xxiiii papalser,
   Acnanasa vi:
4. manim arce ril lxvii.

1. *Alesii Veli* (filius) *Velus Θelo cubat primo-in-loco*:
2. *cubat secundo-in-loco liberi duo, Acnanasa Celusa-que*:
3. *sepelitur Celusa annis* xxiv *completis, Acnanasa* vi:
4. *ille-alter* (viz. Velus Θelo) *habuit annos* lxvii.

Θelo is not known as a name. If it can be a corruption of the Latin word *filius* (which is not impossible), the translation would run, *Alesii Veli Velus filius cubat*, &c. But, whatever else be here doubtful, I think Mr. Taylor makes out his case that Ci means *two*, for the two daughters Acnanasa and Celusa must be meant, and we know that Ci is one of the six first digits. Mr. Taylor has also the merit of insisting that Clenar is the plural of Clan or Clen, whereas the Italians have supposed it to be a singular, meaning *genus*. It is pretty certain that Etera in Etruscan (as in Umbrian) means *second* [not *younger* or *young*, as Mr. Taylor says]; hence I conjecture Eterav, 'in second place,' and by contrast, Parχis, 'in first place.' In one passage of the Iguvian inscription I had rendered *-si* as the equivalent of Greek τε, Latin -que; whether this aids my present conjecture is doubtful. Papalser, I think, must go with Ril to make syntax: *annos habens* or *annis peractis* would alike give the thought. But Papalser looks like a plural and has a reduplication reminding one of Greek πεπλησμένος; moreover, the likeness of Papals to πεπλησ- suggests that the widely diffused root πλη, πολ, *Lat.* Ple, *Engl.* Fill, Full, may be Pal in Etruscan. To the principle of reduplication I shall advert again under the word Ceχase, below. If

Parχis really mean *primo-in-loco*, we shall of course compare Pro of Greek and Latin, Fur, Fore of Teutonic, with the Etruscan Par.

So much is my effort to establish that Ci means *two*. Let us now go back to a new beginning and study the variations of Etruscan names. A very large field here opens to us. Out of inscriptions numbered above 2600, by far the largest part consists nearly of proper names, modified by special laws. As in Latin a fifth son was at some time called Quintus, next, by giving to the eldest son of this Quintus his father's name, Quintus became a personal name; and, from this again, Quintius as a family name was derived; and, further, from the last might come Quintianus, when by adoption a man passed into a new family; we readily expect like transformations among the Etruscans. Indeed, as the Etruscan civilization was earlier by five or six centuries than that of Rome, it is likely enough that Rome borrowed from Etruria the system of elaborate family names. Evidently the Etruscans go far beyond the Romans in careful enumeration. They habitually record in their epitaphs the name of the mother, and on costly stone coffins, it would seem, sometimes the names of grandparents. The following I translate by pure conjecture, though not without reasons concerning the syntax, which cannot here be detailed. Fabretti, 2070:

1. Arnθ Xurcles Larθal clan,
2. Ramθas Pevtnial,
3. zilc parχis amce marunuχ.

1. *Aruns, Herculis e Lartiâ filius,*
2. (quæ) *Rantii* (erat) *e Peutiniâ,*
3. *cubat primo-in-loco prope angulum.*

Here, it would seem, the parents of Lartia, *mother* of Aruns, are recorded—viz. *Ramθa* or Rantius and *Peutinia*. Nearly as this is 2057 (on a stone coffin adorned with sculptures), Aelχe Aleθnas Arnθal clan, Θanχuilusc Ruvfial, zilaχ . . . *i.e. Quintus, Alesii ex Aruntiâ filius, Tanaquilii quæ* (erat) *e Rufiâ, cubat* . . . . But the following (2071) is in different order:

1. Larθ Xurχles Arnθal,
2. Xurχles Θanχvilusc
3. Cracial clan.

1. Lars, Herculis ex Aruntiâ,
2. Herculis *τοῦ* Tanaquili
3. e Græciâ (Gracchâ?) filius.

Θanχvilus is the genitive of Θanχuilu. The final *c*, here and elsewhere, I am able to interpret as a definite article suffixed, which can have the force of a relative. Here, it seems, a father Hercules had by Aruntia a son Hercules, who for distinction was called Hercules *the* Tanaquilo. His son, by Graicia or Graccha, was the Lars here buried. If this be the true interpretation, the parents of the *father* are here named *before* the father. In 2070 the parents of the *mother* seem to be named *after* the mother.

Still longer pedigrees are found. What of the following, graven on the stone coffin 2322? Ravnθus: Felcial: Felces: Arnθal: Larθial: Vipenal: Seθres: Cuθnas: puia. Here the girl (puia=puella?) is so young that her own name is not given, but her father is Seθre Cuθna, her mother Lartia Vibenna; whose parents (it seems) were Felce and Aruntia, while the parents of Felce were Raunto and Felcia. But we have to learn how to group names thus prodigally enumerated.

But in general the inscriptions are very simple, and almost always dry in the extreme. No personal affection, no moral thought oozes out; not even *vir optimus* or *femina lectissima* varies the monotony. Once only (on a sepulchre) is 'clan ceχase' (2280), which we may render *filius dilectus*. We must infer that the epitaphs are the composition of the sculptors, to whom the family pedigree was handed. Sometimes only the mother's name, or only the father's, is added to that of the deceased, as:

{ Fasti . Afunei . Varnal,
{ *Fastia Aponia e* (matre) *Varia.*

{ Larθi . Ani . Cafates,
{ *Lartia Annia Cafatii* (filia).

When only the name of the buried person is read, it may often be doubted whether the whole inscription is preserved. Such are Ramθa Euenei, *Ranta Evenia*; Θana Cainei, &c. Indeed, who shall guarantee to us that a multitude of such scraps on broken tiles are not fraudulent inventions made for sale? Fraud has evidently been much at work, but happily it can do little harm. In general it does but copy what exists. When it attempts originality it quickly betrays itself. The standard type of ordinary inscriptions mentions simply both parents in the order Aruns, Tarquinii Lartis e Fannia; or, what is equivalent, Aruns Tarquinius, Lartis e Fannia; son and father having the same name Tarquinius. Also without the father's *prænomen*; as, Aule Tarχnas Larθal clan, *Aulus Tarquinii e Lartiâ filius*. But in the elaborate inscriptions we find bolder transposition. A surname of the deceased *follows* his parents' name, as with the Latins; or his name is *between* that of his father and mother—as Camnas Larθ Larθals Atnalc clan; which I venture to translate, *Camnæ* (or *Camii*) *Lars Lartialisa ò ex Atiniâ* (or *Atiâ*) *filius*. Such names as Larθa-*lisa* are called 'matronymics,' having the aspect of being derived from a mother Larθia. But I think the instance before us shows that such surname did not necessarily point at an immediate mother. The mother here was Atinia: the *c* after Atnal may be rendered in Latin *qui* . . . . (*erat*). But we must dwell a little on single names. That Etruscans, if they came from Asia Minor, should have brought with them names such as Aty, Api, Atale, Tantle, Acsi (Ἄξιος), is quite natural; and, as soon as they became acquainted with Homeric legends and Greek mythology, we need not wonder if they adopted the names Herme, Tresia, Clauce (Γλαυκός), Acile (Ἀχιλεύς), Ataina (Ἀθηνα), Aθenata (Ἀθανασία), Cupsle (Κύψελος); but Antipater and Clopatra suggest Macedonian times. Fabretti wishes to identify that common Etruscan name Larθ (*gen.* Lartes) with Greek Laertes, because Sophocles calls Ulysses son of Lartius. But the likeness may be accidental. The remarkable name Amriθia (for which the Greek has Ἀμβροσία), on the other hand, is more like Sanscrit. The name Hercules appears as Xurχle, Xurcle, Hercle, and Ercole, perhaps in different ages. Ercole and Elinai for Heracle and Helenè suggest a time when the Greeks were ceasing to pronounce initial H. On the back of a vast number of Etruscan bronze mirrors Greek names are deprived of ς final, which shows that it was not usual in Etruscan names; yet there are such, as Fufluns, Seθlans, comparable to Latin participles in -ans; and Turms, Turmus, with genitive Turmucas. Some inscriptions given us as Etruscan look very like Italian Greek or corrupt Greek. Thus 481, Aiχe euturpa altria Θalna, suggests αἴ κε or αἴθε εὖ τέρφθη ἄλτρια Θάλνα; likewise 344 (which is said to give the words of a man 'bidding death-farewell to a woman'), Θαφα αλκι λαολ νικαι, appears to mean τάφου ἀλκὴ λαὸν νικᾷ. The fragment 355 ends with uχsiemulenice, which looks very like ὀψὲ or ὕψε ἔμολε νίκη: thus we have to beware of Greek intermixture. Fabretti presses 2048, 'Mi Kalairu fuius,' in proof that fuius (=Greek υἱός) means *son* in Etruscan; while he interprets the words to be εἰμὶ Καλαιροῦ υἱός, with a pure Greek genitive. In Italian-Greek he shows that *huihos* was written for υἱός. Passing from Greek to Latin, beyond question, after the conquest of Etruscan towns by the Romans, the tide was sure to turn, and a Latin influence on Etruscan names to begin. Of this there are clear traces. Moreover, from the beginning, when Etruscans settled on Umbrian soil, and took Umbrian wives, the language of the conquered people would without fail work up. Thus we have a complex

and difficult question in deciding what peculiarities, and indeed what words, are purely Etruscan. Still, certain matters seem clear.

From a personal name, as Petru, Pumpu, Tlabu, Carcu, the Etruscans made a family name by adding *-na* or *-nia*, Petrunia, Pumpunia, Tlabonia, Carcna, Carcunia. From Marce (*Marcus*) we have *Marcna* and *Maricana*, perhaps both pronounced alike; for the Etruscans, like the Phœnicians, omit at pleasure at least short vowels. The termination -na is characteristic: thus, to a Roman the names Porsena or Porsenna, Cinna, Aleθna, Velθina, Anna, Spurinna, Porperna, Rasena, at once suggested Etruscans. We find many feminine ablatives in -nal, as Cainal, Varnal, Tlesnal, which are family names derived from a simpler origin, Caie, Vare, Tlese. (Initial Tl is more Greek than Latin.) The termination -ennius of Latin names has in Etruscan a very common representative, only by dropping -ns. Petruni, Pumpuni were mentioned above: so Trebuni, Afuni, Aχuni. It would seem that the chief adjectival endings of Greek and Latin exist in the Etruscan names, as -co, -cio, -ano, -ino, -uno, -umno, -ati, -iti, -uti, -ure, -ali, -ile, besides the terminations -asa, -esa, -isa, usa (oftenest feminine), and diminutions in -ule, -χuil, -icla. Married women often took a surname ending in -asa, -esa, -isa, -usa from their husbands; as when the wife of a Lecne (Licinius) is called Lecnesa (Licinissa). But the names of men certainly sometimes ended in -esa or -isa; and we find Acnanasa as the name of a girl who dies at the age of six. The family names of women oftenest ended in -ei, which perhaps was written for -eia and changeable to -ia. The Etruscans certainly did not borrow *this* from the Romans, and are not likely to have borrowed any of the system. Moreover, they admitted a double prænomen, as do the English and the Bengalees; but the Romans during the republic did not. From the conquered Umbrians the Etruscans never would have borrowed institutions with which the names of clans and families were connected. Hence the whole Etruscan nomenclature, with its organized adjectival endings closely akin to that of Greek and Latin, must be esteemed native. Mr. Taylor would persuade us that the termination of Rumaχ (=Romanus) points to a 'Turanian' origin: but the adjectival terminations -acus, -eicus, are common enough in these Aryan tongues. It is of interest to examine the Etruscan names derived from nations and towns, of which Rumaχ is but one. Thus Latini, Um(b)ra, Umria, Umrana, Venete, Laucan, Sinunial (from Senones?), Kelθua, Sapini (from Sabino?), Puinei (from Pœnus), Campane, Velχe (from Volsci?), Velχina, Velcina, Velcitia, Velzina [*z* sounded as our *sh*? compare Larθia, Lartia, Larza, the same name], Camura, Camurina: from Uria, Urinati; so Sentinati, Petinate, Atinate, Carpnate; all like to Latin -ate and Greek -ασιος. This survey of names savours much more of Aryan than of Turanian connection.

A protest, written some twenty years ago by Francis Pulszley, an accomplished native of Hungary, and a Sanscrit student, deserves here to be reproduced. Under the name Turanian a mass of very diverse languages is embraced, and those who have once got hold of a common name are apt to forget the enormous contrasts. He says that the relation of the Hungarian to the languages called Aryan is not yet sufficiently determined, some of the forms and affixes being identical, and others different. 'At any rate' (he adds), 'no conscientious philologist can dispose of the Hungarian language by *jumbling* it together with the Chinese and Mongol, or even with the Dravidian languages, into *one unwieldy heap*, in order to designate them as Tu-

ranian.' Surely the same protest is needed concerning the Etruscan.

So far as we can get any insight into the *syntax* of the Etruscan, and the order which the words naturally assume in composition, the analogy to Greek and Latin is very striking. Mere imitation in this respect, whether of Umbrian or of Latin, would have been impossible, had not the primitive organism of Etruscan conduced to the result. In the *Fraser* of July I illustrated this, in such syntax as 'Aulesi Metelis Velus Vesial clensi,' for Aulo, Metelli Veli e Vesiâ filio—but the topic deserves amplification. Indeed, having been led on beyond my original intention, and bestowed time on the study, it is proper to contribute whatever gleams of light and of partial knowledge I seem to have attained. I shall not shrink from any bold conjectures which may suggest truth to others, where I fail of it myself.

In 2058, on a coffer, is read, Larθ. Aleθnas Aθnθal Ruvfialc clan; in which the only doubt is concerning the final -c after Ruvfial. I interpret it as before, namely, as *qui* or *quæ*, *est* or *erat*, which may refer to any antecedent. But here the Greek article *in apposition* to Ruvfial suffices. Then the translation is, Lars, Alesii ἐξ Ἀθανασίας τῆς Ῥουφίας filius. Not only is this order of words striking, but it is not fixed in grammar—I mean, no fixed order is compulsory, as in Turkish; but we have plentiful proof that the Etruscan arrangement was flexible. In 1915, where numerous unknown words appear, we find in contiguity . . . . precuθurasi Larθialisvle Cestnal clenarasi . . . . Here I hold it certain, that the first and last word are in concord, each being the dative plural. I suspect that Precus means *primus*, or eldest, but (whatever it means) its gen. sing. is Precuθus, and nom. pl. Precuθur; thus the syntax must be that of '*natu-maximis Lartialisuli e Cestiniâ liberis.*' The ordinary gen. sing. is in -es, but here the genitive of the diminutive *-isvla* is *-isvle*. Moreover, the dative plural in *-asi* (indeed *-rasi*) reminds one of Homer's παίδεσσι, ἀλόχοισι, &c. [Evidently *v* is often our vowel *u*; perhaps for Etruscan *u* we ought always to write *o*, as in Greek and in old Latin.]

The structure in the following is remarkable. It will be seen how the verb is reserved to the end. A genitive plural in *-um* and *-usum*, as in Latin *lapidum* and *dominorum*, cannot be overlooked. First contemplate the inscription itself (2033 *bis*). As judged by the sculpture, it was 'over a *youth*;' but it rather seems, it was over a princely *boy* seven years old.

1. Vel. Leinies. Larθial
2. ruica. Arnθialum clan
3. Velusum prumasθ
4. avils sesfs lupuce.

Ruica is a wholly unknown word. At first sight it seems to be an adjective agreeing with Clan: then the *structure* is,

1. *Velus, Leinii e Lartiâ,*
2. *antiqua Aruntiadum progenies*;

making a double genitive with progenies, which has to be taken twice. If final -ca of Ruica be the definite article, or relative, Rui may even be an adverb, meaning *ex-antiquo*, *quondam*, as easily as an adjective, by rendering Ruica, *ex-antiquo-qui* (erat). If the double genitive be thought inadmissible, perhaps the relative *-ca* may be feminine, or, what is virtually the same, may refer to the nearest antecedent Larθia. To exhibit the possible syntax, let me suppose that Rui means a *descendant* (ἀπόγονος) or one akin (σύγγονος), then in Greek we very neatly express *-ca* by the article τῆς, thus:

1. Βέλος, Λεινίου ἐκ Λαρτίας
2. ἀπογόνου-τῆς Ἀρουντίδων παῖς.

But Rui not being in concord with the ablative Larθial, the Etruscan has a truer parallel in a Latin relative, thus:

1. *Velus, Leinii e Lartiâ,*
2. *gentilis quæ* (erat) *Aruntiadum, filius;*

after which the syntax of 3 and 4 is clear enough:

3. *Veliorum princeps,*
4. *ætatis septem* [anno VII] *decessit.*

It is here disclosed that the Etruscans recognised groups of relationship which we did not suspect; as, the Aruntiades, or descendants of some great lady Aruntia, and the Velii, [or relatives of some eminent Velus. As for Prumasθ, it is almost too like Greek. Elsewhere we have the name Prumaθni, as if from Προμαθεύς: but here it must be a common noun, and in another inscription of the same crypt (mutilated alas!) we have 'Velusum . . . meθtum . . . . prumste,' analogous to Gothic 'frumest,' *first*, and Greek πρώτιστος. If Prumasθ or Prumaste be pure Etruscan, it is of much importance: but since Promo is Umbrian for Latin *primo*, it is possible that Prumaste may have been adopted from the Umbrians. Be this as it may, we have here two genitives plural in striking analogy to Latin and Greek, &c.

I seem to detect the word Cisum to mean *duorum* in 2340, unluckily fragmentary. But the close of it is so far complete as to suggest a conjectural translation. Let it be premised that Clan, Clen are rendered by Latin *natus*, *gnatus*. Clan formerly seemed to me distantly connected with the Gaelic Clionne; but the words Clate and Clel are against the idea that *n* in Clan is radical.

It may be suspected that Cle or Cal (of which presently) is the true root, analogous to Gna, Gen, and to Teutonic Kna, Kin. Now, in 2340 we read: 'Clalum Ce(isinie)s ci clenar. . . . . ; lupum avils (m)aχs mealχlsc. . .' Evidently *Clalum* and *Lupum* are parallel plural verbs comparable to ἔτεκον, ἔλιπον, except that Clalum is passive. I seem able to fill up the *thought* as follows, but do not now trouble the reader with all my reasons: 'Nati-sunt Ceisinii duo filii *uno-in partu*; decessere ætatis xxi (?) *eodem in die* (?) *unâ*.' It seems that both died together, and at the same age; therefore they were *twins*; a fact which suggests the meaning of the unknown words. But the inference which I immediately press is, that the verbal termination *-um* is comparable to *-ον*, 3rd p. pl. of 2nd aorist in Greek. Lupu, Lupum, are parallel to ἔλιπε, ἔλιπον. If Clel mean *genuit*, Clelum might be *genuerunt*; and we see the passive Clalum (*nati sunt*) distinguished by change of vowel, as ἔμαθον, ἔμαθην. Of course this needs corroboration; as a hint, it may aid. But are Lupu and Lupuce identical in tense? If we may compare them to the two Aorists of Greek, ἔδω and ἔδωκε, ἔθη and ἔθηκε, the analogy will be startling. But we must wait a while patiently. Let a digression be allowed concerning the *method* of investigation. Our problem is similar to that of a child learning its mother tongue. The meaning of words is revealed by gestures; and a matter of first importance is, to know what sounds express *nouns* and what *verbs*, or other parts of speech. If that be made out, gestures quickly give a rough meaning, and repetition with small variations soon settles it more sharply. Our immense disadvantage is twofold: *first*, we have no one to make gestures—we only pick up from the sculptures, or rather from the report of them, some vague idea; *next*, instead of frequent repetitions of words in diverse connection, very many important words occur but once or twice. We can but watch for sentences which have fewest unknown words, and guess these. We must despair of learning certainty concerning more than a very few vocables; but if we can discriminate which are nouns and which verbs, fortunate sentences may suggest *probable* guesses; and, one helping another, we might at length find similarities in some known language, and then get

further help from it. This is only a bare possibility; but it is clear to me that we have not as yet at all exhausted all that by this elementary method may be worked out of the inscriptions themselves—I do not say with certainty, but with probability. Our first effort must be to settle the *syntax* of sentences, without which we shall make ridiculous guesses, mistaking perhaps an adverb for a verb, or pronoun for an adjective.

The Rev. Isaac Taylor has shown as much skill in selecting inscriptions to comment on, as errors in commenting. He sometimes comes so near to the right thing, as irresistibly to suggest to others what he misses himself. This I attribute to his Turanian craze, and to his astonishing recklessness as to syntax. But I proceed to argue largely from the very inscriptions which he has produced.

On a small bronze statue (804) is inscribed, 'Utni θufulθasa turce.' Turce (*dedit*) must have a person's name for nominative. This is evidently *Utni*, which (as we see in 857) is in Latin *Otanes* . . an Asiatic name? The object given is the statuette, expressed by Θufulθasa, which may be here conjecturally rendered *imaginem*. Thus we get as a translation,

Otanes imaginem dedit.

In 1054, on a bronze lamp, we find the word θuplθas, which all allow to be a mere variety for θufulθas—

A . Vels . Cus . θuplθas alpan turce.

Here the giver is named first: *alpan* appears to be the accusative after the verb, and *θufulθas* is a genitive dependent on *alpan*. The Rev. Isaac Taylor renders *alpan* 'a tribute.' I prefer his suggestion of *munus* or *debitum*, and interpret it provisionally as 'a gift.' Then we have,

Aulus Veli (filius) *Cossus imaginis munusculum dedit.*

But we see that θufulθas here refers to a bronze lamp, not to a bronze statuette. Perhaps, then, it means anything moulded of metal. In 1051,

V. Cuinti. Arntias. Culpiansi alpan turce.

Here all is clear except the sex of two names.

Velus Quintius Aruntii (filius) *Culpiano munusculum dedit.*

else,

Vela Quintia Aruntiæ (*filia*) . . . .

Since the gift consists of two bronze girls, wholly naked, I rather believe that the giver was a man; so that Cuinti and Arntia are masculine names. Quintius, son of (*a mother*) Aruntia, would be expressed by Cuinti Arnθial *or* Arnθal, I believe. In parenthesis, it may here be named that Fabretti seems to assume that names in *-ia* must needs be feminine. No doubt they generally are, as Latin names in -a; yet Agrippa, Porsenna are masculine, and I think in the following (which do not stand alone) Velia or Veilia is the father, Caia the mother:

1129. Larθ Acsis Veilias Caeal clan } *Lars Axii Veiliæ e Caiâ filius.*

1131. Larθ Acsis Velias Caeal etera } *Lars Axii Veliæ e Caiâ secundus* (filius).

In 2603 *bis*, we read on a small bronze statue what is now easy to translate in substance, since Suetonius tells us that with the Etruscans *Aiser* meant 'god.'

Tito Alpnas turce aiseras θuflθicla trutvecie.
Titus Alfii (filius) *dedit dei imaguncula auspicatam.*

Whether to render Alpna by Alfius or Alpinus is doubtful; but here unimportant. That the termination -icla implies a diminutive noun, it may seem strange that anyone could overlook. The termination is found with this sense in Umbrian as well as Latin. *Aiseras* (dei) is evidently genitive singular dependent on the accusative. For Trutvecie, the rendering 'auspicious' is my conjecture, based upon a bilingual inscription (69), which interprets Trutnut, haruspex. Haruspex is a Greek word, ἱροσκόπος, not native Etruscan. The statuette

is supposed to represent a Lar, or little god.

Not unlike is 274, also on a bronze statuette, Eiceras θufiθ cveia, which seems to be ill-copied. I will not rest an argument on corrections, but Fabretti regards it as certain that θufiθ should be θufiθ, *l* needing only a short stroke more than i. But besides, I venture to correct thus :—

Aiseras θufiθ cvera;
Dei imago [parva ?]

Thus we have, *nomin.* θufulθ, *gen.* θufulθas, *accus.* θufulθasa; *dimin.* θufulθicla, for imago, imaginis, imaginem, imagunculam. If this be correct, we find an accusative in -a, as Greek *μάρτυρα*. I observe such words as Θastalθ (as in Zouave, Θamdint replaces the Arabic Medina or Medinat), which suggests that the verbal root may be Uful.

[So in 1247,8 we have, beyond doubt, Tusurθi, *uxor*; usur or sur (jungo ?) seems to be the root.]

We meet the word Θufulθ once more, and the sense here ascribed still holds good. Namely, on the left shank of a boy (1055) is inscribed :—

Velias : Fanacnal : θufulθas
alpan : lenaχe : clen : ceχa :
tuθines tlenaχeis.

Here, as before, *θufulθas alpan* is the thing given, 'the gift of an image.' At first sight, we say, *Velias* must be a nominative case; *Velias e Fanacia*, Velias born of a mother Fanacia. This involves doubt. But, whatever the right detail, 'Velias Fanacnal' collectively yields the name of the giver. The receiver is Clen Ceχa, abridged perhaps from Ceχase, which I venture to translate *Filium dilectum* or *Filiam dilectam*. The phrase at full appears on a beautiful statue (2280)

Laris, Pumpus Arnθal clan ceχase,
Lars, Pomponis ex Aruntiâ filius dilectus.

I have no sufficient *proof* that Ceχase means 'beloved;' but it is certainly an epithet. Mr. Taylor translates it *little*, which does not recommend itself. The combination recurs in 2613. Clen for Clan appears elsewhere; also Clens, Clensi, Clenar for cases of the same.

But what now of Lenaχe, in 1055? This is necessarily the verb, which replaces Turce, *dedit*, and has a double accusative in Alpan, the object given, and Clen, the receiver. We at once observe the relation of Lenaχe to Tlenaχeis, which shows initial T forming a substantive from a verb, as probably Θ in Θufulθ. In 2599, on a small brazen statue is inscribed—

Fleres tlenaces cver.

Tlenaces is plausibly identified with Tlenaχeis, for the aspirates never seem to change the sense. Fleres is believed to mean 'an offering.' Cver seems to be its epithet. Above (on 274) I imagined Cveia to be incorrect for Cvera; whether you admit *parva* or *pulcra* to be the more reasonable guess, matters little. Let us take a second guess, and interpret 2599, . . . *Donum caritatis parvum.* For, evidently, Tlenaces must here be a genitive dependent on Fleres. Then recurring to 1055, we seek for a meaning in the verb Lenaχe suited to Tlenaχ, *caritas.* If we render Tlenaχ by the Greek χάρις (and χάριτος suits as well as *caritatis*), *ἐχαρίσατο* suggests itself as an admissible guess for Lenaχe—*gratificor?* kindly bestow? I observe that in 2613 even the verb Turce takes a double accusative; though to the sense of two words we have no clue. The letters are not all certain, but Fabretti exhibits it thus (on a laurelled statue of Apollo):

Mi : fleres : seulare : aritimi
Fasti : Ruifris : trce : clen : ceχa.

The nominative to the verb Turce or Turuce is Fasti Ruifris, which seems to mean Fastia (Fausta), *daughter* of Ruifri: then *fleres*, the gift, and *clen*, her son, make a double accusative. The general idea then is:

Me, donum [*simulacrum laureatum*]
Fastia Ruifris (filia), donavit filium dilectum.

This may reconcile us to a double accusative after Lenaχe, whether the last verb more closely mean Delenit, Gratificatur, or Fovet. The word Tuθines remains, which I regard as an epithet of Tlenaχeis; each is in the genitive. The word recurs on the cloak of 'The Orator,' where, as here, I interpret it by *sincere, true.* (If so, the Etruscan name Tutna may express the Latin Verus.) Thus we have a conjectural translation of 1055, exhibiting at least the syntax, if we admit that in Etruscan, as in Greek and Latin, a genitive may express *an intention*—with (as they say) ἕνεκα or *ergo* understood. On the whole, we thus render 1055:

Velias Fanacnal	θufulθas alpan
Velians? e Fanacia	*imaginis munusculo*
lenaχe clen ceχa	tuθines tlenaχeis.

delenit filium dilectum sinceræ caritatis (*ergo*)

I can now show that my conjectural translation (in *Fraser*, July 1876) of the inscription on the Orator's cloak was not arbitrary (1922):

Aulesi.Metelis.Ve.Vesial.clensi
cen.fleres.tece.sansl.Tenina
tuθines.χisulics.

The first line is very clear, Aulesi and clensi being datives in apposition, Aulo—filio. Ve., as usual in this position, is an abridged genitive, in apposition to the genitive Metelis. The Latins would not say Scipio Publius for Publius Scipio, but as the Greeks admit Σκιπίων ὁ Πόπλιος, so the Etruscans freely invert the order. Vesial being ablative feminine, the first line runs:

Aulo Metelli Veli e Vesiâ filio.

So in the great Perusine inscription:

Aulesi Velθinas Arχnal clensi,
Aulo Volsinii ex Arrhiâ filio.

In the second line, *fleres* (donum) must be the accusative after the verb, which most probably is *tece.* Its nominative can be nothing but *Tenina*, which I suppose to be a man's name. Far commoner is Titina, *Titinius*, from the personal name Tite, *Titus.* But there is also an Etruscan gens Tinia, common enough in the inscriptions, and in 1985 we probably have Θania Tininis, Fannia Tininæ filia, though Passerius mistook the final *s* (M) for *m.* Thus Tininna or Teninna is a good Etruscan name. *Cen* appears to be an epithet of *Fleres*, and is generally identified with *Cehen*, and translated 'this.' I have no great confidence that this is right, but it does not affect the general sense or syntax. In Tece the interpreters, too anxious to find Greek on the surface, see θῆκε, and render it *posuit.* There is also a suspicion afloat that Tez is a verb; and if -ce be a verbal ending, Te may be the root of Tece, as in Greek Θe, whatever the sense. In so well-preserved an inscription it may be rash to suppose that R has been misread into E, and that the true reading is *trce* for *turuce* (dedit). With no strong conviction I acquiesce in Tece (*posuit* or *fecit*). The last two words of the inscription are in the genitive and are only a variation of 'tuθines tlenaχeis' in 1055. A parent would bestow a gift as a mark of *affection* (caritas); Teninna might be satisfied with expressing *friendship* to Aulus Metellus: therefore I suggest Xisulic, 'friendship.' Here -lic answers well to our -ship, and indeed (the Rev. Isaac Taylor may be pleased to see) to the Turkish termination, as in Pasha-*lic.* But I add, we English have the same in Wed-*lock.* Thus the simpler Xisu would mean either *amicus* or *amo, diligo.* And here we seem to have the very root of Ceχase, and a confirmation of the sense *dilectus.* A false light comes from Homer's κεχαρισμένος, but a true one by reduplication from Xisu. Is it possible that Greek χαρι and Etruscan Xisu may be akin?

Another short digression con-

cerning aspirated consonants. The modern Greeks aspirate ΒΓΔ with no change in the meaning. The ancient Greeks would not admit aspirates in two successive syllables; hence ταφή for θαφή, and κέχαδε not χέχαδε. The Etruscans, on the contrary, write Θεθις, where the Greeks have Θέτις and Τηθύς: it is therefore the more remarkable to find them say κεχασε not χεχασε. But one may almost think it was matter of indifference to them whether they used χ or κ, τ or θ. Without searching, I quickly picked up the following double pronunciation of proper names:

Seθre, (Sefre) Setre.
Semθni, Sentni.
Suθrina, Sutrina.
Marcna, Marχna.
Larθ, Lart, Laris.
Larθia, Lartia, Larza.
Fesius, Feθius.
Velχina, Velzina, Velsina.
Venθnei, Ventnei.
Aχuni, Ahuni.
Xurχle, Xurcle, Hercle.
Arθnal, Artnial.
Precu, Preχu.

So in common nouns and verbs,

Tlenaχeis, Tlenaces.
Sec, Seχ.
Suθina, Sutina, Sutna.
Θufulθ, Θupulθ.
Municleθ, Municlet.

Thus we must not be microscopic in dealing with the aspirations. But to return to the inscription 1922:

The word Sansl remains to puzzle or instruct us. I find, on *brass* monuments only, the words Selvan, Selvansl, Selansl, Sansl, and Sl, perhaps a contraction. On some marble monuments the word Nesl occurs. Hence the suspicion arises, that the former words mean Brass, Brazen, Bronze, of Bright Copper (ex ære, ex Orichalco), and the latter, of marble. Thus as a provisional rendering, I obtain for 1922,

Aulo, Metelli Veli ex Vesiâ filio,
hoc donum fecit ex ære Teninna
sinceræ amicitiæ (*ergo*).

What of 255, on a bronze statue?

Larce Lecne turce fleres *uθurlan* Velθi.

Nothing is obscure but the word Uθurlan, which I cannot find elsewhere. It seems to be an epithet of Fleres, such as grateful, kind, acceptable. Velθi must be a dative case, apparently for Velesi, or rather for Velθesi; for there is a nomin. Velθa. Then we translate by

Largus Licinius dedit donum gratum (?) *Velθio.*

But I must now treat in detail the words connected with Sansl. Whether final *l* marks the ablative, so that *ex ære* best expresses the grammar, or whether -sl is comparable to a Latin adjective in -sile, making *aheneum* a fitter translation, remains obscure. But on the second bronze girl (1052) we find:

V. Cuinti.Arntias.selansl.tez.alpan turce:

which admits a possible rendering:

Velus Quintius Aruntii (filius) ex orichalco factum munusculum dedit.

This presumes *tez* to be a participle, from verb Te, *facere*, whence Tece, *fecit*; but whether *tez* be an abbreviated word, is not clear. This translation inclines to the view that the final -sl of selansl is a case-ending, or post-position.

Next, we have Selvansl (identical with Selansl?) on a bronze 'Lar,' it seems (2582):[2]

Canzate selvansl Leθanei Alpnu ecn turce Larθi.

To the verb Turce (*dedit*) the nominative is the feminine name Leθanei, the dative after the verb is apparently Larθi, which may stand for Larθesi, or Lartesi, if just now I rightly identified Velθi

[2] Also 2334, on a *bronze* boy, the word Selvansl and Cver are clearly read: but the inscription is too fragmentary to comment on.

with Velθesi.[3] The thing given appears to be Canzate selvansl; and as the latter word has the force of an epithet, Canzate seems to be a substantive in the accusative. Mi cana (264, 349), both on marble statues, suggest either *Me posuit* or *sculpsit*. If Canzate come from a verb Cana, the verb would seem to mean *sculpsit* or *finxit*, so that Canzat may mean *effigies*, accusat. Canzate? I am informed that Xân in Sanscrit means to *dig*, whence easily is deduced *to hollow*, *to engrave*. That this can at all confirm the sense of *sculpsit* for Etruscan Cana, I dare not assert. Next, it is uncertain whether Alpnu be nominative, to join with Leθanei. It recurs 2505 *bis*, 2412, also Alpanu 2505 *ter*, on bronze mirrors, where it is accepted as the name of a nymph. The termination does not suggest the feminine sex; but perhaps here it may be rendered Alpina or Alfia. But what can *ecn* be, if Alpnu be a nominative? I must presently discuss Eca; but unless *ecn* be an adverb, it is apparently an adjective or demonstrative in the accusative, agreeing with Canzate. The prevalent belief is that Eca means *Hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, or the adverb *hìc*. I shall proceed to argue that it means Sacer or Pius. But I have no reason to think that Ecn can be accusative of Eca, rather it is emphatic for Cen, *this*: whence

Effigiem ex orichalco Leθania Alfia hancce dedit Larti.

In 78 we have on a bronze statuette, with the words all run together,

Tsturce Ramθa Alfia tavi selvan.

If Tsturce is a single word, and *Ts* (Tes, Tis?) is a preposition compounded with the verb as Dedidit, Condidit, this would be of much importance, if established. Ramθa Alfia is the lady giver; Selvan appears to be a substantive, the thing given; *qu.* bronze? I cannot find Tavi again, nor any clue to the sense.

On the small bronze statue of a sitting boy, holding a bird (1930), we read:

Fleres zec sansl ceer.

The last word perhaps should be *cver*, the difference of F and E being slight. *Zec* is a word wholly unknown, and not recurring. As a mere guess, try the Latin adverb Ecce, En! *behold*. Then the syntax is

Donum en ex ære parvum!

But what if Zec mean *tibi*? or *cape*?

Finally in 1055 *bis*, on a small bronze statue, we find

Larθia : Ateinei : fleres : puantirn sl : turce.

If Puiac, Puia mean *puer*, *puella*, it is possible that Puantirn means *puerile*. *If* further Sl be contracted for Sansl, we obtain

Lartia Atinia donum puerile aheneum dedit.

This is wholly uncertain, and I rest nothing on it, barely observing, that we have as yet no *disproof* that Sansl means 'of bronze.'

Let us pass to a new and important topic. What does *Eca suθi* mean? Because in Oscan the pronoun answering to Latin *hic* has the forms Eka, Ekak, Ekask, Ekasin, &c., learned men have been vehemently persuaded that in Etruscan Eca must mean *this* or *here*; as if Etruscan were nearer to Oscan than Latin to Greek or Umbrian. This rendering seems to me quite improbable on the face of it. What is more, at least on one perfect sepulchre, where the inscription nearly fills the whole front (2085) *Eca suθ* stands alone. There is no room for another word, nor perhaps can anything be lost, except possibly *i* at the end, just making Eca suθi. The same Eca suθ is placed similarly in 2084, 2086, but a part is

[3] We might imagine a declension which makes
N. Larθ or Laris, G. Lartes, D. Larθi;
N. Velθ, G. Veltes? D. Velθi;
but, I think, in 2184 Lartesi is dative, though Tartesi is there given us.

broken, and lost letters are indicated: while 2087, 2088 have (Eca) suθi nesl *or* neisl; and 2089 is Eca suθi nesl tetnie. Now if Eca suθi ever stood *alone* on a sepulchre, neither word could be a pronoun. Inevitably the phrase must consist of an adjective and substantive, like Sacrum sepulcrum, Pia sedes: for we see no mark of a genitive, like Mortuorum Sedes. This is a first step. If it be conceded, it will further be observed that Suθina is common on productions of art which have nothing sacred in them; also Suθi is found similarly. On the other hand, Eca nowhere appears except with sepulchres and in the great Perusine inscription 1914*a*, line 20. Thus I incline to render Eca, *sacra*, and Suθi *fabrica* or *ædicula*. Then Nesl (ex marmore?) goes well with it; and

Eca suθi nesl Tetnie (2089),

yields [though I distrust *nesl*],

Sacram ædiculam ex marmore Tetinius (erexit).

Finally, I think Eca, *sacer*, comparable to Greek ἅγιος, but I rest nothing on this. We have now to test the possibility of this translation by a large number of inscriptions.

2138. Eca suθi nesl Pan . . .
Sacram fabricam ex marmore Pan(sa dedicat).

2031. Eca suθi Laθial Cilnia.
Sacram fabricam e Latiâ (natus) *Cilnius* (dedicat).

2602 on a sepulchral chapel:

Eca suθi θanχuilus Masnial;
Sacra ædicula Tanaquilii e Masniâ (nati).

2181. Eca suθi Eierins Saties Mancas;
Sacra ædicula Eierini Satii Mancæ.

2601. Eca suθi Vuizes Vel. l . . .
Sacra ædicula Voesii Veli . . .

2130, on a sepulchral *coffer* (not a sepulchre), Fabretti corrects *mutna* into *sutna*, supposed to be equivalent to *suθina*. Also for Pipinanas he reads Vipinanas. Then we have

Eca sutna Arnθal Vipinanas Seθresla.
Sacram fabricam ex Aruntiâ (*filius*) *Vibennæ Seθresula* (habet).

In 2131 and 2182, the letters are uncertain. They seem to mean the same inscription.

Eca suθi Larθal Tar . Ls . Sortiu
or Tar(χn)as Sacniu
Sacram ædiculam e Lartiâ Tar(*quinii*) filius . . . (erexit).

On a pillar (1931) is read

Suθi etera Velus Aneis Sentinates.
Fabrica secunda Veli Annii Sentinatis.

This distinctly shows that in 'Eca suθi,' suθi is the substantive. It also shows that suθi does not mean a tomb; for Velus Annius could not have two tombs; indeed, a Pillar is not a tomb, but like a Coffer it is a structure, a fabric. With this the derivative Suθina, so common on works of art, accords.

In 2031 *bis*, Larθal—Cilisal cannot be construed together, and one of the two apparently must be an abridged surname. Whether Cilisal can be derived from a *place*, whether Uspu is certainly a name, what R means, are all obscure.

Eca suθi Larθal R . Uspu . Cilisal.
Sacram fabricam e Lartiâ (natus) *Rutia Uspo Cilicensis* (?)

In 1934 Aχnaz seems genitive for Aχnas, as in some other examples. On a pillar is inscribed:

Suθi Rutias Velimnas Epesial Aχnaz
Fabrica Rutii Volumnii, ex Ephesiâ filii Aχnæ (?)

Suθi occurs without Eca in 2600 *aa*,

Anc(e)n suθi curiχunθe Matunas Larisalisa.

Here at first sight curiχunθe is a verb and Suθi the accusative, with the syntax

Totam fabricam consecravit Matunæ (filius) *Larisalisa.*

But in truth we know nothing about Curiχunθe. It may be an adverb for aught we can tell, as *circumcirca*, and suθi be the verb, or the verb be understood.

I must not omit the inscription on Alcestis (2598), though nothing in it is certain. No word but Eca comes again! Aχrum is supposed to be the Greek Ἀχέροντα.

Eca ersce nac aχrum fleθrce.

Apparently Fleres turuce or Flereθi turce, for Latin Dono-dedit, is compounded into Flereθurce. With Eca, bearing no mark of gender, we seem forced to suppose that Ersce is *woman* and Nac *self* or *life*, the verb taking a double accusative. Whence you get, if Eca be *sacred, pious*—

Pia femina vitam Acheronta dono-dedit.

Yet this is very bald: her husband ought to be alluded to.

State the problem more at full. Given the five words above, the first meaning Sacer, Sanctus, Pius, the last meaning Dono-dedit, Prodegit; to find an admissible syntax that will give a sentiment here appropriate. Since Eca has no mark of gender, either Ersce must be its noun (a hypothesis already tried), or Eca must be predicate of a general sentiment and Ersce must contain the idea of Whoever, *quisquis*. Suppose its ending -ce to be the relative *quæ*. Then we have just words enough for the following:

Sancta (est), mariti-quæ causâ vitam prodegit.

This implies that Ers is *mariti*, and Er *maritus*. In Turkish Er is *vir*, and since in Gaelic this is Fear, in Welsh Gwr, it would not be at all wonderful if so widely diffused a root were common to Etruscan. Some indeed have seen it in Greek Ἄρ-ης. According to this conjecture, Nac would be a preposition *propter*, governing a genitive (therefore I wrote *causâ* for it); and Aχrum either a noun *vitam* or a pronoun *se-ipsam*. If the latter, its final *m* may possibly mark the accusative, as with Velθinam, puiam. That it means *Acheronta* is quite as wild a guess as that it means *se-ipsam*. My argument simply aims to show, that in 2598 no refutation is found of the hypothesis that Eca means *sacred, pious*.

I do not deny that in most of the inscriptions it is possible to render Eca *this*; but 2598 is *less* favourable to the rendering Eca, *this*, than to that of Eca, *pious, holy*. At the same time, when Fabretti (Glossary, *Eca*) observes that the word occurs *only* with Suθi—a remark in which he forgets both 2598 and the great Perusine inscription—he seems to confute the hypothesis that it can mean *this*. The word '*this*' surely could not be so confined in its use. In 2183 a new phenomenon meets us in Suθic. As before, I fancy the final *c* or *ca* may be the definite article; but in this instance we need the sense Hic, rather than ὁ ἡ τό (Ille, Qui). In Puia, Puiac, final c discriminates the masculine. In a bilingual inscription (69) Frontac is translated *fulguriator*. Here βροντή (tonitrus) guides us to Front, *fulgur*, and *-ac* has a force like -ator, or, say -της, -τωρ of Greek. This 2183 is not a tomb nor a coffer, but a statue of marble beautifully sculptured. It is inscribed *to* or *for* the son of Velus Expo. If we could dispense with the name of this son, the last word Cerinu might seem to be a passive verb like Zilaχnu.

Eca suθic Velus Expus clensi cerinu;
Pia fabrica hæc Veli Exponis filio dedicatur (?).

But since, it seems, his name could not have been omitted, we appear forced to suppose Cerinu to be his name in the dative, like Latin Quirino; and a new declension is discovered, such as was above augured for Larθialisule in the genitive. Then we have to render it *filio Cerrino* (dedicatur).

Further, in 42 we have an inscription, perhaps imperfect,

Mi suθi Larθial Muθicus.

The order of the words forbids the translation, *Ego* (sum) *fabrica Muθici e Lartiâ* (*nati*). I think Suθi is a verb (on which I proceed to treat), and that either Muθicus is nominative or another nominative is lost.

Me struxit e Lartiâ (natus) Muθicus.

Mi, like French *moi*, seems to be emphatic for I or Me.

I incline to regard Suθi as a verb in the following (1487), at the entrance of a sepulchre, in which Θηκη seems to me a Greek word—the *vault*.

Arnθ Larθ Velimnas Arzneal θusiur suθi acil θece.

Arunς Lars (or Lartis?) *Volumnii* [filius] *ex Arsinoâ lectos struxit intus* (?) *cryptam.*

But the θ in θusiur and θece is by Fabretti read as h, the sound θ (by local dialect perhaps) so changing. *Θusiur*, *Acil*, and Θηκη do not recur: thus we are tantalized. Dennis first explained Θusiur *lectos*: it shows the plural mark. If Θece be a verb, Suθi may be a noun, with Acil as post-position.

But in the following, I think, Suθi *must* be a verb:

(2603) Mi suθilvelθuriθura turce Au. Velθuri Fniscial.

This is inscribed round a beautiful Medusa's head. The verb Turce (*dedit*) necessarily has as its nominative the name following, viz. Aule Velθuri, born of a mother Fniscia, perhaps Punicia or Φοίνισσα. The preceding name Velθuri θura cannot also be nominative to Turce, and cannot be the accusative after it. Inevitably Mi is (*me*) the accusative. Hence Velθuri Θura needs another verb. Moreover, the second Velθuri having a prænomen Aule, we expect the former Velθuri to have in contrast another prænomen. This seems to be L., meaning *Lars*, as usual. Hence I think the books ill-join *suθil* into one word. The group must be broken up as follows: — Mi : suθi : L : Velθuri Θura; which must be complete in itself. The line has two verbs, with Mi as a common accusative; thus Suθi, elsewhere a substantive, is here a verb. This happens so often in English (as in Hate, Love, Walk, Run, Hit, Move) that it cannot excite wonder. Suθi, previously *fabrica*, will here be *fabricavit*, *finxit*.

Mi suθi L. Velθuri Θura, turce Au. Velθuri Fniscial;

Me finxit Lars Volturius Θura, dedit Aulus Volturius e Phœnissâ (natus).

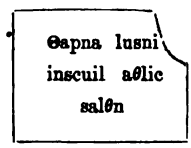
The apposition is quite like Latin. Whether Θura is a separate name is not certain. In the great Perusine inscription Velθinaθuras occurs twice, implying that Velθinaθura is treated as one word. The same appears with Vipia-Alsina, 2180.

Θural (1822) shows Θuria to be a woman's name. As for Vipia Alsina (2180) we have on a bronze mirror the words—

Vipia Alsinai turce Versenas Caea;

in which Alsin*ai* is necessarily dative, as in old Latin; viz. *Vibiæ Alsinæ dedit Porsenæ* (filia) Caia. In Umbrian this imperfect concord is common. We expect Vipi*ai* Alsin*ai*.

In an inscription (2335) on a Tarquinian sarcophagus we find the words *ansuθi* and *catisuθi*, with the aspect of compound verbs, strangely reminding one of the Greek prepositions *ἀνά* and *κατά*, as if one might translate them *refecit* and *confecit*. Tasuθi appears twice, with the appearance of a verb. *Tsturce* has already been pointed out as a possible compound, like *condidit*, *dedidit*. In contrast to Suθina occur the words Tinscuil, Inscuil, on objects of brass. Tinscuil appears to me a substantive, but Inscuil to be a verb in 1050, *Θapna lusnu inscuil*. . . . I must not conceal that Fabretti quotes 1050 as containing Tinscuil. He supposes that T has been broken off at the end of the preceding line, and he interprets the word to be a man's name, the diminutive of Tins. But on a bronze candelabrum, the word Lusni at once suggests the Greek words for 'lamp' current in Italy—*lychnus* and *lychnium*; and Θapna has to me the



aspect of the Etruscan artificer's name: 'Tapius lychnium confinxit . . . . . .' The remaining words are wholly unknown. As concisely as I can, I will state why I suspect that Tinscuil means *cast* (in bronze), and Suθina *wrought* (with a tool). Each stands alone on works of art; Tinscuil on bronze only: Suθina seems to be a par-

ticiple (as fabrefactus) from the verb Suθi. From three inscriptions on pottery I suspected that *Inaia* meant the Pot-factory, and comparing -aia with Greek -ειο, as the place or shop, *In* seems the verbal root for Fingo, Fig-ulus. Then Inesci in great Per. Ins. struck me as adjective to Suci (Company? Guild), and this I connected with Inscuil. Of course we want fresh material to confute or confirm this.

Above, the combination *Precuθurasi. . . . . clenarasi* was quoted from 1915. It may be added that in 2058 it is said of Lars, son of Aleθna or Alesius by Athanasia Rufia, that at the age of sixty he

lupuce munisvleθ calusurasi.

So ends the epitaph, and it opens new thought. To the dative plural *calusurasi* he gave or left something; viz. *munisvleθ*; therefore the verb *lupuce* is here active. Generally it seems to mean *obiit, decessit.* Obiit in Latin is properly active; but in the phrase *Obiit mortem*, the accusative being omitted, the verb seems to change its sense and become neuter. This epitaph makes me think that *reliquit* is the true sense of Lupuce, and that *vitam* is understood, when it seems to mean *died.* Thus

either, reliquit memoriam posteris:
or, reliquit mœstitiam cognatis:

alike gives the syntax. And now the possibility is suggested that Lupu is the same root as λιπε, and that my comparison of Lupu, Lupum to ἔλιπε, ἔλιπον is closer than was intended. That Menerva (goddess of wisdom, not of war, to the Etruscans) contains in her name the element Men identical with that of Latin Men, Mem, Mon, and of Greek μεν, μνη, Sanscrit Man, may fairly be assumed as a provisional hypothesis. *Munisvleθ* seems a derivation from Mun. Indeed, in 2059 we read

lupuce munisureθ calu[surasi],

in which Munisvleθ and Munisureθ seem intended for the same noun. (A stroke added to Etruscan l changes it to r.) In 2335 Timunθzivas appears to me a derivation from Mun, with nearly the sense of *monimenti*: -ziva representing -σειον, -ειον, -ium, -arium, or -mentum, and Timunθ being a formative from Mun comparable to Θufulθ above. Larθ Larθalisa, son of Camna or Camius by Atinia,

catisuθi timunθzivas mursl xx.
construxit monimenti ulnas (?) xx.

Municlet is in the great inscription 1914. In 2339 the word Municleθ occurs, and might mean *monument, memorial,* or *memory.* In 367 the letters are uncertain; but it is written at the entrance of the sepulchre:—

Larθi Cvenles tasuθi manic*lcu* (?)
qu. Larθia Quenlii (filia) struxit monimentum (?)

The root *Man* seems here to show itself instead of Mun. Tasuθi looks like an Arabic verb feminine, but no gender elsewhere appears in the verbs, so that Ta must have some other sense. Munisureθ and Munisuleθ may be at present rendered either *memoriam* or *mœstitiam*, with equal plausibility perhaps, from root Mun; and I proceed to Calusurasi.

The word Calus is found in 2339, an inscription on a side wall, which rather needs than imparts light. Yet from the first line perhaps we glean that Cizi means *here*

Larθ Ceisinis Velus clan cizi zilaχnce;
Lars Ceisinii Veli filius hic(?) *sepultus est.*

The syntax of what follows is very obscure, and some letters uncertain. Six words together are of unknown sense; yet I conjecture that Municleθ means *memoriam*, and Calus (*nomin.*) *gentilis.* Hence, perhaps, Calusur *gentiles*, and Calusurasi *gentilibus.* Then Cal *gens* (?) would be related to Cla or Cle nearly as Gen to Gna in Latin and Greek.

In things without life no mark of gender has appeared in Etruscan, which seems, like English, to treat

all lifeless things as neuter. Even in Latin and Greek, neuters do not distinguish the accusative from the nominative; nor do accusatives press on our notice in Etruscan, except with persons, as Velθina Velθinam, and puia puiam, where we *presume* that -am denotes an accusative. In the word Θufulθasa (804) the final -a has the aspect of an accusative, so has final -e of Canzate, 2582, and final -i of Manimeri (2056); but these much need corroboration. Manimer (ἐκεῖνοι?) I suppose to be plural of Manim (ἐκεῖνος?), but the word does not recur. In the great Perusine inscription (1914) we have Fusle (*a* 13) and Fusleri (*a* 4). *Perhaps* Fusleri is accus. pl. Comparing Zilaχnθas with Θufulθas we shall not doubt that *-as* denotes the genitive, and that Zilaχnuθ is a verbal noun, *sepultura*. The -nu added to Zilaχ may be compared to -νυ in Greek ζεύγ-νυ-μι. I imagine that Zilaχnu is the *passive* of a *causative* verb, derived from Zilaχ or Zilaθ, *cubat*. That the real root is Zil may be conjectured from Zelaru (sepulcralis?); but letters are doubtful. On the stone coffin 2059 it is said of a lady that she

Muleθsvalasi zilaχnuce, lupuce munisureθ calu[surasi].

Of these five words I think the first is in the dative singular, and marks the exact spot (dativus loci) with such a syntax as the following:

Ad-portulam sepulta est, reliquit mæstitiam gentilibus.

The word Tenθas is similarly genitive from a nomin. Tenθ, and as the probable root of the latter, Tenu appears, with Tenve and Tenl. Marunuχ occurs several times, and Maruχ once; also an apparent root Marnu. Eθ fanu, in 1915, seems to me to mean Talia fatur, τάδε φησί, which gives the root Fa, identical with Greek and Latin, the -nu being adscititious, unless we prefer to compare the words with τάδε φαίνει. Lupu, Turu (?), Marnu, Tenu, Masu, Fanu, Zilaχnu, Caru, Matu, are perhaps verbs of the third person. I cannot *prove* it, but I use the suspicion as a clue. The 'lautn Velθinas' (hæres Volsinii?) announces something (1914) and the 'lautnescle Aules' (hæredulus (?) Auli) also announces something in 1915. In the one we read 'Eθ caru' (talia promulgat?), in the other 'Eθ fanu' (talia fatur?).

It will be observed that Maruχ and Marunuχ, formed from Mar-nu, denote a final -χ servile. We have already seen -θ in this place, and likewise -c in puiac, frontac. It is well known that in Etruscan *names* both χ and θ are apt to run down into simple *h*. Thus we have reason to suspect an analogy to the final *h* and *t* or θ of Hebrew and Arabic nouns; so far at least that accident decided whether the χ or the θ final should prevail, with no marked difference of sense.

In Tlenaχes, *gen.* from Tlenaχ, we see T—χ replace T—θ, and are warned that the root is Len; so that in Lenaχe the -χe is an addition for the past tense, as -ce in Lupuce. Nay, we now even seem to be warned that Zilc, Zilaχe Zilaχ, Zilaθ, are the same word, but I cannot make out the tense satisfactorily. *Len* in Etruscan we find to represent χαρ, Lat. and Welsh Car. [The Leine which Mr. Taylor interprets *lived*, to me seems rather to mean *scarcely*; as in Latin epitaphs, '*vix* ann. xx.']

Some pages back, I deferred explaining why I assigned to Amce marunuχ the syntax of *prope angulum*. 'Amce' occurs in three connections. First with a numeral, as when a person's age is named; '*nearly* twenty' or '*scarcely* twenty' may alike suit. Next when a lady is called Puiam amce, the rendering 'nearly a girl,' 'not much more than a girl,' is admissible; but not 'scarcely a girl.' Thirdly, when a deceased person lies 'amce marunuχ,' this seems to decide that Amce means *near*, and that Marunuχ is some *place* within the sepulchre. This leads me to render it *angulum*

tentatively. But it must be observed that *Puiam amce* with the syntax of Latin Puellam prope, is joined with a nominative in the sense of Pene puella, *almost* a girl, nearly a girl.

I now proceed to a new argument, that final -va is equivalent to a post-position *in*. Such an inversion is common in Umbrian, which may well have been affected in its composition by the more cultivated Etruscan. On comparing two phrases:

2335*b*. Zilc θ*ufi* tenθas marunuχ
2056. Zilc marunuχ*va* tenθas

I am persuaded that both the likeness and diversity of their *syntax* are reproduced by:

. . . cubat *juxta* loculi angulum
. . . cubat angulo-*in* loculi

which implies Θufi to be an adverb or adverbial preposition.

Similar in 2057 is 'Svalus[4] marunuχ*va*,' with the syntax of *Ostii in angulo*, the order of the words being unimportant, if only -*va* adhere to Marunuχ. We may now insist that in 2056, 'Eit*va* tamera' has the same syntax as *eâdem in camerâ*, and 'eit*va* pia' in 2340 the same syntax as *eodem in die* or *eodem in mense*. (The last seems nearly to fix the sense of Pia as meaning *day* or else *month*.) Further, 'Zilaθ maruχ*va* tarils' has the syntax of 'he rests in the turn of life,' τροπῇ-ἐν βιότου. (Whether Tarils is correct, I do not discuss, but suppose it derived from Ril—year.) Maruχ (2101) cannot come from Marnu (of 2033 *bis*) unless the -nu be a verbal addition, and Mar the root. To feel my way, I imagine that Mar means *turn*, as perhaps in Greek εὐμαρὴς δυσμαρής, where the root is un-Greek; then I render Marnu, τρέπεται, Maruχ, τροπή, and Marunuχ, *corner*. But we need new instances to test such guesses. In 1915 'Et*va* θaure' will similarly have the syntax of hâc-ipsâ *in* tabulâ.

After this, I may suggest a possible *syntactical* analysis of the important inscription 2056, which is a supplement to 2055, from which we began above. The *sense* of many words is, of course, uncertain. I suppose that Eθl must be a noun in the nominative. Eslz is found in 2057 and 2335 but brings no light. I render Arce, Manim as in 2055.

2056. Arnθ Aleθnas Ar . clan ril XXXXIIII
Aruns Alesii Aruntis filius, annorum XLIV,

eit*va* tamera sarvenas clenar zal arce.
eâdem-in camerâ cryptæ liberos tres habuit.

Acnanasa zilc marunuχ*va* tenθas:
Acnanasa cubat angulo-in loculi:[5]

eθl matu manimeri.
cella tenet ἐκείνους (duo alteros).

Whether clenar can be accusative, I do not know; but final short vowels are often omitted in these inscriptions.

It would seem that the *ablative* in -al cannot be used for a *locative*. Indeed, the Latins ordinarily add In.

The Etruscan language seems to have as little of organized gender as the English, except as to names. Neither the adjectives nor the demonstratives show gender. Possibly even, as with the Turks, the words He and She are not distinguished.

But for the numerous obliterations and uncertain letters in the most important inscriptions, I am persuaded that we should discover other post-positions from them. Indeed Marnuχtef denotes such a post-position -tef, perhaps akin to the adverb or preposition θufi, and the concords denoted in the remarkable combination (2100)—

eisn-*evc* ep(e)rθ(i)ne-cs ma-cs tr-*evc*

[4] This word Svala suggests that Muleθsvalasi in 2059 above may be a compound noun, as *Ostii-ad-portam*, and that Muleθ is a noun from root Mul. Elsewhere we find Mulune, Mulvene, Mulml. With Mul-vene compare Sar-vena of 2056.

[5] I mean, a niche. I do not know the Latin name.

show something worthy of discovery.

Spur-ana and Spur-eθi; Eprθi, Eprθ-nevc, Eprθ-necs, Eprθ-ne; Spel-θi, Spel-θu, Spel-an-eθi, &c. would repay analysis. But the materials are tantalizing. My last attempt now shall be to represent the *syntax* of the greater part of 1915, the Perusine inscription second in importance.

1. { Cehen suθi hinθiu θues sians.
   { *Hæc* (est) *ædicula feralis familiæ nobilis.*

2. { Etva θaure lautnescle caresri Aules Larθial
   { *Hâc ipsâ-in tabulâ hæredulus publicus Auli e Lartiâ* (nati)

3. { precuθurasi Larθialisvle Cestnal clenarasi
   { *natu-maximis Lartialisuli e Cestiniâ liberis*

4. { eθ fanu. Lautn precus—
   { *talia fatur. Hæres-natu-maximus—*

From Hinθial *a ghost* I infer Hinθiu *ghostly*, or belonging to the *inferi*. Finally, a few words may be in place concerning the vocalization of the Etruscan language. At Cære was found, written round a goblet (2404), a nearly perfect set of letters, which apparently must have been poetry. They are accepted as Etruscan, but are as full of vowels as Attic Greek; indeed, the vowels and consonants are admirably balanced. All the words being joined into one, the division is wholly conjectural, but for convenience of reading they may be thus exhibited.

Mi nice θuma, mi ma θumar(u)m
lisi piθi lurenai
eθe erai nie epana
mi n(...) una stavhe lefu.

Mi sounds like Greek μή. Lepsius thought the verses must be Pelasgian, because Cære (otherwise called Agylla) is said to have been a Pelasgian colony. That the ditty should be thought *quasi*-Greek, and not Etruscan, seems to me very natural. Yet some other Etruscan inscriptions have a Greek sound, as

Mi Ramuas Kaius inaia:—
Mi tesanteia Tarχum enaia:—
Mi Larθ Atart inaia,—

all on pottery.

Qu. Is

Inaia = Enaia = *figulina*?

Is it wonderful that on the goblet there is no harshness of jumbling consonants? Not at all: the contrast of rough and smooth merely shows principles of writing similar to Hebrew or modern Arabic. In the prose of these tongues the vowels are largely dispensed with, but in *poetry are punctiliously filled in.* Indeed, in the very last inscription previously quoted (1915) there is little want of vowels, though in 1914 we have many ugly-looking words, as amevaχr, mulmlescul, sranczl, cnl, θunχunθl. Besides the abridgment of words, this omission of vowels is a new difficulty to us in analysing the syntax.

It must be added that the Etruscan alphabet is evidently more like to the Lycian than to the Greek, Roman, or Phœnician; a fact which is a new indication that their culture came from Asia Minor. Their zeal for the Greek mythological tales, and apparently for the Homeric poems, is a striking phenomenon, attested by multitudinous bronze mirrors, on which are bas-reliefs, often beautiful, alluding to Greek heroes and gods. Whether the artists were Greek or Etruscan is an interesting inquiry. Mr. Richard Burton's volume on Bologna is a pleasing addition to our knowledge of antiquarian remains, in which the students of Etruscan art no doubt rejoice.

A LONG LOOK-OUT.

WHETHER the phrase be good English or not, I do not know. The writer is always in fear that he may fall into Scotticisms of expression. But Scotticisms, though not good English, are not provincialisms: Scotland is not a province, after all; though its capital, doubtless, is London. And there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh. Yet Scotticisms are pardonable in a Scot, who sees England rarely, and then hurriedly. Nearly five years are gone since the writer looked on an English landscape or entered a cathedral church. And these words express a great privation. Life, too, cannot contain many more periods of five years.

In any case, it was in England, long ago, that the phrase grew familiar: *A Long Look-out.* It was often on the lips of a good man, gone for many years. It commonly expressed a sorrowful fact. Coming back to school after the brief holidays, very miserable: and taking tooth and nail to the hardest work under the impression common to boys of fifteen that thus the dreary year would faster go away, and the longed-for return to the distant home come round; it fell very blankly on one to be told that there was no need for such feverish eagerness: it was a long look-out to the next summer. All this, however, is neither here nor there. It is all gone by: and it has nothing earthly to do with the subject of the present dissertation. For the thesis now to be maintained is that a long look-out is demanded by the healthy human mind: that, in fact, we cannot do without it, though the sense of our necessity is commonly latent: that we cannot do with a look-out any shorter than one which has no limit at all: that the prospect must be absolutely unbounded, or we may as well knock our heads at once against the enclosing wall.

There are those who are aware, hour by hour, that they cannot enjoy at all anything which is present, unless they know that the future is provided for too. What is to come next, and next again, is a question always pressing on them. They must have things arranged a good way ahead; or what is now is unsatisfying.

De Quincey tells us that what he enjoyed most through some of his earlier years, was the season of short days and long dark nights: when he had the long evening undisturbed among his books. But it was not enough that he had at present these enjoyable nights, when it was so black and dreary all round his dwelling, and the solitary student sat in the pleasant lamplight and fire-light in his 'room seventeen by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high,' surrounded by his beloved five thousand volumes. He could not relish a winter night unless he had a good thick wall of dark nights between him and the encroaching light of the lengthening days: and accordingly November and December were the months during which 'happiness was in season.' For besides the warm present, there was what may by comparison be called the long look-out.

Mr. Ruskin told us lately that having reached (was it?) fifty-three years, he cannot look with the old enjoyment at the setting sun. It seems to sink down so fast. As the gentle Lyte wrote when he had less than De Quincey's two months before him altogether, 'fast falls

the even-tide.' And though Mr. Ruskin has probably not lost the power of enjoying that natural beauty which no one ever described so eloquently, yet the intruding thought that he cannot see it very much longer embitters all. The present lovely colours of the Western sky require, to their due appreciation, that you should have the latent sense within you that you may see them again an indefinite number of times. To say a hundred times more, a thousand times more, a million times more, will not do. The prospect must be limitless. Of course, a large definite number conveys to many minds the feeling of unlimited extent and duration. One summer day, years ago, entering a gateway between great red sandstone pillars, and walking along a pleasant avenue under great trees with a little stream brawling by, the writer found the master of that leafy domain of peacefulness standing on a bit of turf transcending all velvet, in front of his beautiful abode. His years were seventy-two: he was a kind good old man: it may gratify some to know that he was very rich. I see the shafts of sunshine coming through the thick boughs, making the turf a blaze of verdant gold. 'What a lovely place you have got,' were the first words of greeting that came naturally. But the old man sadly shook his head, and replied, 'Ah, if one could have a nine hundred and ninety-nine years' lease of it!' For such is the term of a contract meant to endure for ever, North of the Tweed. By North of the Tweed, I mean in Scotland: for not the Tweed only, but all Northumberland, lies far to the Northward of pleasant Galloway. But the nine hundred and ninety-nine years, thus said, meant Eternity. The hundred years of Faustus conveyed to Faustus, when he made his wretched bargain, that same inexhaustible duration. As it was, Faustus was a madman. But had the brevity of his century been taken in, he would have been an idiot. Which estate is the more degrading. A distinguished Professor of Theology in a great University, (by a great University I mean one with two thousand students in residence), once said, with great feeling, 'There is something grand in being a madman: but there is nothing grand about being a fool.'

To return, there are men who in all little personal and domestic arrangements must plan ahead. When they take a dress suit into daily wear, they must get another and lay it up in their wardrobe, against the time when the present one shall be worn-out, or grow shabby. Even so in the respect of boots: always two pairs, never worn, in reserve. A careful soul of a house-wife, dwelling in a little country dwelling, far from the town, advised a newly married wife 'always to have an extra pair of chickens.' Such as have inhabited the like home know why. Some folk are uneasy unless they have a great store of letter-paper, and envelopes, and postage stamps: pens, tapers, sealing-wax. You remember Sydney Smith's lemon-bag. Squeezing one, he had the prospect of several more, in waiting. And not pleasanter used to be the hearty glow of the wood fire on winter evenings long ago, than the sight of the neat billets of well-seasoned oak ranged on the hearth, waiting their turn to give forth the imprisoned sunshine of immemorial ages gone.

You may say it is morbid, this continual prevision of the future. It is certainly 'taking thought for the morrow,' and making the day that is passing over one bear the burden of several days. But here is a case in which right and wrong are eminently matters of degree. To be always planning far ahead may bring a burden

of many needless fears. John Parker told me many times how anxious he felt as to what should become of *Fraser* when his father should die. But the father long survived the son. On the other hand, to sit still idly, and wait for something to turn up, for things to come round, is despicable. Worse still is the behaviour of the selfish human brute who gaily spends his whole income, and makes not the smallest provision for his children after he dies. Several degrees of additional aggravation are manifest when the brute declares that he does all this because he has so firm faith that Providence will take care of the poor little things. Lictors, bring forth the Knout! Exhibit the vile hypocrite, and permit me to lay on. Terrible sounds shall be heard, as of a brute in pain. Doubtless the look-out desired may become too long. If a man could not be happy unless he had ten pairs of boots in reserve, all fresh from the maker; or twelve suits of clothes and six greatcoats, all unworn: the man is wrong. He is approximating to the condition of one, known to me in childhood, who had seventy thousand a year, but was oppressed with fears lest his means should fail him: of another, who durst not travel by railway, even a very short journey. But if the fear of the awful Future were morbid, what then? You do not help a man over it, by telling him it is so. The morbid condition is a fact, and cannot be ignored: is not made powerless, like an evil spirit, when recognised and named. There are people who would say to man or woman, shrinking painfully from doing something needful, 'Come, that's morbid: Don't yield to it:' as though the hapless mortal's feeling were unreal, fanciful, voluntary. You might just as well and wisely say to one with a painfully inflamed tooth, 'Press hard upon it: Don't mind it or feel it: the thing is morbid, and you must not yield to it.' As wisely say, 'Walk manfully with that broken leg: Don't give in!' Morbidness is a reality, and a terrible reality; and you need not pretend to shut your eyes to it. You may help a human being out of it: you may cure him of it: but do not think to drive the dead-lame horse as though it were sound. Wherefore let it be recognised that, be this craving for a lengthened prospect morbid or not, it is a fact in human nature. And you must just make the best of it.

I have said already that nearly every human being is less or more in a morbid condition. Almost every man is what if he were a horse would be called a screw. I was sure of that, long ago: I am still surer now. Having expatiated on the thought, not wholly a discouraging thought, I need not do so again as touching the general statement. Only let it be said that in no respect is it so touchingly pressed upon one, as in respect to the fears for the future which are in many good men and women. And the shadow begins to come over us early. When a little boy comes to be sure that you really understand him and sympathise with him, he will confide to you his many fears. There are great strong lads, with no nervous system and not much brain, who (happily for themselves) have none such. But you will find quiet thoughtful little fellows who (after long acquaintance and having become sure of you) will tell you what an effort it is to go to school each morning. They go in vague alarm: alarm which on many days proves not to have been groundless. It is the thought of certain small pale faces which would make the writer (if fate permitted) thrash the brutal school-bully with even greater alacrity and gusto than the

beast who does not insure his life, already named. No purer enjoyment could be vouchsafed the writer than the opportunity to remove considerable portions of the skin of certain of his fellow-creatures. I recall a sentence in a sermon by a very popular preacher. 'Who,' exclaimed he, with blazing eyes, 'could see a great hulking fellow abusing a helpless woman or a little child, without being filled with *the holy desire to kick the coward*?' Well said, my eloquent friend!

There are folk, surely exceptive folk, who are quite content if the want of the present moment be supplied. And it seems as though, for rational beings, this were the most morbid state of all. It is very well for a cow, lying on a pleasant day when there are no flies on the grass, to chew the cud in tranquil enjoyment of the present, looking neither before nor after. The like may be said of our fellow-creature the pig, which loves to lie in the sun, devoid of all ambition. Nor need it be denied that mortal men, with lined faces, heavy hearts, and anxious minds, have stood with their hands in their pockets beside such animals, and thought that it might not be amiss to change places. It sometimes seems that the dignity (if that be the word) of human nature is dearly bought. The higher in the scale of being, the greater the capacity of suffering. Henry Fielding, we are told by 'the charming Mary Montagu,' forgot every evil when in the presence of a venison pasty and a flask of champagne. But, genius as Fielding doubtless was, who sorted English words into sentences as felicitously as ever that was done in prose, he was (or Carlyle has prophesied in vain) morally a wretched creature. Good-natured as well as clever, let it be admitted: and unhappy in the age in which he lived: but the whole tone of his life and his works goes to show that he did not really take in that there is any real difference, not to say vital and eternal difference, between Right and Wrong. His moral sense took note not of the Right and the Wrong, but of the Dashing and the Sneaky. These were the poles of his moral world. The triumph of a dashing blackguard is set forth in the simple-hearted belief that as *that* is what he is pleased to see, so all men will be pleased to see it too. But the doctrine is damnable: and (what Fielding would have thought much worse) it is silly. It is idiotic. That any one should be able to look for some years round the universe and hold it, shows that he is in the strongest sense a fool. The wrong-doer is knocking his head against what Bon Gaultier called 'the whole concern.' The big wheels are coming on slowly, but they will crush him into the earth at last. And poor Fielding, after a wretched life led in entire consistence with his creed, died of old age at forty-seven. Robert Burns, a far greater and better man (in the writer's insignificant judgment), has pictured in memorable words the case of one who by inexpensive means could be lifted up to an elevation where troubles could not pluck at him with any effect. Happiness was cheap in Ayrshire about the end of the eighteenth century. It is curious, passing along the narrow street, to look at the little ale-house abiding still: to think of the shabby little room inside: to think of a distilled drink which but for the exactions of a tyrannical excise might be had for about fourpence a quart, half-a-pint of which being imbibed could lift up a great genius above all earthly sorrows. Not for long, doubtless: and next morning would bring its painful reckoning: while a few years of such usage would be

so resented by the mucous membrane that that marvellous organism would refuse to work on, and bid the entire machine, corporeal and mental, stop for what we here call *this side of time.* But only from personal experience of a divine exhilaration and exaltation could the usually quiet and sad Robert have written thus:

The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whustle.
Care, mad to sae a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy.
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

Now, that is very fine. I am proud, as I write it, to be a native of the same country-side as Burns. 'Rantin' rovin' Robin,' the thoughtful and melancholy genius called himself, fancying it would have been a fine thing if he had been so. But poor Burns's rantin' was entirely analogous to Dickens's glorification of eating and drinking, of which he had a moral enjoyment and no other. Mr. Fields, kindest and best among his American friends, tells us that after Dickens had expatiated on the joys of punch, and insisted that it should be made, when the punch was actually made he took less of it than any one else did. But, rantin' or not as Robin might be, you see very readily that Tam o' Shanter's exaltation above all worldly trouble was only the state of one who never quite forgot the wolves outside, though he had been able to shut the door in their face for a little. It was the kind of jollity which makes one pity a man as much as any sorrow: it was the hysterical laughter which is very close to tears. And Burns did not last so long as even Fielding did. The fatal Thirty-seven, which has seen the end of so many of the most gifted of the race, took him away. Byron; Mendelssohn; Raphael on the very birthday; Toplady who wrote *Rock of Ages*, which was doing at least one good thing: Alexander Smith, another Ayrshire poet; occur to one's memory at once. Let it be forgotten that the brutal and bloody Judge Jefferies died at thirty-eight. Most people are surprised when told it. The general impression is that he was so bad that he must have been at least sixty-five.

All that has been said down to this point is to be esteemed as introductory to a question now to be put to each reader of this page. I wish to know if people in general are aware of this feeling of the necessity of a longer look-out in a graver matter. Do you, reader, really feel that you could not bear up in the matter of the relationships of family and of affection, if you did not believe in a future life? Could you stand it, if you were assured that none of us will ever live again after death, as individuals conscious and reminiscent: and that the parting at death must be the final and last farewell? Because some people could not stand it. In all true and deep affection: in all intercourse with those we really care for: there is the latent conviction that this is never to end. That this is so is made plain by the frightful shock with which the suggestion of parting for ever is received by anybody worth talking about. *That* is not to be. It is resolutely put away. Beyond this life there must be the reserve of another: or this will not do. Mr. John Stuart Mill was a great man: but nature and a most unhappy training had made him an entirely exceptive man. You cannot reason from him to anybody else. It does not in the least degree follow that because he thought and felt in any special way, therefore any other mortal would so think or feel. He says he believes the time might come to any of us in which we could thankfully lie down to take our everlasting rest, in unconsciousness, in annihilation.

Possibly that might be. The gathering weariness which made Nathaniel Hawthorne say he did not wish, when he died, to waken up to immortality at once, but rather for a deep sleep of at least a thousand years, being a little aggravated, might grow into the wish never to waken up again at all. But I do not believe that it is possible to see one dear die, or to think of one dear dying, and to be content never to meet again. However little likely it looks; and God knows that to our senses and even to our reasonings it looks most awfully unlikely; we must believe in a future life, in which every person we ever cared for is to be good, to be happy.

There are two-legged animals, of human pretension, with whom this seems not to be so. But apart from the accursed heartlessness which may be fostered in some natures by a gloomy religious creed, I believe that the true explanation of these animals is, that they have not imagination, or whatever it is to be called, to understand what is meant by the words in which they express their belief. A dignified clergyman told me that an old woman once called for him, a parishioner, and sitting down by his study fire, cheerfully told him that her son was just dead, and had gone to hell. Her idea of that place was an enlargement and intensification of the study fire. Indeed it is recorded that a well-meaning preacher, going to see a great steam-engine, thought to impress the stokers by pointing to the huge fires under the boilers, and asking 'What does that remind you of?' The good clergyman, not a little startled, said that he trusted the poor son, however little he might have looked like it, might have so repented of his ill-doings as not to have come to that awful condition; but the old woman grimly put away the hopeful suggestion and clung to her first statement as to the present state of the child she bore. Then my friend went on to say that if this were certain it must surely be a dreadful matter of reflection to the mother, and that he wondered much to see her looking so cheerful. 'Not at all,' replied the grim old Christian. At first she was vexed by thinking of her son, but now she was perfectly happy; because she was sure it was all for the glory of God. At this point my informant paused, and silently shook his head. 'Now was that hypocrisy, or was it want of heart?' was the natural enquiry that followed. 'Neither;' was the wise and good man's reply. 'It was just that she did not know the meaning of the words she said.'

It is very wonderful how the absolute need there is in average humanity for a longer look-out than is afforded by this life, and for a reserve allotment or provision of life beyond the one which is present, has constrained humanity to cling to the vague hope of immortality through ages when there was absolutely no reason whatsoever for cherishing that hope. For it is not a reason for holding any belief, merely that we should be destitute beyond all words did we not hold it. And, apart from the express assertion of Divine revelation, I never saw any argument for the immortality of the soul which could not be most easily answered and refuted. To say that what thinks and feels must be immaterial, and that what is immaterial cannot cease to exist, assumes at least two propositions which are incapable of proof, and if good for anything, is as good to prove the immortality of a dog as of a man. If reason and affection can never be products of matter, then a shepherd's dog has an immaterial soul. I am far from saying that it has not: I believe it has. And I do not know whether or not it is to live for ever. Then, if a future life be needed to redress the evils of this, and another world to set this right,

I should say that the sufferings of cab-horses and of vivisected dogs demand compensation as vehemently as those of any man. And I suppose no mortal now supposes that there is argument in the lines in *The Minstrel*, which ask, 'Shall I be left forgotten in the dust, When fate, relenting, lets the flowers revive?' If there be argument in the analogy suggested, it looks just the other way. The individual flowers never come back. They are gone for ever. It is as though the stock of humanity put forth its successive crops, its successive generations, but the individual being came just for once and then done with. And as for the suggestion that a good Power above us could never permit us to cherish a hope of immortality and then disappoint it, what says our daily history to that? Is there a more familiar feeling in our hearts than the bitterest disappointment? Why not one more, the bitterest to anticipate: but from its nature one that if it be appointed to us can never be felt? Farther than the blank absence of reasons for the belief in a future life, there are against it the strongest unlikelihoods. The soul seems to grow and strengthen as the body grows and strengthens; it seems to weaken and decay as the body weakens and decays. It seems to be gradually extinguished. Feeling goes: consciousness, and thought, and affection: a lifeless lump is left, and *that* soon goes back to the elements. The doctrine is, that this spiritual principle which has faded away, is to start fresh somewhere else: where we do not know, how we do not know: no one has ever come back to tell us anything. In another place, perhaps far away, and of necessity in a very different mode of life, the soul is to begin again. Now, notwithstanding Bishop Butler, this is not in the analogy of things: it is a case wholly without parallel. It does not look likely. And there come many times in which it does not feel likely. That *Animula, vagula, blandula*, does not feel like lasting for ever. What is within, call it what you may, is often so weak, so weary, that it is not like going on, century after century, millennium after millennium. It is rather like going out altogether. It is a feeble spark, surely, to bear the blasts and buffets of unknown eternity. And yet, in the presence of all that has been said, I hold by this: that we are so made that we MUST believe there is a future life. Everybody does believe in it. The most desolate teacher of materialism, who tells us that when the brain decomposes the individual man is blotted out and annihilated, does not believe it himself. He could not hourly look at his wife and children if he did. Unless he were an utterly heartless brute, the most inferior of all inferior animals, he would hasten to blow his brains out. 'Not to be, is best of all,' if his unspeakably wretched message were true. But even he, unconsciously, has his reserve life beyond the present day going over: and his longer look-out. And it is in this wise. He puts away the idea that he himself, that his wife and children, are ever to die. He does not, hourly, remember, looking at the tried companion of many anxious years, that one or other must see the other dying, must see the other dead. Because, to most folk, the Indefinite is as the Infinite. Where no end is plainly seen, it is as though there were no end at all. And never admitting the thought that his life will end, this life becomes to the materialist as eternity. He gets the longer look-out without which we cannot live, by shutting his eyes to facts, and forgetting them. Such is the only possible explanation of the materialist's capability to live on. If it were only himself: if he were a solitary recluse, dwelling in his lonely study, and labouring on

without companionship; he might actually hold the belief he imagines he holds. But if he be a man who has formed domestic ties, he has done something more than give hostages to fortune. He has placed himself where Faith has got him (God be thanked) in her grip. He believes an immense deal, without knowing that he does. What he repudiates with his pen, has got tight hold of his heart. And, as sure as he lives a few years longer, he will be delivered from the cheerless desolation of his nominal creed; and will quietly, thankfully, and of necessity, believe as we believe. The solitary Hume, as Henry Mackenzie tells us, in his latter days 'wished he had never doubted.' If he had had a wife and six children, day by day and year by year by him as he grew old, one or two going before him from this world, he would gradually but wholly have ceased to doubt. It will not do. And in this world there is no surer condemnation of any doctrine or conduct, than that it will not do. The beliefs which men hold most tenaciously and most practically, they do not reason themselves into. They grow into them.

And however it may be, in these days, with a few clever men, who keep together, stand by one another, puff one another up with the belief that they are the '*élite* of humanity,' and utterly delude themselves as to the extent to which their teachings are accepted, the vast majority of decent folk believe in a future life just as firmly as in a present. The brilliant sceptics of the day would be aggrieved if they were told that they 'think the cackle of their bourg the murmur of the world:' but this is exactly what they do. A little slice cut from the vast society of a vast metropolis, is a provincial bourg just as really as any little country town or village. And the talk of a few clever men, some of them morally disqualified in any degree to discern religious truth, and all of them egging each other on to more daring suggestions, is nothing better than cackle, though it be expressed in arrogant tones which the antecedents of some make very ridiculous, and printed in good type on decent paper. Outrageous self-conceit quite incapacitates to see the most vital truth. A man who, whether in book or sermon, never for a moment loses the thought of himself, nor misses the chance of obliquely puffing himself, is not likely either to see far into things, or to tell us anything much worth hearing; unless indeed he have bagged it from some simpler and nobler soul. And surely it is very obvious that almost all unbelieving philosophers and scientists are blown up with self-conceit; and a good many liberal theologians (self-styled) are blown even tighter. One recalls, with grim amusement, the university standing of some of these. For at two or three and twenty men are (in most cases) ranged for life. And it is amusing, in like manner, to note how some of these have made arrangements to have their doings habitually puffed in two or three newspapers. Sometimes this is done by a humble retainer or faithful dog, whose sufficient reward is to be permitted to do it. Sometimes a tacit but well-understood contract has been made with another mortal for mutual puffery. However this be, I suppose that we have all occasion, in these days, sometimes to read pages which remind us of the wise words of Sir Henry Taylor:

'We see every day that talents are easily divorced from wisdom and charity; and when this separation takes place, there is no pride which is more tyrannical, more insolent, more wantonly aggressive than the pride of intellect.'[1]

[1] *The Statesman*: p. 140.

If the pride of real intellect be thus offensive, much more the pride without the intellect. One has known conceited blockheads who fancied it made them intellectual to be sceptical, just as one has known vulgar persons who thought that to wear the livery of some little social, political, or ecclesiastical caste would make them 'genteel.'

As for the fact of the departure from this existing state, all that need be said is that it is for the most part as different as may be from the fictitious descriptions of it. Most human beings pass very quietly and unaffectedly. And rather with little allusions more or less direct, to the further out-look, than with much explicit talk about it. Just yesterday a lad of twenty-one, well-known to the writer, went: being perfectly clear to the last. Feeling that the end was close by, he asked for his little brothers and sisters, and kissed each of them, saying only 'Good-bye.' Last, he took his father's hand, and said, 'Good-bye, father, we'll meet again.' That was all. A little since, a lad of twenty, also well-known to me, died. He left a widowed mother, a sister, and two brothers, younger than himself. He had been full of anxieties as to what should come of them. His last words were, holding the hand of the brother next himself in years, 'Try and do as weel's ye can.' Too weary to say more, surely he said enough. Twenty years since, I was waiting by the bed-side of a poor fellow, a working man, dying. He was thirty-two, and had four little children. After lying silent for a while, he said he would like to see them, and the poor wife brought them to his bed-side. He could speak quite distinctly, though the change came in an hour; and I thought he would try to say something of parting advice, were it only to bid them be good children and kind to their mother; yet all he did was just to shake each of the three elder children by the hand, and to say *Gude-day*. As for the youngest, a wee thing of two years old, he said to it, 'Will you gie me a bit kiss?' and the mother lifted up the wondering child to do so. 'Say ta-ta to your feyther,' she said. 'Ta-ta,' said the little boy, in a loud, cheerful voice, and then ran out of the cottage to play with some companions. Then poor David closed his eyes, and some tears ran down his cheek. But he said no more. Thus homely Scots die.

A. K. H. B.

THE RELIGION OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

By Richard A. Proctor.

During the last few years a new sect has appeared which, though as yet small in numbers, is full of zeal and fervour. The faith professed by this sect may be called the religion of the Great Pyramid, the chief article of their creed being the doctrine that that remarkable edifice was built for the purpose of revealing—in the fulness of time, now nearly accomplished—certain noteworthy truths to the human race. The founder of the pyramid religion is described by one of the present leaders of the sect as 'the late worthy John Taylor, of Gower Street, London;' but hitherto the chief prophets of the new faith have been in this country Professor Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, and in France the Abbé Moigno. I propose to examine here some of the facts most confidently urged by pyramidalists in support of their views.

But it will be well first to indicate briefly the doctrines of the new faith. They may be thus presented:

The great pyramid was erected, it would seem, under the instructions of a certain Semitic king, probably no other than Melchizedek. By supernatural means, the architects were instructed to place the pyramid in latitude 30° north; to select for its figure that of a square pyramid, carefully oriented; to employ for their unit of length the sacred cubit corresponding to the 20,000,000th part of the earth's polar axis; and to make the side of the square base equal to just so many of these sacred cubits as there are days and parts of a day in a year. They were further, by supernatural help, enabled to square the circle, and symbolised their victory over this problem by making the pyramid's height bear to the perimeter of the base the ratio which the radius of a circle bears to the circumference. Moreover, the great precessional period, in which the earth's axis gyrates like that of some mighty top around the perpendicular to the ecliptic, was communicated to the builders with a degree of accuracy far exceeding that of the best modern determinations, and they were instructed to symbolise that relation in the dimensions of the pyramid's base. A value of the sun's distance more accurate by far than modern astronomers have obtained (even since the recent transit) was imparted to them, and they embodied that dimension in the height of the pyramid. Other results which modern science has achieved, but which by merely human means the architects of the pyramid could not have obtained, were also supernaturally communicated to them; so that the true mean density of the earth, her true shape, the configuration of land and water, the mean temperature of the earth's surface, and so forth, were either symbolised in the great pyramid's position, or in the shape and dimensions of its exterior and interior. In the pyramid also were preserved the true, because supernaturally communicated, standards of length, area, capacity, weight, density, heat, time, and money. The pyramid also indicated, by certain features of its interior structure, that when it was built the holy influences of the Pleiades were exerted from a most effective position—the meridian, viz. through the points where the ecliptic and equator intersect. And as the pyramid thus significantly refers to the past, so also it indicates the future history of the earth, espe-

cially in showing when and where the millennium is to begin. Lastly, the apex or crowning stone of the pyramid was no other than the antitype of that stone of stumbling and rock of offence, rejected by builders who knew not its true use, until it was finally placed as the chief stone of the corner. Whence naturally, 'whosoever shall fall upon it'—that is, upon the pyramid religion—'shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder.'

If we examine the relations actually presented by the great pyramid—its geographical position, dimensions, shape, and internal structure—without hampering ourselves with the tenets of the new faith on the one hand, or on the other with any serious anxiety to disprove them, we shall find much to suggest that the builders of the pyramid were ingenious mathematicians, who had made some progress in astronomy, though not so much as they had made in the mastery of mechanical and scientific difficulties.

The first point to be noticed is the geographical position of the great pyramid, so far, at least, as this position affects the aspect of the heavens, viewed from the pyramid as from an observatory. Little importance, I conceive, can be attached to purely geographical relations in considering the pyramid's position. Professor Smyth notes that the pyramid is peculiarly placed with respect to the mouths of the Nile, standing 'at the southern apex of the Delta-land of Egypt.' This region being shaped like a fan, the pyramid, set at the part corresponding to the handle, was, he considers, 'that monument pure and undefiled in its religion through an idolatrous land, alluded to by Isaiah; the monument which was both "an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof," and destined withal to become a witness in the latter days, and before the consummation of all things, to the same Lord, and to what He hath purposed upon mankind.' Still more fanciful are some other notes upon the pyramid's geographical position: as (i.) that there is more land along the meridian of the pyramid than on any other all the world round; (ii.) that there is more land in the latitude of the pyramid than in any other; and (iii.) that the pyramid territory of Lower Egypt is at the centre of the dry land habitable by man all the world over.

It does not seem to be noticed by those who call our attention to these points that such coincidences prove too much. It might be regarded as not a mere accident that the great pyramid stands at the centre of the arc of shore-line along which lie the outlets of the Nile; or it might be regarded as not a mere coincidence that the great pyramid stands at the central point of all the habitable land-surface of the globe; or, again, any one of the other relations above mentioned might be regarded as something more than a mere coincidence. But if, instead of taking only one or other of these four relations, we take all four of them, or even any two of them, together, we must regard peculiarities of the earth's configuration as the result of special design which certainly have not hitherto been so regarded by geographers. For instance, if it was by special design that the pyramid was placed at the centre of the Nile delta, and also by special design that the pyramid was placed at the centre of the land-surface of the earth, if these two relations are each so exactly fulfilled as to render the idea of mere accidental coincidence inadmissible, then it follows, of necessity, that it is through no merely accidental coincidence that the centre of the Nile delta lies at the centre of the land-surface of the earth; in other words, the

shore-line along which lie the mouths of the Nile has been designedly curved so as to have its centre so placed. And so of the other relations. The very fact that the four conditions *can* be fulfilled simultaneously is evidence that a coincidence of the sort may result from mere accident.[1] Indeed the peculiarity of geographical position which really seems to have been in the thoughts of the pyramid architects, introduces yet a fifth condition which by accident could be fulfilled along with the four others.

It would seem that the builders of the pyramid were anxious to place it in latitude 30°, as closely as their means of observation permitted. Let us consider what result they achieved, and the evidence thus afforded respecting their skill and scientific attainments. In our own time, of course, the astronomer has no difficulty in determining with great exactness the position of any given latitude-parallel. But at the time when the great pyramid was built it must have been a matter of very serious difficulty to determine the position of any required latitude-parallel with a great degree of exactitude. The most obvious way of dealing with the difficulty would have been by observing the length of shadows thrown by upright posts at noon in spring and autumn. In latitude 30° north, the sun at noon in spring (or, to speak precisely, on the day of the vernal equinox) is just twice as far from the horizon as he is from the point vertically overhead; and if a pointed post were set exactly upright at true noon (supposed to occur at the moment of the vernal or autumnal equinox), the shadow of the post would be exactly half as long as a line drawn from the top of the pole to the end of the shadow. But observations based on this principle would have presented many difficulties to the architects of the pyramid. The sun not being a point of light, but a globe, the shadow of a pointed rod does not end in a well-defined point. The moment of true noon, which is not the same as ordinary or civil noon, never does agree exactly with the time of the vernal or autumnal equinox, and may be removed from it by any interval of time between zero and twelve hours. And there are many other circumstances which would lead astronomers, like those who doubtless presided over the scientific preparations for building the great pyramid, to prefer a means of determining the latitude depending on another principle. The stellar heavens would afford practically unchanging indications for their purpose. The stars being all carried round the pole of the heavens, as if they were fixed points in the interior of a hollow revolving sphere, it becomes possible to determine the position of the pole of the star-sphere, even though no bright conspicuous star actually occupies that point. Any bright star close by the pole is seen to revolve in a very small circle, whose centre is the pole itself. Such a star is our present so-called pole-star; and, though in the days when the great pyramid was built, that star was not near the pole, another, and probably a brighter, star lay near enough to the pole[2] to serve as

[1] Of course it may be argued that nothing in the world is the result of *mere* accident, and some may assert that even matters which are commonly regarded as entirely casual have been specially designed. It would not be easy to draw the precise line dividing events which all men would regard as to all intents and purposes accidental from those which some men would regard as results of special providence. But common sense draws a sufficient distinction, at least for our present purpose.

[2] This star, called *Thuban* from the Arabian *al-Thúban*, the Dragon, is now not very bright, being rated at barely above the fourth magnitude, but it was formerly the

a pole-star, and to indicate by its circling motion the position of the actual pole of the heavens. This was at that time, and for many subsequent centuries, the leading star of the great constellation called the Dragon.

The pole of the heavens, we know, varies in position according to the latitude of the observer. At the north pole it is exactly overhead; at the equator the poles of the heavens are both on the horizon; and, as the observer travels from the equator towards the north or south pole of the earth, the corresponding pole of the heavens rises higher and higher above the horizon. In latitude 30° north, or one-third of the way from the equator to the pole, the pole of the heavens is raised one-third of the way from the horizon to the point vertically overhead; and when this is the case the observer knows that he is in latitude 30°. The builders of the great pyramid, with the almost constantly clear skies of Egypt, may reasonably be supposed to have adopted this means of determining the true position of that thirtieth parallel on which they appear to have designed to place the great building they were about to erect.

It so happens that we have the means of forming an opinion on the question whether they used one method or the other; whether they employed the sun or the stars to guide them to the geographical position they required. In fact, were it not for this circumstance, I should not have thought it worth while to discuss the qualities of either method. It will presently be seen that the discussion bears importantly on the opinion we are to form of the skill and attainments of the pyramid architects. Every celestial object is apparently raised somewhat above its true position by the refractive powers of our atmosphere, being most raised when nearest the horizon, and least when nearest the point vertically overhead. This effect is, indeed, so marked on bodies close to the horizon that if the astronomers of the pyramid times had observed the sun, moon, and stars attentively when so placed, they could not have failed to discover the peculiarity. Probably, however, though they noted the time of rising and setting of the celestial bodies, they only made instrumental observations upon them when these bodies were high in the heavens, and so remained ignorant of the refractive powers of the air.[3] Now, if they had determined the position of the thirtieth parallel of latitude by observations of the noonday sun (in spring or autumn), then since, owing to refraction, they would have judged the sun to be higher than he really was, it follows that they would have supposed the latitude of any station from which they observed to be lower than it really was. For the lower the latitude the higher is the noonday sun at any given season. Thus,

brightest star of the constellation, as its name indicates. Bayer also assigned to it the first letter of the Greek alphabet; though this is not absolutely decisive evidence that so late as his day it retained its superiority over the second magnitude stars to which Bayer assigned the second and third Greek letters. In the year 2790 B.C., or thereabouts, the star was at its nearest to the true north pole of the heavens, the diameter of the little circle in which it then moved being considerably less than one-fourth the apparent diameter of the moon. At that time the star must have seemed to all ordinary observation an absolutely fixed centre, round which all the other stars revolved. At the time when the pyramid was built this star was about sixty times farther removed from the true pole, revolving in a circle whose apparent diameter was about seven times as great as the moon's. Yet it would still be regarded as a very useful pole-star, especially as there are very few conspicuous stars in the neighbourhood.

[3] Even that skilful astronomer Hipparchus, who may be justly called the father of observational astronomy, overlooked this peculiarity, which Ptolemy would seem to have been the first to recognise.

when really in latitude 30° they would have supposed themselves in a latitude lower than 30°, and would have travelled a little farther north to find the proper place, as they would have supposed, for erecting the great pyramid. On the other hand, if they determined the place from observations of the movements of stars near the pole of the heavens, they would make an error of a precisely opposite nature. For the higher the latitude the higher is the pole of the heavens; and refraction, therefore, which apparently raises the pole of the heavens, gives to a station the appearance of being in a higher latitude than it really is, so that the observer would consider he was in latitude 30° north when in reality somewhat south of that latitude. We have only then to enquire whether the great pyramid was set north or south of latitude 30°, to ascertain whether the pyramid architects observed the noonday sun or circumpolar stars to determine their latitude; always assuming (as we reasonably may) that those architects did propose to set the pyramid in that particular latitude, and that they were able to make very accurate observations of the apparent positions of the celestial bodies, but that they were not acquainted with the refractive effects of the atmosphere. The answer comes in no doubtful terms. The centre of the great pyramid's base lies about one mile and a third *south* of the thirtieth parallel of latitude; and from this position the pole of the heavens, as raised by refraction, would appear to be very near indeed to the required position. In fact, if the pyramid had been set about half a mile still farther south the pole would have *seemed* just right.

Of course, such an explanation as I have here suggested appears altogether heretical to the pyramidalists. According to them the pyramid architects knew perfectly well where the true thirtieth parallel lay, and knew also all that modern science has discovered about refraction; but set the pyramid south of the true parallel and north of the position where refraction would just have made the apparent elevation of the pole correct, simply in order that the pyramid might correspond as nearly as possible to each of two conditions, whereof both could not be fulfilled at once. The pyramid would indeed, they say, have been set even more closely midway between the true and the apparent parallels of 30° north, but that the Jeezeh hill on which it is set does not afford a rock foundation any farther north. 'So very close,' says Professor Smyth, 'was the great pyramid placed to the northern brink of its hill, that the edges of the cliff might have broken off under the terrible pressure had not the builders banked up there most firmly the immense mounds of rubbish which came from their work, and which Strabo looked so particularly for 1,800 years ago, but could not find. Here they were, however, and still are, utilised in enabling the great pyramid to stand on the very utmost verge of its commanding hill, within the limits of the *two* required latitudes, as well as over the centre of the land's physical and radial formation, and at the same time on the sure and proverbially wise foundation of rock.'

The next circumstance to be noted in the position of the great pyramid (as of all the pyramids) is that the sides are carefully oriented. This, like the approximation to a particular latitude, must be regarded as an astronomical rather than a geographical relation. The accuracy with which the orientation has been effected will serve to show how far the builders had mastered the methods of astronomical observation by which orientation

was to be secured. The problem was not so simple as might be supposed by those who are not acquainted with the way in which the cardinal points are correctly determined. By solar observations, or rather by the observations of shadows cast by vertical shafts before and after noon, the direction of the meridian, or north and south line, can theoretically be ascertained. But probably in this case, as in determining the latitude, the builders took the stars for their guide. The pole of the heavens would mark the true north; and equally the pole-star, when below or above the pole, would give the true north, but, of course, most conveniently when below the pole. Nor is it difficult to see how the builders would make use of the pole-star for this purpose. From the middle of the northern side of the intended base they would bore a slant passage tending always from the position of the pole-star at its lower meridional passage, that star at each successive return to that position serving to direct their progress; while its small range, east and west of the pole, would enable them most accurately to determine the star's true mid-point below the pole; that is, the true north. When they had thus obtained a slant tunnel pointing truly to the meridian, and had carried it down to a point nearly below the middle of the proposed square base, they could, from the middle of the base, bore vertically downwards, until by rough calculation they were near the lower end of the slant tunnel; or both tunnels could be made at the same time. Then a subterranean chamber would be opened out from the slant tunnel. The vertical boring, which need not be wider than necessary to allow a plumb-line to be suspended down it, would enable the architects to determine the point vertically below the point of suspension. The slant tunnel would give the direction of the true north, either from that point or from a point at some known small distance east or west of that point.[4] Thus, a line from some ascertained point near the mouth of the vertical boring to the mouth of the slant tunnel would lie due north and south, and serve as the required guide for the orientation of the pyramid's base. If this base extended beyond the opening of the slant tunnel, then, by continuing this tunnelling through the base tiers of the pyramid, the means would be obtained of correcting the orientation.

This, I say, would be the course naturally suggested to astronomical architects who had determined the latitude in the manner described above. It may even be described as the only very accurate method available before the telescope had been invented. So that if the accuracy of the orientation appears to be greater than could be obtained by the shadow method, the natural inference, even in the absence of corroborative evidence, would be that the stellar method, and no other, had been employed. Now, in 1779, Nouet, by refined observations, found the error of orientation measured by less than 20 minutes of arc, corresponding roughly to a displacement of the corners by about 37½ inches from their true position, as supposed to be determined from the centre; or to a displacement of a southern corner by 53 inches on an east and west line from a point due south of the corresponding northern corner. This

[4] It would only be by a lucky accident, of course, that the direction of the slant tunnel's axis and that of the vertical from the selected central point would lie in the same vertical plane. The object of the tunnelling would, in fact, be to determine how far apart the vertical planes through these points lay, and the odds would be great against the result proving to be zero.

error, for a base length of 9,140 inches, would not be serious, being only one inch in about five yards (when estimated in the second way). Yet the result is not quite worthy of the praise given to it by Professor Smyth. He himself, however, by much more exact observations, with an excellent alt-azimuth, reduced the alleged error from 20 minutes to only $4\frac{1}{2}$, or to 9-40ths of its formerly supposed value. This made the total displacement of a southern corner from the true meridian through the corresponding northern corner, almost exactly one foot, or one inch in about twenty-one yards—a degree of accuracy rendering it practically certain that some stellar method was used in orienting the base.

Now there is a slanting tunnel occupying precisely the position of the tunnel which should, according to this view, have been formed in order accurately to orient the pyramid's base, assuming that the time of the building of the pyramid corresponded with one of the epochs when the star Alpha Draconis was distant 3° 42′ from the pole of the heavens. In other words, there is a slant tunnel directed northwards and upwards from a point deep down below the middle of the pyramid's base, and inclined 26° 17′ to the horizon, the elevation of Alpha Draconis at its lower culmination when 3° 42′ from the pole. The last epoch when the star was thus placed was *circiter* 2160 B.C.; the epoch next before that was 3440 B.C.; and between these two we should have to choose on the hypothesis that the slant tunnel was really directed to that star when the foundations of the pyramid were laid. For the next epoch before the earlier of the two named was about 28000 B.C., and the pyramid's date cannot have been more remote than 4000 B.C.

The slant tunnel, while admirably fulfilling the requirements suggested, seems altogether unsuited for any other. Its transverse height (that is, its width in a direction perpendicular to its upper and lower faces) did not amount to quite four feet; its breadth was not quite three feet and a half. It was, therefore, not well fitted for an entrance passage to the subterranean chamber immediately under the apex of the pyramid (with which chamber it communicates in the manner suggested by the above theory). It could not have been intended to be used for observing meridian transits of the stars in order to determine sidereal time; for close circumpolar stars, by reason of their slow motion, are the least suited of all for such a purpose. As Professor Smyth says, in arguing against this suggested use of the star, 'no observer in his senses, in any existing observatory, when seeking to obtain the time, would observe the transit of a circumpolar star for anything else than *to get the direction of the meridian to adjust his instrument by*.' (The italics are his.) It is precisely such a purpose (the adjustment, however, not of an instrument, but of the entire structure of the pyramid itself), that I have suggested for this remarkable passage—this 'cream-white, stone-lined, long tube,' where it traverses the masonry of the pyramid, and below that dug through the solid rock to a distance of more than 350 feet.

Let us next consider the dimensions of the square base thus carefully placed in latitude 30° north, to the best of the builders' power, with sides carefully oriented.

It seems highly probable that, whatever special purpose the pyramid was intended to fulfil, a subordinate idea of the builders would have been to represent symbolically in the proportions of the building such mathematical and astronomical relations as they were acquainted with. From what we know by tradi-

tion of the men of the remote time when the pyramid was built, and what we can infer from the ideas of those who inherited, however remotely, the modes of thought of the earliest astronomers and mathematicians, we can well believe that they would look with superstitious reverence on special figures, proportions, numbers, and so forth. Apart from this, they may have had a quasi-scientific desire to make a lasting record of their discoveries, and of the collected knowledge of their time.

It seems altogether probable, then, that the smaller unit of measurement used by the builders of the great pyramid was intended, as Professor Smyth thinks, to be equal to the 500,000,000th part of the earth's diameter, determined from their geodetical observations. It was perfectly within the power of mechanicians and mathematicians so experienced as they undoubtedly were—the pyramid attests so much—to measure with considerable accuracy the length of a degree of latitude. They could not possibly (always setting aside the theory of divine inspiration) have known anything about the compression of the earth's globe, and therefore could not have intended, as Professor Smyth supposes, to have had the 500,000,000th part of the earth's polar axis, as distinguished from any other, for their unit of length. But if they made observations in or near latitude 30° north, on the supposition that the earth is a globe, their probable error would exceed the difference even between the earth's polar and equatorial diameters. Both differences are largely exceeded by the range of difference among the estimates of the actual length of the sacred cubit, supposed to have contained twenty-five of these smaller units. And, again, the length of the pyramid base-side, on which Smyth bases his own estimate of the sacred cubit, has been variously estimated, the largest measure being 9,168 inches, and the lowest 9,110 inches. The fundamental theory of the pyramidalists, that the sacred cubit was exactly one 20,000,000th part of the earth's polar diameter, and that the side of the base contained as many cubits and parts of a cubit as there are days and parts of a day in the tropical year (or year of seasons), requires that the length of the side should be 9,140 inches, lying between the limits indicated, but still so widely removed from either that it would appear very unsafe to base a theory on the supposition that the exact length is or was 9,140 inches. If the measures 9,168 inches and 9,110 inches were inferior, and several excellent measures made by practised observers ranged around the length 9,140 inches, the case would be different. But the best recent measures gave respectively 9,110 and 9,130 inches; and Smyth exclaims against the unfairness of Sir H. James in taking 9,120 as 'therefore the [probable] true length of the side of the great pyramid when perfect,' calling this 'a dishonourable shelving of the honourable older observers with their larger results.' The only other measures, besides these two, are two by Colonel Howard-Vyse and by the French *savants*, giving respectively 9,168 and 9,163·44 inches. The pyramidalists consider 9,140 inches a fair mean value from these four. The natural inference, however, is, that the pyramid base is not now in a condition to be satisfactorily measured; and assuredly no such reliance can be placed on the mean value 9,140 inches that, on the strength of it, we should believe what otherwise would be utterly incredible, viz. that the builders of the great pyramid knew 'both the size and shape of the earth exactly.' 'Humanly, or by human science, finding it out in that age was, of course,

utterly impossible,' says Professor Smyth. But he is so confident of the average value derived from widely conflicting base measures as to assume that this value, not being humanly discoverable, was of necessity 'attributable to God and to His Divine inspiration.' We may agree, in fine, with Smyth, that the builders of the pyramid knew the earth to be a globe; that they took for their measure of length the sacred cubit, which, by their earth measures, they made very fairly approximate to the 20,000,000th part of the earth's mean diameter; but there seems no reason whatever for supposing (even if the supposition were not antecedently of its very nature inadmissible) that they knew anything about the compression of the earth, or that they had measured a degree of latitude in their own place with very wonderful accuracy.[5]

But here a very singular coincidence may be noticed, or, rather, is forced upon our notice by the pyramidalists, who strangely enough recognise in it fresh evidence of design, while the unbeliever finds in it proof that coincidences are no sure evidence of design. The side of the pyramid containing 365¼ times the sacred cubit of 25 pyramid inches, it follows that the diagonal of the base contains 12,912 such inches, and the two diagonals together contain 25,824 pyramid inches, or almost exactly as many inches as there are years in the great precessional period. 'No one whatever amongst men,' says Professor Smyth, after recording various estimates of the precessional period, 'from his own or school knowledge, knew anything about such a phenomenon, until Hipparchus, some 1,900 years after the great pyramid's foundation, had a glimpse of the fact; and yet it had been ruling the heavens for ages, and was recorded in Jeezeh's ancient structure.' To minds not moved to most energetic forgetfulness by the spirit of faith, it would appear that when a square base had been decided upon, and its dimensions fixed, with reference to the earth's diameter and the year, the diagonals of the square base were determined also; and, if it so chanced that they corresponded with some other perfectly independent relation, the fact was not to be credited to the architects. Moreover it is manifest that the closeness of such a coincidence suggests grave doubts how far other coincidences can be relied upon as evidence of design. It seems, for instance, altogether likely that the architects of the pyramid took the sacred cubit equal to one 20,000,000th part of the earth's diameter for their chief unit of length, and intentionally assigned to the side of the pyramid's square base a length of just so many cubits as there are days in the year; and the closeness of the coincidence between the measured length and that indicated

[5] It may, perhaps, occur to the reader to enquire what diameter of the earth, supposed to be a perfect sphere, would be derived from a degree of latitude measured with absolute accuracy near latitude 30°. A degree of latitude measured in polar regions would indicate a diameter greater even than the equatorial; one measured in equatorial regions would indicate a diameter less even than the polar. Near latitude 30° the measurement of a degree of latitude would indicate a diameter very nearly equal to the true polar diameter of the earth. In fact, if it could be proved that the builders of the pyramid used for their unit of length an exact subdivision of the polar diameter, the inference would be that, while the coincidence itself was merely accidental, their measurement of a degree of latitude in their own country had been singularly accurate. By an approximate calculation I find that, taking the earth's compression at 1-300, the diameter of the earth, estimated from the accurate measurement of a degree of latitude in the neighbourhood of the great pyramid, would have made the sacred cubit—taken at one 20,000,000th of the diameter—equal to 24·98 British inches; a closer approximation than Professor Smyth's to the estimated mean probable value of the sacred cubit.

by this theory strengthens the idea that this was the builders' purpose. But when we find that an even closer coincidence immediately presents itself, which manifestly is a coincidence *only*, the force of the evidence before derived from mere coincidence is *pro tanto* shaken. For, consider what this new coincidence really means. Its nature may be thus indicated: Take the number of days in the year, multiply that number by 50, and increase the result in the same degree that the diagonal of a square exceeds the side—then the resulting number represents very approximately the number of years in the great precessional period. The error, according to the best modern estimates, is about one 575th part of the true period. This is, of course, a merely accidental coincidence; for there is no connection whatever in nature between the earth's period of rotation, the shape of a square, and the earth's period of gyration. Yet this merely accidental coincidence is very much closer than the other supposed to be designed could be proved to be. It is clear, then, that mere coincidence is a very unsafe evidence of design.

Of course the pyramidalists find a ready reply to such reasoning. They argue that, in the first place, it may have been by express design that the period of the earth's rotation was made to bear this particular relation to the period of gyration in the mighty precessional movement; which is much as though one should say that by express design the height of Monte Rosa contains as many feet as there are miles in the 6,000th part of the sun's distance.[6] Then, they urge, the architects were not bound to have a square base for the pyramid; they might have had an oblong or a triangular base, and so forth—all which accords very ill with the enthusiastic language in which the selection of a square base had on other accounts been applauded.

Next let us consider the height of the pyramid. According to the best modern measurements, it would seem that the height when (if ever) the pyramid terminated above in a pointed apex, must have been about 486 feet. And from the comparison of the best estimates of the base side with the best estimates of the height, it seems very likely indeed that the intention of the builders was to make the height bear to the perimeter of the base the same ratio which the radius of a circle bears to the circumference. Remembering the range of difference in the base measures it might be supposed that the exactness of the approximation to this ratio could not be determined very satisfactorily. But as certain casing stones have been discovered which indicate with considerable exactness the slope of the original plane-surfaces of the pyramid, the ratio of the height to the side of the base may be regarded as much more satisfactorily determined than the actual value of either dimension. Of course the pyramidalists claim

[6] It is, however, almost impossible to mark any limits to what may be regarded as evidence of design by a coincidence-hunter. I quote the following from the late Professor De Morgan's *Budget of Paradoxes*. Having mentioned that 7 occurs less frequently than any other digit in the number expressing the ratio of circumference to diameter of a circle, he proceeds: 'A correspondent of my friend Piazzi Smyth notices that 3 is the number of most frequency, and that $3\frac{1}{7}$ is the nearest approximation to it in simple digits. Professor Smyth, whose work on Egypt is paradox of a very high order, backed by a great quantity of useful labour, the results of which will be made available by those who do not receive the paradoxes, is inclined to see confirmation for some of his theory in these phenomena.' In passing, I may mention as the most singular of these accidental digit relations which I have yet noticed, that in the first 110 digits of the square root of 2, the number 7 occurs more than twice as often as either 5 or 9, which each occur eight times, 1 and 2 occurring each nine times, and 7 occurring no less than eighteen times.

a degree of precision indicating a most accurate knowledge of the ratio between the diameter and the circumference of a circle; and, the angle of the only casing stone measured being diversely estimated at 51° 50′ and 51° 52¼′, they consider 50° 51′ 14·3″ the true value, and infer that the builders regarded the ratio as 3·14159 to 1. The real fact is, that the modern estimates of the dimensions of the casing stones (which, by the way, ought to agree better if these stones are as well made as stated) indicate the values 3·1439228 and 3·1396740 for the ratio; and all we can say is, that the ratio really used lay *probably* between these limits, though it may have been outside either. Now the approximation of either is not remarkably close. It requires no mathematical knowledge at all to determine the circumference of a circle much more exactly. 'I thought it very strange,' wrote a circle-squarer once to De Morgan (*Budget of Paradoxes*, p. 389), 'that so many great scholars in all ages should have failed in finding the true ratio, and have been determined to try myself.' 'I have been informed,' proceeds De Morgan, 'that this trial makes the diameter to the circumference as 64 to 201, giving the ratio equal to 3·1410625 exactly. The result was obtained by the discoverer in three weeks after he first heard of the existence of the difficulty. This quadrator has since published a little slip, and entered it at Stationers' Hall. He says he has done it by actual measurement; and I hear from a private source that he uses a disc of twelve inches diameter which he rolls upon a straight rail.' The 'rolling is a very creditable one; it is about as much below the mark as Archimedes was above it. Its performer is a joiner who evidently knows well what he is about when he measures; he is not wrong by 1 in 3,000.' Such skilful mechanicians as the builders of the pyramid could have obtained a closer approximation still by mere measurement. Besides, as they were manifestly mathematicians, such an approximation as was obtained by Archimedes must have been well within their power; and that approximation lies well within the limits above indicated. Professor Smyth remarks that the ratio was 'a quantity which men in general, and all human science too, did not begin to trouble themselves about until long, long ages, languages, and nations had passed away after the building of the great pyramid; and after the sealing up, too, of that grand primeval and prehistoric monument of the patriarchal age of the earth according to Scripture.' I do not know where the Scripture records the sealing up of the great pyramid; but it is all but certain that during the very time when the pyramid was being built astronomical observations were in progress which, for their interpretation, involved of necessity a continual reference to the ratio in question. No one who considers the wonderful accuracy with which, nearly two thousand years before the Christian era, the Chaldæans had determined the famous cycle of the Saros, can doubt that they must have observed the heavenly bodies for several centuries before they could have achieved such a success; and the study of the motions of the celestial bodies compels 'men to trouble themselves' about the famous ratio of the circumference to the diameter.

We now come upon a new relation (contained in the dimensions of the pyramid as thus determined) which, by a strange coincidence, causes the height of the pyramid to appear to symbolise the distance of the sun. There were 5,813 pyramid inches, or 5,819 British inches, in the height of the pyramid according to the relations already indicated. Now, in the sun's distance, according to an estimate recen

BRITISH TRADE.

NO. VII.—ITALY.

THE rapidity with which the new Italian kingdom has grown out of a congeries of petty States and subject provinces is a good augury for its future. Unless we must yet look forward to a time of social revolutions — to struggles between priestcraft and popular liberties—of which there are at present no seriously disturbing signs, there is little to hinder modern Italy from advancing to the position of one of the most thriving nations of the old world.

There is indeed something very attractive in the progress which Italy is making. It is a progress dashed with errors, and not without dangers of course; but it has for all that been great and admirable. We have but to glance for a moment at the picture which the dismembered kingdom presented before she began to stir for her freedom in 1848. The first stirrings were indeed earlier than that; for Italy, bound hand and foot at the feet of Austria as she was by the Congress of Vienna, which restored and solaced exiled and effete dynasties in all Western and Central Europe—Italy never quite forgot the liberal ideas which the republican armies of the young citizen Bonaparte had carried with them out of France. The dull brutal rule of Austria in Venetia and Lombardy, and the more than Asiatic ruthlessness of the Bourbons of Naples, gave the Italians small chance to forget their dreams of a bright deliverance. There had been risings before 1848, therefore; and besides the risings many an effort to persuade the people to stand up like men for their rights, that had seemingly led to nothing. Thus therefore it was not till 1848 that Italy could be said seriously to bend herself to the task of wrenching her shackles off. That year sent a quiver of dread through the heart of every king and kinglet in Europe. Again the impulse came from France, that country so full of touching ideals in its modern political history—ideals which have been made the pretext of tremendous crimes; but dismembered Italy could have made no headway at all against either Bourbon or Hapsburg, except for the resolution of Charles Albert, the King of Sardinia, to become the champion of national unity and independence. The new generation of to-day forgets these things; but middle-aged men remember the excitement, the hopes, at first even stimulated by the sovereign Pontiff, destined to so cruel a disappointment. Italy was then beaten back apparently into slavery, and the dreams of Mazzini and Cavour seemed to be gone, as dreams all go. The sham patriot Pope had turned traitor to the nation, in his greed of temporal ascendency, and given it his curse. Powers too strong for them were arrayed against the people, the Sardinian armies were defeated, and Italy seemed by 1850 to have lost everything. It was not so to be, however. The defeat gave a keenness to the national feeling all over the land. Neapolitan and Lombard began to recognise themselves as men of the same nationality. The repression of the foreigners had thus to do its final work in welding the nation, and the conquerors endeavoured to do it effectually, to their own ultimate overthrow.

Louis Napoleon also did something no doubt for the liberation of Italy, in a grandiose, histrionic, morally contemptible way, urged as he was by the necessity of justi-

fying his rather despicable existence in the eyes of France; but whether he had interfered or not, the power of Austria was destined to fall before the rising forces of Prussia, and with it that of the Bourbons of Sicily, Naples, and Tuscany, most corrupt of all the corrupt creatures whom England propped up again for a brief space, to play the part of tyrants and oppressors in mundane affairs. It is not my purpose to follow the history of the Italian struggle for independence, through its Napoleonic and other phases; suffice it that we call to mind these cardinal facts—that before 1848 Italy, all except Piedmont, seemed hopelessly crushed. Austria, the Pope, and the Bourbons held her in their grasp. Even the, by comparison, native sovereign of Tuscany had turned oppressor, and all Italy groaned like a man in the grasp of the torturer. Commerce languished, divergent fiscal laws and arbitrary raids on private wealth choked up the channels of intercourse between one part of the kingdom and another; without shipping, without manufactures or foreign trade of a solid kind, possessed of no political security, Italy was, twenty years ago, more insignificant in the eyes of neighbouring nations than Greece or Spain is now. But, once free, her consolidation was as rapid almost as that of the still newer German Empire; and to-day Italy is a power to be reckoned with in the councils of nations, and possesses a trade which begins to be a distinct element in European prosperity, which we in England cannot too carefully give heed to. The bitter bondage which the country has long lain under has ended in making its mixed population, in a hopeful degree, a nation; and, prudently ruled, Italy may yet have a remarkable career before it.

Naturally enough, all this progress has not been made without great cost, and it is our duty to look at both sides of the picture; nor should the political and commercial success blind us to the fact that the young kingdom is not free from serious economic dangers on more sides than one. The very transition from a collection of petty States to a single power entailed enormous waste of resources and almost irremediable administrative confusion. Jealousies were also engendered between province and province, which it will take some time to heal: so that this transition stage cannot by any means be considered at an end in Italy. Nor need we wonder when we remember that it is only six years ago since the crowning act of Italian unity was performed, and Victor Emmanuel entered Rome, to the disgust of Pio Nono and his Court.

I must leave the historical part of the subject, however, and trace some of the financial characteristics of this period of transition, before examining the trading capacity and mercantile development which Italy exhibits. These financial characteristics are again so intimately bound up with the administrative machinery of the State, that in noticing the one we must notice the other. Indeed, the first thing that strikes the observer is the concurrent facts that the Government of Italy has, throughout, been impecunious, and, throughout, comparatively feeble and irresolute, while yet the nation has grown and consolidated. No statesman has succeeded to the seat of Count Cavour; and, either because the men were feebler, or because the constitutional powers donned suddenly like a garment dragged heavily, the remedial measures which society and the State required on all hands have been but tentatively and tardily applied, amid not a little bungling. The new kingdom succeeded to all the

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Naturally enough, all this progress has not been made without great cost, and it is our duty to look at both sides of the picture; nor should the political and commercial success blind us to the fact that the young kingdom is not free from serious economic dangers on more sides than one. The very transition from a collection of petty States to a single power entailed enormous waste of resources and almost irremediable administrative confusion. Jealousies were also engendered between province and province, which it will take some time to heal: so that this transition stage cannot by any means be considered at an end in Italy. Nor need we wonder when we remember that it is only six years ago since the crowning act of Italian unity was performed, and Victor Emmanuel entered Rome, to the disgust of Pio Nono and his Court.

I must leave the historical part of the subject, however, and trace some of the financial characteristics of this period of transition, before examining the trading capacity and mercantile development which Italy exhibits. These financial characteristics are again so intimately bound up with the administrative machinery of the State, that in noticing the one we must notice the other. Indeed, the first thing that strikes the observer is the concurrent facts that the Government of Italy has, throughout, been impecunious, and, throughout, comparatively feeble and irresolute, while yet the nation has grown and consolidated. No statesman has succeeded to the seat of Count Cavour; and, either because the men were feebler, or because the constitutional powers donned suddenly like a garment dragged heavily, the remedial measures which society and the State required on all hands have been but tentatively and tardily applied, amid not a little bungling. The new kingdom succeeded to all the

debts of the petty States it absorbed, and it also succeeded to their corrupt administrations. The debts made a most serious burden to begin with; and when added to the cost of the wars of independence, so handicapped Italy that few people would have been surprised if she had pulled up short and proclaimed herself bankrupt. In a most valuable report on the financial system of the kingdom, recently made to our Foreign Office by Mr. Herries, C.B., Legation Secretary at Rome,[1] we are enabled to trace very clearly the stages of this financial malady; and many of the statements I shall make here will be drawn from this source. Quoting Mr. Pasini, for instance, he gives the total debt of the petty States of Italy just before the consolidation of the kingdom in 1871 at 90,000,000*l.*, or 2,241,270,000 lira.[2] The debt was growing rapidly then, as the expenditure in all cases exceeded the income; but, after the new kingdom was fairly started, the deficits grew worse and worse. In the words of Mr. Pasini it is stated that during this disastrous period the receipts were diminished by 1,280,000*l.*, while the expenditure was increased by 2,280,000*l.*, and the public debt by 30,360,000*l.* Only in the old provinces forming the kingdom of Sardinia was there any elasticity of revenue; in all the new portions the ousting of the old government and the setting up of the new involved almost hopeless fiscal confusion and loss. Income fell off and expenditure increased until the budget deficits, which had nominally been but 520,000*l.* in 1859 for the various States composing Italy, rose to over 4,000,000*l.*, the greater part of which was due to the Neapolitan provinces and Sicily. Taxes of an odious character imposed by the old tyrannical governments had to be taken off and reduced before any regular system of substitutes could be framed to take their place; so that, as pointed out in the report of a finance committee, also quoted by Mr. Herries, and which gives, it would seem, a different estimate from that of Pasini, the income of the States forming United Italy fell from over 20,000,000*l.* at the time of the breaking out of the war to 18,500,000*l.* the following year, and the expenditure exceeded that diminished income by 7,200,000*l.* This deficit, however, as others similar, refers mostly, if not exclusively, to the ordinary income and expenditure, and does not include the special outlay incident to the war, which is partially at least represented by the increase of the public debt. In 1860 and 1861 no less than some 370,000,000*l.* nominal appears to have been raised by loans, issues of inconvertible paper, or sales of stocks, only part of which has since been redeemed.[3]

[1] *Embassy and Legation Reports*, part iv. 1876.

[2] Martin, in his *Statesman's Year-book*, states the debt of Italy in 1860, the year before the emancipation, at 97,500,000*l.*, but does not give his authority. It is possible that he may be right however, because the debts being reckoned in different currencies, some of which were of fluctuating values, the best statement which could be given was partly only an estimate.

[3] I find great divergencies in the estimates given in various works of the present debt of Italy. For example, Kolb, whom I am disposed to place first as a compiler of statistics of this kind, gives the debt funded and floating at the end of 1872 as 10,060,000,000 lira, the interest of which is 460,445,614 lira. In other words, the capital of the debt was 400,000,000*l.* odd, and the interest-charge just under 18,500,000*l.* Martin, on the other hand, in the new issue of his *Statesman's Year-book*, places the capital of the debt at about 380,000,000*l.* at the end of 1873, including of course the paper money, and the interest-charge at just over 15,500,000*l.* Again, the *Investor's Monthly Manual*, a publication usually accurate, and with figures to a more recent date than either Martin or Kolb, places the capital of the debt at only

There were six separate budgets for the various parts of Italy in 1860, and it was not till 1862 that the Government was able to present a single budget for the united nation; but that was only the initial stage of the task which Italian financiers had before them. A cumbersome method of account-keeping had to be swept away, which under the old system entailed the mischief of several distinct statements of accounts running alongside each other. The budget passed through no less than seven different stages before it could be considered a finished account, and it was not till 1869 that this was swept away. Now the financial account runs even with each year, and comprises within it only the actual receipts and payments of the year. Further, reforms as to the administration of the various departments of the State had still to be carried out, and it was only the other year that Italy could be said to have her finances completely under Parliamentary control. A far more formidable difficulty remains to be noticed—the reformation of the taxes—and that cannot yet be said to be anything like completed, for Italy is still too poor to have a consistent fiscal system. There was a too radical cutting down of obnoxious imposts in the first moment of liberty and unity, when men's hearts overflowed, and ever since the Government has had to struggle painfully to make ends meet. One of the best sources of national income, the property and land tax, has also been most difficult of administration, through the absence of anything like a sound basis of assessment, and it now only yields something like 9,300,000*l.*, including provincial and communal surtaxes. In 1874 this was levied upon 5,130,146 proprietors, and the average impost per proprietor for imperial purposes only was almost exactly 1*l.* The amount of this tax which actually goes to the State is thus only about 5,000,000*l*, the rest being devoted to local purposes under the law which permits provinces and communes to levy certain imposts for themselves. The figures as regards the number of people assessed cannot however be depended upon, any more than the cadastral basis of the tax; and there is no reform more urgently needed than the one which shall distribute the burden fairly over the landowners and metayars. At present the tax falls too lightly on some parts of the country, and far too heavily on others, and altogether probably does not yield within millions of what it ought to. Another considerable source of revenue is the income tax, which is not however to be taken as similar in character to the English tax of that name, being a complex and irritating impost which includes licences of various kinds, and which presses very heavily on

357,000,000*l.*, and the interest and other charges thereon at 15,300,000*l.* This last estimate appears to me to be an obvious error, because for one thing the deficits on the annual budget have not yet ceased, and these alone for the past four years have amounted to an aggregate of 28,000,000*l.*, which has necessarily added to the debt in some form. If we take Kolb to be correct, therefore, the debt at the end of last year cannot have been less than 430,000,000*l.* all told. This is, it need hardly be said, a very serious burden for so young a nation to carry, and it will be further seriously augmented when the Italian Government takes over the Italian portion of the old Lombardo-Venetian Railways, as it contracted with the Rothschilds last year to do. This bargain will involve an addition to the debt of at least 30,000,000*l.*, including the extra payments, and should the yearly deficits go on, and the railways not pay—both likely contingencies—the taxation of Italy will have to be seriously increased. By 1880 we may expect to see the funded and floating debt raised to the amount of 470,000,000*l.* to 500,000,000*l.*, and the chances of a redemption of the paper currency almost as remote as ever.

small incomes.[4] It seems to vary in character too in different parts of the kingdom. The grist tax should also be mentioned as an old and most oppressive impost on the grinding of corn, which was withdrawn at the revolution, and re-imposed afterwards under pressure of the necessities of the State. In its new form it is vexatious, and that it should be required at all is a proof both of the poverty which Italy still labours under, and of the imperfect manner in which the fiscal reforms have yet been carried out. It gives a gross return of about 3,500,000*l.*

We might pursue this subject further, and find it very interesting; but my object is only to indicate the broad fact that Italy is reforming; is, though slowly, growing solidly together; that she has to all appearance heartily adopted constitutional forms, and is shaping her destiny to good purpose, in spite of the many drawbacks to which she is subject. By means of the changes which have been introduced, the peace and security that have prevailed, and the consequent increase in wealth, the income of the kingdom has slowly recovered itself, until in 1875 it amounted to 55,480,000*l.* Last year it was rather less, being only 54,800,000*l.*, owing to the insufficient harvest, rather than to any weakness in the country. There are still deficits, of course, but they are growing on the whole less alarming; that for 1875 having been only 1,124,000*l.*, and for last year 1,160,000*l.* This is, no doubt, still an unsatisfactory balance; but I think that there is some reason to hope that it will disappear before long, unless unforeseen events check the gradual development of the community, or unless the imprudent commitments of the Government to railway purchases and administration lead to unexpected loss. I should not be surprised, however, were this to prove the case; and, if so, the small deficits of the last year or two may again increase for a time, but only for a time. Italy has but to push forward her social reformation, to steadily reorganise her finances, and her provincial administration, and there can be no fear that the wealth of the country will not be found sufficient to furnish all the Government requires. The sole element of financial danger lies in the debt, and it is a grave danger, which Italian statesmen cannot too deeply recognise. Not only should every effort be made to keep down the expenditure, so that there should be no further increase in its amount, but every effort should be made to reduce the debt also. This is especially necessary with regard to the paper currency, which now forms such an intolerable drag upon the commerce of the people. In amount it seems light beside that of France, being only some 40,000,000*l.*; but then the population of Italy, and the trade of Italy, are both much less. The imports and exports together are under 100,000,000*l.*, or less than a third of those of France. Moreover Italy has little or no metallic reserve, so that her paper currency is of necessity bound to fluctuate with every

[4] Mr. Herries makes the following comparison between the burden of this tax on Italians and of the English income tax. His figures were compiled before the date of Sir Stafford Northcote's budget last year, which relieved small incomes up to 300*l.*, while imposing an additional penny on all beyond that; but they are sufficiently close to the facts, and illustrate the peculiar irritation of the Italian tax:—'An Englishman having an income of exactly 100*l.* pays nothing. An Italian pays on its equivalent, if in Category A, 13*l.* 4*s.*; if in Category B, 9*l.* 18*s.*; if in Category C, 8*l.* 5*s.* A so-called "professional man" in London, with an income of just 300*l.*, pays on that amount, minus 80*l.*, a tax of 1*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* If he establishes himself at Rome, he will soon find his means of subsistence diminished by a charge of 24*l.* 15*s.*; the sum which in England would be due from a commercial house making a clear profit of 2,970*l.* a year.'

adverse movement of the exchanges. As the imports of the country have been stimulated for many years by the issue of such paper, so that they uniformly exceed the exports, it follows, of course, that exchanges are often adversely affected. Add to this the fact that a good deal of Italian *rente* is held abroad, in France, Holland, and England, and we have abundant materials for a very troublesome state of mercantile credit. The premium on gold is rarely less than 10 per cent., and it rises sometimes to 12 and 15, or even to 20. During one year the fluctuation is not unfrequently as much as from 5 to 7 per cent., so that the difficulty of adjusting prices so as to avoid ruinous losses becomes most serious. A premium on gold thus becomes a universal tax, because no commodity sold or bought can be made exempt from its influences. Of late there has been less tendency to violent movement in this gold premium, however, and the average is lower now than it was in the years immediately succeeding the national independence. Should the funded debt be kept well within bounds, therefore, it may be well worth the consideration of Italian statesmen whether the Government should not resume specie payments by means of an issue of bonds for the purpose of redeeming the currency debt. A measure of the kind, were it accompanied by the exemption of the foreign creditors of the State from an income tax, which is not fairly justifiable, when imposed on loans which were raised abroad, would do a great deal to elevate the commerce of Italy out of its fifth-rate position, and to make it solidly prosperous.

There are drawbacks, therefore, in the situation of the country; but for all that I shall miss my aim grievously if, in this rapid sketch, giving the outlines of both sides of the subject, I do not show that Italy has made, is making, steady progress. She is not standing still, nor going back in either her political organisation or her finances. The nation has vitality as a nation, and through all the drawbacks and difficulties, one can discern the possibility of a new future for the peninsula which once ruled the world. Splendidly situated for doing at all events a Continental trade with Asia and the far East, it is possible that the tide of commerce will partially roll backwards to her long-deserted shores. We must try, then, to find out what Italy is doing in the way of developing her trade —what her capacities are, and what hindrances there may be in her way.

In the first place, it may be at once admitted that Italy is not a manufacturing country now, nor very likely speedily to become one. The races which inhabit Southern Italy are ill adapted for the hard incessant labour to which 'factory hands' and 'foundry hands' have to submit in any country, but most of all in a country striving to establish a business for itself at the expense of rivals. In Northern Italy there is much more raw capacity for industry; and the hardy Lombards or Piedmontese—even the Venetians and Tuscans—might, if it depended upon mere labour alone, rise with some rapidity into the position of competitors with other nations for certain kinds of manufactured staples. But, granting everything to be favourable in the character of the people, Italy does not possess the raw materials necessary to a great manufacturing nation in sufficient quantities to make it possible for her to become great in this way. The only industry in which she can be said to possess some advantage over her neighbours is silk-weaving, and in this, I believe, some progress is being made; but as a producer of textile fabrics generally Italy does not figure prominently. Her exports

adopted and freely used,[7] there are 91,400,000 miles or 5,791 thousand millions of inches,—that is, there are approximately as many thousand millions of inches in the sun's distance as there are inches in the height of the pyramid. If we take the relation as exact we should infer for the sun's distance 5,819 thousand millions of inches, or 91,840,000 miles—an immense improvement on the estimate which for so many years occupied a place of honour in our books of astronomy. Besides, there is strong reason for believing that, when the results of recent observations are worked out, the estimated sun distance will be much nearer this pyramid value than even to the value 91,400,000 recently adopted. This result, which one would have thought so damaging to faith in the evidence from coincidence—nay, quite fatal after the other case in which a close coincidence had appeared by merest accident—is regarded by the pyramidalists as a perfect triumph for their faith. They connect it with another coincidence, viz. that assuming the height determined in the way already indicated, then it so happens that the height bears to half a diagonal of the base the ratio 9 to 10. Seeing that the perimeter of the base symbolises the annual motion of the earth round the sun, while the height represents the radius of a circle with that perimeter, it follows that the height should symbolise the sun's distance. 'That line, further,' says Professor Smyth (speaking on behalf of Mr. W. Petrie, the discoverer of this relation), 'must represent' this radius 'in the proportion of 1 to 1,000,000,000' (or *ten* raised to power *nine*), 'because amongst other reasons 10 to 9 is practically the shape of the great pyramid.' For this building 'has such an angle at the corners, that for every ten units its structure advances inwards on the diagonal of the base, it practically rises upwards, or points to sunshine' (*sic*) 'by *nine*. Nine, too, out of the ten characteristic parts (viz. five angles and five sides) being the number of those parts which the sun shines on in such a shaped pyramid, in such a latitude near the equator, out of a high sky, or, as the Peruvians say, when the sun sets on the pyramid with all his rays.' The coincidence itself on which this perverse reasoning rests is a singular one—singular, that is, as showing how close an accidental coincidence may run. It amounts to this, that if the number of days in the year be multiplied by 100, and a circle be drawn with a circumference containing 100 times as many inches as there are days in the year, the radius of the circle will be very nearly one 1,000,000,000th part of the sun's distance. Remembering that the pyramid inch is assumed to be one 500,000,000th part of the earth's diameter, we shall not be far from the truth in saying that, as a matter of fact, the earth by her orbital motion traverses each day a distance equal to two hundred times her own diameter. But, of course, this relation is altogether accidental. It has no real cause in nature.[8]

Such relations show that mere numerical coincidences, however close, have little weight as evidence, except where they occur in series. Even then they require to be very cautiously regarded, seeing that the history of science

[7] I have substituted this value in the article 'Astronomy,' of the *British Encyclopædia*, for the estimate formerly used, viz. 95,233,055 miles. But there is good reason for believing that the actual distance is nearly 92,000,000 miles.

[8] It may be matched by other coincidences as remarkable and as little the result of the operation of any natural law. For instance, the following strange relation, which *introduces the dimensions* of the sun himself, nowhere, so far as I have yet seen, introduced *among pyramid* relations, even by pyramidalists: 'If the plane of the ecliptic

records many instances where the apparent law of a series has been found to be falsified when the theory has been extended. Of course this reason is not quoted in order to throw doubt on the supposition that the height of the pyramid was intended to symbolise the sun's distance. That supposition is simply inadmissible if the hypothesis, according to which the height was already independently determined in another way, is admitted. Either hypothesis might be admitted were we not certain that the sun's distance could not possibly have been known to the builders of the pyramid; or both hypotheses may be rejected: but to admit both is out of the question.

Considering the multitude of dimensions of length, surface, capacity, and position, the great number of shapes, and the variety of material existing within the pyramid, and considering, further, the enormous number of relations (presented by modern science) from among which to choose, can it be wondered at if fresh coincidences are being continually recognised? If a dimension will not serve in one way, use can be found for it in another; for instance, if some measure of length does not correspond closely with any known dimension of the earth or of the solar system (an unlikely supposition), then it can be understood to typify an interval of time. If, even after trying all possible changes of that kind, no coincidence shows itself (which is all but impossible), then all that is needed to secure a coincidence is that the dimensions should be manipulated a little. Let a single instance suffice to show how the pyramidalists (with perfect honesty of purpose) hunt down a coincidence. The slant tunnel already described has a transverse height, once no doubt uniform, now giving various measures from 47·14 pyramid inches to 47·32 inches, so that the vertical height from the known inclination of the tunnel would be estimated at somewhere between 52·64 inches and 52·85. Neither dimension corresponds very obviously with any measured distance in the earth or solar system. Nor when we try periods, areas, &c., does any very satisfactory coincidence present itself. But the difficulty is easily turned into a new proof of design.

Putting all the observations together (says Professor Smyth), I deduced 47·24 pyramid inches to be the transverse height of the entrance passage; and computing from thence with the observed angle of inclination the vertical height, that came out 52·76 of the same inches. But the sum of those two heights, or the height taken up and down, equals 100 inches; which length, as elsewhere shown, is the general pyramid linear representation of a day of twenty-four hours. And the mean of the two heights, or the height taken one way only, and impartially to the middle point between them, equals fifty inches; which quantity is, therefore, the general pyramid linear representation of only half a day. In which case, let us ask what the entrance passage has to do with half rather than a whole day?

On relations such as these, which, if really intended by the architect, would imply an utterly fatuous habit of concealing elaborately what he desired to symbolise, the pyramidalists base their belief that

a Mighty Intelligence did both think out the plans for it, and compel unwilling and ignorant idolaters, in a primal age of the world, to work mightily both for the future glory of the one true God of Revelation, and to establish lasting prophetic testimony touching a further development, still to take place, of the absolutely Divine Christian dispensation.

were a true surface, and the sun were to commence rolling along that surface towards the part of the earth's orbit where she is at her mean distance, while the earth commenced rolling upon the sun (round one of his great circles), each globe turning round in the same time, then, by the time the earth had rolled its way once round the sun, the sun would have almost exactly reached the earth's orbit. This is only another way of saying that the sun's diameter exceeds the earth's in almost exactly the same degree that the sun's distance exceeds the sun's diameter.'

of silk, raw and manufactured, averaged in value about 15,000,000*l.* in the years 1870 to 1874, according to tables given by Mr. Herries. This was balanced to some extent by imports of the average value of 5,500,000*l.* Besides silk, Italy grows a certain amount of cotton, but not nearly enough to supply her own wants, and although she has an export trade to Austria in cotton tissues, it is more of a transit trade, I believe, than the result of the competition of Italian spinners and weavers. Her industries are, indeed, all — except that of silk, which is at present rather depressed —small and of quite local importance. Italy is in nothing more provincial, in fact, than in the isolated condition of her cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures. But, although insignificant, they still increase in a measure, and may well grow very much bigger without interfering in the least with the purchasing power of Italy in other countries, or competing very seriously in foreign markets. With her immediate neighbours, Switzerland, Austria, and France, it is in the nature of things that her trade should grow larger, and that where competition is possible Italian products should in some directions beat ours; but there is as yet certainly nothing alarming in the situation, and we have no cause to be envious of her prosperity. At present the total export and import trade of Italy is, as I have said, well under 100,000,000*l.*, and the bulk of the exports—silk, oil, wine, stones, and glass—are of a kind which do not come within our competing range. As far as the direct trade of Great Britain with Italy is concerned, it is on the whole steady and profitable, and amounts to about an eighth part of her entire commerce; Italy buying from us much more largely than we do from her, although the discrepancy is less now than it has been. The consumption of Indian and Egyptian raw cotton is steadily increasing in Italian mills, which are in great part still of a rather primitive kind. Some progress has been made in the establishment of small iron works, and one work at Venice, belonging to an Englishman named Nevill, has attained to some celebrity. Italy possesses few iron mines, however, and, as far as we know, has no rich contiguous stores of iron and coal such as are essential to a country destined to lead in almost any branch of skilled production. We must, therefore, after making all allowance for the signs of local activity which are to be met with in the country, come to the conclusion that Italy is not in a position to become a great manufacturing centre.[5] Her people are by preference pastoral; and as in France, although the tenure of the land is not the same, large tracts of the soil are parcelled out amongst small holders,[6] and the attractions of the workshops are not sufficient to draw a comparatively comfortable and by no means crowded population from their fields.[7] But, though not a great manufacturing

[5] [Thank Heaven!—Ed.]

[6] In Kolb's *Vergleichenden Statistik* it is stated that the average annual value of the production of iron in Italy in the years 1867–70 was just over 800,000*l.*, the product of 11,100 workpeople; that of copper, 53,000*l.*, won by the labour of 2,500 workmen. Coal and petroleum together represented the insignificant value of 126,000*l.*, and gave employment to 3,450 workmen. Lead was considerably more valuable than copper, but only gave an average of about 330,000*l.*, and a quantity clearly not sufficient for home consumption. Italy is in fact a steady customer to England for the metals of manufacture and for coal.

[7] According to the return published in 1861, the latest which seems to be available, about 8,000,000 of the population of 22,000,000 then comprising Italy was employed in agricultural pursuits, and a nearly equal number were returned as 'without calling.'

nation, Italy is, as we have seen, advancing in several respects as a producer of articles meant for home use, and her tariff is, like that of other countries we have mentioned, acting as a strong bulwark to protect the home producer against competition. One would imagine, for example, that in the matter of silk the Italian manufacturer would require little or nothing in the shape of protection, seeing that he could set up his mills in the heart of a silk-growing country, and yet Italy levies a duty on all kinds of silk tissues imported, which, though small, is, like the Indian duty on cotton goods, sufficient to debar foreign imports to a considerable extent, and to raise prices at home. Woollen, cotton, and linen fabrics are more heavily taxed still, as will be seen in the note which I append;[8]

The number engaged in mineral production was less than 60,000, and there were devoted to manufactures about 3,100,000. In this latter would of course be included all the local tradesmen, the shoemakers, smiths, carpenters, masons, and clockmakers, which go to make up the population of the villages, so that the numbers engaged actually in what we should in this country call manufactures would probably not reach half that figure. These figures are not of much value now, however, for Italy has been changed and opened up greatly since then, and in some of the northern provinces manufactures and agriculture overlap each other, so that the same people ought to be classed in both; not only so, but the addition to the population, both by natural increment and through the incorporation of fresh provinces, has materially added to the proportions of certain classes. Instead of 22,000,000, Italy has now a population of 27,500,000, of which, according to Behm and Wagner's last Annual on the population of the earth, issued in Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, 6,900,000, or 25·7 per cent., form the scattered population, the remainder being gathered in the cities, towns, and agricultural villages of the land. I am unable to say, however, what proportion of the entire population may now be actually employed in or directly dependent upon the labour of the agriculturist. From an official report lately issued on the state of the Italian agriculture in the years 1870–74, of which copious analyses have been appearing both in the *Economista d'Italia* and in the *Economiste Français*, I learn that 11,600,000 acres of land are devoted to wheat, and yield about 142,420,000 bushels, or roughly, a little more than twelve bushels to the acre—a very small yield for so rich a country—and the best commentary we could have upon the exceeding backwardness of agriculture. Of maize, rice, barley, and oats, the yield was rather better, as the following table will show:—

	Acres	Total yield in bushels	Yield per acre
Maize	4,242,000	85,959,000	20·3
Rice	582,000	27,000,000	46·4
Barley and Rye . . .	1,162,000	18,417,000	15·8
Oats	798,000	20,471,000	25·6

Allowing for the difference of grains this table still shows great variableness in the yield. At the worst, however, Italy compares very favourably with such a country as Russia, where the yield per acre of wheat is estimated in the latest returns at only five-and-a-half bushels per acre. The total yield of wheat in Italy is indeed within 15,000,000 bushels of that of Russia, and leaves a considerable margin for export. Besides these grains and root crops, olives, cotton, and flax, a large acreage is devoted to the vine, no less, according to the table from which I quote, than 4,700,000 acres, the yield upon which was 597,000,000 gallons of wine. Altogether the agricultural land in Italy included in the official returns extends to 68,000,000 acres. The tendency would seem to be to extend the pasture lands, a good trade offering to Italy for cattle with Austria, Switzerland, and France, which the vegetarian habits of the agricultural population enables it to turn to better account than the mere enumeration of the flocks would lead one to suppose. In horses particularly Italy is poor, and she stands numerically in all kinds of animals behind Austria and Hungary, but for all that she can export to them.

[8] The import duty charged at Italian ports on silk tissues is 5 per cent. *ad valorem*, or 1*s.* 1*d.* per lb.; ribbons pay from 1*s.* 10*d.* to 2*s.* 11*d.* per lb. if of silk alone, and 10 per cent. *ad valorem* if mixed. Only silk twist is admitted free. Cotton yarn, on the other hand, pays according to fineness, and to whether it is bleached and dyed or unbleached, a duty varying from 6*s.* 1*d.* to 14*s.* 1*d.* per cwt., the twists and double yarns and bleached and dyed ditto paying respectively 11*s.* 9*d.* and 14*s.* 1*d.* On cotton tissues

and, speaking generally of the Italian tariff, we may say that, instead of being now light and liberal, as Count Cavour wished it to be, when compared with that of other European countries, it is essentially the tariff of a country devoted to protectionist ideas. Driven by stress of poverty, Italian statesmen not possessed of the political sagacity of Count Cavour, have re-imposed obnoxious customs duties, and increased their burden, without however adding materially to the yield, while certainly hindering the development of the trade of the nation. Compared with the fragmentary tariffs in force in 1858, the duties are, however, still very low, and Italy should get credit here also for at all events not slipping back into the slough from which she then emerged. The present tariff is, however, higher in a good many instances than that in force in 1863 and 1864,[9] which alarmed the short-sighted economists of the country by the smallness of its yield, and it is apparently further beset by vexatious provisions and excess charges which aggravate importers and cumber business, without yielding any adequate return. We may hope then that, when the time comes for a fresh revision of the general and special customs tariffs of the kingdom—as come it speedily must—a step forward will be taken, and that England will be admitted within the inner circle, if Italy cannot find it in her heart to open her gates liberally to all alike.

It would be decidedly her interest to do so, just because her wealth is not mineral nor industrial in the English sense, but agricultural. How decidedly Italy is a pastoral country is seen best by her actual foreign trade. The staple exports of Italy, beyond her silk and her small

the duty is very heavy, varying from 26*s.* 5*d.* on unbleached cotton to 47*s.* on cotton prints per cwt., while cotton embroidery pays 4*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.* per cwt. Woollen yarn comes off worse still, undyed paying 18*s.* 9*d.* and dyed 28*s.* 3*d.* per cwt., while woollen cloths pay substantially about the same nominal duties per cwt. as cotton. Blankets and carpets, for example, are charged 23*s.* 6*d.* to 32*s.* 6*d.*, according to quality, per cwt.; tapes and lace of pure wool or mixed 4*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* Ordinary woollen tissues or cloths pay however either a 10 per cent. *ad valorem* duty or 3*l.* 5*s.* per cwt. What the incidence of much of this taxation is according to the values of the articles taxed it is of course impossible for any but exporters to tell; but it must vary considerably, and in some instances, when the cloth is of a cheap kind, represent something like 20 to 30 per cent. of its value or more. The same may be said of linen, hempen and jute fabrics, all of which pay heavy taxes, which, if nominally less in amount than those levied by France or Russia, are by their rough and ready sort of adjustment probably practically as prohibitory. Measured by the wealth of Italy, compared with France, they must be more so. As to iron and steel the tariff of Italy is, if anything, more foolish than that of any other country we have had under review, because in this instance there is nothing to be protected worth speaking of. There are no blown-up hectic home industries in iron to pamper and to fine the people for the maintenance of as in the United States, and therefore these duties have here not even the irrational excuse which the States, France, Austria, and Germany may plausibly advance. Italy charges, for all that, a duty of some sort on every kind of iron except pig iron and broken scraps. In some cases, as for example rails, the duty is relatively low, only some 5½*d.* per cwt. or 9*s.* 2*d.* per ton; but in others it is very high—steel wire paying 9*s.* 5*d.*; rolled and bar steel, 5*s.* 7*d.*; tin plates, 6*s.* 1*d.*; fine iron wire, 3*s.* 3½*d.*; tools for mechanics or agriculturists, 3*s.* 9*d.*; knives of ordinary kinds, 20*s.* 4*d.*; and with fine handles, 40*s.* 8*d.* per cwt. Steam-engine boilers and machinery of all sorts also pay duties ranging from 1*s.* 7½*d.* to 4*s.* 10½*d.* per cwt., agricultural machines being admitted at the lowest scale. All this indicates an extremely short-sighted policy, because it is hampering the progress of the community, without doing any class in it even a temporary benefit, or bringing the Government much profit. And these are by no means all. Italy taxes the import of food grains, of meats, of sugar (which pays from 8*s.* 5*d.* to 11*s.* 9*d.* per cwt., according to fineness), and chemicals, such as the alkalis so valuable in agriculture, and yet with it all the gross income from the customs barely reaches 4,000,000*l.* a year.

[9] See Tables in Mr. Herries's *Report*, pp. 597-599.

amount of silk manufactures, being oil and wine, fruits and seeds, cereals, timber, animals, hemp and flax, some sorts of provisions, and a little wool. She is inevitably, in spite of the development of her local industries and manufactures, much dependent on foreign supply for many necessary articles of clothing, for much of her machinery used in mills, on farms, on railways, and in steamboats. Italy is, in consequence, and in spite of herself, therefore, a customer of Great Britain of growing importance, or of other manufacturing countries, and she ought to recognise the fact so as to make the benefits as much as possible mutual. For example, she took from us alone, in 1875, about 2,600,000*l.* worth of cotton yarn and piece goods, besides what may have reached her indirectly, and a considerable amount of iron and iron manufactures, as well as woollen goods and coal. The character of her trade with us is very decidedly fixed by the tariff, however, and we discover here, as in the case of France, a tendency to take from us raw or half manufactured articles in increasing quantities rather than the finished goods. It is not satisfactory, for instance, from our point of view, to find that the value of the cotton yarn entered for Italy was in 1875 almost as large as the value of the cotton cloths. It shows us that, however unfitted Italy may be by nature and circumtances to become a great manufacturing country, she can at least secure the temporary advantage of being her own provider in a considerable measure. She has no other advantage, however, except what the tariff may give, for living is not cheaper for the working classes in Italy than here, and, as a rule, the working classes are less capable, more ignorant, and more disposed to 'scamp' work than our own, so that, with wages nominally on a lower scale, the real rate of production is probably more. I have not, indeed, considered the 'labour element' or the 'wages element' in dealing with the competing capacities of other countries in contrast with our own, because, in my judgment, they are of comparatively secondary importance to the primary forces of reserves of capital, of habit, and above all of geographical and physical adaptabilities. Against the enormous advantage which England still possesses over all other countries, were she free of their markets, the wages element has little force. It is not labour itself so much as the facilities for applying labour in all departments of manufacture in the most economic manner possible which determines the battle, and in these facilities no country in the world can hope for some time to rival us. So far as the policy of Italy tends to fight against this superiority I, therefore, hold it to be mistaken; but it is a policy which we cannot immediately hope to see departed from here or elsewhere; and we cannot therefore expect that the present reaction, partly the result of over-speculation, partly artificial, will soon end even in increased demand from Italy.

Left unforced, the course which Italy might pursue with most advantage to herself and to the world, as a commercial nation, is very clearly marked out by her poverty, her physical peculiarities, and her geographical situation. To the first we shall refer again presently, and, as to the second, we need only say that the highly favoured climate and rich soil of Italy render her admirably adapted for the production of wine, oil, sugar, maize, and choice fruits, for which she would find, and does find, a ready market, not in Europe only, but also in the East, and in America, North and South. Already a consider-

able trade is established with the United States, for instance, and the large flow of Italian emigration to that region, as to Brazil and the River Plata, tends to extend this kind of commerce. But for the backward character of Italian agriculture, which, except in Piedmont and perhaps part of Lombardy, is not worthy the name of tillage at all, Italy might to-day be much more prominent as a rival of France in the supply of luxurious nations with dainties, and of physically ill-conditioned countries with cheap food. It is with Italy, as with France, the fruits of the earth which must form the solid basis of all her trade. To much of the rest of the world these fruits are, or might become, delicacies of the most precious kind; and whatever Italy does, therefore, to develop agriculture, is better than the establishment of a dozen unhealthy factories. In some measure the Italian Government may be said to see this, inasmuch as they devote a considerable amount of attention to agricultural education, establish depôts of agricultural implements in various districts for the purpose of educating the people, and so forth; but that is only toying with the great reforms needed, which must include a wide remodelling of the fiscal burdens, a new cadastral survey, followed by a revised land tax, and the protection of the tillers of the soil alike from the extortions of their landlords and the robberies of the brigand. Recent letters from Italy have shown the Italians to be morbidly sensitive to this last subject; and the curious vanity which they have displayed about their rights and liberties is not pleasant. For certainly this brigand question is one more vital to the true prosperity and settlement of Italy than almost any other. Until these nefarious robbers are extirpated, and the so-called upper classes of the towns—the remnant of a debased and corrupt nobility—prevented from aiding and abetting them in their depredations, Italy cannot advance as an agricultural nation. Her peasantry, unable to cultivate the vine, the olive, and the citron in peace, must remain, over half the land almost, degraded, stupid, or wasteful. Instead of strutting about, talking of national dignity, therefore, Italian statesmen would do well quietly to set about the task of making each man's life and property secure through the length and breadth of the land. Unless they do so, their work may one day be partially undone, and the country, ill-taxed and over-taxed, poor and vexed by thieves and priests, may see itself outstripped on every hand. In vine-growing now it cannot for a moment compete with France or Spain, hardly with Greece; indeed, but for the dishonest trade with France in bad wines, used for adulteration, the export wine trade of the mainland would be of no value at all hardly, and no Italian wine is known widely in England except the Sicilian Marsala. If she does not take care her silk trade will be in danger from the competition of our Australian Colonies, as well as from that of China and Japan. Italy has done much; but what she has done only brings into most startling relief all that she has to do. And, latterly, not the tariff only, but several acts of internal administration, show signs of retrogression rather than progress, which the best friends of Italy must lament over. Her apathetic deputies are far too disposed to shirk their duties, and would do better to display the fire and hot-headedness of the French Assembly than the selfish absenteeism now so common, which makes the Sardinian think he has nothing to do with the affairs of Lombardy; the Lombard

indifferent to what interests Venice; and all the North together agree in looking with something like cold dislike on the troubles of Sicily and the South. Ministers, aided by such a Parliament, are hardly to be blamed if they sometimes go backwards in their attempt to keep the State solvent, and not the least unsatisfactory feature is the little help they get from the King, who, but for his family, might ere now have ruined all the fair prospect.

Reverting to our immediate subject, the re-establishment of the grist tax was, for example, a distinctly retrograde movement. It costs the nation, directly or indirectly, perhaps five times as much as it yields. The mere irritation to which the millers who grind the corn and those who own it are alike subject must be very dispiriting, and check agricultural progress. Italy copies French fashions a good deal in the manner of her taxation: and we find all the array of succession duties, mortmain dues, stamps, taxes on locomotion, licences, and such like in full sway. Some of them are wise and fair enough, and might bear increasing, were their impact fairly distributed; but many of them are obstructive and injurious to the prosperous growth of the national wealth. Italy also has her tobacco monopoly, on the security of which she raised a loan for 9,500,000*l.* in 1868. Yet who will say that it is not hurtful to her true interests. But of wider scope for evil, almost unproductive as they are, we must characterise the export duties now levied on many articles of vital importance to Italy. These duties have, like those on imports, been increased in recent years under the plea of necessity, and now act as a serious barrier on free export. A low customs duty on exports may do more harm than a higher one on imports, because it cripples the nation in competition directly, and, as it were, at the sources of its life; and no country is so exclusively possessed of advantages in the production of any particular article as to be safe under such hindrances. The liberal Sardinian customs law of 1854 was much inveighed against at the time it came into force,[10] and when its benefits were spread partially over the rest of the kingdom of Italy the manufacturing classes looked as usual for ruin. Of course no such ruin took place. On the contrary Italy has prospered in proportion to the liberality of her commercial policy, and if many branches of her industry stagnate now, it is because, apart from general causes affecting all trade, she has gone backwards. After the passing of the liberal import tariff, the import of raw cotton rose from an average of about 6,500,000lbs. to over 17,000,000lbs., and in other respects home industries such as these were benefitted. What has thus, as always, proved true in the case of imports holds good with still greater force in regard to exports, because a tax on production is of all taxes the most wasteful. Make bread dear and you make life hard; and in like manner put a barrier between the tiller of the soil and a free market in any raw produce, and you strike at the root of the entire national prosperity. This is unfortunately what Italy has in no small measure done by her grain taxes, her grist tax, and her vexatious, barren export duties. Let her take a lesson from the policy of her greatest statesman and repeal these, and she will have done more to stimulate agriculture than all her schools and exhibitions ever can do. On the whole, agriculture may be pronounced more burdened than manufactures since

[10] Mr. Herries's *Report*, p. 589, *et seq.*

the recent tinkering at the tariff has, in various ways, increased the pressure on this, the all-important source of her prosperity. I give at foot Mr. Herries's figures, comparing the present export duties charged on a few of the principal articles with those in force in 1863 and 1864, which was the period when the tariff was lowest.[11] Hard necessity may be pleaded for this backward movement as for that in the import duties; but no such plea can be admitted for a moment, inasmuch as taxation of this kind tends to keep agriculture —and all that depends on it—primitive and unproductive. Therefore this policy must also, and necessarily, lessen the tax-paying power of the community, and the coherence of the young State. The whole fiscal system of Italy thus requires to be remodelled, special favouritism in tariffs done away with, and the duties which cannot be dispensed with levied with as little irksomeness as possible on the articles that can bear a tax with the least injury to the country. Till this is done the trade of Italy will not grow as it ought to do now in the directions which nature has marked out for it, and I will even say that the consolidation of the races which inhabit the peninsula cannot be held assured, while their free development is in this manner forbidden.

We may, I think, put aside, then, all fear of Italy either becoming a rival to England in any of her important branches of manufacture, or that, once unfettered, she will cease to be a progressive customer. The character of the trade between the two countries may vary in some measure, but I do not think that it will grow less in bulk or value, and a liberal, well-organised, and classified tariff in Italy would, I am sure, make it year by year greater, to the benefit of both countries. But there is another direction in which I think Italy may not only rival us, but become in a great degree, and within well-defined limits, a monopolist, if she goes on as she has done these last dozen years. Her geographical situation peculiarly fits her to become again the distributing and carrying maritime nation for Central Europe and the Levant. I do not dream of a revived Venice. Venice may indeed flourish again in a modest way, but not as a great port and mart for the civilised world. I mean, rather, that the sea-borne trade of Italy and of the neighbours of Italy along the Greek archipelago, in Egypt

[11] Italian Export Duties.

		On August 1, 1863 Lira Cents	At present Lira Cents
Lime, per hectolitre		free	1 10
„ „ bottle		„	0 06
Olive oil	per 100 kilog.	0 33	1 10
Volatile oil	„ „	free	2 20
Lemon Juice	„ „	„	0 17 1 10
Extract of Aloes	„ „	„	3 30
Oranges and Lemons	„ „	„	0 28
Meat, fresh or salted	„ „	„	2 20
Cheese	„ „	„	4 40
Bulls and Oxen	per head	„	5 50
Hides and Skins	per 100 kilog.	„	2 20
Wool	„ „	„	6 60
Silk, raw	„ „	„	38 50
„ waste	„ „	„	8 50
Unspecified dried fruits	„ „	„	1 10
Almonds	„ „	„	1 65 1 30

Report, p. 599.

and Syria, and possibly even in the Black Sea and the Danube, seems likely to be carried on more and more in Italian ships, and that her merchant marine may in time come to be no mean rival of that of England in those regions of the South and East. The progress of Italian shipping since the establishment of the kingdom is evidence that in this direction she has already taken considerable strides. Italian vessels not only nearly monopolise the coasting trade of the Adriatic and Mediterranean ports near her borders, but the Rubattino line of ocean steamers, sailing from Genoa and other ports, compete successfully both with the Austrian Lloyds and the French Messagerie Maritime lines in the Eastern seas. Moreover, the fact that our own mail company, the once unrivalled Peninsular and Oriental, is compelled to make a depôt at Brindisi, is itself a sign of change in the position of the Eastern trade. As yet, this depôt may be said to exist only for the convenience of overland passengers and fast mails, but goods will be sure to follow in time this overland route to some extent, and a certain portion of the carrying trade of England become diverted to Italy. The Suez Canal has hitherto been almost an English waterway, and will, no doubt, long continue to be used in a predominating degree by English ships; but it obviously makes competition by a country situated as Italy is much easier than it was before, and that competition is being even now felt. Looking at the map, we see that the harbours of Italy are, as it were, placed directly in the way of ships coming westward through the Canal, and that the Asiatic trade which the discovery of the Cape passage threw into the hands of the Dutch, the Portuguese, and the English, to the ruin of Venice and Genoa, must tend now to cause it to revert in some measure to its old channels. Steam, no doubt, neutralises the altered circumstances somewhat, but not altogether. Once let Central Europe get consolidated into peaceful communities, Turkey become pacified or obliterated as a separate State, to be replaced by, at worst, less devastating governing agencies, and we may expect the trade of Italy as a common carrier on the seas to be greatly extended in that quarter. The cotton mills which she possesses, or that may exist in Austria, Hungary, and Bavaria, are likely to draw their supplies of Indian cotton direct from the ports of shipment, or by Italian ships, almost direct, instead, as heretofore, through England. Marts for the raw produce of India and China are thus not unlikely to spring up in Genoa and Leghorn, if not in Venice and Naples, just as a wool mart is now rising into importance at Antwerp, and London will then no longer occupy the exclusive position which the wars and follies of her neighbours have maintained her in for so long.

Nor need Italy halt with the Eastern trade. Her connections with the Brazils and South America, as well as with the United States and the islands in the Spanish Main, are extending, though comparatively insignificant now, and, unless emigration from her shores ceases, are likely to extend.

Therefore, although, as manufacturers, I do not think we have much cause to look on Italy with any dread as a competitor for a portion of the European carrying trade which has been so long in our hands, in all its most valuable departments, I think she is destined to make a more marked impression on our monopoly in her own immediate neighbourhood than almost any other European nation. Even at present Italy stands forward amongst the nations of the world as a great shipowning nation. The only European country that is ahead of her besides ourselves is

Norway, which has always been prominent with its seafaring population, and which has much of the carrying trade of Germany, Russia, and Denmark in its hands. Year by year, until the last two years, when depressed trade has produced some slackening, the tonnage of foreign vessels entering our ports has been on the increase, and of this increase Italy bears its full share.

We must accept Italian competition on the sea as a factor of growing importance therefore, and, instead of being jealous of it, seek to utilise it where it can serve our ends, just as we allow other countries to use our shipping for theirs. There must be free trade in ship freights as in everything else, and in the meantime we need have no fear that Italy will, for a long time to come, drive us much from our markets, if she ever does it. While her budgets show an annual deficit, while her paper currency is always at a discount which seldom sinks much below 10 per cent., and while her internal administration is but half organised and her taxation oppressive, she cannot run far in the race with the free-traders. Free trade is, after all, our great stronghold, and when we recognise how far behind us in this respect all other nations yet are, we may be easy in our minds, provided always, of course, we continue to work as heretofore. Free trade will do nothing for a nation of sloths. At present I see no signs anywhere that other countries are in the least likely to be more diligent than we are. Italy, at all events, gives no such indication, and against her competition we can not only pit superior and freer industry, but a higher order of agriculture, and a system of internal taxation on the whole much less oppressive.

A. J. W.

FOREIGN RELATIONS OF CHINA.[1]

By a Chinese.

HOW was it that your nation (China) shut itself up for ages and centuries without communication with other nations? Now China having entered into treaties of commerce with different countries, why should the Government still pursue an exclusive policy? Why don't your people like foreigners to come to China just as we like foreigners to come to this country? Are not your people hostile to foreigners? Such and similar questions have often been put to me since my residence in London, now a period of more than two years; and though plain and simple these questions seem to be, they cannot be satisfactorily answered in a few words. Indeed, they involve questions of national character and international policy; and to do justice to the subject, a short inquiry into the history of China in its early and present relations with foreigners will not be unnecessary. I may be allowed at the outset to make a remark that however much I should wish to see justice done to my country, and that it will be my endeavour to clear certain erroneous notions concerning it, yet I am not the man who would extol the people of one country at the expense of those of another—whose zeal and patriotism for his fatherland are so strong as to make him blind to its faults and shortcomings. If I should happen to express any opinion from which any one of your readers may differ, I hope he may attribute it to the result of honest convictions of one who has taken great pains to study the subject, and who from many years' personal observation has had opportunity of judging what he thinks. My aim will be *fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*, or, in other words, after the great principle of righteousness enunciated by Mencius, one of our most eminent philosophers, only substituting in this case justice for righteousness, when he says, 'I like life and I like righteousness, but if I cannot keep the two together, I would rather let go life and choose righteousness.'

The first inquiry will be, What are the natural dispositions of the Chinese towards foreigners? Much has been said and written about their animosity to foreigners, and their wish to exclude them from their country. But, let me ask, are they naturally disposed to be so? If we go back to the early period of foreign intercourse in China, it would be found that so far from this having been the case, for many centuries they were exceedingly well disposed to strangers. According to our history, China was never shut against foreign nations, and did not prohibit strangers to enter our country. It is true that from an early period, entertaining a notion that we were in a state of civilisation comparatively superior to other people then generally known to us, we kept aloof from them, and continued to work our way by independent measures and means, while science, art, and civilisation were making wonderful strides in Europe. But this is not exclusion. In some of our early records it is said that

[1] [Written in English by a Chinese gentleman who has resided two years in London. —Ed.]

persons from the south, north, west, and east, came to trade in our country. During the Chow dynasty (about B.C. 1000) intercourse was opened with the States of Tinchuk (India). In the time of the Western Han dynasty (about B.C. 200) people came from Cantoo and other southern nations. From time immemorial the Chinese had been friendly to foreigners, and every kindness and hospitality was shown to them. They never thought of restricting the movements of a traveller, or placing any obstacles in his way except such as were intended for his safety. Not having my native books with me, I am at present unable to quote any work giving an account of the kind treatment shown from time to time by emperors downwards to foreigners that had happened to come to our country; but any one conversant with our literature and history will not fail to remember such familiar expressions as 'showing kindly consideration to people from afar' in our classics, which were written in a period anterior to the Christian era, and which prove the natural tendency of the Chinese to treat foreigners kindly. As an instance of their hospitality to foreigners, may be noticed the case of shipwreck. If a ship happened to be wrecked on any coast in China, or driven to any port in distress, as not unusually was the case with the Corean and other foreign vessels, the inhabitants of the port or the local officers invariably rendered assistance to the crew of the distressed or wrecked ship, and reported to the Government, who made provisions for them and sent them safely back to their country. This is still done, and we frequently read reports of such cases in the *Pekin Gazette.* Whatever faults, then, the Chinese may have, of this I am sure, that they had no prejudice against foreigners, and that naturally they were well disposed towards them. This is not my individual opinion or the opinion of the Chinese only, but it was the opinion of the early travellers to our country. It is generally believed that many centuries before the Christian era a commercial intercourse had been established between China and the Greek empire, and that the products chiefly sought were silken and cotton cloths, gems, pearls, and other articles. The culture of silk was introduced from China into Europe in the reign of Justinian. The journals of Wahab and Abuzaid, the two great Arab travellers to China between A.D. 850 and 877, give an interesting account of what they saw, and they plainly show that China was then free to all travellers. We have also the celebrated itineraries of the great Venetian traveller of the Middle Ages, Marco Polo. Anyone who has read his interesting accounts will remember that he, accompanying his father Nicolo and his uncle Maffeo, on their second visit to China in 1274, stayed in that country for seventeen years. They were very well received, and every consideration was shown to them. Marco Polo received great favours from the great Khan Kublai, who being pleased with his intelligence and ability, employed him on many missions and conferred a high office on him in Chehkiang. Subsequent travellers have also written on the same subject, but they all agree to convey the impression that China was then free to all travellers, and that the people, from the emperor downwards, were friendly to strangers.

But the question still remains, are the Chinese as a nation well disposed towards foreigners, now as they were formerly; and, if not, what has taken place to alienate their good-will, and forfeit their

respect for foreigners? The answer is by no means a very difficult one, and the cause is not far to seek. And here I will at once candidly admit without discussion, that as regards foreign intercourse the existing tone of the policy of the Chinese Government is different to what it was, and that the present feelings of the Chinese as a nation, especially of those who are patriotic to their country, are far from being favourable to foreigners. It is a matter of deep regret to me to find such the case, but if we reflect for one moment upon the events that have taken place in connection with foreign intercourse during the last three centuries, and the disastrous consequences that have ensued from the several foreign wars, we can hardly be surprised that they should have produced such untoward result. I have already said that in early times foreigners were well received in China; now let us see how this kindly reception and good feeling were abused and converted into, I am sorry to say, hatred and aversion. In 1516 a Portuguese named Rafael Perestrello first sailed in a vessel for China, and as his voyage proved very successful, it soon had the effect of engaging others in similar enterprises. Consequently in the year following (1517) Fernao Peres de Andrade came in four Portuguese and four Malay vessels, and anchored at Tam-ao, a port in one of the islands called Sanchuen, or by corruption, St. John's Island. He proceeded to Canton, where he had perfect freedom to trade. By his fair dealings he gave great satisfaction to the natives at Canton; but his brother Simon came the following year, with one ship and three junks to Tam-ao, and, by his outrageous conduct, entirely reversed the favourable opinion formed of his countrymen. The bent of his spirit was greediness, partiality and despotism. He willingly countenanced robbers, kidnappers, and all sorts of malversation. He built a fort, and ended by arrogating to himself the prerogative of a sovereign; he condemned a man to death, and had him executed. At length a Chinese squadron laid siege to the port of Tam-ao. Simon would have perished of hunger had not a strong favourable gale arisen. He took advantage of the accident and retired, with three of his vessels, in 1521. Other voyages were made by the Portuguese, and they succeeded in establishing a factory at Ningpo, and carried on a prosperous trade in Amoy. In 1537 there were three Portuguese settlements near Canton, one at Lampaçao, a small island, one at St. John's, and the third just begun at Macao. But they behaved themselves so badly that they excited the hatred of the natives. One of their outrageous acts was going out in large parties into neighbouring villages and seizing women and virgins. The result was that the natives at Ningpo rose against them, destroyed some hundreds of them, and burned thirty-five ships and two junks. Four years later they were also driven from Chinchew, a new settlement, and restricted to Lampaçao. The Spaniards first entered China, it is generally believed, in 1575, and they had the privileges of trading at Macao, Canton, as well as at Amoy. They did not, however, win golden opinions from the natives, and the conduct of their countrymen towards the Chinese in Manila was far from inspiring confidence in them. Soon after the conquest of Manila and the Philippines, in 1543, by the Spanish, Chinese merchants began to trade there, but the Spaniards treated them with peculiar severity. They were burdened with all sorts of taxes to which no other people were subjected, and their presence was discouraged. If the Spaniards so

treated the Chinese in Manila, how could they expect better treatment when they came to China? 'Requite kindness for kindness,' says Confucius, 'and justice for wrongs;' and it is no matter for wonder that the precept of our greatest sage was followed to the letter in this instance. An influential Chinese was so indignant at the harsh and unjust treatment shown to our countrymen in Manila, that on his return to Canton he represented to the authorities what he had seen there, which became the model and motive in treating foreigners in Canton, and thus gave rise to the restrictive system of the Co-hong, which existed for nearly a century. The Dutch were not more favourable than others in the eyes of Chinese. After capturing Malacca, the Spice Islands, and other places, they appeared with a squadron of seventeen vessels, and attacked Macao in 1622. Repulsed, with the loss of their admiral and about 300 men, they retired, and established themselves on the Panghu, or Pescadores, in 1624. Here they built a fort, forced the Chinese to do their work, and treated them with great severity. They also annoyed the coast with their ships, which excited the jealousy of the Portuguese and Spaniards, as well as the disgust of the Chinese. After many parleys, the Dutch were induced to remove to Formosa, where they established sovereignty over the island; but after a rule of some twenty-eight years' duration, it was retaken by a Chinese chieftain, Ching Chingkung, known by the Portuguese as Koxinga.

With regard to the intercourse of the English with China it did not commence until 1637. At that time, it must be remembered, the Portuguese had gained a firm footing in China, and their settlement in Macao was the chief emporium where foreign trade was carried on. In that year some English merchants, having obtained a charter from King Charles I. for trading to the East Indies, despatched a fleet of several ships under the command of Captain Weddell, with letters to the Portuguese in Macao, requesting their assistance in their projected intercourse with the Chinese. When Captain Weddell's fleet arrived, the Portuguese received him coldly, and instead of rendering him any help, they did all they could to frustrate the object of his mission. They vilified the English people, and represented them to the Chinese to be rogues, thieves, beggars, and other detestable characters they could imagine. Knowing nothing of the English people, it was no matter for surprise that the Chinese should naturally be loth to have anything to do with a people whose reputation had been made so black by their nearer neighbours, who had opportunities of judging them. In the meantime, the English fleet set sail for the river of Canton, and, passing the Bogue Forts, they aroused the suspicion of the Chinese. The Chinese, remembering the notorious character given of them by the Portuguese, and misconceiving the object of their expedition, fired a few shot at them. This incensed the whole fleet, which at once began to play furiously upon the forts with their broadsides, and, after firing for two or three hours, the crew landed, took the forts, put aboard all their ordnance, fired the council house, and demolished what they could. The boats of the fleet also seized a junk laden with boards and timber, and another with salt. A vessel of small moment was also surprised, by which a letter was sent to the Chief Mandarin at Canton, explaining their conduct and asking the liberty of trade. This letter was replied to, and, after some negotiation, trade was permitted, and the ships were supplied with cargoes. This, it is generally

said, was the first commercial intercourse of the English in China; and it is to be regretted that it should have been such as to produce an unfavourable impression on the Chinese.

It may here be noticed that much of the early difficulties experienced by the English in obtaining a friendly intercourse with the Chinese was owing to the policy of the Portuguese, who, by slanders and misrepresentations, managed to prevent them from participating in a trade at Canton till 1684. Sir John F. Davis, who was her Majesty's late Plenipotentiary in China, speaking of the active measures made by the East India Company towards securing a regular intercourse at Canton, remarks that

> in the progress of all these trials one of the most striking circumstances is the stupid pertinacity with which the Portuguese of Macao excluded English ships from that port, and the perfidy with which they misrepresented their supposed rivals to the Chinese, with a view to prevent their getting a footing at Canton. In the course of time they have been unable to exclude us altogether even from Macao; but their systematic policy has been to attribute motives to the English which should injure them with the provincial Government.

Not only the English were grossly slandered by the Portuguese, but the Europeans have to thank the latter for the name and character by which they have been generally known in China. The same writer says:

> Their [Portuguese] early conduct was not calculated to impress the Chinese with any favourable idea of Europeans; and when, in the course of time, they came to be competitors with the Dutch and the English, the contests of mercantile avarice tended to place them all in a still worse point of view. To this day the character of Europeans is represented as that of a race of men intent alone on the gains of commercial traffic, and regardless altogether of the means of attainment. Struck by the perpetual hostilities which existed among these foreign adventurers, assimilated in other respects by a close resemblance in their costumes and manners, the Government of the country became disposed to treat them with a degree of jealousy and exclusion which it had not deemed necessary to be exercised towards the more peaceable and well-ordered Arabs, their predecessors.

Subsequent events were so far from removing the doubts and suspicions of the Chinese towards the English, that they confirmed their unfavourable opinion and excited their jealousy and hatred. Whatever advantages may have attended the establishment of foreign intercourse with China, one of its consequences has been (though not meant by the foreigners) to work the ruin of the nation by demoralising its people with opium. A century ago opium was unknown in China, except simply for its medicinal quality. It is recorded, to the eternal dishonour and shame of foreign merchants in China, that for many years, by their smuggling, and now by open importations, the opium traffic has been vigorously carried on, and increased to such an extent that the trade in this article alone reaches the value of ten millions sterling annually. It was mainly in defence of the illegal opium traffic that the China war of 1841 was waged by England, and hence it has been aptly stigmatised as 'the Opium War.' Some men would demur to this appellation, and argue that that war was carried on for other purposes than for the sake of opium. But let the plain facts speak for themselves. Seeing that the traffic in opium (which, be it remembered, was then illegal) had increased to a wonderful degree, and being aware of the dire calamity caused to his people by the use of the drug, the Emperor Taukwang despatched Lin as his Imperial High Commissioner with full powers to eradicate the vice. On arrival at Canton the High Commissioner took active measures to prohibit the consump-

tion of opium by the people, and to stop the contraband trade. This he succeeded in doing for a time; but being informed that there was a large quantity of opium stored on board ships off Lintin, and failing to obtain its surrender by exhortation, he placed the foreigners at Canton in strict surveillance under patrols and sentinels until the entire surrender of their opium was made. Being placed in such an unpleasant position, they were reluctantly compelled to comply with the Commissioner's demands by delivering up to him in all 20,291 chests of opium—the whole of which was afterwards, by command of the Emperor, completely destroyed—'a solitary instance in the history of the world of a pagan monarch preferring to destroy what would injure his subjects rather than to fill his own pockets by its sale.'[2] This was the main cause of the first war, and for the destruction of that opium six millions of dollars were exacted. The step taken by Commissioner Lin to obtain the opium was no doubt extraordinary and arbitrary; but being ignorant of the usages and rules of international policy, he believed he was perfectly justified in the course he adopted with a view to secure the destruction of the drug which otherwise might poison his fellow-countrymen. Some may still contend, perhaps, that the war was not undertaken solely for the loss of opium, but mainly for insults shown to the British subjects. I will not stop to discuss this point, and I will even admit that other causes accelerated the war; but, at the same time, it must not be forgotten that the persistent obstinacy of the foreign merchants, after repeated warnings, in importing the drug, which was then contraband, gave rise to much ill-feeling against them; and I am convinced that, if the contraband traffic had ceased, there would have been no war.

After this peace between China and England ensued for about fifteen years, at the expiration of which time another war broke out, the cause of which was no more tenable than the first. In fact, that war was condemned by a vote of the British House of Commons when the question was brought into debate by Mr. Cobden. The facts are shortly these:—A Chinese junk, or lorcha, called *Arrow*, whose owner and crew were all Chinese—except one Englishman, who was employed nominally as master—was boarded by some Chinese officers on the Canton river, and twelve of her Chinese crew were taken out of her for having been engaged in acts of piracy. The vessel, having been registered in Hongkong, an English colony in China, was carrying the English flag; but on October 8, 1856, when she was boarded by the Chinese authorities, she had no right to use it, her license to do so having expired on September 27. This circumstance was, however, not allowed to have the least weight; and Mr. Parkes (now Sir Harry Parkes), then British Consul at Canton—by order of his superior officer, Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hongkong and Superintendent of British Trade in China—demanded the immediate restoration of the captured crew. Nine of them were consequently released; but the remaining three were detained on the ground of having, according to their own confession, been engaged in piracy in the previous month. Now, since it was proved that they were pirates, they ought to have been left in the hands of Chinese authorities, to be dealt with by them. Pirates, being the common enemies of all mankind, may be captured

[2] See *The Middle Kingdom*, by S. Wells Williams, vol. ii. p. 518.

by any State in the world, for trial at its own tribunals. This doctrine has been universally recognised and sanctioned by all publicists. I shall only quote Sir R. Phillimore on this subject because he is not merely a celebrated writer on international law, but also an eminent judge of the Court of Admiralty. In his *Commentaries on International Law*, Section 356, he lays the law down thus:

> To whatever country the pirate may have originally belonged, he is justiciable everywhere; his detestable occupation has made him *hostis humani generis*, and he cannot on any ground claim immunity from the trial of his captor.

Can anything be clearer than that? Now let us see what the complaint against the Chinese authorities was. It was the alleged infraction of the 9th article of the Supplemental Treaty of October 8, 1843, which runs as follows:

> If lawless natives of China, having committed crimes or offences against their own Government, shall flee to Hongkong, or to the English ships of war, or English merchant ships, for refuge, they shall, if discovered by the English officers, be handed over at once to the Chinese officers for trial and punishment; or if, before such discovery be made by the English officers, it should be ascertained or suspected by the officers of the Government of China whither such criminals and offenders have fled, a communication shall be made to the proper English officer, in order that the said criminals and offenders may be rigidly searched for, seized, and, on proof or admission of their guilt, delivered up. In like manner, if any soldier or sailor, or any other person, whatever his caste or country, who is a subject of the Crown of England, shall, from any cause or on any pretence, desert, fly, or escape into the Chinese territory, such soldier or sailor, or any other person, shall be apprehended and confined by the Chinese authorities, and sent to the nearest British consular or other Government officer. In neither case shall concealment or refuge be afforded.

And the supposed offence in the case under review was the insult to the English flag by boarding the lorcha *Arrow* without previous communication to, and permission from, the English Consul at Canton. Now, it must be borne in mind that, according to international law, a private vessel in a foreign port is liable to be visited by the local authorities, and that any offender found on board may be taken away. Such being the generally recognised law of nations, it was necessary that, in order to afford a valid ground of complaint against the Chinese officers in the case of the *Arrow*, it should be clearly shown that she came within the category of ships enumerated in the above clause of the treaty. Now, the *Arrow* was Chinese-built, and owned by a Chinese, with a Chinese crew, except her nominal master; and though she had been registered in Hongkong, and permitted to carry the British flag purely by virtue of a local ordinance which had been passed without confirmation by an Order of the Queen in Council, it was, under the circumstances, gravely open to the objection (I have the high authority of Lord Lyndhurst, Lord St. Leonards, and other distinguished lawyers to that effect) that such a vessel could not be legally construed a British vessel; while, on the other hand, it was beyond the shadow of doubt that, at the time of that treaty being entered into, such a class of Chinese owned and manned vessel as the *Arrow* was could not have been contemplated by the high contracting parties to be classed under 'English merchant ships,' and such forced interpretation was contrary to the spirit and letter of the treaty. But waiving these points, and even supposing that she had been properly constituted a British ship, with legal right to carry the British flag, still there was this plain fact, that at the time of her being boarded by the Chinese authorities she had ceased to be a British vessel, her license, on which alone her claims were based, having expired a week previously. Thus from every point

of view the attempt of setting up the plea that the *Arrow* was an English ship entirely failed; and one would have thought that since the remaining three men had been proved to be pirates, their release should not have been insisted upon. So far, however, from this being the case, the immediate surrender of the pirates, and a letter of apology for their arrest, were peremptorily demanded, with an intimation that if such demands were not complied with within forty-eight hours, extreme measures would be resorted to. The Viceroy Yeh, after much hesitation, returned the pirates, but declined to send a letter of apology, as, deeming the vessel to be a Chinese ship, he could not see that he had anything to apologise for. Upon this naval operations were at once commenced, and a second unjust and most calamitous war was carried on, with the results of which all must be familiar.

So far I have been, in my feeble attempts, describing the principal causes which, in my humble judgment, have changed the tide of public opinion towards foreigners in China; and in doing so I have felt bound to recall some occurrences and make some strictures on the general conduct of foreigners, and on the policy of the British Government. Let it not, however, be supposed that I hold my countrymen blameless; they have faults as well as other people. In a quarrel between two persons it will be generally found that there are faults on both sides, and that both parties are to blame, though not always equally. Precisely so is the case of China in her relations to Western nations. Her chief fault is her assumption of superiority over other nations, which is a great stumbling-block in her international intercourse and national progress. Being a nation of great antiquity and early civilisation, and having seen and survived the destruction of many States and kingdoms in the world, China has been led to the belief that her system of government and constitution are the most perfect that could be devised under the sun; that her institutions, usages, and customs are most excellent and unsurpassed; and that she possesses natural and physical resources, sciences, arts, and other attainments amply sufficient for all the requirements of her people: hence it is that she manifests her unwillingness to acknowledge the superiority of her Western neighbours, that she is slow to appreciate the usefulness of European improvements and reluctant to come into closer relations with foreign nations. The excellence and superior advantages of the modern appliances have been unmistakably demonstrated to her, but she has refused (with one or two exceptions on a small scale) to adopt them, clinging to the old-fashioned conservative notion that whatever is ancient and long-observed in a community should be held sacred and preserved intact. She is too proud and supine to discover her defects and introduce the necessary reforms, and she excuses and defends her present policy by the plea that what has been found to be good and beneficial to the Western nations may not be equally so to the East. Thus China has remained for years without receiving any substantial national advantage by her intercourse with foreign nations. The vastness of her territorial empire, and the antiquity and conservatism of her people, no doubt naturally impede China's speed of advancement; but until the phantom of her supremacy disappears, until her Government and people recognise the necessity—the absolute necessity—of adopting the Western sciences and arts (I do not for a moment suggest that she should throw up all that she at present possesses and be a servile imitator of Europe, for she has much that is worth re-

taining; but what I mean is, that she should adopt what is essential to her national welfare), until she, in short, 'knows herself,' and condescends to learn of her younger but wiser neighbours in the West—until this takes place there is little hope, I fear, of her rising in the scale of nations. She will continue to occupy an unenviable position in 'the great community of the world,' and her internal government and foreign relations will continue to remain in an unsatisfactory state. But in the meantime ought she to be despised and trodden down? Remember, those who are now wise were once ignorant; those who are now strong were once weak; and if China really means to exert herself in the path of progress, she may yet become a strong, and indeed a powerful, nation in the world. At present, however, she is known in Europe as 'a sick man.' I would rather liken her to the old woman who views the heavenly bodies from the bottom of a well. Her panorama is certainly not so extensive as that of the spectator at the top of a house, but it is none the less clear and not imaginary. The views of the Chinese compared to those of the European are undoubtedly narrow, from the mode and manner in which he has been brought up; but he has his virtues as well as vices, and his institutions and moral standard are worthy of an ancient civilised people, and ought not to be scorned. Foreigners in China would do well not to 'run down' the Chinese Constitution and laws, or to pass a wholesale condemnation on their manners and customs, but ought to pay some regard to their institutions and show some consideration for their usages. An arrogant, ignorant man will not become wise by thrashing, nor will he be persuaded to learn through contempt and dictation; such harsh and arbitrary measures would only wound his proud feelings and provoke him to resentment. It is not by scorn or contempt, nor by haughty condemnation of her principles and limited knowledge, nor by brute force or coercion, that China can be prevailed upon to learn; but with a little kindness and forbearance, just consideration for her views, and sympathy for her position, you will have more chance of success.

In the previous pages I have dwelt on some events and facts which, as I have thought, are necessary to explain and account for the altered feelings towards foreigners in China. But it is always a difficult and disagreeable task to recall matters which may create unpleasant feelings, and what has been done cannot now be undone. The best course is to let the past be buried in oblivion; and I gladly turn from those unpleasant matters to consider the general line of conduct that should be adopted in the future.

Dr. J. H. Bridges, in his admirable essay on the *Relations of England with China*,[3] has strongly condemned the policy pursued by the British, and suggested, among other things, that the money extorted by England after the wars of 1842 and 1858 should be repaid to China. This is, I confess, the boldest and grandest stroke of policy that I have ever heard of; and if I had not read the essay with my own eyes, I should hardly have believed that such a magnanimous thought could have voluntarily been conceived by an Englishman, simply dictated from a sense of justice and fair dealing. If his suggestion were followed, it would, no doubt, go a long way to soothe the wounded feelings of China, and to cause her

[3] *International Policy: Essays on the Foreign Relations of England*, p. 438. Chapman & Hall.

people not only to respect England for her superiority, but also to admire and esteem her for her honourable and right feelings. But that scheme is not likely to be carried out. No nation in the world has reached that high standard of morality as to afford a noble example that an indemnity exacted for an unjust war ought to be afterwards returned. It may be said that since England, purely from humane considerations, could have made a large grant of money for the emancipation of slaves, surely she is now capable of returning that exacted for the expenses of a war which, after all, she thinks was unjust. But there is a vast difference in the two cases. In the one case the act was dictated from noble feelings of humanity and generosity, and the remembrance of it would ever be a source of great satisfaction and pride to the country and to those who had taken part in the cause; while in the other it must emanate from feelings of shame and sorrow for what had been perpetrated, and the act of reparation will present the actor before the world as a sinner, which must be a great mortification to anyone having the least respect and pride of himself. Though the civilised nations are now more scrupulous in their international dealings, and have begun to respect the rights of their neighbours, still none of them, I am afraid, have arrived at such a pitch of civilisation as to give up what they in former times have wrongfully become possessed of. Such being the general policy of Europe, it is very improbable that the noble proposition of Dr. Bridges will ever be followed by the British Government. The tendency of modern English policy seems to be, as I understand it, not to abandon or to annihilate the fruits of England's past deeds, however unscrupulous were the means by which they were obtained, but rather to improve under the circumstances the moral tone of the present line of her conduct, and to pay in future a greater regard to the rights and privileges of others. Bearing this in view, I shall make a few observations as to how, in my humble judgment, the wounded feelings of the Chinese might be healed, and the relations of England with China placed on a more amicable and permanent footing, without at the same time compromising the pride and dignity of England.

It appears to me that the greatest mistake, or rather misfortune, of England and China in their relations towards each other has been the misconception of one another's motives. The languages of the two countries are so dissimilar in construction and pronunciation, and the difficulties for the one to master the other's language are so enormous, that even up to this day, compared with other languages, very few Englishmen have learnt to understand the Chinese language, or the Chinese the English.

If the languages—the mediums of communicating their thoughts and expressing their ideas—are widely dissimilar, we shall find that their thoughts and ideas are even more so. No two peoples on the face of the earth are more unlike in their thoughts—more diametrically opposed to each other in their ways of thinking. What the one conceive to be the means of attaining an end, surely the same end is accomplished by the other in a directly opposite way. Just as the one consider the black colour is appropriate for mourning, so the other take the opposite hue —white—for a similar purpose; and as the former deem the right-hand side to be the seat of honour, so the latter prefer to honour their guest by placing him on the left. When ideas and ways of thinking of two peoples are so unlike, and even contrary to each other, is

it not conceivable that they should often be actuated by different motives, and see things from a different point of view; and that when such peoples come in contact with each other, unless one or the other give way, the natural consequence will be disagreement and collision? The three wars waged by England against China, the general hostility of the Chinese against foreigners, and the numerous complaints which are heard on both sides, are the natural result of their contact. The only power that could have prevented, or will ever prevent, such unhappy results is mutual understanding. As a knowledge of the nature, properties, and the mutual action of matters is necessary in chemical operations, so an accurate acquaintance of one another's thoughts and views is indispensable in international dealings. Through lack of such knowledge it would be found that most of the difficulties in China arose. Take, for instance, the case of the opium war in 1840–41, which has been already adverted to. Its immediate cause was the coercion put upon the British merchants in Canton by Commissioner Lin to seize their opium. Well, Commissioner Lin honestly believed that all foreigners then in China were there under sufferance, and that the Emperor had a right to expel them from the country at a moment's notice. Acting under that belief, he imagined that, having received extraordinary powers to put down the illegal traffic in opium, he was obeying the instructions of his imperial master by seizing every chest of opium in China; and, with this object in view, he thought he had a perfect right to demand and secure every chest of opium from the foreigners by pressure, and under pain of expulsion. The foreigners, on the other hand, considered that he was arrogant, haughty, and overbearing; that he had exceeded his just pretensions, and that he had no right to coerce the foreigners in the way he did. Both parties were judging by their respective standards of thought, and both were right in their conclusions. But if both had understood one another's views, they would have shown some consideration for each other, and would have acted differently, and the war might most probably have been averted. Take again the later war with China, known as 'the *Arrow* War.' The main cause of that war was the supposed insult to the British flag. Now, let us leave out for a moment the legal aspect of the question, which rendered that war wholly unjustifiable, and let us suppose that a real insult had been actually offered to the British flag by the Chinese officers boarding a *bonâ fide* British ship, still Viceroy Yeh could not have done more than what he did. Why? Because such a thing as an insult to a national flag was incomprehensible to him. True, we have flags, but we do not attach to them the same importance as is done in Europe; and the idea of treating the act of boarding a private vessel flying a particular flag as an insult to a nation, and making it a *casus belli*, could never have been dreamt by the Chinese. Had the English authorities in China understood the thoughts of the mandarins, and had they, instead of rushing to the foregone conclusion that the boarding of the *Arrow* was an act of deliberate insult to the English flag, shown some consideration and indulgence for their entire ignorance of the international law and usage acknowledged in Europe, that war, with its dire calamities to China, might in all probability have not occurred. It may be argued that, before extreme measures were taken, their demands were fully stated to the Viceroy Yeh, and it was in consequence of his refusal to com-

ply with all of them that naval operations were commenced. I grant this, but it is the arbitrary manner of dictating terms to a weak nation for their acceptance without taking care to ensure that the motive which prompts the policy of the stronger one should be rightly interpreted, and without showing the least forbearance for the ignorant party, whether they be in a situation to appreciate and yield to the terms that I deprecate. Had the real question in issue been clearly understood by Yeh in the same light as was viewed by the English, I have no doubt that he would have gone out of his way to meet the demands made to him.

The first important step, then, in diplomatic intercourse, and indeed in all other intercourse, is to arrive at a clear conception of the thoughts and views held by both parties—in other words, to know their different ways of thinking and looking at things—without which grievous mistakes and blunders may often be committed by men with the best intentions, who, had they known the real state of things, would never have so acted. It is gratifying to find that this truth seems now to have been to some extent recognised by the English Government, for they have not only insisted on their public officers of the Consular service in China studying the native language, but have also appointed an accomplished Chinese scholar to be their minister resident in Pekin. This is a step in the right direction, and the natural consequence of it is, to the credit of the British minister, that some of the difficulties have been settled in a manner which indicated his deep insight of the Chinese character. There is, however, a difficulty with which the diplomatist in China has always to contend, but which his *confrères* accredited to Courts of Europe do not encounter. I mean the continual clamour of foreigners for more concessions and privileges. When a question arises for diplomatic interference in China, it is necessary not only that the minister should be calm, prudent, and cautious, but also that he should exhibit a mind of firm resolution and decision. Popular opinion among the European community in China is unfortunately too often one-sided. Looking at things purely from their own point of view, they approve of actions which are only taken for their advantage and calculated for the development of their trade, regardless of the interests of the natives. Thus the diplomatist, who has to view matters in a broader light, is frequently hampered in his actions. It needs, therefore, great courage and firm determination in the minister not to be wrongfully swayed by the *vox populi*, and to be able to discharge his duties conscientiously and manfully.

The next thing which will, in my opinion, materially abate the hostile feelings now existing in the minds of the Chinese, and tend to improve the present relations between England and China, is undoubtedly a change of policy in regard to the opium traffic. For the sake of opium a calamitous war was carried on, which was ended only by a payment of 21 millions of dollars by China. By the accursed drug many thousands of families and millions of people have been ruined, population has been thinned, and crimes have increased in China. Cause and effect are not always apparent and easily distinguished, and coincidences may be erroneously taken to be the causes. In this case, however, the people of China turn their wrath naturally to the producer, the importer, and the seller of the poisonous drug. It would be a great benefit to China, and indeed to England as well, in the long run, if Great Britain

should see her way to stop the cultivation of poppy in India and its importation to China. But this step would, I know, involve some financial questions, and in the present state of revenue in India it is, perhaps, too sanguine to expect that the British Government will be inclined to listen to such a proposal. Is there, then, no other course open to the British Government? I am glad to think there is, and a less difficult and a most practicable one too. It is this: Let the Indian Government, if she deems it profitable to her coffers, as no doubt it is, continue her questionable policy of monopolising the manufacture of opium, but let her opium at least cease to be forced upon China. In other words, let the article of the treaty entered into between England and China sanctioning the importation of opium, and limiting the amount of duty to be imposed on it, be at once rescinded, and let the Chinese Government be in future left perfectly free to deal with this question. Every sovereign State has an inalienable right, if she should deem it to her national interest, to impose duties, protective or otherwise, on goods imported from abroad, as it is done in the United States, France, and other States in Europe; but, in regard to opium, China has a higher consideration, on account of its injurious effects; she wishes, if not entirely prohibiting its importation, at all events to levy such a tax on opium as to affect seriously the purse of the consumer, thereby limiting by degrees its consumption to a minimum. Hitherto China has been baffled in her attempts in this direction; all she could do has been to levy an import duty of 30 taels—equivalent to about 9*l.*—per picul of opium (133⅓ lbs. weight), and her effort to raise it to 50 taels (about 14*l.* 10*s.*) some years ago was strenuously opposed by the British merchants in China. The unfairness of this pressure is the more apparent when we consider the fact that in Bombay the Indian Government charges a pass duty on opium intended for exportation of 600 rupees (about 60*l.*) per chest, a weight of 140 lbs. At present China is bound by treaty obligations to admit any amount of opium on the mere payment of an import duty of 30 taels per picul. If England really wishes well to China, she cannot do better than to afford facilities to the Chinese Government in their extreme anxieties to deal with the *vexata quæstio* of the accursed thing. I say, therefore, if British people desire to remove the slur already cast on the reputation of their country for her past moral and physical support of the opium traffic, and to abate in some degree the ill-will of the Chinese occasioned by that ill-advised policy, they ought to insist upon their Government to deal fairly with the Chinese in the matter. England should explain to China that if the Chinese Government were determined to put down the evils arising from opium, England would not stand in her way, and as a proof of her sincerity she would rescind the clause of the treaty relating to opium. Further, let her add that, if China should deem it advisable to enter into another crusade against opium—i.e. to stop the native cultivation of poppy in her empire, to put down the prevailing and increasing habit of opium-smoking of her people, and to prohibit the importation of foreign drug—she would be quite free to do so, and England would not in the least hamper her actions, nor would she afford the slightest protection to any of her merchants who may hereafter be caught smuggling. When England sees the expediency of reversing the line of her conduct in regard to opium, and adopts some such measures, then China will

believe in her sincerity to wish China good; but until that time come China holds Great Britain a *particeps criminis* in ruining her, and the Chinese as a nation continue to look upon her not only as the principal producer, manufacturer, and importer of opium, but also as the protector and supporter of the pernicious trade. And, depend upon it, as soon as China thinks herself in a position to carry out her wishes, she will at once repudiate the clause of the treaty legalising the opium traffic; and if England ask why she does so, she will answer that the moral sense of her whole nation requires it, and that justice, humanity, and righteousness demand it. If England should then declare another war against her in support of the wicked cause, she will refer the matter to the impartial judgment of the world—the United States and the great Powers of Europe—and if England should decline to abide by their decision, China will defend herself even to the last man in her empire, rather than submit any longer to the stipulations of a treaty the terms of which were dictated and almost extorted after a most disastrous war, and the effect of which has been the ruin of millions of her subjects.

Finally, to the complete mutual understanding between England and China, and to the maintenance of that understanding, there must be added candour and confidence. Actions coming from good motives may bear a different construction, and it is the open avowal of one's motives accompanied by deeds that can dispel doubts and suspicions. As for foreigners coming to China, their motives are left to be gathered from their conduct. The natives daily see them come to China; some import, some export; some remit goods to China from Europe and America, others opium from India; but, with a few exceptions, all for one object—the acquisition of gain—and no sooner have they made a competence than they pack off to their own countries. The natural inference, therefore, is that they resort to China from a selfish motive, heedless of whatever consequences their actions may entail in that country. There are certain towns, cities, and ports in China which are at present open to foreigners for purposes of trade; but they wish, and naturally wish, for more; and a great majority of them, if not all, are not contented until they should see the day when the whole length and breadth of China will be thrown open, and they can without let and hindrance trade in every city and port, and travel and reside in every town and village in the Empire. The Chinese Government resists such demands as far as it can, and exerts its power to maintain the present state of things. And why? Various reasons have been assigned by writers, and many opinions have been expressed by men conversant with the politics of China. But the main and principal reasons for pursuing the present policy by the Chinese Government are often overlooked. It must be admitted on all hands, and, if I am not mistaken, even by the foreigners in China themselves, that since the introduction of foreign intercourse into China, evil, as well as good, has been its result. It is not for a moment denied that some benefits have accrued to China; but can anyone who is tolerably conversant with her affairs conscientiously say that the presence of foreigners in China is productive of unmixed good? It has been gravely doubted, all things being considered, whether the harm and injury done to China by foreign commerce do not outweigh the benefits which she has

received. It is holding such views that the Chinese Government have hitherto hesitated to grant more concessions to foreigners. But there is another consideration which has more weight with them than the rest, viz. their apprehension for the safety of the Empire. The foreigners in China are in a peculiarly advantageous position, not enjoyed by other foreigners in Europe or America. They are, I admit with good reason, under the exclusive jurisdiction of their respective consuls and ministers; and if an offence should be committed by any one of them, the Chinese law is unable to reach the offender. This is no doubt due, not to any wish to slight the Chinese Government, or to screen the criminal, but to the fact of the machinery of administering justice in China, and indeed in many other countries in Asia, being so different from that in vogue in Europe that no European would willingly submit to it. But, while this view is being upheld, it must not be forgotten that the principle of reciprocity is disregarded, and the Chinese Government are naturally very loth to allow the criminal class of foreigners (for it must be admitted that there are many black sheep) to be scattered broadcast in the interior of China, setting their laws and authorities in defiance. They are not insensible to the danger of foreign aggression. They are fully aware of the European influence in Asia, and more especially of the British power in India. Judging from the past, it is not an unnatural fear that foreign residence, if firmly established in the heart of China, may one day end in a foreign conquest and annexation.

With such weighty considerations before them, it is most important that before foreign relations in China can be maintained on a satisfactory and permanent basis, their doubts and fears should be entirely removed, and their confidence secured. Let the several foreign Powers, more particularly England, then, state candidly their policy and motives in their dealings with China. Let them convince the Chinese Government that what they desire is not territory, but trade—free and unrestricted trade, to the benefit of all nations. Let them promise that if the interior of China were opened to foreign nations, they would bind themselves, one and all, by a solemn compact to guarantee the integrity of the Empire, and to protect her not only from any aggressive policy of her neighbour Russia, but from any foreign conquest. If some such mutual understanding were come to between China on the one hand, and England and other great Powers on the other, I think it very probable that the Chinese Government would make more concessions for commercial intercourse to the foreigner than he now enjoys, and the interior of China would not remain long closed to the outer world.

THE NORFOLK BROADS.

FEW places in England deserve to be better known than the Broads of Norfolk, and yet, from their isolated position, their name is not even familiar to many people, if we except the few who reside in the immediate neighbourhood. The origin of the word 'Broad' has been disputed, but it most probably is just what it seems—'broad'—Anglo-Saxon, *bræd*; one of the largest Broads, Breydon, apparently taking its name from the same root. The Broads are numerous, and some of them very extensive. They are situated on the south-eastern portion of Norfolk and a part of Suffolk, and the majority are connected with one or more of the rivers Bure, Ant, Waveney, and Yare, all of which are navigable; and it is not difficult, therefore, to reach all these Broads in a yacht of from five to ten tons' register. Geologically considered, it is evident that the basins in which the Broads lie have not been formed by the action of the rivers, for, as these are all tidal in their character, they tend rather to fill up than to expend these inland lakes. It is necessary to go back for centuries, to the period known to geologists as the Glacial epoch, before any definite traces of the true origin of these unique formations can be obtained. At this period Norfolk was submerged many hundred feet below its present level, and during this time the old land-level was covered by thick beds of sand, gravel and clay forming an overlying sheet of drift of great but continuous thickness, having here and there such variations in its uniformity as the currents to which it was exposed would necessarily create.

The period of elevation towards the end of the Glacial epoch by a gradual process at length brought the marine mud and sands under the influence of current and tidal action, and, as the upheaval continued, this action created in time valleys, which were made additionally marked by the re-deposited material which then accumulated. We thus get a primary basis of formation, and the Broads were ultimately shaped and definitely made what they now are by the action of the ice which once covered what is now the Broad district. Professor Ramsay has accounted for the formation of the Swiss, Italian, and Scotch lakes by the action of ice, which, descending in huge glaciers from the adjacent high mountains, acted as an irresistible force by which the valleys or lakes were scoped out or erased. In Norfolk, of course, there were never any such mountains, but if, as geologists suppose, the area where the Broads now lie was at that time some 150 feet above the sea-level, the present watershed must have been still higher; and so it is quite possible that the formation of these Broads—which are none of them very deep, owing no doubt to the absence of mechanical force, which, in countries before alluded to, was derived from glacial descent from very elevated regions—was in no slight degree due to the action of ice-flood. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of many local geologists, and amongst them Mr. J. E. Taylor, F.G.S., who has written an able paper on the subject, in which is combined nearly all that is known on this very interesting subject.

The Broads, as at present constituted, are large sheets of water, usually fresh, but in some of them the water is brackish or quite salt. This is notably so in Breydon,

which has an acreage of 1,200 acres, and which is, at high tide, and when the wind is fresh, almost if not quite as rough as the sea during a storm. This large sheet of water, surrounded, as it is, with the flattest portion of this notably flat district, presents a unique appearance, and one which has no equal in the world if we except the Dutch river Scheldt, which has some features in common with it. Here in the early morning, about an hour after sunrise, an astonishing sight is often presented to the view of anyone with sufficient resolution to turn out thus early to get his yacht under weigh, and to sail about three miles up Breydon Water. Innumerable birds of many distinct species are to be seen feeding on the marshy land on the right bank of this Broad—not all visible at once; but, as the misty blinds of nature are gradually withdrawn under the influence of the rising sun, a person well acquainted with the habits of birds to be found in this district will be able with probable certainty to anticipate each cluster of birds in the order in which they will become visible. In favourable weather, on an autumn morning, the observant naturalist will be delighted by the appearance of the long-legged heron as he soars aloft, uncertain as to the precise spot at which he will alight to hunt diligently for the fish on which he hopes to make his breakfast.

A strange, weird-like appearance these multitudes of birds present on a misty August morning as they emerge from the thick mist and as quickly disappear again. Many couples of herons will be seen; and as the mist lifts a little, coots, golden, grey, and possibly ringed plover, ducks, teal, in thousands and thousands, rise up in flocks with almost an awe-inspiring sound resembling the rush of many waters. Breydon Water, in the early morning in fine weather, is one of the sights of the Broads; and if it were possible to convey in words anything like the impression which an excursion such as we have suggested will make upon the beholder, no lover of wild nature with time at his disposal would long deny himself the wonderful pleasure he may here experience. On many of the more inland Broads—Wrotham, Ranworth, Hickling, and Fritton, and some others of the least disturbed—by taking a small boat about an hour before sunrise, and rowing to some retired spot where the boat can be well hidden by the reeds, the habits of the water birds can be easily observed; and very often grebes, ducks of four or five sorts, coots in great numbers, four hundred or five hundred together, will approach within easy distance of the occupants of the boat.

In former years each Broad had at least one decoy, by which the proprietor realised a large sum annually. And to this day no less than eight decoys exist upon Fritton Broad, all or nearly all of which are in good working order. Owing, however, to the large sums obtainable by landed proprietors nowadays for the rent of their shooting preserves, the decoys have been gradually abandoned, as the owners find that with less trouble and expense they can, by preserving their waters, obtain a large sum for the right of shooting over them.

If it is true that every grouse shot in Scotland last year cost the lessee of the shooting something like three guineas sterling, it promises to be equally true, if the competition for shooting on these Broads continues at the present high pressure, that a wild duck will soon prove to the Norfolk sportsman as expensive a luxury as the grouse has become to the Scotch. In proof of this it may be mentioned that as many as four hundred ducks have been known to be taken at one time in a decoy, and yet this enormous take is not con-

sidered by the owners sufficiently remunerative to justify them in abolishing shooting on their waters in favour of the decoys; but, on the contrary, the decoy is allowed to fall into decay.

In addition to the birds above named, a visitor is surprised to observe numbers of small hawks, chiefly kestrels, poising themselves in mid-air in their peculiar manner above the marshes, and then suddenly descending like an arrow, with an unfailing accuracy, upon their prey. A few pairs of the noble marsh-harrier (*circus rufus*), beating the marsh with as much precision as a well-trained pointer, will also be met with here, while the ear of the sportsman will be delighted with the 'drum' of the snipe — the noise this bird makes with his wings as he lazily flits about amongst the reeds which abound in this district. Here also the common red-shank—a very shy bird, and scarcely seen—will render a sail more enjoyable by cheering the voyagers with its melodious whistle, audible in this quiet and little-disturbed region at a distance of two miles. At Hoveton the black-headed gulls have a large breeding-ground, and it is needless to add that these birds are met with on all sides. It would take too long to describe the habits and localities of all the beautiful and rare birds which abound in these little-disturbed Broads, where nature still reigns undisturbed. Norfolk has for centuries been famous for its swans, and on these Broads in the summer many couples will be met with, guarding with jealous care the cygnets, five to ten in number, which constitute their family. Several corporations and landed proprietors have swan rights on these waters, and are allowed to keep so many couples each. Thus the corporation of Norwich keeps from three to four couples for breeding purposes, while two pairs or five birds is the usual number allowed to other rights on the Yare. We may here point out an error to which poets, ancient and modern, have contributed—namely, that the swan in its last moments gives utterance to a plaintive and beautiful song. Many naturalists, and notably Waterton, have placed this matter beyond dispute by declaring that the swan when dying remains silent to the last, and 'never even utters its wonted cry, nor so much as a sound to indicate what it feels within.'

Once in a year there is a swan 'upping' in this district, when the swanherds, and representatives of the swan proprietors, assemble and proceed up the river on a given day—generally the first Monday in August—for the purpose of counting and marking the swans, and of removing to the swan-pit those cygnets which are destined, after a process of fattening, to grace the tables of their fortunate owners. Each boat contains two men, one to row, and the other to capture and mark the birds as they are taken. Each swanherd is armed with a long pole, shaped at the end like a shepherd's crook, with which he catches the birds, when taken in the water, by passing the crook round the neck of the swan, which is then gently drawn to the side of the boat and secured. If possible the swans and cygnets are driven on shore, where they offer but little resistance and are easily secured. Those cygnets which are intended for the table are, when captured, pinioned by turning their feet over their backs, and by securing them with soft strips of list. In a good year as many as one hundred cygnets are taken in two days, and removed for fattening to the swan-pit at Norwich. The swans are usually marked on the upper surface of the beak, on

which letters, or other signs, are cut with a sharp knife; but on the Broads, at the present time, the favourite mark, from its durability, is a nick cut in the hardest part of the mandible. To prevent the cygnets from straying from their own locality, the cruel practice of removing one of the pinions from its socket is resorted to, in which operation by inexperienced hands much unnecessary pain is caused to the poor birds, who often lose a considerable quantity of blood in the process. We were horrified at the amount of suffering so needlessly caused to these poor unfortunate birds by the roughness and inexperience of the operators; and it is to be hoped that the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will be drawn to this abominable custom. The corporation of Norwich, with much-commendable humanity, have discontinued the practice as far as their birds are concerned, and have proved by experience that if the quill feathers of one wing are cut the escape of the cygnets is rendered practically impossible. The cygnet, when about six months old, is regarded as fit for eating, but before being killed it is subjected to a process of fattening at the swan-pit, where it is fed upon grass, grain, and vegetables, and becomes fit for the table in about three months from the date of its arrival. The cygnet, when in prime condition, will weigh from twenty to twenty-eight pounds in its feathers, but when dressed for the table its average weight is only from twelve to fifteen pounds, and it is then worth two guineas. The great feeding-place for the Norfolk district is St. Helen's Swan-pit, Norwich, where from eighty to one hundred cygnets are prepared for the table each season. The following poetical receipt is sent out with each bird from this swannery

TO ROAST A SWAN.

Take three lbs. of beef, beat fine in a mortar;
Put it into the swan—that is, when you've caught her;
Some pepper, salt, mace, some nutmeg, an onion,
Will heighten the flavour, in Gourmand's opinion;
Then tie it up tight with a small piece of tape,
That the gravy and other things may not escape:
A meal paste, rather stiff, should be laid on the breast,
And some whitey-brown paper should cover the rest;
Fifteen minutes at least ere the swan you take down,
Pull the paste off the bird, that the breast may get brown.

THE GRAVY.

To a gravy of beef, good and strong, I opine,
You'll be right if you add half a pint of port wine;
Pour this through the swan—yes, quite through the belly—
Then serve up the whole with red-currant jelly.

Then follows an important direction in prose:

N.B.—The swan must *not* be skinned.

It will thus be seen that it is no easy matter to cook this delicate and expensive luxury; and it may further be remarked, in case any inquisitive reader should contemplate trying his hand, that a swan of average weight will take about two hours to roast before a good fire. Anyone who can be amused and interested by such things should certainly make one of the party at an August 'upping,' and should not fail to visit the St. Helen's Swan-pit at Norwich.

It can easily be imagined that many varieties of fresh-water fish are to be found in the Norfolk Broads and in the adjacent rivers. These comprise pike, perch, tench, bream, roach, rudd, ruff, dace, chub, gudgeon, carp—rare but usually of large size—and all kinds of eels. The pike are very large, some fish having been caught of

more than thirty-five pounds' weight, and it is no uncommon thing, when fishing with minnows, to take several of from twenty to twenty-five pounds in weight, Ranworth and Sutton Broads, which are preserved, being famous for their pike, and the lessees are always willing to grant permission to fish legitimately in these waters. Perch are very plentiful in Breydon Water and Rollesby Broad, and they are readily taken with a line in the autumn, the favourite bait being a shrimp, and are usually from five to six pounds in weight. Perch, in fact, abound in these waters; and although the *Field* advertises that the best fishing in this locality is to be obtained in the Waveney Somerleyton, it is not by any means so favourite a river with local anglers as the waters of the Bure, just above Horning Ferry and in the neighbourhood of Wrotham Broad, some three miles above this point. The other fish we have enumerated may be caught in abundance in all the rivers and broads. And so numerous are the coarser kinds that the local sportsmen complain that the waters are over-stocked, and that steps ought to be taken to increase the number of fish of prey of all kinds. The rivers are too sluggish for fly-fishing; but although trout are rarely to be met with, the fly-fisher will find that a local fish, the rudd, will take the fly eagerly, and being a game fish, will afford excellent sport. It is recorded that as many as one hundred and seventy-eight rudd over one pound in weight have been taken by two anglers after six o'clock in the evening. Visitors to Yarmouth should visit Mrs. Groom's, at the 'Fisherman's Arms,' Filby, where a boat can be obtained for fishing on Ormesby, Rollesby, and Filsby Broads, together some eight hundred acres in extent. These Broads are full of shallows about one foot in depth, called by the natives 'hills,' where any number of perch of large size may be taken; or if pike-fishing is preferred, the 'Urn,' between Rollesby and Filsby Broads, should be selected, as from its great depth it has become the favourite resort of pike, which run to a very large size at this spot, and on a favourable day may be taken without difficulty and in considerable numbers. Near these Broads are several smaller sheets of water, strictly preserved, from which it is stated that, where netting is resorted to, so plentiful are the perch they are counted by the score bushels, the take sometimes amounting to upwards of one hundred bushels from one deep netting. The eels are chiefly taken by boatmen, whose favourite system is bobbing, by which one man took fourteen stone of eels one night during the rainy season last year. Fishing matches frequently are held, and one rod will sometimes capture upwards of five stones of all sorts of fish. The present writer passed some Norwich tradesmen who were holding a fishing match one hot day in August last year just above Horning Ferry. Not possessing a light suit of tweed, one of these gentlemen had prepared himself to withstand the rays of the sun by arraying himself in his nightgown and nightcap, both articles being placed over his ordinary clothes.

It seems almost a pity to awaken an interest in this little known but amply stocked field for sportsmen, as of course much of the novelty and excellence of this district is owing to the fact that it is one of the few places in the United Kingdom which is unfrequented by tourists. Still any lover of nature, for nature's sake, and every true sportsman, will here find a land which will prove to one at any rate a haven of rest, and to the other a perfect paradise. The entomologist will be able to recruit his stores from this unex-

explored field, for butterflies and moths, of many and rare varieties, appear on all sides unmolested and almost unnoticed. During the past few years, however, a yacht manned, to use a local expression, by 'butterfly boobies,' for so the yokels term the Entomologists whom they sometimes encounter on the marshes, net in hand, has made its appearance here, and has been rewarded by many new acquisitions. The neighbourhood of the Broads is famous amongst Botanists for the variety and beauty of the plants and ferns which grow in great luxuriance on the banks of the rivers and in the adjoining marshes; and this is as it should be, for surely the county which has produced three such eminent Botanists as Sir Thomas Browne, Dr. Lindley, and Sir W. J. Hooker, to say nothing of the fact that Sir James Edward Smith resided here for upwards of thirty years, ought to be rich in plants, algæ, and fungi of every description. The whole number of flowering plants and ferns growing wild in the United Kingdom does not exceed some 1,600, and at least 1,000 varieties are to be found in Norfolk alone.

Many objects of interest to the archæologist will present themselves in the course of a yachting tour amongst the Broads. St. Benet's Abbey, which once covered an area of some thirty acres, and which was more of a fortress than a monastery in the time of its greatness, will be seen on the right bank of the Bure some eighteen miles from Yarmouth; Burgh Castle, an old Roman camp the walls of which are for the most part intact at the present day, and Caister Castle, a fine old ruin, are within easy distance of Yarmouth, while the churches of Ranworth with its ancient and curious screen, richly illuminated: Herringfleet, famous for its stained glass window full of curious and very rich glass, and its early Norman porch and font: South Walsham, with two parish churches in one burial ground, and Burgh St. Peter on the Waveney, five miles below Somerleyton, are all worthy of a visit. The Church of Burgh St. Peter has a wonderful tower, constructed in the form of steps, eight in number, gradually lessening in size as they approach the top, the lowest step being the old family vault of the present Rector's family, and the second constituting the vestry and belfry. About the origin of the tower many legends are rife. The marshmen of the district declare that the tower was built by different rectors of the parish, who on succeeding to the living, each built a step or portion. Another legend is to the effect that in the seventeenth century, the former tower having been struck by lightning and destroyed, the churchwardens, anxious to have it rebuilt, called on the rector and found him playing cards; on hearing from them their wishes, he consented to their request to rebuild the tower, but to avoid the expense of employing an architect, he there and then built a design with the cards, of which the present erection is an exact representation. The most likely story however is that the great-grandfather of the present rector, when he held the living, had a son who, having obtained a travelling tutorship at Oxford, went abroad, and in one of his letters to his father gave a description of a remarkable church tower which he saw in Italy. The father was so pleased with his son's success at college, that to gratify him he built the present tower to Burgh St. Peter's Church, which is an exact counterpart of the Italian one. Be this as it may, the church is worthy of a visit, and will repay anyone who cares to inspect curious and old-fashioned places. If the visit should be made on Sunday (the

service is at 10.45 a.m.) the stranger will be surprised to find that the service at this church is conducted in accordance with the highest of High Church ritual. The officiating priest is evidently well versed in all the proceedings of Mr. Mackonochie and this school, wears vestments, and is particularly careful not to omit a single genuflexion. The choir consists of one small boy who acts as clerk and sexton in addition, and whose voice has begun to 'break.' The priest himself, a devoted and enthusiastic boatman, although scrupulously careful to adorn himself in every possible vestment known to his party, may if taken unawares be seen to exhibit beneath the folds of his cassock a pair of blue serge continuations. Whether he takes a sail in his yacht after morning service it is impossible to say. One other remark about the Norfolk Churches may be added. Why is it that the Bishop of Norwich does not stir up the Rural Deans with a view of having the churches in his diocese put into a proper state of repair? No other diocese in the country possesses such a number of wantonly neglected and shamefully ruinous churches as the diocese of Norwich.

The scenery of the Norfolk Broads has a peculiar charm of its own, and this may be not unaptly explained by quoting the following extract from Professor Ruskin's works.

> In proportion to the space over which the gradation extends and to its invisible subtlety, is its grandeur; and in proportion to its narrow limits and violent degrees its vulgarity. . . . . Not only is this expression of infinity in distance most precious, wherever we find it, however solitary it may be, and however unassisted by other forms and kinds of beauty; but it is of that value that no such other forms will altogether recompense us for its loss.

The charm of the many pastoral scenes to be met with on the Broads, and of the wonderful and startling effects produced by the rising sun on Breydon waters, consists in the sense of unfathomable space which fascinates the eye everywhere. Many of the scenes are beautiful, some of the Broads, Fritton, Wrotham, and Hickling especially, being really magnificent, but the peculiar charm lies in the marshy flatness of the country, which allows the eye to traverse many miles of country without difficulty or obstruction; in fact the landscape often presents no object upon its surface, if we except the invariable windmill which here and there stands out solitary and alone. Of course there are exceptions to this kind of landscape, and the foregoing description scarcely applies to more than a third of the country on either side of the banks of the rivers Waveney and Yare, as the country about Somerleyton and Beccles on the one, and from Surlingham Broad to Norwich on the other, is really very pretty and picturesque. It is a land to delight the eye of a Turner or a Constable, but let no one go to the Broad District imagining they are going to have a repetition of the beauties of the Cumberland Lakes.

Anyone who wishes to judge for himself of the pleasures to be derived from a yachting excursion amongst the Norfolk Broads must be prepared to allow at least three weeks for the excursion, and he cannot do better than select the months of August and September, as the weather is more settled during these months than at any other time. A yacht can be hired at Norwich, Yarmouth, or Beccles, for about three guineas a week, and the services of a boatman well acquainted with the country procured at a moderate outlay. It is of no use for a stranger, however skilful a yachtsman he may be, to attempt to navigate these waters without assistance, as the currents

are awkward in places, and the channels so narrow that he will sooner or later be landed high and dry on a mud bank, or be dashed against the sides of a bridge or a wharf with damaging force. A yacht from seven to nine tons will ship four passengers comfortably, or if the visitor prefers it he can so time his arrival at the different points that he will be able to sleep each night on shore, at one of the many ferries where good beds can be obtained for a reasonable sum. It will be best to start from Norwich first, and to visit Surlingham and Rochland Broads, and then proceed by the New Cut to Hiddischoe, where a halt must be made, and from which place a walk of a mile and a half will bring you to Fulton Broad, the prettiest of all the Broads owing to the number of trees which grow on the banks. You will then proceed to Oulton Broad, and passing through Mudford will arrive at Lowestoft, and from thence proceed to Beccles. Sailing up the river Waveney (a day's journey, the wind and tide being in your favour) will bring you to Breydon Water, and passing over this you will arrive at Yarmouth. By driving five miles out of Yarmouth you will reach Ormesby, Rollesby, and Fulton Broads, where a couple of days may be well and profitably spent. Leaving Yarmouth you will sail up the Bure and afterwards up a portion of the Ant, and by this means be able to visit Wrotham, Ranworth, Barton, Stalham, and Hickling Broads, and Hornsey Mere.

This brief and rough outline, with the aid of the map of the district, will enable anyone to visit this peculiar and interesting portion of the United Kingdom with comparatively little trouble, and will enable him to spend a very pleasant holiday at a moderate cost. It may be added that it saves expense, and adds much to the enjoyment of a trip like this, if the yacht is furnished with the necessary cooking apparatus, so that the visitor may be practically independent of everybody, and indeed and in truth his own master, free to do just as he likes.

MESMERISM, ODYLISM, TABLE-TURNING AND SPIRITUALISM,

CONSIDERED HISTORICALLY AND SCIENTIFICALLY,

TWO LECTURES DELIVERED AT THE LONDON INSTITUTION, DECEMBER 1876,[1]

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, C.B., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

LECTURE II.

SEVERAL years ago, an eminent Colonial Judge with whom I was discussing the subject on which I am now to address you, said to me, 'According to the ordinary rules of evidence, by which I am accustomed to be guided in the administration of justice, I cannot refuse credit to persons whose honesty and competence seem beyond doubt, in regard to facts which they declare themselves to have witnessed; and such is the character of a great body of testimony I have received in regard to the phenomena of Spiritualism.' In arguing this matter with my friend at the time, I took my stand upon the fact, well known not only to lawyers but to all men of large experience in affairs, that thoroughly honest and competent witnesses continually differ extremely in their accounts of the very same transaction, according to their mental prepossessions in regard to it; and I gave him instances that had occurred within my own experience, in which a prepossession in favour of 'occult' agencies had given origin and currency to statements reported by witnesses whose good faith could not be called in question, which careful enquiry afterwards proved to have no real foundation in fact.

Subsequent study, however, of the whole subject of the validity of Testimony, has led me not only to attach yet greater importance to what metaphysicians call its *subjective* element—that is, the state of mind of the witness who gives it; but, further, to see that we must utterly fail to appreciate the true value of evidence, if we do not take the general experience of intelligent men, embodied in what we term 'educated common sense,' as the basis of our estimate. In all ordinary legal procedures, the witnesses on each side depose to things which *might have* happened; and in case of a 'conflict of testimony,' the penetration of the presiding judge, and the good sense of the jury, are exerted in trying to find out what really did happen; their search being guided partly by the relative confidence they place in the several witnesses, but partly by the general probabilities of the case.

Now, it would be at once accepted as a guiding principle by any administrator of justice, that the more *extraordinary* any assertion—that is, the more widely it departs from ordinary experience — the stronger is the testimony needed to give it a claim on our acceptance as truth; so that while *ordinary* evidence may very properly be admitted as adequate proof of any ordinary occurrence, an *extraordinary* weight of evidence would be rightly required to establish the credibility of any statement that is in itself inherently improbable, the strength of the proof required being proportional to the improbability. And if a statement made by any witness in a Court of Justice should be *completely in opposition to the uni-*

[1] The Lectures, as here presented, include several passages which were necessarily omitted in delivery.

versal experience of mankind, as embodied in those laws of nature which are accepted by all men of ordinary intelligence, the judge and jury would most assuredly put that particular statement 'out of court' as a thing that *could not* have happened—whatever value they might assign to the testimony of the same witness as to ordinary matters. Thus if, in order to account for the signature of a will in London at a certain time, by a person who could be proved, beyond reasonable doubt, to have been in Edinburgh only an hour before, either a single witness, or any number of witnesses, were to affirm that the testator had been carried by 'the spirits' through the air all the way from Edinburgh to London in that hour, I ask whether the 'common sense' of the whole Court would not revolt at such an assertion, as a thing not *in rerum naturâ.* And yet there are at the present time numbers of educated men and women, who have so completely surrendered their 'common sense' to a dominant prepossession, as to maintain that any such monstrous fiction ought to be believed, even upon the evidence of a single witness, if that witness be one upon whose testimony we should rely in the ordinary affairs of life!

There is, indeed, no other test than that of 'common sense,' for distinguishing between the delusions of a Monomaniac and the conclusions drawn by sane minds from the same data. There are many persons who are perfectly rational upon every subject but one: and who, if put on their trial, will stand a searching cross-examination without betraying themselves, especially if they know from previous experience what it is that they should endeavour to conceal. But a questioner who has received the right cue, and skilfully follows it up, will generally succeed at last in extracting an answer which enables him to turn to the jury and say—'You see that whilst sane enough in other matters, the patient upon this point is clearly mad.' Yet the proof of such madness consists in nothing else than the absurd discordance between the fixed conviction entertained by the individual, and what is accepted by the world at large as indubitably true; as for example, when he declares himself to be one of the persons of the Trinity, or affirms (as in a case now before me) that he is a victim to the machinations of Infernal powers, whom he overhears to be conspiring against him. We have no other basis than the dictates of 'common sense' for regarding such persons as the subjects of pitiable delusions, and have no other justification for treating them accordingly. Their convictions are perfectly true *to themselves*; they maintain in all sincerity that it is only *they* who are sane, and that the rest of mankind must be mad not to see the matter in the same light; and all this arises from their having allowed their minds to fall under subjection to some 'dominant idea,' which at last takes full possession of them. Thus, for example, a man suffering under incipient *melancholia* begins by taking gloomy views of everything that concerns him; his affairs are all going to ruin; his family and friends are alienated from him; the world in general is going to the bad. Under the influence of this morbid colouring, he takes more and more distorted views of the occurrences of his present life, and looks back with exaggerated reprobation at the errors of his past; and in time, not only *ideal misrepresentations* of real occurrences, but *ideal constructions* having scarcely any or perhaps no basis in actual fact, take full possession of his mind, which credits only his own imaginings, and refuses to accept the corrections given by the assurances of those who surround him. So I

have seen a woman who has had the misfortune to fix her affections upon a man who did not return them, first misinterpret ordinary civilities as expressions of devoted attachment, and then, by constantly dwelling upon her own feelings, mentally construct ideal representations of occurrences which she comes to believe-in as real; not allowing herself to be undeceived, even when the object of her attachment declares that the sayings and doings attributed to him are altogether imaginary.

It is in this way that I account for what appear to me to be the strange delusions, which have laid hold at the present time of a number of persons who are not only perfectly sane and rational upon all other subjects, but may be eminently distinguished by intellectual ability. They first surrender themselves, without due enquiry, to a disposition to believe in 'occult' agencies; and having so surrendered themselves, they interpret everything in accordance with that belief. The best protection against such surrender appears to me to be the *early culture* of those scientific habits of thought, which shape, when once established, the whole future intellectual course of the individual.

The case is not really altered by the participation of large numbers of persons in the same delusion; in fact, the majority sometimes goes mad, the few who retain their 'common sense' being the exceptions. Of this we have a notable instance in the Witch persecutions of the 17th century, mainly instigated by King James I. and his Theological allies; who, because 'witchcraft' and other 'curious arts' are condemned both by the Mosaic law and by Apostolic authority, 'stirred up the people' against those who were supposed to practise them, and branded every doubter as an atheist. The 'History of Human Error' seems to me, in fact, to have no pages more full of instruction to such as can read them aright, than those which chronicle the trials for witchcraft in the seventeenth century; presided over by judges—like Sir Matthew Hale—of the highest repute for learning, uprightness, and humanity. Not only were the most trivial and ridiculous circumstances admitted as proofs of the charge, but the most monstrous assertions were accepted without the slightest question. Thus in 1663 a woman was hanged at Taunton, on the evidence of a hunter that a hare which had taken refuge from his pursuit in a bush was found on the opposite side in the likeness of a witch, who, having assumed the form of the animal, took advantage of her hiding-place to resume her proper shape. And the proof of these marvels did not rest on the testimony of single witnesses. In 1658 a woman was hung at Chard Assizes for having bewitched a boy of twelve years old, who was seen to rise in the air, and pass some thirty yards over a garden wall; while at another time he was found in a room with his hands flat against a beam at the top, and his body two or three feet above the floor—*nine people at a time seeing him in this position.*

The Witch-persecution carried on by James VI. in Scotland, before his accession to the English throne, is believed to have caused the sacrifice of several thousand lives; but in England, under the too celebrated Witch Act, which was passed by Parliament under his influence, in the first year of his reign, it was far more terribly destructive. No fewer than *seventy thousand* persons are believed to have been executed for witchcraft between the years 1603 and 1680; a number far larger than that of the sufferers in all the religious persecutions of the later Tudors.

In 1677, however, an able work was published under the title of *The Displaying of Supposed Witchcraft,*

in which the author, Webster, who had seen a great deal of the witch-trials, maintained the opinion that the whole system of witchcraft was founded on natural phenomena, credulity, torture, imposture, or delusion; and a reaction seems then to have begun in favour of 'common sense,' which was fostered by the Revolution of 1688. Though accusations continued to be made, the judicious conduct of Lord Chief Justice Holt, who presided over trials for this offence in various parts of the kingdom, generally caused the acquittal of the prisoners; and when they were found guilty and condemned, the capital sentence was not carried out. The last witch-execution in Scotland, where the Theological prepossession longest maintained its hold over the public, was in 1722; and the Witch Act was repealed in 1736. The belief in witchcraft still survived, however, not only among the ignorant vulgar, but among some of the most enlightened men of the last century. We find Addison, in the earlier part of it, speaking of witchcraft as a thing that could not reasonably be called in question; while, towards its close, Dr. Johnson maintained that as the *non*-existence of witches could not be proved, there was no sufficient ground for denying their diabolical powers. This is one of the cases, however, in which an enlightened 'common sense'—the intelligent embodiment of the general experience of mankind—is a much safer guide than logic. The belief in Witchcraft was not killed by discussion, but perished by neglect. The 'childish things' believed in by our ancestors have been 'put away' by the full-grown sense of the present generation; the testimony in their favour, once unquestionably accepted as convincing, is no longer deemed worthy of being even considered; and it is only among those of our hereditarily uneducated population, whose general intelligence is about upon a par with that of a Hottentot or an Esquimaux, that 'cunning women' are able to turn this lingering superstition to the purposes of gain.

Of the rapid spread of the Witchcraft delusion in a population whose theological 'prepossession' favoured its development, and of its equally rapid decline when 'common sense' resumed its due ascendancy, no case was more remarkable than the Epidemic that spread through Puritan New England, near the end of the seventeenth century. This was initiated by the trial and execution of a poor Irishman, who, being obnoxious as a papist, was accused of having bewitched two children who suffered from convulsive attacks. Dr. Cotton Mather, Fellow of Harvard College, received one of these children into his house; and it was chiefly on his testimony as to the fact of the girl's possession by evil spirits, that the unfortunate Irishman was convicted and executed. The judicial persecution, once begun, soon raged with such severity, that its victims were hung by half a dozen or more at a time; one of them being a minister, who had provoked his judges by calling in question the very existence of witchcraft. The accusations became more and more numerous, and at last implicated people of the highest consideration, among them the wife of a minister who had been one of the most active promoters of these proceedings; so that the authorities felt it necessary for their own safety at once to check the further progress of the infection. Judges and juries then found out that they had been 'sadly deluded and mistaken,' only Dr. Cotton Mather's father, the President of Harvard, and other theologians, still holding their ground; and the release, by the Governor, of a hundred and fifty witches who were under arrest, and the stoppage of proceedings against two hundred more who were about to be arrested!

came to be accepted in a short time with general approval, though vehemently protested against by Cotton Mather in these remarkable terms:—

> *Fleshy* people may burlesque these things; but when hundreds of the most solemn people, in a country where they have as much mother-wit, certainly, as the rest of mankind, *know them to be true*, nothing but the froward spirit of Sadduceeism can question them. I have not yet mentioned so much as one thing that will not be justified, if it be required, by the oaths of more considerate persons than any that can ridicule these odd phenomena.

Now this is precisely the position taken by the modern Spiritualists; who revive under new forms the doctrines which were supposed to have faded away under the light of Modern Science. The 'hundreds of the most solemn people,' who are ready to justify their conviction of such wonders as Mr. Home's and Mrs. Guppy-Volckman's aerial flights, the elongation of the body of the former, or the bringing in of ice, flowers, and fruits by the ministering spirits of the latter, are equally bound to accept the testimony given on oath and in solemn form of law, which satisfied able judges and honest juries two centuries ago, that tens of thousands of innocent people had entered into the guilty league with Satan, whose punishment was death here and everlasting damnation hereafter. The unbelieving Sadducees of the present time, on the other hand, can appeal to the same sad history, in justification of their refusal to admit the testimony of the votaries of a system which is to their minds quite as absurd and irrational as that of witchcraft, and of their disbelief in the reality of alleged occurrences which they deem it an insult to their common sense to be asked to credit. For the faithful few, who two centuries ago rallied round the standard of Rationalism, in antagonism not only to the dead weight of ignorant prejudice, but to the active force of learning and authority, had no other defence of their position than the *inherent incredibility* of the opposing testimony; notwithstanding that this was clearly given (in many cases, if not in all) in perfect good faith, and often admitted as true even by the unfortunate victims it incriminated, who seem to have themselves participated in what every person of ordinary intelligence now admits to have been a pitiable delusion.

But, it may be objected, the acceptance of this test would equally justify a disbelief in any of those marvels which are rightly esteemed the glories of Modern Science. Tell a man, for instance, to whom the fact is new, that the hand may be held without injury in the stream of liquid iron issuing from the smelting furnace, or dipped and moved about in a bucket of the molten metal; and he will probably reject your assertion as altogether incredible. Yet this statement, while apparently antagonistic to universal experience, can be shown to be really conformable to it. For the protection of the hand from being burned by the hot metal, when the intervention of a film of vapour has been secured by moistening its surface, is just what you may see every day in the rolling-off of drops of fluid from a heated iron, in the application of the familiar test by which the ironer judges of the suitability of its temperature.

Take, again, the case of the Electric Telegraph, and especially that of the Atlantic cable. If submarine telegraphy had not been led up to by progressive steps, the mass of mankind would have undoubtedly scoffed at the idea of 'putting a girdle round the earth in twenty minutes;' and even after the first Atlantic cable had actually conveyed messages of great importance, to the full satisfaction of those who sent them, there were obstinate sceptics who maintained

that its asserted success *must* be a falsehood, as opposed to 'common sense.' But every person sufficiently educated to understand the scientific principle of its construction, was perfectly prepared to accept it as a real success; the speedy failure of the first cable, so far from justifying the original scepticism, only serving to show what the conditions were, by due observance of which permanent success might be assured.

Compare this with another curious demand upon public credence —the 'panasilinic telegraph'— which was made by an ingenious hoaxer about the time that the success of land electric telegraphy first set the world to dream of uniting the New World with the Old by the like means. It was gravely announced that a French *savan* had discovered, that if two snails were brought for a time into mutual relation, such a sympathy would be established between them, that, however widely they might be separated, the movements of each would correspond with those of the other; so that if a couple of friends, one in New York and the other in Paris, wished to converse, they had only to provide themselves with an alphabet and figure dial, get a pair of sympathetic snails, and appoint a time for their conversation. The one who led off was to make his snail walk over the dial, and stop him at the letter or figure he wished to indicate; his friend's snail would do exactly the same, and thus the message would be gradually spelled out. Now I perfectly well remember that this ridiculous absurdity found many believers. My old friend Dr. Robert Chambers, ever on the watch for scientific novelties, gave currency to the statement in *Chambers's Journal*, without, however, committing himself to its truth. And I am sure that its very marvellousness had an attraction for those credulous subjects who are ready to surrender their common sense to any pretender to occult powers—the more readily, it often seems, in proportion to the extravagance of his claims.

I might cite the Spectroscope and the Radiometer as additional cases, not merely of the readiness, but of the eagerness, of scientific men, to extend their knowledge of the agencies of Nature in entirely new directions; and to accept with implicit confidence, *upon adequate evidence*, revelations in regard to matters lying so completely beyond the domain covered by previous experience, as entirely to transcend if not directly to violate it. Now this, in the first case, is because the whole of that wonderful fabric of Spectrum-analysis, by which we are now enabled to study the chemical and physical constitution of every kind of celestial object which the telescope can render visible to us, has been built up, course by course, on the basis of one of our most familiar scientific experiences—the dark lines that cross the solar spectrum. So, Mr. Crookes's invention of the Radiometer was the culmination of a long series of experimental enquiries, the results of which could be demonstrated at any time and to any number of persons; the fundamental fact of the vanes being driven round by radiant force being thus put beyond dispute. And while, as I stated to you in my previous lecture, what at first seemed the obvious interpretation of this fact—namely, that radiant force here acted in a manner altogether new to science, by direct mechanical impact on the vanes—was almost universally accepted by even the most distinguished Physicists, further investigations of the most ingenious and elaborate nature have now conclusively proved that the action is really an indirect one, capable of being accounted for on previously understood principles.—I hold the warning given by the history of this enquiry, in regard

to the duty of the Scientific man to exhaust every possible mode of accounting for new and strange phenomena, before attributing it to any previously unknown agency, to be one of the most valuable lessons afforded by Mr. Crookes's discoveries.

Now I maintain that it requires exactly the same kind of specially trained ability, to elicit the truth in regard to the phenomena we are now considering, as have been exerted in the researches made by the instrumentality of the Spectroscope and the Radiometer. And I cannot but believe that if Mr. Crookes had been prepared by a special training in the bodily and mental constitution, abnormal as well as normal, of the Human instruments of his Spiritualistic enquiries, and had devoted to them the ability, skill, perseverance, and freedom from prepossession, which he has shown in his Physical investigations, he would have arrived at conclusions more akin to those of the great body of scientific men whom I believe to share my own convictions on this subject.

So far are we from regarding Science as having unveiled all the mysteries of Nature, that we hold ourselves ready to accept *any* new agency, the evidence for which will stand the test of cross-examination by skilled experts. But, in default of such evidence, we are fully justified by experience, in regarding it as more probable that the most honest witnesses have either been intentionally deceived, or have deceived themselves, than that assertions in direct contradiction to all the 'natural knowledge' we possess should have any real justification in fact.

In support of this position, I shall now show you that in every instance (so far as I am aware) in which a thorough investigation has been made into those 'higher phenomena' of Mesmerism which are adduced in support of Spiritualism, the supposed proof has completely failed, generally by the detection of intentional fraud; while it may be fairly presumed that the unexplained marvels of the same kind which are still appealed to as valid proofs, would be equally discredited by the like searching enquiry, since they rest on no better evidentiary foundation, than seemed originally to be possessed by those which have entirely broken down.

It was in France that the pretensions of mesmeric *clairvoyance* were first advanced; and it was by the French Academy of Medicine, in which the mesmeric state had been previously discussed with reference to the performance of surgical operations, that this new and more extraordinary claim was first carefully sifted; in consequence of the offer made in 1837 by M. Burdin (himself a member of that Academy) of a prize of 3,000 francs to any one who should be found capable of reading through opaque substances. The money was deposited in the hands of a notary for a period of two years, afterwards extended to three; the announcement was extensively published; numerous cases were offered for examination; every imaginable concession was made to the competitors, that was compatible with a thorough testing of the reality of the asserted power; and *not one was found to stand the trial.*

But not only was there complete and ignominious failure; the fraudulent mode in which the previous successes had been obtained was detected in two out of the three cases which were brought most prominently forward, and was made scarcely less evident in the third.

The first case was presented by M. Houblier, a physician of Provence, who, after a long period of preparation, sent his *clairvoyante*, Mlle. Emélie to Paris, to the care of a friend and mesmeriser, M. Frappart. This gentleman, before presenting her to the Commis-

sioners, thought it well to put her asserted power of reading with the back of her head to some preliminary trials: and soon finding reason to suspect her good faith, he set a trap for her, into which (supposing him to be her friend) she unsuspectingly fell. Very judiciously, however, he did not immediately expose her, but let her continue her performances; bringing up M. Houblier from Provence to meet other persons interested in the enquiry, that they might see for themselves through the keyhole of the room in which Mlle. Emélie was supposed to be lying entranced in a mesmeric sleep, that she got up and examined, here and there, the pages of the book—purposely left in the room—in which her alleged *clairvoyant* power was to be tested. Of course, Mlle. Emélie was never presented to the Commissioners of the Academy; and M. Houblier confessed with grief and shame that he had not only himself been for four years the dupe of this *maîtresse femme*, but that he had unconsciously helped her to impose upon many most respectable persons in his own neighbourhood. Now, all these, with M. Houblier himself, might be presumed to have been both competent and trustworthy witnesses; so that if M. Burdin's prize had never been offered, this case would have been put on record (like others of which I shall presently tell you) as an unimpeachable attestation of the reality of *clairvoyance*. Again, the immediate detection of the fraud, not by a hostile sceptic, but by a friendly mesmeriser, shows how easily, under the influence of a 'prepossession,' numbers of intelligent people may be led to surrender their 'common sense,' to the extent of believing, not only that the seat of vision may be transferred to the back of the head, but that a distinct picture of a page of a book can be formed without any optical apparatus. The conduct of M. Frappart in the matter should serve as a lesson to honest Spiritualists at the present time; who, when they begin to suspect trickery, would much better serve their own cause by helping to expose it, than by lending themselves to the defence of the trickster.

Among the earliest claimants of the Burdin prize was a M. Pigeaire of Montpellier; who affirmed that his daughter, a girl eleven years old, was able, when her eyes were completely blinded, to read with the points of her fingers, which then became her visual organs: the sole condition he required being that she should be blinded by himself with a bandage of black velvet. Her power of reading in this condition was attested by peers, deputies, physicians, distinguished *littérateurs* (amongst others, by George Sand) and newspaper editors, to whom it had been exhibited in Paris before she was presented to the Commission. But its members were nevertheless sceptical enough to require proof satisfactory to themselves; and desired to render the girl 'temporarily blind' (to use her father's words) by their own methods; objecting that his velvet bandage might be so disarranged by the working of her facial muscles, as to allow her to see downwards beneath its lower edge, when the book was held in a suitable position. M. Pigeaire, however, objecting to this test, the Commissioners having satisfied themselves of the opacity of the bandage, stipulated only that the book should not be put into the girl's hands, to be held by her wherever she wished, but should be placed *opposite* her eyes at any distance her father should desire. As he would not consent to this condition, the Commissioners, of course, declined to accept his daughter's performances as furnishing any valid evidence of *clairvoyance*. Though the bandage was opaque, the trick now became transparent; yet it had taken in peers, deputies, and George Sand; and only experts

in such enquiries succeeded in discovering it.

The third case was brought forward by M. Teste, a well-known magnetiser of that date, who affirmed that every experienced mesmerist had witnessed the exercise of this faculty at least twenty times. Confident in his position, he offered to submit his *clairvoyante* (a young girl) to the *experimentum crucis*—the reading of print or writing enclosed in opaque boxes; stipulating only that the direction of the lines should be previously indicated. Such a box was prepared and placed in the girl's hands, with the required indication. Being presently asked by M. Teste whether she would be able to read what was in the interior of the box, she answered *Oui*; and on his asking her how soon, she replied confidently, *dix minutes*. She then turned the box about in her hands, and in doing so tore one of the bands that secured it. This being remarked upon, she made no further attempt of the same kind, but continued (as it appeared) to exert herself in fatiguing efforts to discern the concealed lines. Whole hours having thus passed, and M. Teste having asked his *clairvoyante* how many lines there were in the box, she answered *deux*. He then pressed her to read, and she announced that she saw the word *nous*, and later the word *sommes*. As she then declared that she could read no more, the box was taken from her hands, and the girl dismissed; and the box being then opened, the printed slip it contained was shown to M. Teste to have on it six lines of French poetry, in which neither of the words *nous sommes* occurred.

Of course this failure does not *disprove* any of M. Teste's assertions, either in regard to the same girl under other conditions, or in regard to other alleged *clairvoyantes*; but it fully justifies the allegation, that as this was a picked case, presented by himself, near the expiration of the third year during which M. Burdin's prize was open, with unhesitating confidence in the girl's success, his other reported cases, of which not one rests upon better authority than his own, have not the least claim upon our acceptance. He seems to have been very easily satisfied; and it is clear that if he was not a consenting party, he was not adequately on his guard against the possibility of a furtive peep being taken by his *clairvoyante* into the interior of the box while it was being turned about in her hands,—the method which Houdin avows himself to have practised in performing his 'second sight' trick, and by which, as I shall presently tell you, one of our own most noted advocates of the 'transcendental' was afterwards completely taken in.

It was in 1844 that the *clairvoyant* Alexis came hither from Paris, with the reputation of extraordinary powers; and though these had not been submitted to the test of investigation by the French Academy of Medicine, it was confidently affirmed by the leading mesmerisers in this country, that there was nothing in the way of 'lucidity' that this youth had not done and could not do. Not only had he divined the contents of sealed packets and thick wooden boxes, but he could give an exact account of the contents of any room in any house never before seen or heard of; he had described occurrences taking place at a distance, which, to the great surprise of the questioners (who expected something very different), were afterwards found to have transpired exactly as he had stated; he had revealed to persons anxious to recover important papers the unknown places of their lodgment; in fact, if all was true that was affirmed of him, the power for which he could claim credit would have been little less than omniscience—if only it could have been commanded at will.

But, by the admission of his best friends, it was extremely variable, coming in gushes or flashes; while, as he was often unable to see clearly at first, and had an unfortunate habit of 'thinking aloud,' he continually made a great many blunders before he arrived at anything like the truth.

Having myself settled in the neighbourhood of London just as Alexis came over, and having found my friend Dr. Forbes (then editor of the *British* and *Foreign Medical Review*) extremely interested in the enquiry into the reality of his asserted *clairvoyant* powers, I accompanied Dr. F., time after time, to public and private *séances* at which these powers were *exhibited*, though not adequately *tested*. So far from being at that time an opponent, I was much more nearly a believer; the weight of testimony seemed too strong to be overborne; and it was only after repeated experience of the numerous sources of fallacy which the keen-sightedness of Dr. Forbes enabled him to discern, that I became, like him, a sceptic as to the reality of Alexis's reputed *clairvoyance*. My scepticism was increased by seeing how, whilst he was 'thinking aloud' (according to his friends), but 'fishing' or 'pumping' (according to unbelievers), he was helped by the information he gleaned from the unconscious promptings of his questioners. And my confidence in testimony was greatly weakened, by finding that extraordinary successes were reported to have been obtained in some cases which Dr. Forbes and I regarded as utter failures, as well as in others in which it was clear to us that no adequate precautions had been taken to prevent the use of ordinary vision. For we satisfied ourselves that when he was going to read or to play cards with his eyes bandaged, it was his habit so to manœuvre, as to prevent the bandage from being drawn tight,—*cela m'étouffe* being his constant complaint, even when his nostrils were left perfectly free; and that at first, when he could not see under its lower edge, he worked the muscles of his face until he displaced it sufficiently for his purpose. And thus we came to the conclusion that no test of his 'lucidity' could be of any value, which did not involve the reading of print or writing enclosed in perfectly opaque boxes or other envelopes, without the assistance of any response to his guesses. A *test-séance* of this kind having been arranged by Dr. Forbes at his own house, the general result (as admitted by M. Marcillet, the mesmeriser who accompanied Alexis) was *utter failure*; the only noteworthy exception being in a case in which, having selected the thinnest of the paper envelopes, Alexis correctly stated that the word within it consisted of three letters, without, however, being able to name them. And the value of even this very slight success was afterwards completely neutralised by the discovery I shall recount in connection with the case of the brother and successor of Alexis, that nothing else than ordinary vision was required to obtain it.

As M. Marcillet could not dispute the fairness with which the investigation was conducted, he could offer no other explanation of Alexis's failure on this occasion, than the presence of an 'atmosphere of incredibility' emanating from the persons of the sceptical doctors present. It may be shrewdly suspected, however, that Alexis recognised the presence of a *maître homme* in *clear-sightedness*, and felt himself foiled at every point by the keener intelligence of Dr. Forbes. For he and M. Marcillet forthwith left London for Paris, and never publicly reappeared in this country.

His place, however, was taken after a year or two by his brother Adolphe, whose powers were highly

vaunted by believers as even surpassing those of his predecessor. Again Dr. Forbes applied himself to the investigation; and again I took every opportunity afforded me of witnessing their exercise. It was at a public *séance* at which I was myself present, though Dr. Forbes was not, that a circumstance occurred which made at the time a considerable impression. Slips of writing-paper having been distributed, any person who wished to put Adolphe's powers to the test was desired to write a word at the top of the slip, and then to fold it over and over several times, so that the writing should be covered both in front and behind by two or three layers of the paper. Having myself written *Paris*, I folded it up in the prescribed manner; my friend Mr. Ottley wrote *Toulon*; several other persons did the like; and we satisfied ourselves, by holding up our folded slips between our eyes and the light, that the writing within was completely invisible. Yet, taking one of them after another into his hands, and making no attempt to unfold the papers (some of which, I think, were secured by seal or wafer), Adolphe named, without hesitation, the word written on each. Within a day or two, however, I learned from Mr. Ottley that his sister had discovered that she could read by her natural eyesight the writing on his slip, which it was supposed could only be discerned by *clairvoyant* power; and on trying her method upon my own slip, I found myself able to do the same. The secret consisted in holding the slip, not *between* the eye and the light, but in such a position that the light of the window or lamp should be reflected obliquely from its surface. And any of you will find that after a little practice, words written in a legible but not large hand can be thus read, though covered by three folds of ordinary writing-paper. This discovery fully accounts for various successes, as well of Alexis and Adolphe, as of other reputed clairvoyants; and affords a further warning as to the scrupulous care required to exclude all possible sources of fallacy in conducting such trials.

The conclusions drawn by Dr. Forbes from his critical examination of Adolphe's pretensions tallied exactly with those to which he had been led by his previous search. All the instances of *success* could be fairly explained without crediting the performer with any extraordinary powers; where, on the other hand, due care was taken to render the ordinary operation of the visual sense impossible, *failure invariably resulted.* Thus the claims of Adolphe, like those of Alexis, vanished into thin air at the wand of the expert; and, notwithstanding the great efforts made to rehabilitate his reputation, he soon found his stay in London no longer profitable, and went the way of his predecessor. Nothing, so far as I am aware, has ever been since heard of this *par nobile fratrum*; certainly they never challenged the French Academy of Medicine to an investigation of their pretensions.

And so it always proves *in the end* with these *sham* marvels; which, however specious they may appear at a distance, vanish under critical investigation like the *mirage* of the desert on nearer approach. The *real* marvels of Science, on the other hand, not only stand the test of the most critical examination, but prove more marvellous the more thoroughly they are investigated. Reason, it has well been said, can guide where Imagination scarcely dares to follow. And those who desire to find a true spring at which to slake their thirst for knowledge, need only follow the guidance of the Spectroscope and the Radiometer, to be led to wonders of which neither the 'Poughkeepsie Seer,' the 'Seeress of Prevorst,' nor any other of the reputed 'prophets' of Mes-

merism or Spiritualism had ever dreamed.

My anxiety to impress on you the lessons which (as it seems to me) such exposures ought to afford in regard to the object of our present enquiry, leads me to ask your further attention to two other cases; in each of which a number of apparent successes of a most remarkable kind were obtained by what was subsequently shown to have been an ingenious fraud, practised upon the honest patron of the performer, who was (like M. Houblier) his unsuspecting dupe.

In the course of his further search for *clairvoyance*, Dr. Forbes was requested by a legal gentleman whom he calls Mr. A. B., to witness the performances of a copying clerk in his employ, by name George Goble; whom he stated to be capable in a large proportion of cases, of reading printed words enclosed in opaque boxes, without either mistake or preliminary guessing. Being at that time in the country, I did not accompany Dr. Forbes in his repeated visits to Mr. A. B.'s chambers; but I well remember his writing to me in some excitement after the first of them, that at last he seemed to have got hold of a genuine case of *clairvoyance*. He soon, however, recovered his equanimity and his scepticism, and felt that he must make a much more thorough enquiry before he could be justified in accepting the case as genuine. George's dodge consisted (as was subsequently proved) in furtively opening the box or other envelope so as to get a peep at its contents, whilst sitting or lying face downwards on a sofa; and in managing to conceal his having done so by tearing open the box at the moment he proclaimed the word: his failures occurring when the box was so secured that he could not succeed in opening it, after manœuvring (it might be) for half an hour or more. Finding that in every one of George's *successes* the envelope *might* have been opened, whilst all the cases in which the boxes had certainly *not* been opened were *complete failures*—a consideration which, though very obvious, seemed never to have suggested itself to the legal mind of George's patron—Dr. Forbes and Professor Sharpey (whom he had taken into council) devised a simple 'counter-dodge,' by which it should be rendered impossible for George to open the box for the purpose of reading the contained word, without the detection of his trick. This entirely succeeded; George was brought upon his knees and confessed his roguery, but protested that it was his first offence. You would scarcely credit the fact if it had not been self-recorded, that George's patron still continued to believe in his *clairvoyant* power; accepting his assurance that he had only had recourse to trickery when the genuine power failed him, and requesting Dr. Forbes to give him another trial. This Dr. F. consented to make, upon the sole condition that a small sealed box, containing a single word printed in large type, should be returned to him *unopened* with the word written upon the outside of it. Some days elapsed before George's 'lucidity' recovered from the shock of the exposure; but his master then informed Dr. F. that G. had read the word IMPLEMENTS, or, as he spelled it, *impelments*, with great assurance of correctness. This, however, proving altogether wrong, the box was left in Mr. A. B.'s hands for a further space of two months, and no second guess having been then made, the real word was disclosed by Dr. F. to be OBJECTIONS.

The history of this enquiry, as detailed by Dr. Forbes,[2] brings into the strongest contrast the patient and honest search for truth

[2] *Illustrations of Modern Mesmerism from personal investigation.* London: (Churchill) 1845.

of the cautious sceptic, willing to be convinced if satisfactory evidence could be adduced, and the ready credulity of the enthusiastic disciple, who not only eagerly accepted a conclusion opposed to universal experience without taking any adequate precautions against trickery, but held to that conclusion after the trick had been not only exposed but confessed. And here, again, we see how, but for the interposition of a sceptical 'expert,' a case of sham *clairvoyance* would have been published to the world with the same unhesitating affirmation of its genuineness, as that which now claims credit for the exercise of 'psychic force' in causing accordions to play, and heavy tables to turn round or even rise in the air, without muscular agency.

In the other case I have now to mention — that of Mr. Hewes' 'Jack,' publicly exhibited at Manchester about the same time that Alexis was performing in London —the proof of *clairvoyance*, as shown in reading when the eyes had been effectually closed, seemed as complete as it was possible to obtain. Jack's eye-lids were bound down by surgeons of that town (who were assuredly not confederates) with strips of adhesive plaster, over which were placed folds of leather, which again were kept in place by other plasters; the only condition made by Mr. Hewes being that the ridges of the eyebrows should not be covered, as it was there that Jack saw when 'lucid.' The results were truly surprising; there was no guessing, no need of prompting, no failure; 'Jack' read off, without the least hesitation, everything that was presented to him. The local newspapers were full of this new wonder; and no documentary testimony in favour of *clairvoyance* could possibly be more conclusive. But, as usual, the marvel would not stand the test of close examination. A young Manchester surgeon, who had been experimenting upon himself, gave a public exhibition of his power of reading when his eyes had been 'made up' in precisely the same manner as 'Jack's,' and by the same gentlemen; the means he adopted being simply to work the muscles of his face, until he so far loosened the plasters as to obtain a crevice through which he could read by looking upwards. Mr. Hewes, who witnessed this performance, readily agreed that 'Jack' should be further tested; and it was settled, *en petite comité*, that after protecting his eyelashes with narrow strips of plaster, his eyelids should be covered with a thick coating of shoemakers' wax, leaving the superciliary ridges free. When this was done (not without considerable resistance on the part of 'Jack,' only kept under by the influence of his patron) the *clairvoyant* power was completely annihilated; but one thing 'Jack' plainly saw, even with his eyes shut—that 'his little game was up.' His patron, a gentleman of independent fortune, who had become an active propagandist of the belief he had honestly embraced, returned all the money which had been received for Jack's performances, and Jack withdrew into private life.

Now I readily concede that neither the detection of 'Jack' and George Goble, nor the failure of Alexis and Adolphe under test-conditions, disproves the reality of *clairvoyance*; but my position is, that since the choicest examples of its manifestation are found to break down when thoroughly investigated, not one of the reported instances in which *no* such thorough investigation has been made, has the least claim to be accepted as genuine. It must, I think, have become abundantly obvious to you, that until the existence of the *clairvoyant* power shall have been established beyond question, by every test that the skill of the most wary and inveterate sceptic can devise, the

scientific expert is fully justified in refusing to accept the testimony of any number of witnesses, however honest, but of no *special* intelligence in regard to the subject of the enquiry, as to particular instances of this power. George Goble's master would have recounted the performances of his *protégé* in perfect good faith, and would have been very angry with any one who should express a doubt either of his veracity or his competence. And not only Mr. Hewes, but a large body of lookers-on, would have stoutly contended for the impossibility of 'Jack' having read with his eyes when they had been carefully covered by a surgeon with plasters and leather. But to me it seems the 'common sense' view of the matter, that the fact of 'Jack' having read with his eyes covered, should have been accepted as a proof—not of his *clairvoyance*—but of his eyes *not* having been *effectually* covered; and that the very fact of George Goble having found out the words in certain boxes which he *might* have opened, while he did not find out any in the boxes he *could not* open, should have been accepted as valid evidence—not of his *clairvoyance*—but of his having taken a furtive peep with his natural eyes into the unsecured boxes. And in both cases 'common sense' would have been justified by the results.

The ordinary rules of evidence, as I have endeavoured to show you, apply only to ordinary occurrences. To establish the reality of such an extraordinary condition as *clairvoyance*, extraordinary evidence is required; and it is the entire absence of this, which vitiates the whole body of testimony put forward by Prof. Gregory (*Letters on Animal Magnetism*), doubtless with the most complete good faith, in regard to the performances of Major Buckley's *clairvoyantes*; whom he states to have collectively read the mottoes enclosed in 4,860 nut-shells (one of them consisting of 98 words), and upwards of 36,000 words on papers enclosed in boxes, one of these papers containing 371 words. Now, that Prof. Gregory lent not only himself, and the authority of his public position, with reprehensible facility, to the attestation of Major Buckley's statements, might be fairly concluded from his eager endorsement of Reichenbach's doctrines, of which I spoke in my previous lecture; and the complete untrustworthiness of his statements in regard to *clairvoyance* becomes obvious to any sceptical reader of his 'Letters.' For not only is there an entire absence of detail, in regard to the precautions taken to prevent the ingenious tricks, to which (as all previous experience indicated) the claimants to this power are accustomed to have recourse; but the narrative of one of his cases shows such an easy credulity on the very face of it, as at once to deprive his other statements of the least claim to credence. I refer to that (p. 364) in which folded papers or sealed envelopes were forwarded to the *clairvoyantes*, who returned them —the seals apparently unbroken— with a correct statement of the contained words. Now the unsealing of sealed letters, and the resealing them so as to conceal their having been opened, are practised on occasion in the Post-office of probably every Continental capital, if not in our own; and, as some of you have probably seen in the public prints, the doings in this line of a 'medium' who professed to be able to return answers under spiritual influence to questions contained in sealed letters, have lately been exposed in the Law-courts of New York; the medium's own wife disclosing the manner in which the unsealing and resealing of these letters were effected. Common sense, it might have been thought,

would dictate that if the contents of a sealed letter had been made known by a person in whose possession it had lain, that letter had been opened and resealed. Yet Prof. Gregory preferred to believe that these letters had been read by *clairvoyance*; and numbers of persons in various parts of the Union, including many of high social consideration, were found to place such confidence in the 'spiritual' pretensions of the New York swindler, as to submit to him questions of the most private nature, with fees that gave him an annual income of more than a thousand pounds!

It was to put the value of Professor Gregory's evidence in support of *clairvoyance* to the test, that his colleague, Dr. (afterwards Sir James) Simpson, offered a bank-note of large value, enclosed in a sealed box and placed in the hands of a public official in Edinburgh, as a prize to any one who could read its number; and I am informed by Sir Dominic Corrigan, M.P., that Sir Philip Crampton (Surgeon to the Queen in Ireland) did the like in Dublin. Though these rich prizes remained open to all comers for at least a year, none of Major Buckley's one hundred and forty-eight *clairvoyantes* succeeded in establishing a claim to either of them; in fact, I believe that not even a single attempt was made. And yet there are even now men of high scientific distinction who adduce Professor Gregory's testimony on this subject as unimpeachable![3]

Still more akin to the powers claimed for Spiritualistic 'mediums,' is that form of alleged Mesmeric *clairvoyance* which consists in the vision of scenes or occurrences at a distance; so that they are described exactly as they are at the time, and not according to the expectation of the questioners. Numerous cases of this kind have been very circumstantially recorded; and I most freely admit that a body of thoroughly well-attested and well-sifted evidence in their favour would present a strong claim to acceptance. Every one knows, however, that plenty of marvels of the same class have been current as 'ghost stories;' and that even some of what were regarded as the best attested of these, have faded out of the credit they once enjoyed under the advancing light of a healthy Rationalism. And while such as have a 'transcendental' turn of mind will accept the most wonderful story of *clairvoyance* at a distance with little or no hesitation, those of a more sceptical habit will admit none that has not been subjected to the test of a searching cross-examination; thinking it more probable that some latent fallacy is concealed beneath the ostensible facts, than that anything so marvellous should have really happened.

My own attention was very early drawn to this subject, by certain occurrences which fell under my immediate observation. A Mesmeric 'somnambule' said to be possessed of this power of 'mental travelling' being the subject of a *séance* at my own house, and being directed to describe what

[3] It was publicly suggested by Mr. Wallace at the Glasgow Meeting of the British Association, that the failure of the *clairvoyantes* in the case of Dr. Simpson's bank-note might be due to there having been really no note placed in the box. This suggestion I indignantly repudiated at the time, as an unworthy imputation upon the character of a public man whose honesty was above all suspicion. But I might have replied that if the fact had been so, some of Major Buckley's 148 *clairvoyantes* ought to have found it out. Dr. Simpson informed me that on asking Dr. Gregory the reason of their complete abstention, he could give no other account of it, than that the very offer of the reward, by introducing a selfish motive for the exercise of this power, prevented its access; as if Alexis, Adolphe, and numerous other professors of the art of reading without eyes, had not been daily practising it for the purpose of pecuniary gain.

she saw in the rooms above, gave a correct and unhesitating reply as to the occupants of my nursery; whilst in regard to the very unusual contents of a store-room above, she was entirely at fault, until I purposely prompted her by leading questions. The next day I found out that she had enjoyed ample previous opportunities of information as to the points which she had described correctly; whilst it soon came to my knowledge that a most circumstantial narrative was current in Bristol (where I then resided) of her extraordinary success in discerning the very objects in the store-room which she had entirely failed to see. Here, then, was a marked instance of two sources of fallacy in narratives of this description; first, the disposition to attribute to 'occult' agencies what may be readily explained by natural causes; and second, the 'myth-making' tendency—far more general than is commonly supposed—which, as I have already shown you, builds up the most elaborate constructions of fiction upon the slenderest foundation of fact.

In my interviews with Alexis and Adolphe, also, both of whom were reputed to possess a very high degree of this power, I tested them as to the contents of my house, which they described in a vague and general way that would apply to almost any ordinary domicile. But both of them spoke of my drawing-room as having pictures on its walls, which was not the fact; and neither of them, though pressed as to something very conspicuous which they could not help seeing, gave the least hint of the presence of an organ with gilt pipes. Their failure with me does not, of course, invalidate any *real* successes they may have gained with others; but my previous experience had led me to entertain grave doubts as to the reality of the *reputed* successes; and these doubts were subsequently strengthened by the complete breakdown, under the persevering and sagacious enquiries prosecuted by Dr. Forbes, of a most notable case which excited great public interest at the time.

The wonderful performances of Miss Martineau's servant J., which she announced to the public in 1844, through the medium of the *Athenæum*, culminated in a detailed description — given by J. in the mesmeric sleep—of the particulars of the wreck of a vessel of which her cousin was one of the crew, as also of the previous loss of a boy overboard; with which particulars it was positively affirmed by Miss Martineau, and believed by many on her authority, that the girl could not possibly have been previously informed, as her aunt had only brought the account to the house when the *séance* was nearly terminated. On being asked, says Miss M., two evenings afterwards, when again in the sleep, whether she had come to know what she related by seeing her aunt telling the people below, J. replied 'No; I saw the place and the people themselves—like a vision.' And Miss Martineau believed her.

My sceptical friend Dr. Forbes, however, would not pin his faith to hers; and determined to institute, through a medical friend on the spot, a more searching investigation than Miss M. had thought necessary. The result of this enquiry was to prove, unequivocally, that J.'s aunt had told the whole story to her sister, in whose house Miss M. was residing, about *three hours before the séance*; and that, though J. was not then in the room, the circumstances were fully discussed in her presence before she was summoned to the mesmeric performance. Thus not only was J. completely discredited as a seer; but the value of *all* testimony to such marvels was seriously lowered, when so honest and intelligent a witness as Harriet Martineau could be so completely

led astray by her 'prepossession,' as to put forth statements as facts, which were at once upset by the careful enquiry which she ought herself to have made before committing herself to them.

It is the wise rule of our law, that no Evidence (save that of dying declarations) is admissible in Court, that is not capable of being tested by cross-examination; and no well-trained investigator will put forth a new discovery in Science, until he has verified it by 'putting it to the question' in every mode he can think of.

If, in the case I have just cited, the 'common sense' view had been taken from the beginning, the correspondence of J.'s circumstantial narrative with the actual facts of the case, would have been accepted as proving—not that she had received them in mesmeric vision—but that she had learned them through some ordinary channel; and the truth of this conclusion would have at once become apparent, when the proper means were taken to verify it. The same ground should (I contend) be taken, in regard to all the marvels of this class which rest on the testimony of believers only. For no one of them is better attested than that which I have just cited; and until the evidence in support of any case of *clairvoyance* can be shown to have been sifted in the same thorough manner, I maintain that it has no more claim on our acceptance, than has the specious opening of a case in a court of law, before it has been subjected to the hostile scrutiny of the counsel on the other side.

I need not detain you long with the scientific discussion of the phenomena of *Table-turning* and *Table-talking*; since no facts have been established in regard to them, which are not susceptible of a very simple explanation. A number of persons seat themselves round a table, and place their hands upon it, with a preconceived idea that the table will turn; and after some time, it may be, during which the movement has been attentively waited for, the rotation begins. If the parties retain their seats, the turning only takes place as far as the length of their arms allows, but not unfrequently they all rise, feeling themselves obliged (as they assert) to *follow* the table; and, from a walk, their pace may be accelerated to a run, until the table actually spins round so fast that they can no longer keep up with it. And as this happens, not merely without any consciousness on the part of the performers that they are exercising any force of their own, but for the most part under the full conviction that they do not; and since, moreover, tables thus move, which the performers declare themselves unable to move to the same extent by any voluntary effort, it is not unnatural that they should conclude that *some other force* than their own muscular action must have put it in motion.

But the man of science, whether Physicist or Physiologist, cannot rest content without adequate proof of this conclusion; and a test is very easily applied. You see here a little apparatus consisting of two pieces of board, two cedar pencils, two india-rubber bands, two pins, and a slender index-rod; which was devised by Faraday to ascertain whether the table ever moves round without a lateral pressure from the hands of the operators. For this 'indicator' is so constructed, that when the hands are placed upon it, instead of immediately upon the table, any lateral pressure exerted by them makes the upper board roll upon the lower; and the slightest movement of this kind is so magnified by the leverage of the index, as to show itself by a very decided motion of its point in the opposite direction. By this simple test, any one may experimentally satisfy himself that the table never goes round

unless the index of the 'indicator' shows that lateral muscular pressure is being exerted in the direction of its movement; and, conversely, that when such lateral pressure, as shown by the 'indicator,' is being adequately exerted, the table moves round. The Physicist, therefore, has a right to assert, that, until a table shall be found to turn without lateral pressure of the hands laid upon the 'indicator,' as shown by the fixity of its index, *there is no evidence whatever of the exertion of any other force than the muscular action of the operators.* And the Physiologist who is familiar with the fact that every human being is continually putting forth a vast amount of muscular energy, of the exercise of which he is entirely unconscious, and who has also studied that unconscious influence of mental preconception, of which I have already given you illustrations in the *pendule explorateur*, at once perceives that the absence of any consciousness of exertion on the part of the operators, affords no proof whatever that it is not being put forth; while he is further well aware that *involuntary* muscular contractions are often far more powerful than any which the *will* can excite.

The same explanation applies to the tilting of the table, which is made in response to questions asked of 'the spirits' by which it is supposed to be influenced. Nothing but a strange prepossession in favour of some 'occult' agency can attribute such tilting to anything but the *downward* pressure of the hands laid upon it; the hypothetic exertion of *any other* force being scientifically inadmissible, until it shall have been experimentally shown that the table tilts without being manually pressed down. An 'indicator' might be easily constructed, which should test *downward* pressure, on the same principle that Faraday's indicator tests *lateral* pressure; but no one, so far as I am aware, has ever ventured to affirm that he has thus demonstrated the *absence* of muscular pressure, although I long since pointed out that only in this manner could the matter be scientifically tested. Until such demonstration shall have been given, the tilting—like the turning—of tables, may be unhesitatingly attributed to the unconscious muscular action of the operators; while the answers which are brought out by its instrumentality may be shown to be the expressions, either—like the movements of the *pendule explorateur*—of ideas actually present to the mind of one or other of the performers; or—as often occurs in Somnambulism and other allied states—of past ideas which have left their traces in the brain, although they have dropped out of the conscious memory.

That such is the nature of the responses ordinarily obtained by those, who (in entire good faith) have practised this 'curious art' in any of its varied forms—including planchette writing—I have elsewhere shown[4] by the analysis of a number of cases observed by myself and recorded by others. And there is this very curious indication of it: that when the 'table-talking' epidemic first spread in this country, a number of low-church clergymen, strongly imbued with the belief that it was a manifestation of Satanic agency, put to the tables a series of what they regarded as test questions, and got just the answers they expected.

I now come to the existing phase of the Epidemic belief in the 'occult,' which, as I have already pointed out, differs from the preceding rather in its outward manifestations than in its essential nature. You have all heard of the ghostly visitations, which, in the days of our ancestors, were reputed to have disclosed by

[4] *Quarterly Review*, October 1853, p. 550 *et seq.*; and October 1871, pp. 312-322.

means of raps the place in which treasure had been hidden, or a murdered corpse had been buried. Ghosts, however, like Witchcraft, seemed to have lost credit with the present generation, until brought into vogue again as 'spirits' by the Rochester rappings. A family of the name of Fox, including two girls aged respectively about *nine* and *eleven* years, went to inhabit a house at Hydesville (Rochester County, New York State), in which a murder was said to have been committed many years before. They had not resided in it long, when raps were heard in the girls' chamber; sometimes obviously issuing from their persons, but sometimes apparently proceeding from other parts of the room. Curiosity was excited; the neighbourhood flocked to witness the marvel; no one could detect any movement on the part of either of the girls while the raps were sounding; and no concealed instrumentality could be discovered by careful search. The rappings soon began to show a certain coherence; a code of signals was arranged, according to which one rap was to mean *no*, three raps *yes*, and two raps *doubtful* or *wait*; and communications having been thus opened with the rappers, visitors were enabled, through the medium of these two girls, to summon and interrogate spirits of their departed friends. Multitudes now flocked from all parts to witness the phenomena; and the girls having gone to live with an elder married sister at Rochester town, the alphabetical system was established at her suggestion; which enabled the spirits to spell out their messages by rapping at the required letter, when either the alphabet was repeated by the enquirer, or the letters on an alphabet-card were successively pointed to. The excitement continuing to increase, a Committee of Investigation was appointed by a town-meeting. Every opportunity was given for the enquiry; but the committee was completely baffled. The enquiry was taken up, however, by an eminent anatomist, Dr. Austin Flint, of New York; who, having first convinced himself that the sounds issued from the legs or feet of the girls themselves, notwithstanding their apparent stillness, sought for a physiological explanation of them; and soon found one in the power which certain persons can acquire, of giving a jerking or snapping action to particular tendons of either the knees, ankles, or toes,—a patient of his own being able thus to produce an exact imitation of the Rochester rappings. But the very rationality of this explanation caused it to be disbelieved by such as were anxious to be placed in communication with the spirit-world. The fame of the Fox girls spread through the United States; they established themselves as 'mediums' in New York; and before long they were drawing a large income from the pockets of their credulous visitors.

Under the fostering influence of pecuniary temptation, imitators soon sprang up in various parts of the United States; 'mediums' became numerous; and one of them, Mrs. Hayden, brought the contagion to this country, where the 'spirit-rapping' Epidemic rapidly spread. Before speaking of her performances, I may mention that Prof. Schiff, since of Florence, not only himself acquired the power of producing the raps, by the repeated displacement of a tendon which slides through a sheath behind the external protuberance of the ankle; but exhibited this acquirement to the French Academy of Medicine in April, 1859, baring his legs, and producing the raps without any apparent movement. And not more than six years ago, a female relative of the Fox family made a deposition before the magistrates of the town in which she resided; stating that while visiting the girls at Rochester many years

before, she had become acquainted with the entire secret, which she fully disclosed; herself reproducing the raps in verification of her narrative. The manner in which, both according to this lady's account, and the experience of those who witnessed Mrs. Hayden's performances, the 'medium' divined at what letters to make the raps, was very simple; consisting merely in carefully watching the countenance or gestures of the questioner, who almost invariably gives, in some way or other, involuntary expression to his or her expectancy. Of this I could cite many proofs. An eminent scientific friend told me that having been at a party by one member of which after another Mrs. Hayden's powers were tested, he was at first greatly surprised at the accuracy of the replies he obtained regarding the name, date of death, and place of death, of a deceased friend of whom he was thinking; but that he soon obtained a clue, by observing that her success varied with the demonstrativeness of the individual, and that she utterly failed with one of peculiarly imperturbable habit. He then made a fresh trial, with the fixed predetermination to withhold any manifestation of his expectancy; and Mrs. Hayden was completely baffled. The secret was divined by Professor Edward Forbes also, who, by pausing on particular letters, made Mrs. Hayden spell 'Lord Tomnoddy' and other waggeries. And the most complete exposure of the trick was given by Mr. G. H. K. Lewes; who caused Mrs. Hayden to rap out the most absurd replies to questions which he had previously written down and communicated to another member of the party; finally obtaining, in answer to the question 'Is Mrs. Hayden an impostor?' three unhesitating raps at the letters Y, E, S.[5]

In the 'Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society,' you will find that Dr. Edmunds, the chairman of that Committee, not only detected a well-known professional 'medium' in making the raps with her foot, but observed that she regulated her raps by intently watching the questioner, and that when she was prevented from doing this by the interposition of a screen, her raps were altogether meaningless.[6] My own experience with other 'mediums' has been to exactly the same effect; one instance being particularly noteworthy. Mr. Foster had correctly indicated the name and year of death of a deceased friend, but he hesitated at the month; rapping distinctly at J U, but being obviously puzzled as to whether the next letter should be L (for July) or N (for June). The secret of this was, that though I knew the event to have happened in one of these two months, I could not myself recollect which.[7]

Of the 'higher phenomena' of

[5] Mr. Wallace explains this result by assuming that the raps were caused by 'invisible beings,' who, reading what was in the questioner's mind, answered a fool according to his folly.

[6] This circumstance may be adduced as an example of that power of 'thought reading' on the part of the medium, which has been affirmed to be possessed by certain individuals whose own honest belief in it seems (as in the case of the divining-rod) to be beyond reasonable question. But as I found, on a subsequent occasion, that the interposition of a screen between Mr. Foster and myself was quite sufficient to interrupt the spelling-out of a name, the component letters of which he had given correctly up to that point, I think it much more reasonable to suppose that I did give some involuntary indication, by look or gesture, of the letters which would form the answer in my mind, although endeavouring to the utmost to restrain myself from doing so.

[7] Much stress is laid by the Editor of the *Spectator* upon a statement made by the late Professor De Morgan, that Mrs. Hayden's success was *not* interfered with by the interposition of a screen. But I have it on the authority of an eminent scientific colleague

Spiritualism — the 'levitation' of chairs and tables, and even of men and women; the 'elongation' of Mr. Home's body, his handling of heated bodies, and his heaping hot coals on the head of a bald gentleman without any discomfort to him; the untying of knots and change of coats; the production of 'spiritual photographs;' the bringing-in of fruits, flowers, live lobsters, in dark *séances*, and the like—I have left myself no time to speak. The very catalogue speaks, to any sober and unprepossessed mind, of the extreme improbability that any 'spiritual' agents should so manifest their presence. And in regard to the spirit-writing by pens or pencils, I can only say that of the revelations given by its means, I have seen none that could claim any higher character than that of unmitigated 'twaddle.' It is because the present generation knows little of the history of former Epidemics of this kind, and is therefore not in a position to profit by the experience they have afforded, that I have rather dwelt in these lectures on the lessons of the past in regard to the credibility of testimony on these subjects, than discussed the truth or falsehood of statements now in currency in regard to the recent doings of 'the spirits.' It is not because I have not investigated Spiritualism for myself, that I refrain from bringing before you in detail the results of my enquiries. I devoted, at the outbreak of the epidemic, an amount of time and attention which might have been far more profitably employed, to the examination of its pretensions; and it was only after I had satisfied myself by long and careful study that its character was fundamentally the same with that of the epidemics I had previously witnessed, differing only in the particular form of its manifestations, that I gave up the enquiry. I could not afford to sacrifice the time that might be much more profitably spent in adding to our stock of real knowledge, in the (so-called) scientific investigation of such performances as those of the 'Davenport Brothers;' when I found that the investigation was to be so carried on, that I should be precluded from using either my eyes or my hands, the most important instruments of scientific enquiry. I felt assured that these performances would turn out to be mere conjuring tricks: and that they really are so has been shown, not merely by Mr. Maskelyne's discovery of the secret, and his repetition of the performances *as* conjuring tricks, but by the recent public *exposé* of the whole method, in Boston (N.E.), by one who formerly practised it for gain. So, again, in other cases in which I strongly suspected the supposed 'spiritualistic' manifestations to be intentional deceptions, and proposed their repetition under test-conditions admitted to be fair, I waited hour after hour for the manifestations, the non-production of which was attributed to my 'atmosphere of incredulity.'

Thus, having accompanied a scientific friend to a Spiritualistic *séance*, at which we saw a small light table dance up and down under the hands of a professional 'medium' (Mrs. M.) as she moved across the room, I pointed out to my friend, who regarded this as an example of 'spiritual' agency, that since the 'medium' wore a large crinoline which completely concealed her feet, it was quite possible for her to have lifted the table upon one foot, while moving across the room on the other—as any opera-dancer could do. My friend,

of Professor De Morgan's, who was repeatedly present at the spiritualistic *séances* held at his house, that the experiments were habitually conducted there in so loose a manner as to be altogether unsatisfactory; frauds of the most transparent kind (which he himself more than once exposed) being accepted as valid proofs; and non-natural interpretations being always preferred, when natural explanations were obvious.

candidly admitting the possibility of this explanation, subsequently invited me to a *séance* at his own house, with a non-professional 'medium,' and asked me if I was satisfied with the 'crinoline-guard' of wire and paper, which he had so placed round the legs of a small table, that the 'medium' could not lift the table on her foot without breaking through the 'guard.' I replied that I was perfectly satisfied, and that if I should see the table dance up and down under his 'medium's' hands, in the same manner as at Mrs. M.'s, I should admit that it was a case for further investigation. During a *séance* of two hours, however, no other manifestation took place than 'raps,' indicating the presence of 'spirits;' the interposition of the 'crinoline guard' apparently keeping them away from the table.[8]

In regard to professional 'mediums' who make their living by the exercise of their supposed gifts, I came to the conclusion that we have as much right to assume fraud until the contrary shall have been proved, as we have in the case of a gipsy fortune-teller, who has managed to learn a good deal about the chief people of the country neighbourhood into which she comes, before she allows herself to be consulted, and then astonishes her credulous clients by the knowledge of their affairs which she displays. I need not tell you how one after another of such pretenders has been detected in England. In Paris the frauds of a 'spiritual' Photographic establishment were brought into the law courts, and the persons concerned in them sentenced to severe punishment, a year or two ago. And in America, the 'Katie King' imposture, which had deluded some of the leading spiritualists in this country, as well as in the United States, was publicly exposed at about the same time.

But, it is affirmed, such exposures *prove* nothing against the genuineness of any new manifestation. I quite admit this. But I affirm that to anyone accustomed to weigh the value of evidence, the fact that the testimony in favour of a whole series of antecedent claims has been completely upset, seriously invalidates (as I have shown in regard to mesmeric clairvoyance) the trustworthiness of the testimony in favour of any new claimant to occult powers. Why should I believe the testimony of any believer in the genuineness of D's performances, when he has been obliged to admit that he has been egregiously deceived in the cases of A, B, and C?

The case is not essentially different in regard to 'mediums' who do *not* practise for gain. For it is perfectly well known to those who have had large experience in these matters, that there is a class of persons (especially, I am sorry to have to say it, of the female sex) who have an extraordinary proclivity to deceit, even from a very early period of life; and who enjoy nothing better than 'taking-in' older and wiser people, even when doing so brings no special advantage to themselves. Every medical man of large experience has met with cases in which young ladies have imposed in this way, by feigning disease, not only upon their fami-

[8] Since the delivery of this lecture, Mr. Wallace has publicly avowed himself to be the 'scientific friend' to whom I referred; and has asserted that on subsequent occasions the table *did* rise within the 'crinoline guard.' Has it ever done so, I ask, in the presence of a sceptical expert? With reference to the charge which Mr. Wallace makes against me of 'habitually giving only one side of the question, and completely ignoring all facts which tell against [my] theory,' I have only to say that the reader of these lectures will see that my whole aim is to discover, on the generally admitted principles of testimony, what *are* facts; and that I have no other 'theory' to support, than that of the constancy of the well-ascertained Laws of Nature.

lies, but upon their previous doctors; the supposed patients sometimes undergoing very severe treatment for its cure. And when the new attendant has sagaciously found out the cheat, and has honestly exposed it to the parents, he is in general 'morally' kicked out of the house for his unfounded aspersion; not every one having the good fortune of my old friend Dr. A. T. Thompson, who was sent for some years afterwards by a young married lady to attend her family, on account of the high opinion she had formed of his ability, as the only one of the many doctors formerly consulted about her, who had found out the real nature of her case. I could tell you the particulars, in my possession, of the detection of the imposture practised by one of the most noteworthy of these lady-mediums, in the distribution of flowers which she averred to be brought in by the 'spirits' in a dark *séance*, fresh from the garden, and wet with the dew of heaven; the flowers having been previously collected in a basin upstairs, and watered out of a decanter standing by, into which an inquisitive sceptic had furtively introduced a small quantity of a nearly colourless salt (ferrocyanide of potassium), the presence of which in the 'dew' of the flowers was afterwards recognised by the appropriate chemical test (a per-salt of iron) which brought out prussian blue.

In other instances, again, I have witnessed the most extraordinary *self*-deception: which, as in the mesmeric performances, invested occurrences which could be readily accounted for on 'natural' principles, with a 'supernatural' character; often through the omission of some essential fact, which is entirely ignored by the narrator. Thus I was seriously informed, during the Table-turning epidemic, that a table had been moved round by the will of a gentleman sitting at a distance from it; but it came out upon cross-examination that a number of hands were laid upon it in the usual way, and that after the performers had sat for some time in silent expectation, the operator called upon the spirit of 'Samson' to move the table, which then obediently went round. Sometimes the essential fact, under the influence of this proclivity, completely passes out of the mind of the narrator; as in the instance of a lady, cited by Miss Cobbe in her paper on the Fallacies of Memory, who assured Miss C. that a table in her drawing-room had some years before correctly rapped-out her age in the presence of several persons, *none of whom were near the table*; the fact being impressed on her mind by her annoyance at the disclosure, which was so great that she sold the table! Having assured Miss Cobbe that she could verify the statement by reference to notes made at the time, she subsequently corrected it, very honestly, by telling Miss C. that she found that there *were* hands on the table. So, I have been recently requested by a gentleman to go and see a light table made heavy at the will of a person standing apart from it; a table which could be ordinarily lifted on a single finger, requiring the strength of the hands to raise it when so commanded. Thinking that this might be a trick of the kind that Houdin played upon the Arabs by means of an electro-magnet, I made some preliminary enquiries with a view to satisfy myself whether the phenomenon was to be thus accounted for; and finding that it was not, I was about to go to witness it, when I received a letter from the brother of my correspondent, who told me that he thought I ought to know the real conditions of the performance; which were that the hands of two of the operators' family being first laid upon the table, the table was upset and lay on the floor on its side; and that then, their hands still pressing sideways upon the top of the table, it could be made light or heavy by the will of the operator at a distance, a single fin-

ger being able to raise it up in the one case, while the whole hand was required in the other. And thus, as in the case of 'the spirit of Samson,' it became evident that the will of the operator was exercised in regulating the pressure of the hands in contact with the table, there being no evidence whatever of any alteration in its actual weight.

I have thus endeavoured to set before you what a long sequence of experiences seems to me to teach in regard to this subject; namely, that we should trust rather to the evidence of our *sense* than to that of our *senses*. That the latter is liable to many fallacies, we are almost daily finding out. If we go to see the performances of a conjuror, we *see* things which we *know* to be impossibilities; and that knowledge makes us aware that they *cannot really* happen as they *seem* to happen. Thus every conjuror can pour out scores of glasses of different kinds of wine from a single bottle; or can tumble a great pile of bouquets out of a single hat; but we know that he *must* do this from some larger store, which he dexterously conceals from our view. So the celebrated conjuror, Bosco, seemed even to those who were closely watching him within a very short distance, to convert a living hare into two living rabbits; the movements by which he made the exchange from a bag behind him, being so extraordinarily rapid as to elude the observation of the bystanders, whose attention he fixed (the great secret alike of conjurors and professional 'mediums') upon something else. And I conclude therefore, as I began, with the affirmation that we have a right to reject the testimony of the most truthful and honest witnesses, as to asserted phenomena which are as much opposed to the 'Laws of Nature' as the transport of a human being through the air, or the conversion of a hare into two rabbits; until the facts of the case shall have been so thoroughly sifted by the investigation of 'sceptical experts,' as to present an irresistible claim on our belief. In every case within my knowledge in which such investigation *has* been made, its fallacies have become apparent; and when, therefore, I receive narratives from persons quite credible as to ordinary matters, as to *extraordinary* occurrences which have taken place within their knowledge, I think myself justified in telling them plainly that their conviction cannot govern my belief, because both theory and experience have led me to the conclusion that no amount of testimony is good for anything which is given by persons 'possessed' with a 'dominant idea' in regard to the subject of it.

As I wrote twenty-three years ago—

> In all ages the possession of men's minds by dominant ideas has been most complete when these ideas have been *religious* aberrations. The origin of such aberrations has uniformly lain in the preference given to the feelings over the judgment, in the inordinate indulgence of emotional excitement, without adequate control on the part of the rational will. Those who are thus affected place themselves beyond the pale of any appeals to their reasoning faculty, and lead others into the same position. They are no more to be argued with than are insane patients. They cannot accept any proposition which they fancy to be in the least inconsistent with their prepossessions; and the evidence of their own feelings is to them the highest attainable truth.[9]

Many of the victims of these delusions have become the subjects of actual Insanity; which has been attributed by believers to 'a spirit having entered in and taken possession.' What kind of 'spirits' they are which thus take possession of credulous and excitable minds, I hope that I have now made sufficiently plain:—they are *Dominant Ideas*.

[9] *Quarterly Review*, October 1853.

THE ASTRONOMY OF THE FUTURE.

To the Editor of 'Fraser's Magazine.'

Sir,—In consequence of an oversight I omitted to turn to the last page of your January Number until now, when I observed there some strictures on my article which appeared in your November Number. Although rather late in the day, I hope you will permit me to occupy a small portion of your space for a brief vindication of my accuracy, as I would not have any of your readers fancy that I had so far abused your confidence as to make *Fraser* a vehicle for the dissemination of crude and ill-digested ideas. I must commence my reply to my eminent censor, Professor Newman, by thanking him for the courteous controversial tone which he has adopted towards me, and I will endeavour to imitate his good example. He says that he was 'startled to find Mr. N. C. attributing to Newtonians the belief that there is a centrifugal *force* at work as a *cause* of the motion of a planet or satellite around its principal. At Oxford, more than fifty years ago, it was familiarly taught that centrifugal motion was alone correct, and that centrifugal *force* was a mere fancy to correspond with centripetal *force*; but the centrifugal motion is a mere result of the PRIMITIVE IMPULSE, not of any centrifugal force.' Now this doctrine, though 'familiarly taught at Oxford more than fifty years ago,' certainly did not find its way into the popular manuals of science of that period. The theory that centrifugal *force* was one of the *causes* of the revolution of the planets in their orbits was distinctly advocated in various well-known and authoritative works. For instance, *Ferguson's Lectures*, pages 28 and 32, Vol. I. Edinburgh edition, published 1823; *Joyce's Scientific Dialogues*, page 108, Vol. I. chapter on 'The Laws of Motion,' published 1825; *Milner's Gallery of Nature*, top of page 39, no date, published by Orr & Co. about 35 years ago; *Lardner's Astronomy*, par. 29, chap. 'The Earth,' par. 7, chap. 'The Sun.' The authors of all these books were staunch Newtonians, and they nowhere use the expression 'centrifugal motion;' it is not to be found in Ferguson's exhaustive chapter on 'Central Forces.' In fact, it is scarcely a correct scientific phrase. The planet is in motion which was supposed to be governed by the two forces, the centrifugal and centripetal.

In my article I have given credit to the Newtonians for their doctrine of *primitive impulse*. We all know the assumed law, that a body receiving an impulse in unobstructed space would move on for ever in a direct line until it met with something to arrest or divert it. In our universe a body so impelled would practically soon meet with plenty of somethings to check its career, and unless the primary impulse were continually repeated, the body would soon become a prey to some more permanent influence.

I have no objection to Pantheism as the lowest form of Theism, and, with Professor Newman, I reverently acknowledge the presence of God in all His works; but it does not seem to me to be an acceptable theory to believe that God ordains laws for the government of the universe, and that He is afterwards compelled constantly to intervene to prevent His own laws crushing up creation into chaos: yet such is the theory advocated by Ferguson in his *Lectures*, page 32; and it really is the natural corollary from the Newtonian system of planetary movement; although Brewster controverts this view, and states that there are ample compensations in the universe to keep its conditions properly balanced. What these conditions and compensations are I have endeavoured to explain from what I have presumed to consider a more advanced science.

I hope none of your readers are under the impression that there is anything in my article which conflicts with those splendid mathematical calculations and demonstrations respecting the known movements of the heavenly bodies, and the relative influence which these bodies exercise on each other. My purpose is merely to advocate a simpler system of astronomical teaching, and to call things by what I imagine to be their right names.

The revelations of the spectroscope have lately materially modified the attitude of science towards the sun and stars. Scientists now consider that the presence of metallic vapours, which have been detected in the rays proceeding from sun and stars, is due to luminous incandescence, the result of intense heat and combustion on the surface of these bodies. I have endeavoured, on the contrary, to show that these metallic vapours may be caused by chemical action without the accompaniment of the alleged combustion, although it is apparently unmistakably visible.

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NEWTON CROSLAND.

Blackheath: *January* 30, 1877.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1877.

POPULAR SONGS OF TUSCANY.

'LA gentil Toscana,' as her friends lovingly call her, is certainly the land of song. Everyone sings, from the highest to the lowest, and all can join in the chorus of the popular *stornelli*—born, one knows not where—which crop up every spring with the flowers, and every autumn with the ripening grapes. It is difficult to get the people to sing their *rispetti* or *stornelli* for you. They will not believe that anyone can care for their *roba antica*, or old stuff; and as to repeating the words—'Questa va in canto, in discorso non si può dire' (this does for *singing*, but one cannot *say* the words) will be their answer. The peasants, the bricklayers, carpenters, &c., generally sing at their work, and the *stornello* particularly is pressed into every variety of service. The lover serenades his mistress with burning words of love; the disappointed suitor, as he passes the house of his successful rival, or of the faithless fair one, insults or upbraids with a *stornello*; two women quarrel—they instantly begin *stornellare* each other, ridiculing personal defects, or voiding family quarrels in the choicest Tuscan.

The *rispetto* is, almost without exception, a love-song in six, eight, or ten lines. The music is melancholy, often in the minor key, and some of the old airs are like a recitative, the end notes being drawn out as long as possible; some of them sound very like eastern airs.

How it is that no musician has ever taken the trouble to note down the music of the *real* popular songs, I cannot imagine. Gordigiani, Campani, Palloni, and many other *maestri* have composed music to the old words, or to modern imitations of them, but their *rispetti* and *stornelli* are very unlike the genuine thing. The old airs are difficult to catch, and still more difficult to note; but with the kind help of Mrs. Tom Taylor, I have succeeded in making a considerable collection: some from the peasants in the country, some from friends, and others from hackney coachmen, masons, &c., in Florence. The inhabitants of the San Frediano and San Nicolò quarters of the town are reckoned the best singers, and a guitar is to be seen in nearly every house on the southern, or unfashionable side of the Arno. New songs are composed by the people every year, and on fine summer nights one often meets a silent crowd of one or two hundred people following three or four men with guitars, and perhaps a flute. You ask an explanation. 'E Oreste che canta.' 'It is Oreste who is singing,' is the answer. Some of them have beautiful voices and sing wonderfully well. I know of a young mason with a tenor voice who was offered 400*l.* a year—a large sum in Florence—if he would learn to sing for the stage, but he preferred his liberty and refused. As the singers pass

slowly through the streets, you hear the noise of opening windows far ahead, and occasionally a loud 'bene!' or 'bravo!' comes from above, generally acknowledged by the little band stopping a few minutes to finish their song. One of the well-known singers in Florence at the present moment unites the incongruous occupations of a butcher and a flower vendor. In winter he kills oxen and lambs, and in summer he sells flowers. When he sleeps I know not, as he sings nearly all night long in the different people's *cafés* and in the streets with his companions.

G. Tigri, one of the most elegant among modern writers, has made an excellent collection of the words of *stornelli* and *rispetti*. The *rispetto* may be defined as a respectful (*rispettoso*) salutation from a lover to his mistress, or *vice versâ*. The following is an example:

Vi vengo a salutare, rosa gentile,
Vera delizia del giardin d'amore.
Decco qua il vostro servo umile e vile,
Chi v'a donato la sua vita e il cuore.
A voi s'inclina reverente e umile,
Come si deve a un fedel servitore;
Però ti prego, rosa colorita,
Sarai cagion ch'io perderò la vita?

I come to greet thee, gentle rose, that solely
The true delight of love's fair garden art:
Look down upon thy slave, so poor and lowly,
Who hath to thee given up his life and heart.
To thee he bows him down in reverence holy,
Fulfilling so a faithful servant's part;
But yet I pray thee, rose of brightest hues,
Wouldst thou be cause that I my life should lose?

Here is a charming description of the seven beauties a woman ought to possess:

Sette bellezze vuol' aver la donna:
Prima—che bella si possa chiamare;
Alta dev' esser senza la pianella,
E biancae rossa senza su' lisciare;
Larga di spalla e stretta in cinturella;
La bella bocca, e il bel nobil parlare.
Se poi si tira su le bionde trecce,
Decco la donna di sette bellezze.

The perfect woman should have beauties seven:
First she must have the right to be called fair—
Tall she should be, without her slippers even;
Of red and white in which paint claims no share.
To shoulders broad a thin waist should be given;
From sweet lips, sweet and noble speech should fare:
If, besides these, she should be golden-tressed,
Behold the maid with the seven beauties blessed!

Again, the lover hears the moon lamenting the loss of two of her stars. She complains to Cupid, and refuses to remain in the sky:

La luna s'è venuta a lamentare,
Inde la faccia del divino Amore;
Dice che in cielo non ci vuol più stare;
Che tolto gliel' avete lo splendore.
E si lamenta, e si lamenta forte;
L' ha conto le sue stelle, non son tutte.
E gliene manca due, e voi l' avete;
Son que' du' occhi che in fronte tenete!

The moon has come to make her lamentation;
Before the face of Cupid she doth bend her:
No more i' the sky, she says, she'll hold her station,
Because that you have robbed her of her splendour.
And still her loud lament on this doth bear,
That, when she counts her stars, all are not there.
There are two missing—and the theft is thine:
They are the two eyes in thy face that shine.

Generally speaking, the last two lines of the *rispetto* are repetitions in altered words of the two former ones. It is difficult to render the tender grace, the perfect simplicity, and the purity of language and of style, in a translation. The peasants, shepherds, and charcoal burners of the Pistoian mountains speak to this day the Italian, or rather the Tuscan, of the great poets. They read Tasso in the winter nights, sitting round the big open fireplace; the scholar of

the house reads aloud; and the verse of the gentle poet may perhaps live longer under the fir-trees of the Apennine than upon the lagunes of Venice. The children learn long passages by heart, and the recognised declaration of love by a young peasant is his singing the *ottave rime* of Tasso under the window of the girl he purposes to court with a view to marriage. The songs which come from the mountains are not more remarkable for the beauty of their language than for their delicacy and the respect for women which they breathe. Thus:

Se dormi, o se non dormi, viso adorno,
Alza la bionda e delicata testa—
Ascolta lo tuo amor che tu hai d'intorno,
Dice che tu ti affaci alla finestra;
Ma non ti dice che tu vada fuora,
Perchè la notte è cosa disonesta:
Facciati alla finestra, e stanne in casa,
Perch'io sto fuora, e fo' l'inserenata.
Facciati alla finestra, e stanne dentro,
Perch'io sto fuora, e faccio un gran lamento.

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, sweet face of my dearest?
Lift that fair head in all its delicate beauty—
List to the love that to thy heart sits nearest—
He tells thee that to look out is thy duty:
But tells thee not to come out in the gloaming,
For night is not the time for maiden's roaming:
But look out from the casement of thy chamber,
Because I stand and sing, nor think to clamber.
Look from thy casement—to this prayer consenting,
Because I stand without, and make a great lamenting.

In autumn there is a considerable emigration of the ablebodied men from the hills above Pistoia and the country round Siena to the Maremma, to find work. They push on as far as Elba, Corsica, and Sardinia, where they are employed as miners, woodcutters, charcoal-burners, and roadmakers. But the love they bear to their Apennines never burns dim, and they generally keep together in bands from the same village or district. In spring they return with their carefully-hoarded earnings to their families. This yearly wandering has given rise to many of their songs. The following is the parting song of a young lover to his sweetheart:

Quando che mi partii dal mi' paese,
Lasciai piangendo la mi 'nnamorata,
Et l'era tanto bella e si cortese,
Chi prese a domandar della tornata.
E gli risposi con poche parole:
La tornata sarà quando Dio vuole;
E gli risposi con parole umíle:
La tornata sarà fra maggio e aprile!

When from my village I was boun' for starting,
I parted from my love with salt tears burning,
So fair and courteous in that hour of parting
Was she, she questioned me of my returning,
And I made brief reply to my heart's treasure,
That my return would be at God's good pleasure;
And I made her reply, in humble way,
I would return 'twixt April-tide and May.

The girl whose lover has gone sings:

Come faranno i mi' occhi beati
A star lontan da voi cinque o sei mesi?
Come faranno, che so' innamorati?
A noia gli verran queste paesi:
A noia gli verran questi contorni:
Sempre pregherò l'ciel che ritorniate.

What will these eyes do, late so blest in seeing,
With my love from me five or six months parted?
What will they do, to whom love was their being?
How will they loathe the hamlet whence he started,
The country round about how they'll be spurning!
My constant prayer shall be for thy returning.
How heavily the days will pass, alack!
The while I pray Heaven for thy coming back.

Her lover replies:

Tornerò, tornerò, non dubitare,
Caro mio bene, non aver paura,
Che a breve tempo mi vedrai tornare:
Che impressa porto ognor la tua figura.
Allor ti cesserò, bella, d'amare,
Quando morto sarò in sepoltura.

I'll return, I'll return; fear not that, my own dearie,
With never a doubt let thy heart be distrest,

That after brief absence again I'll be near thee,
And till then thy face I bear stamped on my breast.
Nor e'er will I cease in my heart's core to wear thee,
Till dead in the cold of the tomb I'm at rest.

A number of the letters written during these long absences are in rhyme, either composed by the young people themselves, or, if they cannot write, by the village poet, who has a large custom, and for a few pence writes the letter in prose or in verse, and even paints some fitting symbol on the first page—such as a heart transfixed by a dart, two hearts bound by a chain, two vases of flowers, or two wreaths. Some of these letters have been collected and printed by G. Tigri and by Tommaseo. Those which invoke the aid of the swallow are particularly pretty, begging the bird who comes from the sea to stay her flight, and to give the disconsolate lover a feather from her lovely wing, wherewith to write to his love a golden letter; promising to give back the amorous feather to the swallow, and begging her to carry the letter safely to his lady-love. Another complains that he tried to write the name he loves, but the pen was so full of melancholy and the inkstand of sorrow, that he never could succeed, adding that if the waters of the sea were ink, the earth paper, and all the grass that grows on it pens, he would still need more sheets of paper to tell the immensity of his love.

Many of the phrases and comparisons in these letters are taken from the old *rispetti* and *stornelli*, which every peasant learns by heart as a child, together with the proverbs in which Tuscany is so rich. Some, again, have doubtless descended for generations, and the lover has only to change a name, and the colour of the hair and eyes, to make his letter suitable. Others, are descriptions of the Maremma and of the work doing, or of Rome the 'city of eternal beauty.'

The *rispetti* have a likeness to the ancient *strambotti* (derived from Strani Motti), which used to be sung in Sicily in Manfredi's time, and I believe that in some parts of Tuscany the peasants still use the latter name for their songs. They were successfully imitated by Pulci, Poligiani, and Lorenzo the Magnificent, some of whose sonnets are even now popular.

In the villages the old custom of 'andare a veglia' still exists. At nightfall the young men go in companies to houses where there are young girls, to sing and dance; some of their dances are accompanied by songs, as *La Galletta* and *La Veneziana*. The dancers sing two lines, and the musician then plays the '*ricordino*,' or '*intercalare*,' a sort of quick *refrain*, generally in the minor key, while the young people dance round him in couples. The following are favourite words to these dance airs:

La bella ballerina è entrata in ballo,
Mirala un po' come la balla bene!
Mirala al collo se le' ci ha il corallo;
La bella ballerina è entrata in ballo.
Mirala al petto se le' ci ha il bel fiore;
La bella ballerina è col suo amore.
Mirala in dito se le' ci ha il diamante;
La bella ballerina è col suo amante,
Mirala in petto se le' ci ha la rosa;
La bella ballerina è fatta sposa.

The graceful dancer hath come to the dancing.
Look at her—only look—how well she dances!
Look at her neck, what coral on it glancing!
The graceful dancer hath come to the dancing.
Look at her breast, how sweet a flower is there!
The graceful dancer now is with her dear.
Look at her hand, which rings of diamond cover;
The graceful dancer now is with her lover.
Look, how her rosy breast the roses hide,
The graceful dancer hath become a bride.

Other dances, as the *Trescone*, the *Villan di Spagna*, the *Manfrina*, the *Marina*, the *Contraddanza*, the *Bergamasca*, the *Paesana*, the

Milordina, the *Moresca*, &c., have each their peculiar air, but no words; except the *Vita d'oro*, when the man sings on ceasing to dance:

O vita d'oro, vita d'argento!
Dammi la mano, chè son contento!

Oh, life of golden—life of silver store!
Give me thy hand, and I will ask no more.

The ancient custom of going round and serenading the young girls on the last night of April still lingers in some Tuscan villages. The old Florentine writers describe the splendid festivals in town and country for the *Calen di Maggio*, and the songs called *Maggi*. The peasants in out-of-the-way villages still plant a branch of some flowering shrub before the doors of their sweethearts, or carry a kind of Maypole, *Maio*, adorned with fresh flowers and lemons, and sing in chorus, while the lover presents a small nosegay to his mistress:

Or è di maggio, e florito è il limone;
Noi salutiamo di casa il padrone.
Ora è di maggio, e gli è florito i rami;
Salutiam le ragazze co' suoi dami.
Ora è di maggio, che florito è i fiori;
Salutiam le ragazze co' suoi amore.

May-day is come—the lemon is in flower:
Greet we the house-master, in happy hour.
Now it is May, and blooms on boughs are hoar:
We greet each maiden and her bachelor.
Now May is come—earth its flower-carpet covers:
Our greeting to the young girls and their lovers.

Till within a few years ago the young people of both sexes used to join together in companies on the evening of the 1st of May, and serenade their friends, or the Padrone, or any other benefactor they wished to honour. They improvised *stornelli* and *rispetti* to the accompaniment of a violin, a guitar or two, and a tambourine, and wore branches of gay-coloured silk ribbons on their hats and on their shoulders. The following is a serenade to a young married couple, probably the Padrone and his young bride:

Alzando gli occhi al cielo veddi il sole
Accompagnato da una chiara stella,
Che sotto gli occhi miei facea splendore:
Non ho mai visto una coppia si bella.
Scusin, signori, s'io ho fatto errore
Colla mia rozza semplice favella.
Colà verdeggia mia fiorita rosa,
Donna gentile, delicata sposa:
Pregherò sempre la divina Madre,
Che faccia vi figlio che somigli il padre!

I raised mine eyes to heaven, the sun was glowing,
With but one star beside his course so fair,
That as I looked its splendour still seemed growing.
Never a couple have I seen so rare.
But pardon, signors, if I, all unknowing,
Have erred in this my speech so poor and bare;
So blooms a rose, the flower of summertide,
As does this gentle dame, this dainty bride;
Still will I pray to our sweet Lady-Mother,
A son to send as his sire such another.

When anyone begins to sing *stornelli* (derived probably from the word *storno*, which means to send back or re-echo), he generally starts with an invitation or defiance, to induce his companions to reply to his song. In the old times the accepted term was 'Ecce,' and the answer, 'Cominci' (begin). It was thus Burchiello, the celebrated barber of the Via Calimara, where the rich cloth merchants of Florence had their shops, used to challenge his friends to sing. Such men as Filippo Brunelleschi, who built the dome of the cathedral of Florence; Luca della Robbia, and his family; Orcagna, and his scholars; Lorenzo Ghiberti, who made the doors of the Baptistery—doors, said Michel Angelo, worthy of Paradise—were the friends of Burchiello. Gifted with a fine voice and feeling for music, with a biting tongue and ready wit, the barber's songs were the terror of his enemies and the delight of the people. To this day a certain class of songs are called *burchielleschi*.

Near the church of Santa Croce, where Simone Memmi and Giotto loved to work, was the beautiful Fabbrini garden, famous for its

orange trees — so famous, that a street near was called 'Canto agli Aranci' (corner of the oranges); and here it was that the *improvisatori* most loved to congregate and challenge each other to improvise to the guitar on any theme given by the bystanders. A certain Cristoforo, a Florentine, surnamed 'l'Altissimo (the Supreme),' was a renowned improvisatore about 1480. Another improvisatore of note was a secretary of the Republic, by name Bernardo Ascolti. Lorenzo dei Medici was celebrated both for his skill as a musician and as an improvisatore, and used to sing with a friend surnamed *Cardiere*, who bore him a good second. In 1600, Doni says that singing in the open air, in gardens and cool places, was most popular in Florence; and there existed a society of *letterati* who had raised the art of improvising in verse to the guitar to such a height that Leo X. gave them the permission to grant the title of poet, and a laurel crown, to anyone they considered worthy of such honour.

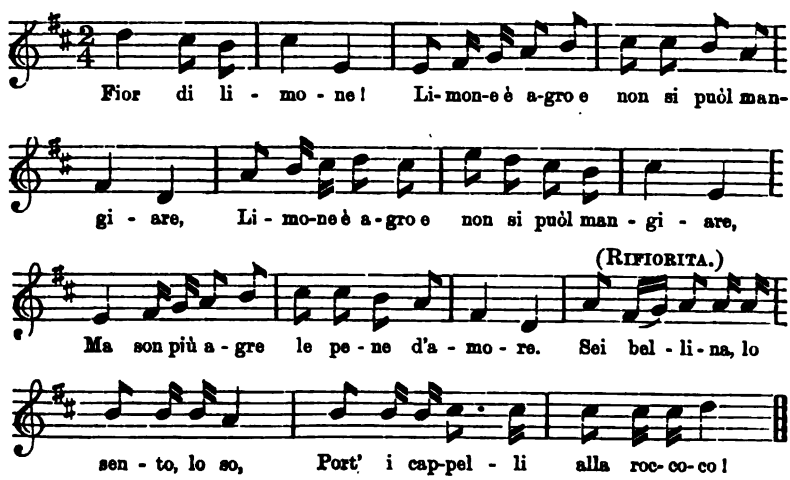
As late as 1725, Bernardino Perfetti, a Sienese, was crowned as an improvisatore at Rome, in the Campidoglio; and in 1776, Maddalena Morelli, of Pistoja, surnamed 'Corinna Olimpica,' achieved the same distinction for her wonderful power of improvisation. She had the additional honour of suggesting a heroine to Madame de Staël. Many women have been famous for the grace of their language and beauty of voice; and even in these prosaic times there are a few left, whose improvising can rouse large audiences to enthusiasm.

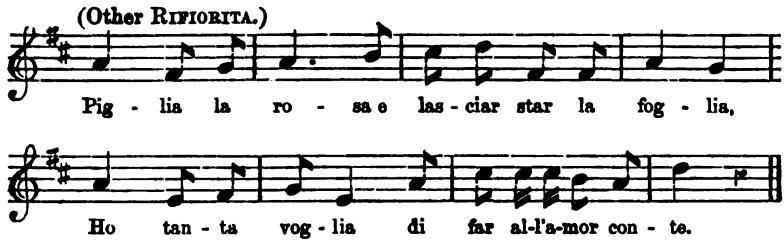
But to return to the *stornello*: it consists either of three lines of equal length, or of a short invocation or exclamation, and two lines by way of conclusion. The following is in common use as a *stornello* to start with, though the singer often improvises a polite defiance suited to his company:

E io delli stornelli ne so tanti!
Ce n'ho da caricar sei bastimenti—
Che se ne vuol profitar si faccia avanti!

Of catches I know so many, so many—
Enough, I swear, six ships to load!
Step forward, step forward—who'd have any!

At the end of all the *stornelli*, and of a few of the *rispetti*, there is a kind of *refrain*, or chorus, called a *rifiorita*, or *passa gallo* (cock's walk), sometimes with words, sometimes without. The following is a favourite air for the *stornello a fiore*, so called because it must begin with the invocation of a flower or blossom:





FIOR DI LIMONE.

Limone è agro e non si puòl mangiare,
Ma son più agre le pene d'amore.

(*Rifiorita.*)

Sei bellina, lo sento, lo so,
Port' i cappelli alla roccoco!

LEMON BLOSSOM.

The lemon it is bitter, too bitter for eating,
But bitterer his pain that loves thee, sweeting;
Fair is my darling, I feel it and I know,
And wears her hair dressed *à la rococo.*

FIOR DI GRANATO.

Se li sospiri miei fossero fuoco,
Tutto il mondo sarebbe bruciato.

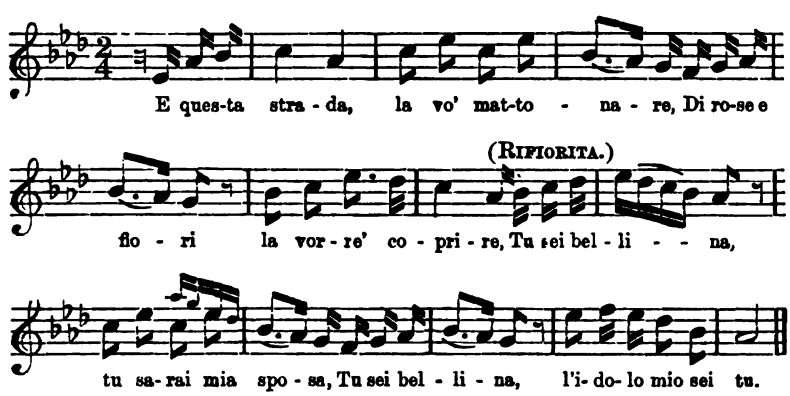
(*Rifiorita.*)

Piglia la rosa e lasciar star la foglia,
Ho tanta voglia di far' all' amor con te!

POMEGRANATE BLOSSOM.

If a flame of fire were the sighs I sigh,
All the world would be burnt thereby.
Gather the roses, and let the leaves be,
Dearly I love to make love to thee!

The following air is more popular in the city than in the country, and is often used for improvising insulting words, for which the common people of Tuscany have no little facility:

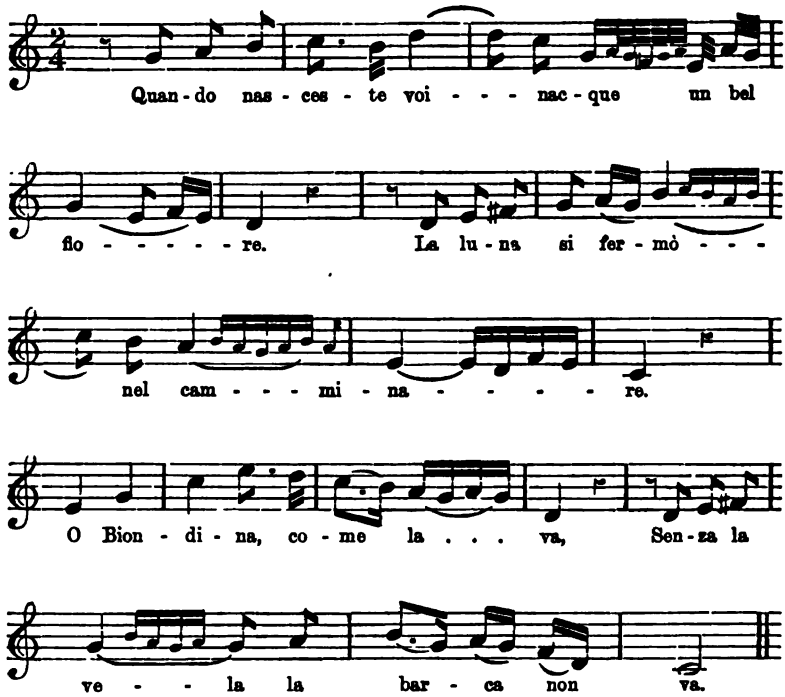


But the pretty and anything but insulting words which we give, are often sung to it:

E questa strada la vo' mattonare;
Di rose e fiori la vorre' coprire;
D'acqua rosata la vorre' bagnare.
Tu sei bellina, tu sarai mia sposa,
Tu sei bellina, l' idolo mio sei tu!

Of the street where thou livest, I'd fain have the paving.
With roses and sweet flowers I'd cover it o'er,
With water of roses, too, everywhere laving!
For 'tis thou art my beauty—my bride thou shalt be,
My beauty—I'll make my soul's idol of thee!

At the risk of wearying my readers, I give this *Stornello alla Pisana*, or according to the fashion of Pisa, where the street singing is celebrated, and all the songs full of flourishes (*fioriture*), turns and runs (*girigogoli*). Take for example the peasant's song:

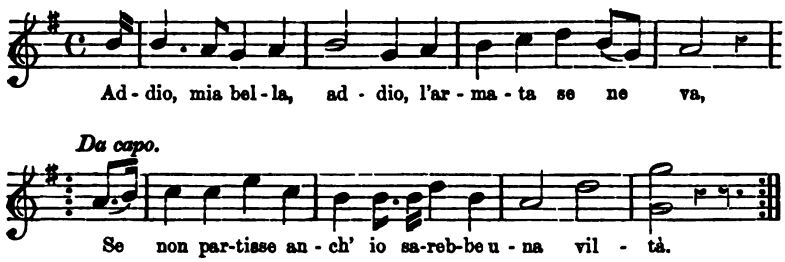


Quando nasceste voi nacque un bel fiore:
La luna si fermò nel caminare,
Le stelle si cangiorno di colore—
(*Rifiorita.*)
O biondina, come la va,
Senza la vela la barca non va!
When thou wert born a flower came to completeness;
The moon stopped in its course, thy beauty seeing;
The stars changed colour at sight of thy sweetness.
My fair-haired beauty, how is't with thee? say:
Without the sail, the boat may not make way!

But my space will not allow me to give more examples of the innumerable words and airs of the *stornelli*. I must not pass over without mention the patriotic songs, nearly all dating from 1848. Curiously enough, there are hardly any *rispetti* or *stornelli* containing patriotic sentiments. A few mention the Turks and barbarians, and complain how they carried away 'la bella Rosina' to slavery; or a girl on shore curses the Turkish chains which keep her love from returning to her arms. These point to the old days of the Saracen or Sallee Rover, the constant and daring ravager of the Mediterranean shores in the fifteenth and two following centuries.

But 1848 brought new life to the patriotic sentiment of Italy, and quite changed for the time the character of its national poetry and music. Garibaldi became the hero and inspirer of popular minstrelsy, and those who joined him the objects of popular ovation. One of the best known and most popular of these patriotic songs is that of the Tuscan volunteers, as they marched to the field of battle when the cause of *Italia una* hung in the balance:

L'ADDIO DEL VOLONTARIO.



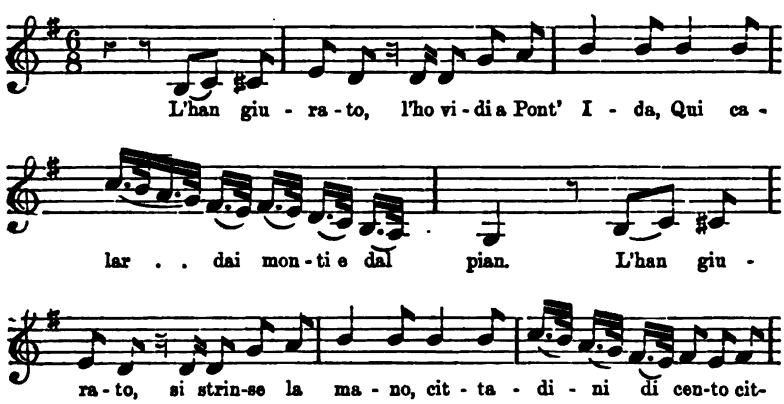
Addio, mia bella, addio!
L'armata se ne va.
Se non partisse anch' io,
Sarebbe una viltà.
Grandi saranno l'ire,
Grande il morir sarà;
Si mora! E' un bel morire
Morir per libertà!
Non è fraterna guerra
La guerra ch' io farò;
Dall' Italiana terra
L' estrano caccerò.

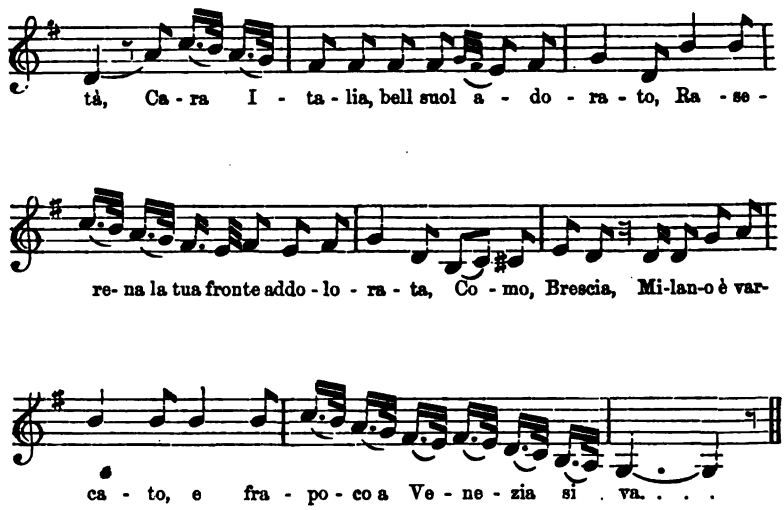
Adieu, adieu, my fair one!
The army takes the field;
If I did not march with it,
A coward I were sealed.
Oh! great will be our fury,
And great our death will be.
If death comes, 'tis brave dying
To set our country free.
It is no war 'twixt brothers,
The war to which I go,
But from the land of Italy
To drive the foreign foe.

So rang the chorus day and night for weeks and months, as the volunteers marched through the ancient streets and squares of the City of Flowers, armed and banded for the first time, in the inspiring cause of 'Italy one and free.' Time brought some deceptions, some disillusions, and many disagreements and dissensions.

This same song made its appearance again in 1859; but since Italy has been united the various patriotic songs are seldom heard, and I only succeeded in obtaining some of the less-known ones from the son of one of the volunteers of 1848, who had learnt words and tunes from his father. The following is one of them, of which he only knew one verse:

INNO DEL 1848.





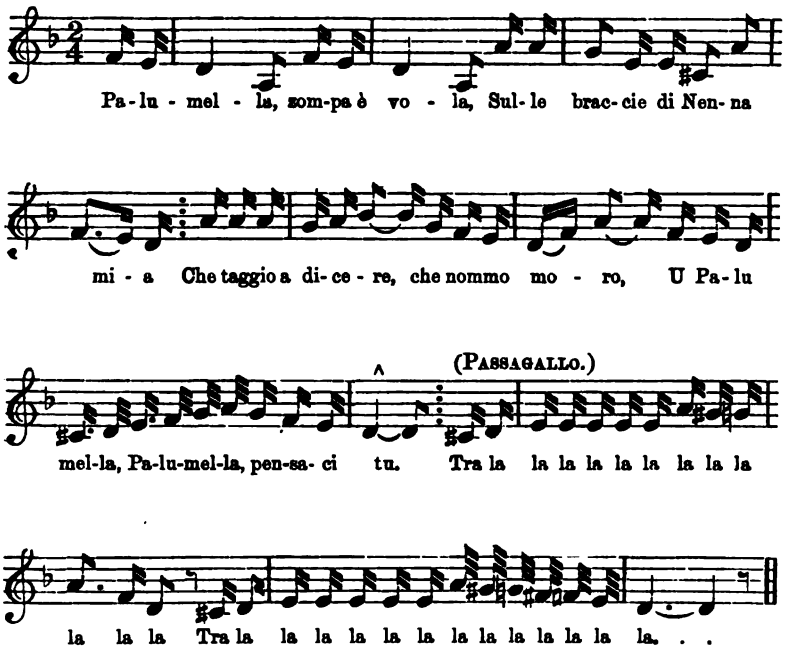
L'han giurato, l' ho vidi a Pont' Ida,
Giù calati dal monte e dal piano.
L'han giurato—si strinse la mano,
Cittadini di cento città!
Cara Italia, bell suol adorato,
Raserena la tua fronte.
Como, Brescia, Milano è varcato;
E fra poco a Venezia si va.

They have sworn at Pont' Ida, I saw them,
The sons of the mountain and plain—
They have sworn, their hands grasped as they pledged them,
Five-score cities, brothers again!
Dear Italy, face of new gladness
To the sons of thy love thou may'st show;
We have freed Como, Brescia, and Milan,
And soon to free Venice we'll go!

At the Pergola, on the evening of the 11th September 1847, violent enthusiasm was roused by a very fine cantata, written by M. Mabellini, called *Italia*, or, *Sorrow and Hope*. I have often seen veterans' eyes dimmed with tears at the sound of those heart-stirring words and soul-moving music. It is printed, so I do not give it here.

Besides the *rispetto*, the *stornello*, and the Patriotic song, there is the *canzone*, or song of less sharply defined character, but always local, of which, as I have already said, three or four new ones make their appearance every year. Should one of these happen to take the fancy of the public, it runs through Italy like wildfire. Now and then a Neapolitan song comes *viâ* Rome to Florence and all the country round, when it is nearly always slightly changed in rhythm, generally to its advantage; but usually the songs are composed in and about the city of flowers. They seldom last more than six months, and are then completely forgotten—so completely, that after a few years a new tune is sure to be composed for any words that hit the public fancy. One of the Neapolitan songs just mentioned held undisputed sway in the streets of Florence and in the villages along the Arno for nearly a year: a case of almost unprecedented popularity. I have no doubt that many of my readers will have heard the air: indeed it has, I believe, since its sudden spring into popularity, been *arranged* (i.e. spoilt) by a Neapolitan composer:

PALUMELLA.



Palumella, zompa e vola,
Sulle braccie di Nenna mia.
Che taggio a dicere, che non mo moro.
Palumella, Palumella, pensaci tu.
Tra la la.

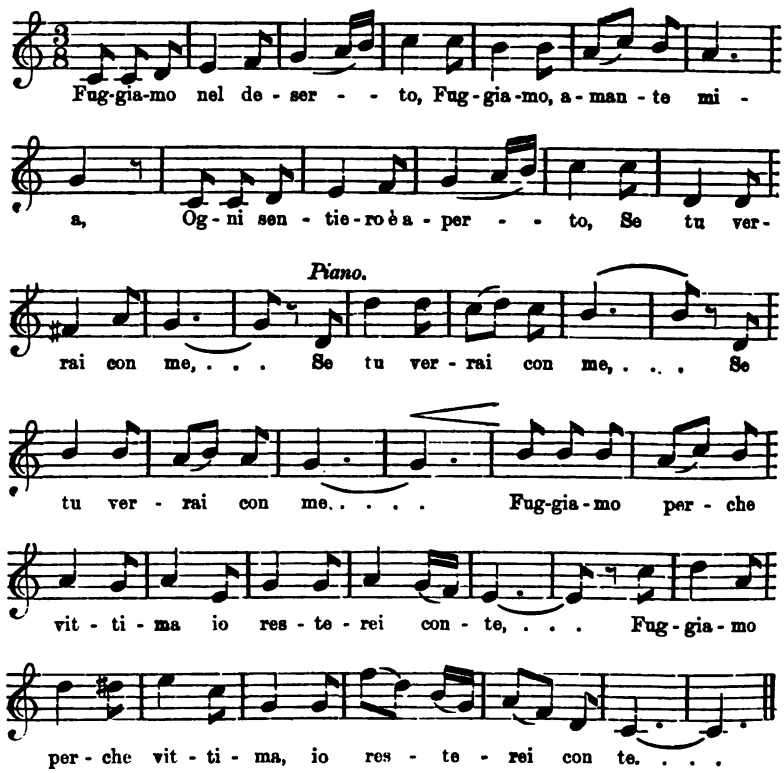
Io ne vengo da Palermo
Pe trovar la Nenna mia,
Ma gli occhi lucidi tuoi, malandrina,
M'hanno rubato, m'hanno rubato, lu cor a me.

Woodpigeon, woodpigeon, up with thee—off with thee.
Fly to the arms of my Nenna, my pet:
Tell her the word I send—how still I'm true to her,
Woodpigeon, woodpigeon, do not forget.

Soon I'll be back again, back from Palermo,
To tend my own Nenna, the girl I love best;
Though those bright eyes of hers, thief that she is for it,
Have stolen the heart of me clean from my breast!

About two years ago a song came out in Florence which had immense vogue, partly from its own beauty, and partly on account of the half-romantic, half-comic story attached to it—for the truth of which, however, I cannot vouch. It was reported that a well-known 'cabby' of Florence, whose stand is at Santa Trinità, had fallen desperately in love with a Nubian or Abyssinian girl, one of a batch sent over by the Khedive for education in Florence, and that he had written the following song in her honour. His homage did not, however, touch her heart, as she soon afterwards married an officer in the army. The cabman is a first-rate player on the guitar, and has a nephew who sings remarkably well, with a very sweet high tenor voice. Be the story true or false, *The Queen of the Desert* took the town by storm, and nothing else was heard from morning to night, and from night to morning. The beginning should be sung with fire and energy; the end slower and much emphasised:

REGINA DEL DESERTO.



Fuggiamo nel deserto,
Fuggiamo, amante mia,
Ogni sentiero è aperto,
Se tu verrai con me. (*bis*)
Fuggiamo, perche vittima
Io resterei con te!

Come barchetto errante
Abbandonato al vento,
Noi non avremo avanti
Che un solo duce, il cor.
Sia tempio il firmamento,
Sia nume, pace e amor.

Il canto degli augelli
Sia l'inno tuo nuziale,
Un serto, su i capelli,
Di rose io ti farò.
Regina del deserto
Io ti saluterò!

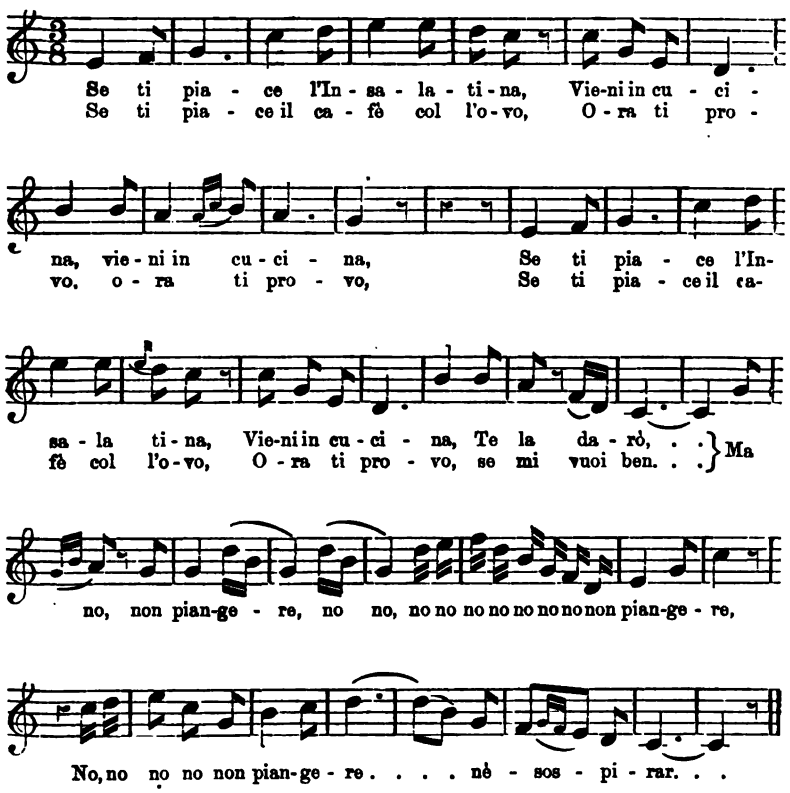
Forth to the desert lonely,
My loved one, let us flee:
One road for us, one only,
The road thou go'st with me:
Away! a willing victim,
I'll give my life for thee.

Even as a boat careering
Before the wind is blown;
No pilot for our steering,
But two fond hearts alone;
Our church of Heaven's own rearing,
Our god, Love on his throne.

The birds thy bride song singing,
Shall chaunt from leafage green;
With rosebuds of my stringing
I'll crown thy tresses' sheen:
My homage to thee bringing,
I'll hail thee Desert Queen.

The comic songs of Tuscany are 'sui generis.' The airs are often very slight, and their charm entirely consists in the bright 'espiègle' way of singing—or, I might almost say, reciting them. The bright eyes sparkle, and the mobile mouth is curved with laughter; even the guitar seems to be animated with fun and merriment. I have chosen

the following song, which was popular about four or five years ago, as a specimen, the air being prettier than the later ones. This summer *the* comic song is a bitter complaint that Mariannina had jilted the singer, ending in an imperative request to pull his leg hard when he gets into the railway and goes to Turin—utter nonsense, but jovial, rattling music. Comic songs are generally restricted to one new one a year.



Se ti piace l'insalatina,
Vieni in cucina; te la darò—
Ma no, non piangere nè sospirar.

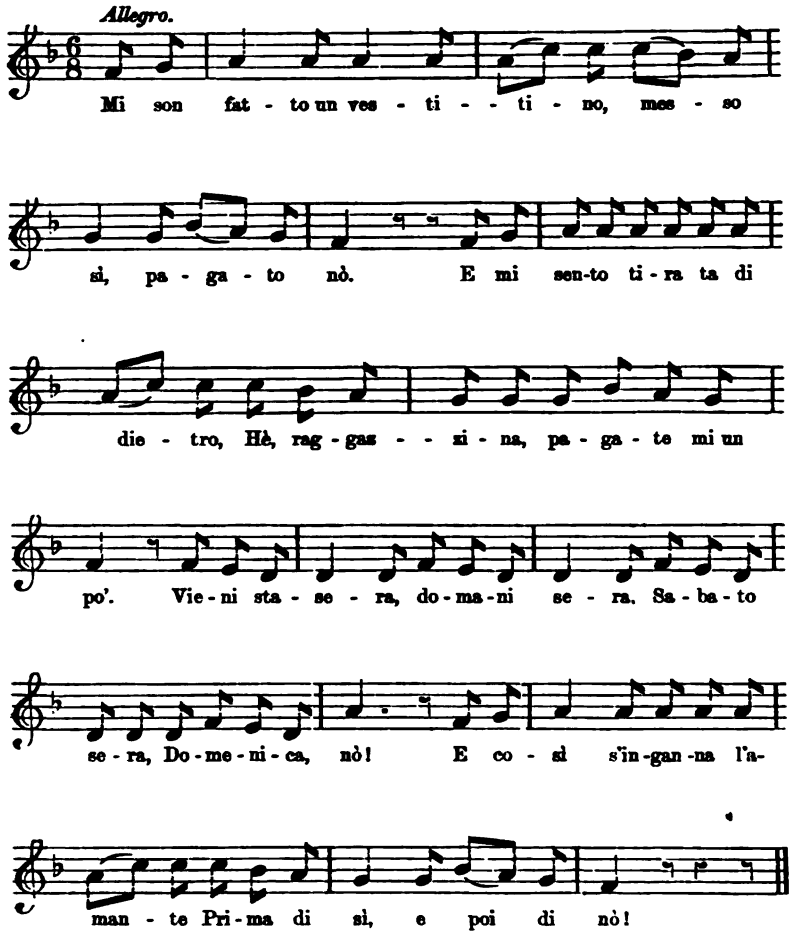
Se ti piace 'l caffè col l'ovo,
Ora ti provo se mi vuoi ben.
Ma no, non piangere, non sospirar.

If for salad you've a will, sir,
Come in the kitchen and eat your fill, sir:
Let's have no crying, no sighing, pray!

If you've a fancy for coffee and eggs, sir,
I'll soon feed your passion, i' fegs, sir—
But let's have no crying, no sighing, pray.

And so the verses run through the whole round of cupboard-love's temptations which a clever cook can hold out to a hungry wooer.

There are two other favourite comic songs—the first purely Tuscan, the second adapted from the Roman, and now popular in Tuscany—which admit of, and indeed require infinite expression and archness in the singer.

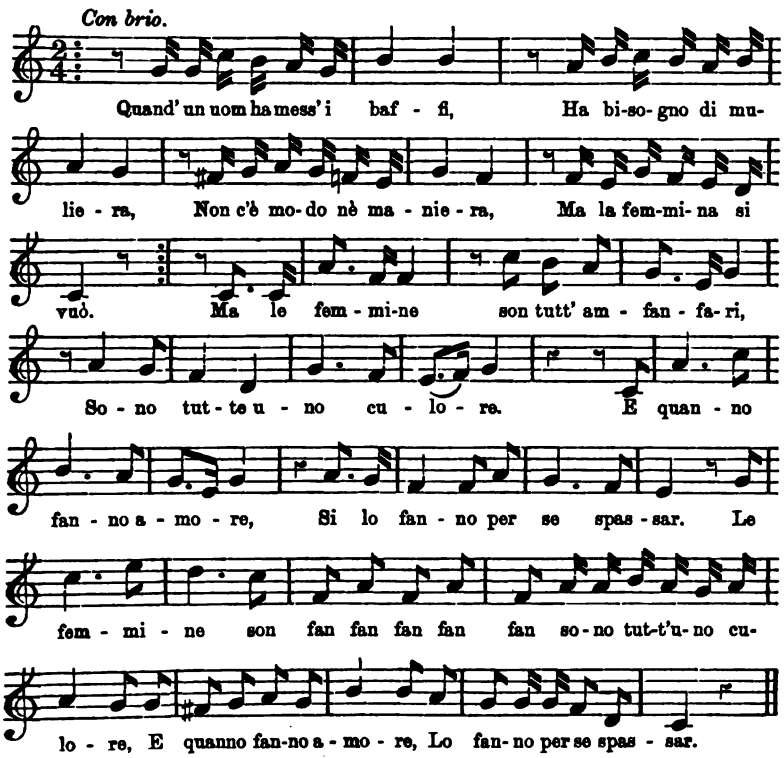


Mi son fatto un vestitino,
  Fatto sì, pagato, no :
E mi sento tirata di dietro,
'Hè, ragazzina, pagate mi un po'.'
  'Vieni' stasera,
    Domani sera,
  Sabbato sera,
    Domenica, no!'
E così s'inganna l'amante,
  Prima di 'sì,' e poi di 'no,'

Mi son fatto un capettino,
  (Giubettino, giacchetino.)
(*&c. da capo.*)

For the song may run through the whole contents of the female wardrobe.

A duck of a dress I had ordered—
  Ordered it, yes—paid for it—no:
When twitch, comes a pull at my jacket,
  And a 'Come, my girl, pay what you owe!'
    'Call in the evening—
    Call in the morning;
    Saturday evening—
    Sunday—no go!'
And so we go cheating our lovers,
  First with a 'yes,' and then with a 'no!'



Here is the beginning of the Roman comic song Tuscanised, with its music:

Quand' un uom ha mess' i baffi,
C'è bisogno di muliera:
  Non c'è modo ni maniera,
  Ma la femmina si vuò.
Ma le femmine son fanfari—
  Son tutte d'uno colore;
  E quando fanno l'amore,
Lo fanno per se spassar—
  Le femmine son fan—fan—fan—fan—
    Son tutte, &c. (*da capo*).

When a youngster grows his whiskers,
  'Tis women he must care for:
  Without a why or wherefore
  He must be a lady's man!
But the women they are humbugs;
  They're all bread of one baking:
  And when love they are making,
  They make it all for fun!
The women are hum—hum—hum—hum—
  They're all bread of one baking.
    (*&c. da capo.*)

But enough of attempts to translate the untranslatable. After all has been done that can be done by help of the most literal equivalent of the words, and most careful noting of the music, none but those who have lived among the Tuscan people can know what the Tuscan popular songs really are. Not till we hear them from Tuscan lips, to the simple accompaniment of the guitar, and perhaps a flute, in the open air, under the serene blue sky of evening, or the cloudless Tuscan moon, amidst the perfume of the lemon and growing grapes, and above all with the sweet, spontaneous, unaffected Italian singing, like the singing of birds, so effortless it sounds and so irrepressible, can we really appreciate the charm of these songs—their simple pathos and old-world purity, their innocent playfulness, their shrewd humour, and their depths of sweet and sincere feeling.

JANET ROSS.

OUR INLAND NAVIGATION.

THE state of the inland navigation of this country demands very serious attention. We may, indeed, be met on the threshold by the sarcastic enquiry whether any such navigation now exists. The reply that upwards of 23,000,000 tons are still annually carried on our canals is not, however, that with which the question is to be met. Such, indeed, is the case. But by the word navigation we imply, not only the traffic borne on our inland waters, but the condition of the banks, wells, and other works of the 4,138 miles of navigable water way which are still nominally or partially open to the trader. As to that, without making too sweeping a remark, it is enough to say that the condition is most unsatisfactory. The rule, rather than the exception, is that the works are in a state of slovenly neglect; often, no doubt, of purposed neglect. And however permanent may be the duration, in general, of the earthwork and masonry, the woodwork, in many cases, is in so decaying a condition that the time cannot be very long before either the proprietors are put to great expense for the restoration of gates, sluices, and the like, or the country, not to say the proprietors also, will be subjected to the yet greater loss of the abandonments of great lines of canal; a step involving not only provincial, but agricultural and sanitary questions of no small magnitude.

The United Kingdom shares, to some extent, with Belgium, the discredit of the systematic neglect and discouragement of her inland navigation. In France and Germany, on the other hand, a busy traffic is yearly increasing on the canals and navigable rivers. A society has been formed in Berlin for the construction of canals, and works are now in progress to complete the work of inland navigation in connection with that capital, as well as to establish a new and more direct water communication with the Baltic. The Prussian Government has now for some years been spending money on improving the navigation of the Elbe, and a mechanical method of steam towage, worthy of very serious attention, has been introduced between Magdeburg and Dresden. The slow rate of progress, four miles an hour, to which the vessels passing through the Suez Canal are now restricted, is becoming so inconvenient that there can be but little doubt that the original plan of steyning the banks, or lining them with stone, must sooner or later be resorted to. In the great scheme for the recovery and drying up the basin of the Zuyder Zee, covering an area of half a million of acres, canals of the first order, in which two frigates may pass abreast, are to be connected with subsidiary water ways of a second and a third order of magnitude and importance. Such indications of the tendency to make use of the cheap and long-established means of transit for which rivers and canals afford so much convenience, are enough to make us cast a searching glance at the condition of these inland lines of water way which, forty-five years ago, played so important a part in the internal communications of the country.

It is pretty generally known that the opening, link by link, of our earliest trunk lines of railway was accompanied by the diversion of a large

portion of the traffic previously accommodated by our turnpike roads. To a great extent the course of traffic was changed. In long distances, there was absolutely no rivalship. The advantages offered by the railway, in point of time, were so great, that the stage coaches died a natural death as soon as a parallel line of more rapid locomotion was established in any district. So great, indeed, was the stimulus given to traffic by the new facilities offered by the railways, that the numbers of horses employed in public vehicles were nowhere, we believe, permanently diminished. As many were required for the purposes of the short traffic to and from the railway stations (which the jealousy of our towns kept as far from the centres as possible), as had previously been harnessed to the stages and vans of the main trunk lines of road. But the paying traffic that passed through the toll gates diminished to such a degree as to render the proper maintenance of the public highways a matter of difficulty. The legislature was thus compelled to interfere. The national duty of maintaining the public communications was admitted and accomplished. The general result has been the abolition of tolls, and the maintenance of the public highways at the cost, mainly, of the districts which they accommodate.

In all this we can recognise nothing but the natural consequences of a great mechanical improvement. Nothing manifestly opposed to truly economical principles can be detected. The question might, indeed, have been raised, whether the maintenance of the turnpike roads ought not properly to have been accomplished, as far as any supplement to the reduced tolls was required, by the railway companies. It is, perhaps, well for the country that such a measure, however just, was not adopted. The question of the proper incidence of the cost of maintenance of roads, as between the nation and the district, is also one into which it is not needful here to enter. In point of fact, the railways were allowed to take all the traffic they could get, without being called on to make any compensation for the loss which they thus, virtually, occasioned to the trustees of the public roads. They offered such marked advantages that the public were at once attracted to their lines. The nation, locally as well as generally, was so much the gainer, that the question of robbing Peter to pay Paul was lost sight of, as almost microscopic in comparison to the great balance of public gain.

It was, however, quite otherwise with regard to the canals. From the earliest introduction of the railway system, conflict arose between the future competitors for the heavy traffic of the country. The great canal interest opposed the passage of the Railway Bills. The railway engineers followed, in most instances, the lines of route previously ascertained by the canal engineers to be the natural lines of communication. The endeavour of the canal companies, in the first instance, was to nip the railways in the bud. The policy of the railway companies, so soon as they came into corporate existence, was to impede and ruin the canals.

The measures adopted for this end were of different kinds; but the policy was everywhere the same. In some cases the railway companies either bought, or leased for long periods, the navigable routes which appeared most likely to interfere with their monopoly. No less than 1,716 miles of inland navigation, out of a total of 4,135 miles, are at this time under the absolute control of railway companies. That this action was legal on the part of the companies, we

will not take the responsibility of denying; but it must be admitted that it is matter of grave doubt. One thing, we apprehend, is undeniable, and that is, that if the railway companies were authorised by their Acts of Parliament to acquire this description of property for the purpose of depriving the country of the services which it might render to the public, the legislature grievously failed in its duty as the guardian of the public welfare.

By the second series of hostile measures—the formation of treaties or contracts, under which the railway companies in return for certain annual payments, acquired the right of regulating the tariff of certain canals—public policy, if not law, has been no less cynically outraged. The Leeds and Liverpool Canal, according to information collected by M. de Franqueville, receives nearly 40,000*l.* per annum from the London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Companies, on the condition of the maintenance of a maximum tariff. Thus, while the tolls of the canal are made to amount to sixteen shillings, the total railway charges for the same distance, including transport, are reduced to fifteen shillings. It may be said that the public is the gainer by this arrangement. But the fact is that the public is never the gainer in the long run by any artificial interference with the natural course or prices of traffic. It is a very old expedient to offer facilities at an incredibly low price, until competition is knocked on the head; and then the surviving competitor takes his revenge on the public. This has so often occurred that it is almost an English institution. It has always inflicted heavy loss, often ruin, on at least one competitor; always, sooner or later, public mischief.

If the railway companies could afford to carry goods for 20 per cent. less than the mere tolls imposed by the canal companies, it would be perfectly open for them to do so. In that case it would only have been necessary to publish their tariffs. The public would have acted as in the case of the passenger traffic. The railways would quietly and without effort have absorbed the entire transport. It would then have become a question how far, in view of the unknown eventualities of mechanical improvement, it would have been the duty of the legislature to interfere to prevent the destruction of the canals from pure disuse. But the fact that a company established for the construction of a land route finds it worth while, or imagines that it is worth while, to pay a heavy annual fine for the mere purpose of closing a water-way, betrays an instinctive conviction that the water-way, if left to itself, would prove the natural channel for a certain amount of remunerative traffic.

Mr. Wilson, a director of the Aire and Calder Canal, gave evidence, in 1872, as to the proceedings of the railway companies with reference to canals. They oppose to us, he said, the obstacle of the raising of their tariffs to rates that are absolutely prohibitive. When this is not enough, they have recourse to other means. They fail to repair the canals, they leave them almost dry, they close them, under pretext of repairs, at the most inconvenient times, they prohibit haulage during the night, and employ other means of the like kind.

Owing to such proceedings the Aire and Calder Navigation Company has lost three-quarters of its traffic, and four-fifths of its receipts. It is, however, in a better situation than many other canal companies, owing to its command of the local traffic from Halifax to Leeds, to Goole, and to Hull. In 1872 it

transported two millions of tons over its entire length. The Barnsley Canal, belonging to the same Company, transported 250,000 tons, and the Calder and Hebble Canal 556,000 tons.

The Bridgewater Canal, that early triumph of English engineering, which, in 1829, transported 722,418 tons, at the mean price of three shillings a ton, in 1864 carried 2,237,891 tons, at the mean price of one shilling a ton; Lord Ellesmere, its proprietor, having treated with the railway companies to assure himself a minimum of receipts.

To grasp the traffic flowing into the Humber, the railway companies adopted different expedients. Thus, when it was thought desirable to purchase the river Derwent, Lord Fitzwilliam, the proprietor of the navigation, was willing to take 40,000*l.* for his property, but the North-Eastern Railway Company had not the legal power to pay that sum. A contract was, therefore, executed, by which three of the superior officers of the Company concluded a bargain with Lord Fitzwilliam in their own names, and the Company bore the expense. M. de Franqueville quotes the report of the investigation of 1872 as authority for this statement.

A glance at the map of the waterways of England shows how the railway companies have grasped the keys of the whole inland waterborne traffic. The important route from London to Bristol is closed by the purchase (by the Great Western Railway Company) of the Kennet and Avon Canal. This valuable line, though not absolutely closed, is in so neglected a condition that heavy demands must, sooner or later, be made on the dividends of the Company for its repair, or, at least, for properly securing the drainage of the district. The purchase of the Birmingham, the Worcester and Birmingham, and the Stratford and Wolverhampton Canals, closed the line of water-carriage between Liverpool and Derby, Birmingham and Gloucester. The purchase of the Chesterfield, and of the Sheffield and Goole Canals, and of others in the same district, bars the outlet of the South Yorkshire traffic by water. The great network of canals purchased or commanded by the railway companies lies to the north and west of a line drawn on the map from the Severn at Worcester to the Wash near Boston.

It would be an affront to common sense to maintain that so costly and combined an effort to close the gates of the inland navigation of the country would have been made by the railway companies, had they not been aware that the canals were natural competitors for a portion of their traffic. We are told by M. de Franqueville (vol. ii. p. 293) that the steam tugs on the Aire and Calder Canal have enabled the Company to reduce the price of haulage to one-tenth of a penny per ton per mile. This is far below locomotive cost of traction. But the cost of traction alone is only from 25 to 27 per cent. of the cost of railway transport. Traction costs so much per ton per mile, whether the traffic be large or small. But much of the remaining expenditure is annually determined, so that its proportionate income per ton per mile depends on the relative density of traffic. What, however, is even more to the point is, that owing to the fact that the capital invested in the construction of a mile of canal is only about one-tenth of the cost of a mile of railway, small net profits will yield a magnificent dividend in the former case, and a ridiculous pittance in the latter. This primary economical consideration appears to have been kept studiously out of sight. Year after year we find the cost per mile of our railway system to

be augmented. Every mile of railway, on the average of our entire network of 16,449 miles, stands at a cost price of 3,000*l.* more in 1874 than was the case in 1870. Thus an additional net profit of 150*l.* per mile is required, as between the earlier and the later years, in order to keep up the same rate of mean dividend on the railway capital. The sum thus added to our railway cost approaches the total amount of the capital invested in canals.

The total weight of goods and minerals now carried on the railways of the United Kingdom is about five times the gross weight of passengers. The tare, or dead weight, of the passenger trains, as nearly as we can ascertain, may be taken at rather more than four times that of the goods trains. An addition of ten per cent. to the working charges will more than cover the augmentation due to the increase of speed, if we assume that the velocity of the light is thrice that of the heavy traffic. If we only rate it at double, we shall find that the metals of the railways are covered for three times as many hours by goods and mineral traffic as they are by passenger traffic. For very much of the fixed costs, therefore, the goods traffic must be charged with the lion's share. For the running charges, if we allow 10 per cent. additional cost for the passenger traffic, this part of the transport can only demand about a third of the outlay per mile. As to plant, the passenger vehicles do not form a tenth part of the stock. Without, therefore, attempting a detailed investigation, for which the accounts of the English railways do not furnish the data which are supplied by the French returns, it is evident that the profit of the passenger traffic, as compared to its cost, must stand in a vastly higher ratio than in the case of the goods traffic. When we come down, then, to the very low prices at which certain matters, such as manure, lime, coals, iron-stone, and the like, are carried on railways, it is evident that the profit, if any, must be extremely small. But it will not pay any railway company to construct a very large plant, and either to occupy its metals to the damage of the passenger traffic, or to double its lines of way, for a small return. It is perfectly within the limits of possibility that the 120 millions of tons of minerals now carried on the railways of the United Kingdom may have the effect of very palpably diminishing the rate of dividend of the railway proprietor, while, if this traffic had been left to follow the more natural route of the canals, it would have raised the average dividend on canal shares by from 10 to 15 per cent.

Of course the speed of transit forms an important element in the case, although not to such an extent in the conveyance of goods as in that of passengers. We can hardly put the canal towage, as it existed in 1830, at a more rapid rate than two and a quarter miles per hour. The mineral trains may probably run fifteen miles per hour. But this disproportion of six to one is that between horse-power in the one case and steam-power in the other. No reason exists why steam-power should not be applied to inland navigation. The points to bear in mind are two: 1st, the relative cost of increased speed, both by land and by water; and 2nd, the relation of the cost of maintenance to speed, especially in the latter case. The use of the paddle-wheel on canals, which was the alternative proposed in 1830, is objectionable from the great wash caused on the banks. It is more than probable, in our opinion, that the protection of the banks of canals by flagging, pitching, or walling, may hereafter be found a wise outlay of money. In the meantime the general substitution of the screw

for the paddle must be borne in mind. We have seen a screw-tug making some five or six miles an hour on a canal without causing any very formidable wash. Captain Ericssen, in 1834, introduced a propeller in the form of a double piston, constructed like the leaves of a Venetian blind, working backwards and forwards in a trunk under the steamboat, which gave but little lateral wash, though it agitated the water to a considerable distance.

It is a matter capable of mathematical demonstration, that the relative cost of the transport of heavy bodies, by land or by water, is mainly a question of speed. At a certain speed of transit, which so closely approaches ten miles per hour that we may take that velocity as a round figure, the sum of the forces to be overcome by a railway train, or by a well-built steamer (such as the *Hercules*), per ton, are equal. As that velocity is exceeded or diminished, however, the resistances vary in very different ratios. By land, a portion, and only a portion, of the resistances encountered increase or diminish as the square of the velocity. By sea the sum of the resistances increases or diminishes as the cube of the velocity. Thus the locomotive and train, at a speed of sixty miles per hour (the permanent way being in perfect order), will encounter the same amount of resistance which the steam vessel meets at 14·85 miles per hour. On the other hand, the reduction of the rate from ten to five miles per hour will only effect a saving of 5 per cent. in reduction of resistance on a railway, while at sea, according to the *formulæ* of either the English or the French naval engineers, the resistance to the movement of a vessel at five miles an hour will only be one-eighth part of that encountered by the same vessel at ten miles an hour.

In applying these comparisons to inland navigation, it must be borne in mind that an additional resistance is encountered, which is due to the wash on the banks, and is proportionate to the cross section of the canal. We are not aware that the law of this resistance has been calculated. It is, however, more likely to increase than to diminish the disproportion between the two elements compared. Of course the actual cost does not increase or diminish in the same proportion as the total resistance. For motive power alone we have to consider the product of increased or diminished resistance overcome, multiplied by the diminished or increased time during which it is so overcome. Thus, in the case of the railway, the train travelling at five miles per hour encounters 5 per cent. less resistance than that which travels at ten miles per hour, but it encounters it for twice the time. Thus, on the one hand, it saves 5 per cent., on the other hand it loses 50 per cent.; so that it actually consumes 45 per cent. more fuel to move at the lower speed. In the steamer the gain in power (that is to say, the diminution in the fuel required) is 875 out of 1,000. The loss in time is 500 out of 1,000. The net gain by going slower is thus 375 out of 1,000, or 37½ per cent.

We must be understood as having spoken only of the overcoming of direct resistance to movement, which may be very properly represented by definite weights of fuel consumed. There are other elements which tend to increase the cost of rapid travelling, such as increased wear and tear of machinery, plant, and permanent way. Nor are these elements inconsiderable, although in the present view of the case it is more desirable to neglect them than to go into the minute technical detail which their discussion would involve.

Different from the question of the total resistance, due to given

speeds is the question at what speed any given force can be most economically exerted. This question principally refers to animal power. And as it is this kind of power that has hitherto principally been employed in canal towage, the question of the most efficient speed at which a horse can work has not only come into operation, but has been allowed to a great extent to obscure the more general question of resistance due to speed. It has been calculated that at a speed of ten miles an hour a horse will only draw one-fifth of the weight, for an equal distance, which he will draw at his naturally most effective speed of two-and-a-half miles per hour. This experience is taken from a comparison of the four-horse mail coach with the eight-horse van or heavy waggon. A horse will draw on a level railway twenty times the weight that it will draw on a level road, the speed being alike. As to how much a horse will draw on a canal, it is evident from what has before been said, that a slight difference in speed will make a very material difference in resistance. Again the build of the individual horse makes a difference as to the exact speed at which he can exert the most force with the least fatigue. At the most effective speed, say from two-and-a-quarter to two-and-a-half miles per hour, it may be taken that a horse will draw four times as much on a canal as on a level railway, or eighty times as much as on a road. But even at these low speeds the cost of horse traction will be so much above that of steam traction, that on looking forward to any great economic movement with reference to canals, it is better to confine our investigation to the latter.

Incontrovertible data show the cost of traction on the Aire and Calder navigation to have oscillated for many years between one-tenth and one-eighth of a penny per ton per mile; the difference being due to variations in the price of coal. We may take this ascertained cost of steam towage on one of our chief inland navigations as the basis of a comparison of cost between canal and railway traffic. Thus if we take the cost of maintenance of the way and works of the canal at half the sum expended, per ton per mile, on those of the railway; if we allow the same proportionate charge for vehicles, diminished in the ratio of the tare of a canal boat, when compared to that of rolling stock; and if we allow the same proportionate charge for general expenses and miscellaneous cost that is borne by locomotive traffic, we shall have nearly exhausted the elements of cost occurring on a canal. The heavy railway charge of 'traffic expenses, coaching and merchandise,' has hardly any corresponding item on the water-way. The items above enumerated make up a total cost of ·143 pence per ton per mile, so that if we take ·2 (say one-fifth of a penny) per ton per mile, as the total cost of conducting the traffic on a canal, we shall probably be outside the mark. A charge of ·1*d.* per ton per mile (one-tenth of a penny) for canal dues, on a traffic of 1,000,000 tons per annum (being that of the Aire and Calder navigation), amounts to 413*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, which would be equivalent to a dividend of a little over 12 per cent. on the average canal capital of 3,335*l.* per mile. Thus on any canal constructed at that price, and conveying that amount of traffic, the shareholders would receive 12 per cent. in return for a total traffic charge of ·3*d.* (three-tenths of a penny) per ton per mile. As far as the amounts furnished by the Board of Trade are capable of analysis, the actual cost of transport per ton per mile on a railway is above this

figure, without making any provision whatever for the remuneration of the shareholders. And if we consider the proportionate occupation of the way and works, and rolling stock, of our railways by the respective classes of passengers, merchandise, and mineral traffic, it is clear that the present actual mineral traffic, the tonnage of which is double that of the merchandise traffic, ought to earn dividend on 15,000*l.* per mile out of the 38,000*l.* per mile which the railways of the United Kingdom have now cost. To earn 5 per cent. on that capital, would require a charge of ·18*d.* (eighteen hundredths of a penny to be added to the cost price) per ton per mile on a traffic of a million tons.

On the above figures, which it is easy for any one to check or to verify, it appears beyond doubt that a traffic of a large tonnage of minerals may be put upon our English canals at a price per ton not exceeding, and probably not equalling, the cost price of conveyance on a railway, and that this would cover a very handsome dividend to the proprietors of the canals. The only thing that has to be urged *per contra* is that the water carriage would be somewhat slower than the land carrriage.

How much slower, is a question as to which there may be some debate. But it may be asked whether a difference in the rate of transit far exceeding that which is likely to occur, is such as to make it worth the while of the consumer to pay a largely increased price—for to this the matter actually comes. The difference between sending a cargo for 150 miles, by water at 10 miles an hour and by land at 20 miles an hour, would be 7½ hours. If the former speed were halved, the difference would be 22½ hours. Can any one maintain that to save a day—or even two or three days—in the time within which a cargo of minerals could be sent for that distance, would be worth the difference of more than a fifth of a penny per ton per mile, or two shillings and sixpence per ton on the goods delivered? And yet unless this can be shown to be worth while, on the part of the consumer, it is impossible that the more costly and rapid traffic can successfully compete, on fair ground, with the cheaper, though slower, rate of transport.

If we turn to other sources of information than the imperfect returns of the English railways, we shall find reason to conclude that the foregoing calculations are not erroneous. On the six great lines of French railway the average prime cost of conveying a ton of merchandise for a kilometre was 2·78*c.* in the year 1872. This is equal to ·432*d.* per ton per mile, a price which must be augmented by at least 20 per cent., in order to apply it to the railways of the United Kingdom. On the other hand, the traffic on the Ganges is carried on at a cost of one farthing per ton per mile; and that on the Madras canals is stated by Sir Arthur Cotton to cost not more than one pie (or ⅛ penny) per ton per mile.

Foreign countries are giving many indications of the direction, not only of thought but of capital, to providing the means of water transit. The recent collapse of so many coal carrying and coal owning companies in the United States, is a fact of extreme significance. In France, according to the practical experience recently acquired in the cruise of the little steam yacht, *Ytene*, the rivers and canals are covered with boats, and full of busy traffic. In Belgium, on the other hand, where the questionable policy of the Government has led to the establishment of a railway tariff which is at least 20 per cent. too low to pay working expenses and interest on capital, the canals are, as in this

country, neglected and discouraged, in order to concentrate the heavy traffic upon the railways. The contrast presented by the French and the Belgian inland waters in this respect is very striking. It cannot be urged that it is in France that the laws of economics are violated, in order to bolster up a monopoly that is unwisely managed. It would be well if we could be equally sure that this is not the case either in Belgium or in the United Kingdom. At the same time the state of the Belgian lines, which, as regards the earning of a competent rate of interest, can only be described as insolvent, should be pondered by those English shareholders who at present receive only an annual dividend averaging 4·14 per cent.

One great source of economy in the application of steam to the purpose of inland navigation will be the attaining of the point of leverage from the earth itself, and not from the water. In vessels propelled by the screw on canals, the slip of the screw increases so much, as the velocity with which it is driven increases, that a number of revolutions which would give a speed of eleven miles an hour if there were no loss, will hardly keep a light vessel at the speed of five miles an hour on a river. In the old mode of towing by horses considerable loss of power arose from the angle at which the tow rope necessarily hung. To keep the barge from fouling the bank, on the tow path side, the rudder has to be continually used, and the increased resistance thus occasioned to the passage of the boat is far from inconsiderable. On some German canals a long chain is now laid at the bottom, for the entire length, which is raised and grasped on a roller, by the steam engine of the tug. A direct pull is thus attained, with good results. There is, however, a simpler mode of attaining the same end which seems only to require to be made known in order to receive a very general application. It is well known that it is difficult to drag even a short chain over soft or muddy ground, and that, with a moderate increase in the length of the chain, the difficulty soon becomes an impossibility. It will break, rather than drag. The application of this observation to canal towage is of extreme simplicity. All that is necessary is for the steam tug to carry its own chain. What is called an endless chain, that is a chain of which the ends are united, is made of sufficient length to pass both over and under the barge, the lower part dropping to the bottom of the canal, and the upper part passing round a drum driven by the steam power. The action of the drum picks up the chain from the bottom of the canal at the stern of the boat, and thus trundles (so to speak) the latter before it, as a heavy cask is trundled along by the brewer, by pulling a rope which is only held to the ground by the weight of the cask itself. In each case the principle is the same. There is far less resistance to be overcome by the motion of the boat, or of the barrel, which opposes the pulling of the rope from under either object. Direct hold of the ground can thus be attained in the simplest and cheapest manner; and the cost of the long chains employed on the Elbe canals may thus hereafter be avoided on our own.

Whatever may be the amount of correction that may ultimately prove applicable to any of the foregoing calculations, it is certain that a case exists for investigation. It is also clear that the means of investigating that case, and of proving, beyond dispute, at how great a profit, or how great a loss, the 120 million of tons of minerals now annually conveyed by our railways are actually carried,

are at the command of the railway companies. The actual forms of the annual returns made by these bodies to the Board of Trade are prescribed by Act of Parliament. It follows that the companies may plead that they are not responsible for the adequacy of their returns. But they cannot plead that it is beyond their power to give the information which is given by the French and other foreign railway companies—information which would be enough to set the question at rest. The natural inference is, that they resist any investigation of the working of a mistaken policy. If any hope existed (or rather fear, as far as the public are concerned) that the railway companies could succeed in their attempts to control the coastwise carriage of coal, the matter would be different. The position of the railways would, in that case, be magnificent. At one stroke of the pen they could treble their mineral tariff—and the money spent in purchasing and ruining the canals would then prove to have been wisely laid out—if that can ever be a wise policy which is adverse to the national interests. But so long as we carry coal by sea it is hardly doubtful that it can only be carried by land at a very small profit, if not at an actual loss. That as matters now stand it would improve the dividend of certain companies to throw a large portion of their heavy traffic on the canals of which they are, either the whole, or in part, proprietors, there is much to indicate. At all events the owners of railway property, whose position is neither so satisfactory for the present nor so promising for the future as might be wished, will neglect their own interests in a manner that is unusual in matters of business, if they fail to require a definite debtor and creditor account of the proceeds of their mineral traffic, distinguishing the amount of capital which has been laid out to provide facilitations for that portion of their business.

F. R. C.

ON THE BEDAWEEN OF THE ARABIAN DESERT.

NOTES OF A RECENT VISIT.

By the Author of 'Arabian Horses.'[1]

THE Arabs are not savages, they are not barbarians, they are totally unlike the Indians of North America, they are not a degraded people, like the early inhabitants of Greece, living in holes in the earth and eating roots and garbage. They are not miserable outcasts, nor at all like the neglected street-boys of London.

From time to time Arab families have migrated from one end of Arabia to the other, and others have emigrated far beyond the limits of the Shemitic Peninsula. Arab kingdoms have been established, and an Empire, of almost unequalled extent, formed. The Arabs have given their language to millions, and diffused light, knowledge, and science to the benighted peoples of Europe. At the same time, through all ages there has been a cluster of Arabs left in their primitive state, but little known to the outer world, and only seen by glimpses. It is of these, the Bedaween, or inhabitants of the Desert of Arabia, that we are about to speak. They are a great, rich, pastoral, and at the same time a warlike people. They have no exact parallel in history.

The Bedaween have laws of their own, a traditional code of morality strictly kept, a policy as between tribe and tribe, and a system of government in each tribe. In the confederation of the Sebaa, during his life, Suleyman ibn Mirshid, Shaykh of the Gumassa tribe, had the supreme authority, and could at any time collect the other tribes of the confederation. The Bedaween have alliances which are faithfully observed; and, for example, no one of the seven tribes of the Sebaa would ever entertain the idea of hostility towards another.

The Fedan, the Hrissa, and Adjadjara tribes of Anezeh, although independent of each other in their internal government, have always been together in peace or war.

The two branches of the Djerba tribe of the Shammar, notwithstanding they have been widely separated for many years, still keep up a friendly relation by intermarriage, and timely assistance one to the other in seasons of famine, which are frequent in the Desert.

Like European sovereigns, the Shaykhs of such confederations as the Sebaa, Fedan and Djerba address each other as cousin, while none of these Shaykhs would ever think of using this term to the Shaykh of any other tribe; and there is a marked and hereditary hostility between every Anezeh and Shammar Arab.

Some tribes which are less powerful, especially those who are now located in the northern part of the Arabian Desert, ally themselves with greater tribes according to local circumstances, and pay tribute to them which is called 'Hooa' or the fee of brotherhood; this tribute, which gives them the benefit and right of protection when attacked by a great tribe hostile to the protecting tribe, is never paid in money, but in camels and sheep, formally assessed as a tax in proportion to the wealth of the tribe, and is levied according to the means or status of each member of the tributary tribe, by order of the Shaykh. These fiscal arrange-

[1] *Fraser's Magazine*, September 1876.

ments are conducted with an equity quite surprising, and complaints are never made. Horses and mares are not given as tribute.

When a Shaykh enters his tent, where scores of his people may be collected, they all rise to receive him, and sit down again only upon being told by him to do so. When he is once seated in his tent, he rarely rises to receive anyone. A singular exception to this custom is to be found in the practice of this mark of respect being almost universally shown to the possessor of any very celebrated mare, when such an one enters the tent of the Shaykh.

Anyone is safe, even an enemy, if he can but touch the tent-rope, whether it be that of a tent of a hostile tribe, or of a personal enemy. The owner of the tent then becomes his host, and is obliged to defend his guest against every foe. Were two foes or men of hostile tribes to meet in the open field, the victor would take the mare of the vanquished; but touching the tent-rope not only guarantees personal safety, but secures the mare and property to the owner. An inveterate foe may thus, when travelling or being pursued, and hard pressed, obtain hospitality and shelter, and ride away in safety; and although this does not prevent a renewal of hostilities at any future time, yet it must often tend to soften animosities and to turn former enemies into friends.

The institution of Dhoahel or surrender is humane in the extreme; it prevents the shedding of blood, without depriving the conqueror of the spoils, and, where retaliation is a duty, it obviates all feelings of revenge. The outward sign of its consummation is made by the victor unwinding his Aghail, or rope, which binds the Khafieh on to his head, and throwing it over the head of him who has surrendered. In a general fight between two tribes, there are usually many instances of Dhoahel on the same day, and if one who has surrendered should be threatened and attacked, his captor protects him, and he can always defend him with his lance; for combatants without firearms, as are the Bedaween, unlike those of civilised countries, never inflict wounds unintentionally, and they may thus fight all day without much bloodshed, or indeed, sometimes, without anyone being killed. The armour of the Bedawee is the speed of his mare; it is therefore not surprising that so much value is set upon the blood of their mares by the Bedaween when so much depends upon their speed, bottom, and courage.

The office of Shaykh among the Bedaween is not hereditary, with, I believe, the single exception of that in the Mowali tribe, but is held for life. When a Shaykh dies, his heir may be set aside and considered ineligible for the office, which is conferred upon the most worthy and popular man in the tribe. It is however usual, when circumstances permit, to give a preference to some other member of the late Shaykh's family. The power of a Shaykh is simply absolute; he makes war or peace, levies taxes, administers justice, and very generally executes the sentence with his own hands, in cases of capital punishment.

Besides the Shaykhs, there are persons in some tribes, to whom great acumen and knowledge of law are ascribed, and such are allowed by common consent to act as judges, and without appeal. A case has been known of a powerful Shaykh coming before one of these desert judges, to try a cause against a member of his own tribe, and the award was given in favour of the latter. It was a question of right of possession of a mare, which had been taken in open fight, whose strain of blood was a perquisite of the Shaykh. The judge decided

that such privileges could only be enjoyed by *right of concession*, because the position of the Shaykh was held by popular election, and therefore his prerogatives could not be maintained when opposed by his electors. The Shaykh gave up the mare without a word in reply, furnishing a striking proof of the Bedawee's respect for his law.

The Akeed is also a celebrated authority and the military leader of his tribe; he is elected for life by popular vote. The two chiefs rule in turn as their tribe may be at peace or at war, but never together (there are, however, instances of both offices being vested in one person, as in the cases of Ahmed Bey of the Mowali and Djedaan of the Fedan Anezeh). The one supersedes the other by the simple fact of the declaration of war; or, when peace has been declared, it has occasionally happened that a military expedition has been undertaken by the Anezeh and Shammar against each other for the sole purpose of getting rid, for a time, of the rule of a Shaykh who may have become obnoxious. This is effected by a large party sallying forth to carry off the flocks of the intended enemy. Reprisals are speedily made, and the unpopular Shaykh is then obliged to declare war and to hand over his authority in the tribe to the Akeed or military leader.

The election of a Shaykh does not in any way depend upon such qualifications as reading, writing, and arithmetic, nor such as might insure success at a competitive examination; but when one is chosen whose education in these useful branches has been neglected, which is the rule and not the exception, he is furnished with a scribe, who is supported by general contributions of sheep, butter, cheese, wheat, and dates. A Shaykh elect should be a wealthy man, so that he may exercise profuse hospitality among his own people, as well as towards strangers. He generally is rich, but there are notable exceptions.

Polygamy is almost unknown among the Bedaween, but the practice of divorce is extremely prevalent, being simply dependent on mutual consent or by an oath taken on the part of a man not to live with his wife any longer, when she is free to marry another. The Bedaween show marked kindness to their children.

A free warlike people, which for ages has followed the same course of pastoral life, of wealth sufficient for its wants, and strong enough to resist all aggression, is not to be looked down upon by those who have pursued agriculture and commerce; nor are whole tribes and families of a 'great nation,' living in a state very similar to that of their great Father Abram, to be counted as outcasts, as the term is misapplied in England, or stigmatised as homeless vagabonds. Book learning there may be none, but their intelligence is not to be surpassed. Their *Shemitic instinct* is equal to the education of more 'civilised' peoples, is sufficient to cope with the political intrigues of a rapacious and powerful enemy, and in difficult and delicate matters of diplomacy is more than a match for those who would entangle them. They are a great people, highly intelligent and of quick perception, and it is hard to see how they could be benefited or rendered more happy by civilisation, as it is usually called. Some few tribes who have either partly or wholly taken to agriculture are not to be compared to their nomadic brethren in prosperity or standing; and one who had been instrumental in inducing some few of this people to exchange their horses for ploughs, and had supplied them with money to buy grain, when after some years he re-visited them with me, exclaimed sorrowfully, 'I question if what I have done has been for their welfare.'

The Bedaween, for convenience, may be divided into three classes—those who migrate but little, owing to circumstances which will be related, and are to be found on the borders of the Desert along the eastern coasts of Syria and Palestine on the west, and along the Euphrates on the east; those who have emigrated beyond the limits of Arabia; and those who migrate or roam all over the Desert.

The tribes of Bedaween who are now located in the northern part of the Desert are not so powerful nor of such importance as they were before the later great migrations from Central Arabia took place, some two centuries ago, which have deprived them of the greater part of their spring and summer pastures. The Mowali is not an ancient tribe; its history is this: a slave who was discovered to be the last known descendant of the Abasside Khalifs was made free, a tribe was formed by collecting scattered individuals and detached families in the Desert, and called Mowali, the plural of the Arabic 'Molah,' *a prince*, after the descendant of the illustrious house who was appointed its Shaykh. The Mowali were formerly very powerful, but after many years of constant war with the Shammar Arabs, who came from Djebel Shammar and its neighbourhood, were finally worsted by them and driven to the confines of Syria; and towards the close of this long and unequal struggle for supremacy they derogated from the ancient principles of honour and hospitality common among all Bedaween. Es Sofuk, the powerful Shaykh of the Shammar Arabs, generously proposed to the Mowali a treaty of peace to arrange the question of pastures and guarantee the future possession of such to each people. The Mowali accepted the proposal, and eighteen persons of distinction among the Shammar were invited by Mahommed Bey el Herfon, Shaykh of the Mowali, to meet an equal number of his own principal people and to settle the question of boundaries. The Shammar were received with every apparent mark of honour and general rejoicings, but after a plentiful repast were brutally massacred. The memory of this act of treachery has been kept in remembrance by the words still often repeated in the Desert, 'Beit el Mowali, Beit el aeeb,' *the tent of the Mowali is the tent of shame.*

Shortly after this, when another great exodus from Central Arabia took place, and the Anezeh extended their migrations into Northern Arabia, which still go on, they recommenced a system of perpetual warfare with the Shammar, their former and hereditary foes; the immediate cause of all such conflicts in the Desert being the possession of certain pastures. The Anezeh were and are still generally victorious; the Shammar were driven from the pastures they had obtained from the Mowali and other tribes, across the Euphrates into El Jezireh, as the Arabs call the whole country lying between the Euphrates and the Tigris, and they have never since been enabled to regain a footing on the right bank of the former river.

From their knowledge of the country, the Mowali became useful allies to the Anezeh, and in return for service and assistance they receive protection from the Anezeh Shaykhs, and in consequence the Mowali have regained comparative prosperity and importance. The office of Shaykh is hereditary in this tribe, and the ruling Shaykh has the title of Bey, which was given to the lineal descendant of the first Shaykh by Sultan Amurath, who induced the Mowali Shaykh to assist him in his expedition to Irak (Turkish Arabia), and, remembering the Shaykh's descent from the Abasside Khalifs, promised him ancestral honours and

conferred upon him the title of Bey. During the installation an egret-plume studded with a diamond was given to him, and was the origin of the name, still borne by the family, of 'Beni Risheh,' *the sons of the Plume.*

Aurif Bey, a quiet amiable man, was lately the Shaykh of the Mowali, and his younger brother Ahmed was the Akeed (or military leader).

Ahmed Bey, who succeeded his brother as Shaykh and retained the office of Akeed, was a great warrior, and his name a terror in the Desert. He was fully six feet in height, broad shouldered, very muscular, and had splendid limbs; his face was handsome, although the features were large and rather hard; his complexion fair, but darkened by exposure to sun and weather. He was very careless of his personal appearance, and dressed badly; he was bold, courageous and dashing, perhaps cruel, but not mercenary; he kept a big stick in his tent to chastise such of his people who fell under his displeasure. Ahmed Bey was always well mounted; he usually kept five or six mares for his own saddle, and these were not used as brood mares; on any expedition he would be mounted on one, while two and sometimes three were led after him by attendants on dromedaries. We saw one of his mares, a magnificent weight-carrying chestnut. His lance, of unusual weight and length, a weapon none but Ahmed could wield, the head or blade of which was ingrained with silver, was carried after him by a follower on horseback, and a formidable mace, of the use of which he was very fond, hung from his saddle. Our friend to whom I am indebted for this sketch of a celebrated character, when bathing with Ahmed Bey in the Euphrates, noticed he was covered with scars, and remarked that he supposed he had had enough of fighting. Ahmed Bey answered contemptuously, 'Would you have me die in a bed like a Howadja of Djedjaidé?' a gentleman, or a respectable citizen of the outer city of Aleppo, in distinction to the older and inner city. 'No, I will die on the back of my mare.' He was killed during a fight between his own tribe and the Roalla at the age of forty years.

Mamoud Bey, his cousin, succeeded him; he was formerly an *exquisite* in the Sultan's Body Guard at Constantinople, formed of fine men of many nationalities, but having grown tired after two years of a life of fashion, he rejoined his tribe, and is now enjoying the fresh air of the breezy desert. He is a man in the prime of life, tall, well grown, and muscular, frank in his manners, and of good address. He is particularly neat and scrupulous in his attire, his underclothing being of the most spotless white surmounted by a Shaykh's plain black aba (or cloak). We saw him also placed in very trying circumstances in the Desert, negotiating with enemies (Turks) and only half trusted by his friends and allies, but he conducted the affair with discretion and remained true to the Arab cause and his allies.

The country now generally occupied by the Mowali reaches from about thirty miles east of Homs to some thirty-five miles north-east of Aleppo, a distance in length from north to south of some hundred and fifty miles.

The Haddideen has always been a peaceable and a very wealthy tribe. The men are exclusively shepherds, not warriors. The late Shaykh, by name Tsherk, more than eighty years of age, was a great diplomatist and well versed in all the manners of the Turks: his friendship was sought by the proudest Shaykhs of the Anezeh, who asked his aid when they were in any difficulty or complication with the Turks, and he was generally a successful mediator.

The Weldi is a large and wealthy tribe; they have partly taken to agriculture, and have camps and settlements on the right bank of the Euphrates, as far as two days' journey south of Messkene, and there are a few families on the left bank; these latter have to pay fees to the Shammar in El Jezireh. The Shaykh, Selami Eddendeen, is a respectable man and patronized chiefly by the Sebaa. There are two other Shaykhs in this tribe, Mohammed el Ghamin and his uncle Ahmed es Sahoo, who are both men of good standing, and are much respected in the Desert. The Weldi still dwell in the black tents common to Bedaween tribes. When we visited the tent of Mohammed el Ghamin, we were very courteously entertained by his second son Jassim and his brothers, as their father had gone to Mecca. When any portion of this tribe has taken to agriculture a certain number of families have collected under the direction of one man, who becomes a sub-Shaykh; such was our host Hamdan at Shaass, on the Euphrates.

The Ahghedat are wealthy, and both agricultural and pastoral in their pursuits, but still dwell in tents. The Shaykh Faris ibn Mohammed is rich, and possessed of numerous flocks and herds.

The Beni Khalid is a numerous tribe, and now nearly stationary. Their Shaykh, Hamdan, forms a striking exception to the honour and integrity common among Bedaween. There was a rival for the office of Shaykh, and when the Beni Khalid were engaged in a fight with the Roalla, Hamdan drove his lance through his rival, and it was believed he had contrived the attack of the Roalla to effect his revenge on his rival. Shortly after this event Hamdan was in the town of Marret Namaan, situate between Aleppo and Hamah, where the story of the death of the rival Shaykh was well known, and the Turkish governor suggested to the partisans of the murdered rival that they should accuse Hamdan before him; they did so, and Hamdan was thrust into prison; he was subsequently released on the payment of a fine, and in addition he had to give up to the governor his bay Sweite mare, bred by the Resaleen tribe.

The Ferdoon and Ghes tribes are now much reduced and impoverished, and the Lehep is, properly speaking, an offshoot from the Mowali.

The Sohni is a numerous tribe possessed of some wealth, which is derived from a carrying trade with great caravans of camels between Aleppo and Baghdad; this people also obtain a certain amount of wealth from an industry of the Desert which is all their own, namely, the burning of ligneous herbs for the production of soda or alkali (el Kileh). The ashes left are brought by the Sohni for sale into the towns of Syria, where the manufacture of soap is carried on to some considerable extent. They are to be found between Messkene, Tadmor and Aleppo.

The Agheli is also a large tribe, possessed of large herds of camels, which are used in a similar carrying trade as that in which the Sohni occupy themselves. The Agheli are also employed by speculators to buy up colts, usually at two-and-a-half years of age, for the agents who supply horses for India and elsewhere; when not engaged in their trade of carriers, they are usually to be found on the right bank of the Euphrates and south of the Sohni Arabs.

The Beni Said, although a small tribe, pride themselves upon being one of the most ancient of those tribes to be found in the north of Arabia. They neither engage in trade nor follow agricultural pursuits. They are not even horse-breeders, as they are not possesed of mares, and present one of the few

exceptions to the general Arab custom, by riding horses instead of mares, which they obtain from other tribes. They use up a great many horses from their constant and excessive hard riding. Their Shaykh, Tamer, though past middle age, has great renown as a warrior, contributing greatly by his tall and athletic form and dashing bravery to the success of the many raids undertaken by the Beni Said. Their country is north of Shaass, on the right bank of the Euphrates, and north-east of the Mowali.

El Glat was once a powerful tribe, but now fallen to a very poor estate and possessed of nothing beyond a few sheep.

El Medjadama, El Buld, El Meshahada, El Basheikh, El Busalim, are small tribes of little note; they still possess a few horses and sheep, but have no military reputation.

The Hernadi, a very warlike people, are a branch of the Koreish tribe, from the neighbourhood of Mecca, in the Hedjaz, who emigrated to Egypt on account of a severe famine, and remained there until brought to the Eastern boundary of Syria by Ibrahim Pasha, when he conquered that country, in the hopes of keeping the Anezeh and other tribes in check, and protecting Syria from their incursions, for at one time Arabs overran the Plain of Antioch, and some of the Anezeh fed their herds on the magnificent plains between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. The Hernadi, who had not any horses, were stationed on a line of posts from Aleppo to Damascus and Jerusalem. The scheme did not succeed, for the Hernadi gradually became friends with their brethren. The family of the late Shaykh who commanded these outposts, Batran by name, with a portion of the tribe, are near Lake Djebbul, and many individuals of the Hernadi are employed by the local government in Syria as irregular horse.

The Sabha is still a powerful tribe, but less numerous than the Weldi, holding the right bank of the Euphrates, below the latter tribe, to Thrapsicus; some families of this tribe grow enough grain for their own consumption. They have large flocks of sheep and herds of camels; their horses are thought to be moderately good. They are always fighting with the Shammar, and, on that account, are protected by the Anezeh. They are the first to be attacked by the Shammar, when the latter can swim across or ford the Euphrates, and the Anezeh endeavour to keep them strong enough to hold the Shammar in check.

The Obeid and Tai are ancient and still powerful tribes; they formerly occupied the district between Central Arabia and the Euphrates, but were driven by the Shammar to the neighbourhood of Nineveh (Mosul), when the latter were forced across the river. If the Anezeh purpose crossing the river to attack the Shammar, they often induce the Obeid and Tai to threaten or attack the Shammar on their other flank or in rear. They are rich in live stock, and sell a great quantity of wool.

The Montifitsh, El Hindi, and Slaid are tribes of Irak or Turkish Arabia, and I am not sure if they ought properly to be reckoned among Arab tribes. Many families of the Montifitsh are fishermen, others cultivate the land. Horse breeding is carried on among them to a great extent, but it is *more than doubtful* if their horses are of pure Arab blood. The Desert Arabs do not consider them to be of pure blood; and to say of a horse he is like an Iraghee, or a horse of these Irak tribes, is a term of reproach similar to that used on the other or western side of the Desert, in Syria, 'Your horse is no better than a Kadish' (or a common Turkish horse). This people supply the Indian market to a great

extent; by situation they are admirably adapted for the trade, and I expect it is on that account they breed so largely. Baghdad, the Turks generally, and the Sultan's stables at Constantinople, are also supplied with horses by this people.

El Hindi, it is thought, came from Hindostan; the supposition is borne but to a certain extent by the name. They are a wealthy and numerous people; they live in tents and cultivate the soil; after the grain has been sown they wander about to pasture their flocks, and return to reap their harvest. Tradition says that some of Joktan's sons left Arabia and settled in Hindostan. It would be an interesting enquiry to make, whether El Hindi could claim descent from any of these Joktanites. This question, however, I had neither the time nor opportunity to investigate.

Slaid is a small tribe; the people are tillers of the ground, and are chiefly known for their breed of large white asses, which are much used by the townsmen in Syria.

I will now speak of the Shammar tribes, which left Djebel Shammar, and finally settled in El Jezireh. The Shammar are divided into four great tribes. They emigrated from Central Arabia when their flocks required more extensive pasture, the difficulty of feeding which had increased by a prolonged famine some two centuries or more ago, and, after having driven those Arab tribes then occupying the more northern parts of the Desert to the banks of the Euphrates and the borders of Syria, they, in turn, were forced to cross that river by the Anezeh.

Djerba, of Mohammed-el-Sofuk, is about one-half of the Djerba tribe which remained under the rule of the eldest son of the Sofuk, who brought the tribe up out of Central Arabia, and who was assassinated by the Mowali. Djerba, of Ferhan-el-Sofuk, is the other half of the tribe, which occupies the southern part of El Jezireh. His kinsman, Mahommed, and his people, were located in the north.

The Fedagha and the Selama are two great divisions of the Shammar, who hold the country from Orfah to the two ranges of hills through which the river Khabour runs, called Sindjari on the north-east, and Aziz on the south-west. Their grounds are also bounded by the Euphrates on that part most frequented by the Anezeh, and, therefore, these tribes of the Shammar come more frequently into collision with the Anezeh than the Djerba tribes. They are also wealthy.

The grandson of Mohammed-el-Sofuk (chief of the Djerba occupying the northern portion of El-Jezireh, the descendant of the Sofuk who originally brought up the Shammar), Abd-ul-Kerim, was a great prince of the Desert, 'Emir el Bara,' noted for his magnanimous character and his magnificence. From having been brought up in the Mehaid family of the Fedan Anezeh, he ever remained a true and constant friend to the companion of his boyhood, Djedaan ibn Mehaid, Shaykh of the Fedan.

About the year 1864, a Turkish governor-general of a province visited Abd-ul-Kerim (I presume, without the etiquette of having previously announced his intention), who kept him at the door of his tent half an hour before he admitted him to his presence, and when the governor-general was allowed to enter, the Arab Shaykh received him without rising. On leaving, the governor-general invited Abd-ul-Kerim to return his visit, who replied, 'I have nothing to do with you Turks; if you want me you must come to me (my tent). I will never set foot in one of your abominable towns.'

The sad end of this great Shaykh was thus narrated to us. In 1872, after Abd-ul-Kerim had defeated a

large force of Turkish regular troops, who had attacked him, as we were informed, without provocation, one battalion of which force was literally cut down to a man by the Shammar horsemen, he was taken prisoner through the treachery of his secretary, an Armenian Christian scribe, who betrayed his master, and had him surprised when asleep. Abd-ul-Kerim, the generous friend and magnanimous foe, was tied on to the back of a mule, escorted to Mosul by several thousands of Turkish soldiers, and finally hanged from the bridge by an order issued from the Turkish Government at Constantinople.

There are two apparent misconceptions with regard to the Anezeh, of whom the greater part migrate all over the Desert. Some authors and writers describe them as a *tribe*—they speak of *the tribe Anaze*; others would give the impression that there are two different divisions of Anezeh, one in the south and another in the north, and infer that the Anezeh to be seen in the more northern part of the Desert, *at certain seasons*, are not identical with those in Central Arabia. The Anezeh, instead of being simply a *tribe*, are a great people, who may truly be described as the aristocracy of Arabia, and are composed not only of many tribes, but of several confederations of tribes. The Anezeh began to extend their migrations now more than a century and a half ago, and these still go on. They were opposed by their hereditary foes the Shammar, who at that time held the grounds they had usurped from the Bedaween, who are now to be found on the borders of the Desert, as has been related. The conflict between the Anezeh and the Shammar was fierce and obstinate, but resulted in the gradual retreat of the latter across the Euphrates. As some account of the former history of the Anezeh was given in the paper on Arabian horses, it is not repeated here; suffice it to say briefly, although a great pastoral people, there is some difference between many of the tribes. One class is more numerous, more wealthy, and more regular in its migrations; another is less wealthy, more warlike, and more uncertain in its migrations; and a third class is almost stationary on the borders of Syria and Palestine, and migrating but to short distances. This last, composed of small tribes or sections of tribes, or in some instances, it may be, of families who have left their original tribes or have been cast off by them, it is hardly necessary to say, presents the least favourable type of Anezeh, but is the class of the Anezeh most likely to be seen by travellers, who must not judge of a great people by a few scattered families.

The Weled Ali Anezeh have the character of being rapacious and predatory, and are a source of great trouble to the authorities in Syria. They perform an annual migration, visiting the Desert in the neighbourhood of Damascus in the spring for the twofold purpose of taking advantage of the abundance of grass and supply of water, and to lay in a store of grain for winter consumption for their families and their horses. All the large tribes of Anezeh migrate by different routes, and feed upon different pasture grounds, so that, as a rule, they do not clash. The Weled Ali often spend the hot season in the Haran and Buttanea (the ancient Bashan); but this cannot be relied upon, for when we went to Damascus to enter the Desert at that point to visit the Weled Ali and Roalla Arabs, they had departed south, and were then encamped by the mountains of Moab. Their Shaykh, Mohammed ed Doohe, is a man of considerable renown. There are different opinions as to his character: we found his manners agreeable; in person he was not above middle height, with a most intelligent countenance, and

evidently of a keen and inquiring mind. He noticed everything, and appreciated objects which took his fancy as much by the delicate touch of his fingers as by sight. This is quite characteristic of Arabs; their touch is delicate in the extreme. His foot was perhaps the most perfect model I have ever seen, and he had a rather nice chestnut mare of the Hadban family. The Roalla Arabs are now their confederates.

The Beni Sohor is similar in character to the Weled Ali, but a lower tribe. It does not now migrate to Central Arabia, nor go farther north than to Djelad, the ancient Gilead.

The Diab is a smaller tribe on the confines of Palestine, beyond Jordan to the East; when it moves it is farther to the East. It ranks very low among the Anezeh tribes, and both these last-named tribes are held in contempt by the great pastoral tribes of Anezeh.

The Amur and the Amarat are two cognate tribes of considerable importance. They roam all over the northern parts of the Desert, broken up into small camps, and do not, I understand, return to Central Arabia; they have a few horses and sheep, but are rich in camels.

The Erfuddi only began to migrate from Central Arabia some fifteen years ago, and have since returned. They had an excellent name, and good horses. Sedjur, the Shaykh, was highly thought of as a wise and honest chief and a good military leader, and his son Redja was considered wonderfully handsome.

The Djelas is a very fine tribe, and migrates annually. They are supplied with grain from the neighbourhood of Damascus and Hamah; as the pasture fails they strike across the Desert from west to east to the Euphrates below Thrapsicus, proceeding slowly by Merschid Alee, to lay in a supply of dates, and then direct to the south, where the tribe remains until the return of spring, when it proceeds north again by the long valley of the Djowf. Their horses are much esteemed. Faris ibn Feysul, Shaykh of the Djelas, is still a young man, and only succeeded his father Feysul in 1872, who died at a great age; he was a powerful Shaykh, and styled himself Emir. The late Abbas Pasha of Egypt sent his son to be brought up in the Desert under the care of Feysul ibn Shalah, where he died after a few years. Shalah is quite an historic name, and the members of the family, all called Ibn Shalas, are so numerous that they have formed a separate tribe, which was the origin of the Roalla.

The Fedan Anezeh were among the first to migrate to the northern parts of the Desert. They are not a very numerous people, nor are they rich in herds and flocks, but they are always well mounted, although they do not breed a sufficient number of horses for their own consumption, but obtain supplies from other Anezeh tribes. They are very warlike, and their renowned Shaykh, Djedaan ibn Mehaid, always keeps his tribe employed, for his courage is of an adventurous character, and he is brave to a fault. He is admitted by all to be a most skilful leader, and has often been selected for the chief command of all the tribes of Anezeh which have been collected for an attack or expedition. His impetuosity can rarely be withstood. His word, moreover, when once given, is always most scrupulously kept, and Djedaan's word has become quite a proverb in the Desert. In the Fedan is a family called Roos, the Arabic plural of Ras, *a head*, and the members of which have the privilege of taking the first choice of all mares taken in fight. So great is their influence, that Djedaan, who rules his tribe with an iron hand, rarely undertakes any expedition of importance without their concurrence. Another family of importance is Ibn S'Beni, who are rather noted for their horses. The Shmeilat is a branch

of the Fedan of considerable importance; their immediate Shaykh is Mohammed Ibn Omeir, a man of fame in the field and council. When we met Djedaan in the summer of 1875, he appeared to be about forty-five years of age, of a good height, of spare form and lean face, large transparent speaking eyes; his countenance and features were rather of the Jewish type, showed great intelligence, quickness, and a restless, nervous energy. He looked like one who had suffered and borne much, and at that time must have had much on his mind. He was affable in his manners. He dined with us and ate heartily; in his dress he was very neat and scrupulously clean. He placed a magnificent chestnut mare at my disposal. Djedaan keeps a secretary. He is generous but not wealthy.

The Hrissa is a kindred tribe to the Fedan. Deham ibn Keskish ibn Mehaid is the Shaykh; he is a relative of Djedaan, who always addresses the Hrissa Shaykh as *Uncle*. The two men are not unlike in many points of character, but Deham, being a wily old intriguer, generally contrives to have his battles fought by the Fedan, although when necessity occurs neither he nor his tribe is at all behind hand in fighting. The Hrissa is the only tribe of Anezeh who ever crossed the Euphrates to obtain a permanent footing in El Jezireh and ventured into the territory of their hereditary foes with the assurance of consummate audacity.

The Adjadjara is also a tribe of the same class, more warlike than pastoral, less numerous than the former two but not less distinguished. It is singular that nearly all the *Cadis* or Judges in the Desert come from this tribe. The late Shaykh, Djamaidjim, who died at the age of ninety years, was a celebrated judge, and it might have been said that he sat upon the Woolsack of the desert; his award between tribe and tribe was always final. His people have fine horses, but are not large breeders. El Ghabein and Djedaa are tribes with the same characteristics, but are inferior in numbers and martial importance to the Fedan. In war they follow Djedaan, in peace Daham.

The Sebaa, or the Seven Tribes, being divided into as many sections, each of which has a Shaykh of its own, may be called the Sebaa confederation. They have flocks and very numerous herds of camels; their horses are second to none among the best horsed tribes, and are very generally allowed to be the choicest in the Desert of Arabia. These people are very select breeders, using nothing but what is considered to be first-class blood of the most esteemed strains.

First, the Gumassa is a very fine tribe. Their Shaykh was Suleyman ibn Mirshid, a man of high character and much looked up to. He was a great Shaykh, a great leader, and bore the character of an honest and straightforward, truthful man. His antipathy to the Turks was quite a ruling passion, very far beyond that felt by the Arabs generally. The droves of camels which passed out every morning from this tribe to return at sundown were numerous beyond belief. The Ressaleen is a family in the Gumassa greatly distinguished for its horses. Mohammed ibn Haide, a young man, is a good Shaykh of this sub-tribe. Nowag and Debbe are names of families in the Sebaa well known for the strains of blood of their horses. The second of the Sebaa, the Abadat, is scarcely inferior, except in numbers, to the Gumassa, and it has the same general character. The third, Duam, is a great tribe whose Shaykh, Ali Fgheghi, is a young man of great distinction and esteemed one of the best military leaders among the Anezeh; they have large flocks and herds, and are well off for horses. The fourth,

M'seca, is the most numerous and perhaps the most wealthy of the Sebaa tribes, but not the richest in horses. Mohammed ibn Mooanie has a high name in the desert, is wealthy and prudent; he is looked upon as so strictly an honourable man that he is often called upon to guarantee contracts, his word being considered as good as a bond. The fifth, Mowaidja, is also a great tribe, numerous and wealthy, and during the life of their late Shaykh, Faris ibn Hedib, was very peacefully disposed; but since his death, in 1869, his nephew, Madjoon, has led the tribe into every conflict, and taken part in every disturbance. He it was who wounded a French gentleman, a secretary to the embassy, who imprudently ventured into the Desert with his servant without proper precautions. The sixth, Sefaleh, is but a small tribe. The seventh, Gassim, is not so large a tribe as the Gumassa and Duam. There was a man, Mohammed ibn Kardush, in this tribe, of greater importance even than the Shaykh Mohammed ibn Redjr, from his fame as a soldier and leader, and also as being the possessor of a fine strain of the Abeyan Sherrak family of horses.

Ibn Haddal is a separate and great tribe of Anezeh, which never goes to the western or Syrian side of the Desert, but roams from Annah, on the Euphrates, to Central Arabia. They rank high among the Anezeh tribes, and are considered to have, with the Djelas, Weled Ali, and Sebaa, the best of Arabian horses.

Suleyman ibn Mirshid, Shaykh of the Gumassa, was the head of the Sebaa confederation, and controlled their movements. He was styled Shaykh of Shaykhs. He was about middle height, rather stout than spare—a large-bodied man, with big but well-formed limbs; his neck was large and muscular; he must have been a very powerful man. He was darker than the generality of Arabs; his hair was thick and slightly curly; he had a fine beard, and longer than most, which, contrary to what is generally believed to be the case, are rarely abundant among the Bedaween. Although a very wealthy man, and possessing the largest tent we had seen, he was, when we saw him, very careless in his dress, often having nothing more on his body than a large loose shirt of unbleached linen, and of very coarse texture, reaching to half way between knee and ankle, over which sometimes his silver-hilted sword was suspended by a strap from his shoulder; but it certainly was excessively hot in the Desert during the month of July. He was a grave, serious, thoughtful, and intelligent man. These notes were collected and made during visits paid to the Bedaween in 1874–1875 and intervening intervals, for the purpose of seeing and obtaining horses; and such details of the history, character, and pursuits of the various tribes were important and very necessary to secure a successful issue, and to avoid making the mistake, but too often made, of accepting inferior horses for those of Desert blood. At the present, or any future time, should it be contemplated to obtain a further supply of pure Arabian blood, the writer feels assured the safest and only correct way would be to search for it in those tribes which have been mentioned as possessing the best horses.

ROGER D. UPTON.

THE MORAL TREATMENT OF INSANITY.

A Sketch of its Rise and Progress.

Of all the many dark chapters in the history of mankind, we doubt whether the treatment of the insane in all ages, up to within a little more than half a century of the present time, is not the darkest. It is one which it is impossible to study without rising from it emphatically a wiser and a sadder man—sadder as being forced to realise what the human heart is capable of, not in moments of frenzied passion, or exceptional excitement, but in the cold blood of thoughtlessness, ignorance, and careless selfishness; wiser, as grasping the infinite progress which lies before the human race, and which is slowly being evolved by the dynamic forces stored up in every great evil, the cumulative anguish which in that evil is being slowly but surely heaped up, till the moment comes when the consummation is reached, the evil is felt to be intolerable, and the imprisoned giant, so long and so hopelessly ignored, rends the crust of human indifference, and man finds himself tossed by some irresistible power to a higher level of humanity and moral feeling, in which the old things have passed away, and are no longer possible, and, behold! all things are become new. We therefore feel we owe no apology to our readers for bringing before them a history little known, yet which all ought to know, most painful in the past, but full of hopeful bearing for the future.

Nothing perhaps has so appealed to human compassion in every age as sickness, in all its varied forms; the sight of the undecaying mind almost overwhelmed in the ruins of its own temple, the strong activity we have known all turned to the touching weakness and dependence of a little child, the hourly helpless wants that stretch dumb appealing hands to our love and sympathy. Yet in many a ruined temple of the body the sweetest worship has been held; there the broken gleams of dying day often fall tenderest, and the gloom breaks into mystic glory; there, as from haunted ruins, strange midnight strains are often heard, turning the common air into celestial harmonies.

But what of that one sickness and decay which spreads from the house to its mysterious inhabitant, and, leaving the ignobler prey of the body, attacks the divinity within the shrine, and destroys the mind, while often giving a strange vitality to the body? 'Struck by this affliction' (to quote the eloquent words of Dr. Conolly), 'man can no longer enjoy the chief distinction of his nature. He can no longer pursue truth, nor do good, nor govern himself. If he is a person of rank, all his power and influence depart from him. If he lives by the exercise of his profession, hope flies away, and poverty overwhelms him. If he belongs to the class in which daily subsistence is provided for by daily toil, he becomes destitute of the means of living. No malady effects such wide destruction, or creates so much and such varied distress.' Even the consolations of religion seem often vain here; no prayer rises up spontaneously in the darkened mind, 'like fountains of sweet water in the sea,' to alleviate the bitterness of the heart; no thoughts of the infinite life beyond to make the lifelong anguish grow short as shadows at noonday. Often the light is known only by the distorted shadows it casts, indescribable shapes

of supernatural terror. And love itself, the great assuager of all sorrow, is but too often the lunatic's worst torment, turned, as his heart generally is, against his nearest and dearest, hearing their voices like some wretch—

> Who wounded, hears cold waters babbling by,
> Yet cannot crawl and drink, but parchèd moans;
> While, as he lies,
> That cool voice maddening mocks his agony
> And fevered cries.

For the insane, all the wells of life are poisoned, and he seems outcast from consolation, both human and divine.

Surely, then, in this form of deepest misery, in all the pathetic grandeur of its fall from the excellence of manhood, we have a condition of humanity which man in all ages has agreed to compassionate, and to surround with loving ministrations, so far as tender touch, and soothing word, and cheerful sight, can win their way through the closed doors and darkened windows? Alas! that nothing should be more certain than that the treatment these afflicted children of the Great Father have received from the time of the earliest physicians whose works we possess on the subject, down to about eighty years from the present time, or for about 2,500 years, can only be qualified by one word, *barbarous.*

Up to the middle of the last century, and in many countries much later, harmless maniacs, or those supposed to be so, were allowed to wander over the country, beggars and vagabonds, affording sport and mockery. If they became troublesome, they were imprisoned in dungeons, whipped, as the phrase ran, out of their madness, at all events subdued, and then secluded in darkness in the heat of summer and in the cold and dampness of winter, often forgotten, and sometimes starved to death, always half famished. There was not a town or a village in this Christian land where such enormities were not committed.[1]

On the Continent, up to the French Revolution, the monk was generally the madman's physician, and the monastery was his asylum. It is not to be doubted that in some cases he was humanely treated, but there is abundant evidence to show that the ordinary treatment was to the last degree cruel and inhuman. Whether by the monks the insane were regarded as the subject of demoniacal possession, and the idea was entertained of beating the evil spirit out of them, we will not determine, but whatever was the theory of the *modus operandi* the fact is indubitable, that in some establishments at least the practice existed of the daily administration of about a dozen lashes to the unfortunate patient. He was almost constantly chained, often in a state of complete nudity, the straw in which he grovelled for warmth rarely changed; he was therefore filthy in the extreme. As a greater security against his violence he was often enclosed in an iron cage; the returning seasons found him 'crouching like a wild beast, in his wire-bound cell,' his limbs cramped and stiffened into one position, and whatever of mind and feeling was left to him crushed to the lowest pitch by changeless monotony, or maddened by intolerable despair.[2]

But even whips, and chains, and cages, were not ingenious enough to satisfy the cruelty of man. Chairs were invented which pinioned all the patient's limbs as in an iron

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[1] *The Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraints.* John Conolly, M.D., Edinburgh, 1856.

[2] *Moral Management of the Insane.* Dr. Daniel Hack Tuke. 1854.

vice, depriving him of all power of motion; others were made so as to whirl round with furious speed, quieting the most unruly by means of extreme vertigo and sickness. A German writer recommended that the lunatic should be swung up to the top of a tower, and then be let suddenly to plunge down, so as to give him the impression of entering the lowest parts of the earth; naïvely adding, 'That if he could be made to alight among snakes and serpents, it would be still better.' The 'bath of surprise,' too, was a favourite resource, the flooring being so contrived as to give way, and precipitate the unfortunate lunatic into a tank, from which he was not removed till half-drowned. 'Indeed,' as Dr. D. Hack Tuke observes, 'only to enumerate the means employed to tame the fury of the maniac, whether on the Continent or in England, would subject the historian to the charge of gross exaggeration from a stranger to the actual history of insanity at this period;' and this 1,800 years after the Healer of men had taught by his own example the compassionate treatment of the insane, and braved the storm on the Galilean lake, to seek out the wretched lunatic among the tombs, and bring calm to the storms of his distempered mind.

At the end of the eighteenth century, a few faint streaks of the coming dawn appeared. In 1736, Tenon wrote a work on Paris hospitals and asylums, in which he advocated the necessity of better accommodation and milder treatment of the insane. And even earlier still, St. Vincent de Paul, 'the father of the poor, the steward of Providence,' espoused the cause of the poor lunatic, and showed himself alive to the cruelty of his treatment. In 1790, the subject at last received sufficient attention for a law to be passed in the French Assembly, enforcing the seclusion or imprisonment of dangerous or deranged persons, which, however, brought little amelioration to their lot. The incurable were separated from those supposed to be curable, regardless of the fact that an abitrary division of this kind consigns many to incurability whose case might otherwise not have proved hopeless. The position of the curable, however, was by no means enviable. They were placed in the Hôtel Dieu, in narrow ill-ventilated wards, and slept four in a bed, the majority being fastened down. There were no airing courts, and the treatment of all cases was indiscriminate. The crowded wretchedness and dirt of such wards were ill calculated to relieve mental irritation. If such was the condition of the curable in the French asylums, what then was that of those whose case was thought hopeless? These were lodged in the two largest public asylums of Paris—the Bicêtre and the Salpétrière, many of the cells in both buildings being below the level of the surrounding ground. As a rule, they were only six feet square. Air and light were admitted by the door alone. The only furniture consisted of narrow planks, fastened to the damp walls. Food was thrown in through a sort of wicket. At the Salpétrière, where the cells were level with the drains, large rats found their way into them, and often attacked and wounded the unhappy inmates, and sometimes caused their death.[3]

It was when things were in this apparently hopeless state that three enlightened and humane men were appointed to the administration of the hospitals of Paris. These were Cousin, Thouret, and Cabanis. More happily still, all the three were friends of the physician Pinel, a physician whose name has

[3] *Report to the Council of Hospitals*, 1822. M. Desportes.

become immortal. All three were of opinion that he was the only man in Paris, or even in France, who could remedy the evils which they deplored. They appointed him physician to the Bicêtre. He entered on his great field of work towards the end of 1793.

And what a field it was! Dr. Pariset, in his *éloge* on Pinel, paints its character in dark but faithful colours. The insane, the vicious, the criminal, were mingled together and treated alike. Wretched beings, covered with filth and loaded with chains, were seen crouched down in the damp dark cells, to which God's great charities of light and air were denied. The attendants on these unhappy ones were malefactors, selected from the prisons, armed with whips, and often accompanied by savage dogs. No chapel bell assembled the inmates for prayer, or suspended the fierce and dreadful thoughts of the dungeon. No 'kindly face did good like a medicine,' but night and day the building resounded with cries, yells, and curses, and the clanking of chains and fetters.

> Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
> Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,
> Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,
> Facevan un tumulto, il qual s'aggira
> Sempre in quell' aria senza tempo tinta,
> Come la rena quando il turbo spira.[4]

It was into this 'hell above ground' that Pinel resolved to bring order, comfort, and the power of love and kindness. After having many times urged the Government to allow him to unchain the maniacs of the Bicêtre, but in vain, Pinel went himself to the authorities, and with much earnestness and warmth advocated the removal of this monstrous abuse. Couthon, a member of the Commune, gave way to Pinel's arguments, and agreed to meet him at the Bicêtre. Couthon then interrogated those who were chained, but the abuse he received, and the confused sound of cries, vociferations, and clanking of chains, in the filthy damp cells, made him recoil from Pinel's proposition. 'You may do what you will with them,' said he, 'but I fear you will become their victim.'

Pinel immediately began his undertaking. There were about fifty whom he considered might without danger to others be unchained, and he began by relieving twelve, with the sole precaution of having previously prepared the same number of 'camisoles' with long sleeves, which could be tied behind the back if necessary.

The first man on whom the experiment was tried was an English captain, whose history no one knew, as he had been in chains *forty years*. He was thought to be one of the most furious among them; his keepers approached him with caution, as he had in a fit of blind fury killed one of them with a blow from his manacles. He was chained more rigorously than any of the others. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and said to him, calmly, 'Captain, I will order your chains to be taken off, and give you liberty, if you will promise to behave well, and injure no one.

'Sir, I promise you,' said the maniac; 'but you are laughing at me, you are all too much afraid of me.'

'I have six men,' Pinel answered, 'ready to enforce my commands if necessary. Believe me, then, on my honour, I will give you your liberty if you will only put on this waistcoat.'

He submitted to this willingly, and without a word his chains were removed, and the keepers retired, leaving the door of his cell open. He raised himself many times from his seat, but fell again on it, for he had been in a sitting posture so

[4] Dante's *Inferno*, Canto III. 25–30.

long that he had lost the use of his legs; in a quarter of an hour he succeeded in maintaining his balance, and with tottering steps came to the door of his cell. His first look was at the sky, and he cried out enthusiastically, 'How beautiful!' During the rest of the day he was constantly in motion, walking up and down the staircases, and uttering exclamations of delight. In the evening he returned of his own accord into his cell, where a better bed than he had been accustomed to have had been prepared for him, and he slept quietly. During the two succeeding years which he spent in the Bicêtre, he had no return of his previous paroxysms, but even rendered himself useful by exercising a kind of authority over the insane patients, whom he ruled in his own fashion.

Another unfortunate being whom Pinel visited was a soldier of the French Guards, whose only fault was drunkenness; when once he lost self-command by drink he became quarrelsome and violent, and the more dangerous by reason of his great strength. From his frequent excesses he had been discharged from the corps, and had speedily dissipated his scanty means. Disgrace and misery so depressed him that he became insane; in his paroxysms he believed himself a general, and fought those who would not acknowledge his rank. After a furious struggle of this sort, he had been brought to the Bicêtre in a state of the greatest excitement. He had now been chained for ten years, and with greater care than the others, as he had frequently broken his chains with his hands only. Once, when he had broken loose, he had defied all the keepers who entered his cell until they had each passed between his legs, and he compelled eight or ten men to obey this strange command. Pinel, in his previous visits to him, regarded him as a man of original good nature, but labouring under excitement incessantly kept up by cruel treatment; and he had promised soon to ameliorate his condition, which promise alone had made him more calm. Now he announced to him that he should be chained no longer; and to prove that he had confidence in him, and believed him to be a man capable of better things, he called upon him to assist in releasing those others who had not reason like himself, and promised, if he conducted himself well, to take him into his own service. The change was sudden and complete. No sooner was he liberated than he became obliging and attentive, following with his eye every motion of Pinel, and executing his orders with as much address as promptness. He spoke kindly and reasonably to the other patients, and during the rest of his life was devoted to his deliverer. 'I can never hear without emotion,' says Pinel's son, 'the name of this man, who, some years after this occurrence, shared with me the games of my childhood, and to whom I shall always feel attached.'

In the next cell were three Prussian soldiers, who had been in chains for many years, but on what account no one knew. They were generally calm and inoffensive, becoming animated only when conversing together in their own language, which was unintelligible to others. They were allowed the only consolation of which they appeared sensible—to live together. The preparations taken to release them alarmed them, and they imagined the keepers were come to inflict new severities, so they opposed them violently while removing their irons. When released they were not willing to leave their prison, and remained in their habitual posture. Either loss of intellect or grief had made them indifferent to liberty.

Next to them was an old priest,

who was possessed with the idea that he was Christ. His appearance indicated the sincerity of his belief; he was grave and solemn; his smile soft, and at the same time severe, repelling all familiarity; his hair was long, and hung on each side of his face, which was pale, intelligent, and resigned. On his being taunted with the question that if he were Christ he could break his chains, he calmly replied, 'Frustra tentaris Dominum tuum.' His whole life was a romance of religious excitement. He undertook a foot pilgrimage to Cologne and Rome, &c. On his confinement in the Bicêtre, his hands and feet were loaded with heavy chains, and during twelve years he bore with exemplary patience this martyrdom, as well as constant sarcasms.

Pinel did not attempt to reason with him, but ordered that he should be unchained in silence, and directed at the same time that everyone should imitate the old man's reserve, and never speak to him. This order was rigorously observed, and produced on the poor man a more decided effect than either chains or dungeon; he became humiliated at this unusual isolation, and, after hesitating a long time, gradually introduced himself to the society of the other patients. From this time his notions became more quiet and sensible, and in less than a year he acknowledged the absurdity of his previous prepossessions, and was dismissed from the Bicêtre.

In the course of a few days, Pinel unfettered fifty-three maniacs in the Bicêtre; among them were men of all conditions and countries. The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquillity and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder; and the whole discipline was marked by a regularity and kindness which had a most favourable effect on the insane, rendering even the most furious more tractable.[5]

But, while thus liberating the lunatic from his iron fetters, it must not be supposed that Pinel reached at one bound the present enlightened treatment of the insane, or realised the extent to which they may be allowed liberty of action. He still judged that mechanical restraint was necessary, and employed both coercion and intimidating measures where the use of them would now be considered reprehensible. Nor could he change the prison-like aspect of their abode. But though he considered it justifiable and expedient to resort in some cases to stratagem, and in many to threats of punishment, he mainly relied on moral means, and was the first on the Continent to prove the effect of kindness on the disordered brain.

Pinel's noble example was followed by many other distinguished physicians, among whom were Esquirol, Georget, Jacobi, Falret, Zeller, Foville, Voisin, Scipio Pinel, Parchappe, and others. But the subsequent treatment of insanity on the Continent has not kept pace with that in this country.

Not only was the spread of Pinel's principles extremely slow, so that as late as 1836, when, as we shall afterwards see, Charlesworth and Hill, in England, were abolishing the last vestige of mechanical treatment, we still find the existence of chains, manacles, and cages in some of the French provincial asylums; but when, in 1853, Dr. Daniel H. Tuke visited some of the principal Continental asylums, though in a general way the patients were treated with kindness and care, he found much mechanical restraint still in force, and the douche as a punishment still employed. The latter he described as a fearful instrument of

[5] *British and Foreign Medical Review*, No. I.

torture, in the hands of an ignorant or cruel attendant. A friend of his witnessed its application, at the Bicêtre, to a young man who persisted in calling himself Jesus Christ and Napoleon. On his asserting this the douche was threatened, and on the failure of this threat actually put into effect. His head was fixed by means of a board, with an aperture which fitted his neck, and a stream of water from a great height was directed so as to fall with painful force on the irritated brain of the unfortunate lunatic. It was then suspended, and he was asked whether he would still persist in calling himself Jesus Christ and Napoleon? On repeating his delusion, the douche was again allowed to descend on his head. He was then asked a third time, 'Are you Jesus Christ and Napoleon?' and having replied in the negative, he was allowed to retire.

Holland for many years has made great advance in her treatment of the insane. In 1837, Prof. Van der Kolk delivered an address at Utrecht, entitled, 'Oratio de debita cura infaustam Maniacorum sortem emendandi eosque sanandi, in nostra patria nimis neglecta.' The Professor succeeded in rousing public attention, and the intervention of the Legislature. Commissioners were appointed, laws passed for the regulation of existing asylums, the suppression of some, including all private asylums, and the creation of new ones. Among the latter was a princely building near Haarlem, called Meerenberg; its medical officers, Dr. Everts and Dr. D. H. Van Leeuwen, visited England to obtain information as to the right treatment of the insane, and determined, as a result of their visit, to introduce the system of non-restraint. Prof. Van der Kolk, however, did not subscribe to the non-restraint system, as an inexorable principle never to be departed from, holding, with most Continental psychological physicians, that the waistcoat may prove, under some circumstances, the least irritating mode of restraining violence.

In Germany insanity had for long received much attention, as a subject of great speculative interest, and elaborate theories were framed, respectively entitled the Somatic, the Psychic, and Somato-psychic. But whilst speculative philosophers were engaged in caustic controversy over their rival abstract theories, the poor concrete lunatic was left in chains and darkness, and no attention was given to his practical treatment. The asylum of Sonnenstein, near Dresden, was the first to adopt more enlightened modes of treatment. In 1821 Dr. Jacobi began his labours at Siegburg, near Bonn, and in the following year edited a free translation of the *Description of the York Retreat*, by Samuel Tuke, with a view to introducing the same method of treatment in Germany. By his personal labours at Siegburg, and his writings, he is regarded as the main leader in the amelioration of the condition of the insane in that country. Religious influence, kindness, and other moral means, combined with a most careful attention to the medical indications of each case, constituted his primary rules of treatment; but he was never convinced of the necessity of adopting the principle of non-restraint.

Many of the provincial asylums of Prussia are well worthy of praise, but Dr. Tuke found Berlin miserably deficient in proper accommodation for the insane. On making some remark to Professor Ideler, on so wealthy a city neglecting so necessary an object of public care, he replied that the military expenses of the country were so great, that little was left to be spent on public asylums. It was in the portion of the public hospital, La Charité, set apart for the insane, that Dr. Tuke witnessed Prof. Ideler's sanction of

the douche, with indignation and disgust, as being positively cruel.

Austria, on the other hand, has been decidedly in advance of Prussia in the treatment of those afflicted with mental diseases. The large comparatively new public asylums at Vienna and Prague are worthy of all praise, not only in their construction and external appearance, but in their management, the condition of the patients, and the high character of their medical officers.

The old tower can still be seen in Vienna where the insane were chained and exposed to public view.

Having thus briefly passed in review the history of this great movement on the Continent, let us now trace out its history in our own country, the first to lead the way and the most advanced in the humane treatment of the disordered mind.

A few months prior to Pinel's great reform in France, the same movement was taking place in England, in a more unobtrusive form. It is not so generally known as it ought to be that it is to the Quakers that England owes this immense debt of gratitude, to those gentle worshippers of light and silence—a silence in which they have ever heard the voice of God speaking to them in every form of human misery, an inner light which seems invariably to guide them to successful methods in dealing with it.

Among all the bad English asylums, the York Asylum possessed the unenviable pre-eminence. The patients slept three in a bed; the light in some of the ground-floor rooms was obstructed by pigstyes, which added to the general foulness of the air. Small airing courts, into one of which one hundred lunatics were crowded without any supervision, so that it was discovered that several patients had been killed by their companions; dark cells into which the more violent were thrust, often in a state of complete nudity, sometimes for a week at a time, no provision being made for ordinary cleanliness; food which was described as cold meat for the middle class, and offal and trash for the lower; flogging and cudgelling systematically resorted to, and downright murder not an unfrequent occurrence; such were some of the features of an asylum established in 1777, by general subscription, for the decent maintenance and relief of such insane persons as were in reduced circumstances.

The secrecy which formed part of its vicious system kept suspicion from being aroused till 1790, when some members of the Society of Friends sent one of their family, a lady, for care to the York Asylum. Its rules forbade her friends to see her; she died; something wrong was suspected, and from that day 'the Society of Friends, acting as always in conformity with Christian precepts, and never hesitating to face a right work because of its difficulty, determined to found an institution in which there should be no secrecy. William Tuke was the great founder of the new asylum, and from the first he and his friends pursued in their asylum the principles which are now universally adopted.'[6] This was the more remarkable as the founder was not a medical man, with the advantage of modern pathological knowledge to guide him in breaking through the received treatment of the insane for two thousand years, but was simply guided by humanity and Christian principles, combined with strong common sense. For thirty years he devoted himself to this good work.

The new asylum was set in extensive grounds; it was made to look as much like a rural mansion

[6] Dr. Conolly's speech at Willis's Rooms. *Daily News*, April 1, 1852.

as possible, instead of a gloomy prison; the apertures, guarded by strong bars and shutters, which did duty for windows in the old asylum, were discarded, and glazed windows with iron sashes substituted; the rooms were furnished with neatness and care; and in order to imbue the patient's mind with the idea that he had come to a temporary home, the name of 'The Retreat' was suggested, and was then first used. Healthful employment was resorted to—straw and basketwork, as well as needlework, for the women; and outdoor cultivation of land for the men, which was found to have a marked beneficent influence; and simple amusements and friendly tea parties, were introduced. 'Certainly,' says Dr. Conolly, 'restraint was not altogether abolished by them; but they began the new system in this country, and the restraints they did continue to use were of the mildest form.' It was thought that cases existed in which the excitement created by the use of the strait waistcoat during a maniacal paroxysm was of a lesser degree than that caused by the employment of great physical force by an attendant, for, it must be remembered, the padded room had not yet been introduced. But no 'whirling-chairs' were employed, no 'bath of surprise' brought the patient to his senses; no cage-like dens were there in which to incarcerate the maniac from all human sympathy and the light and air of heaven; no whips, chains, and fetters. Yet the venerable founder, we are told, could go his way through the wards of the asylum, not only without fear of injury, but greeted by many a warm hand-shake, and by eyes glistening with grateful emotion, and kindling into intelligence.

And this at the time when the great authority, Dr. Cullen, was writing in favour of the systematic employment of fear in the treatment of insanity, and prescribing stripes in some cases of mania!

It was impossible that so remarkable an experiment should be going on without gradually attracting the curiosity of medical men and philanthropists; and the numerous enquiries made led at last, in 1813, to the publication of an account of the institution, by Samuel Tuke, the grandson of the founder, which was reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review* by Sydney Smith, whose racy wit so often served the cause of philanthropy. 'If it be true,' as the author of this able article remarks, 'that oppression often makes a *wise* man *mad*, is it to be supposed that stripes, insults, and injuries, for which the receiver knows no cause, are calculated to make a *madman wise*, or would they not rather exasperate his disease, and excite his resentment? May we not most clearly perceive why furious mania is almost a stranger to the "Retreat?"—why all the patients wear clothes, and are generally induced to adopt orderly habits?' Referring to mechanical restraint and seclusion, he says: 'Except in the case of violent mania, which is by no means of frequent occurrence, coercion, when required, is considered as a necessary evil, that is, it is thought abstractedly to have a tendency to retard the cure, and to oppose the influence of the moral remedies employed. It is, therefore, used only sparingly, and the superintendent has often told me that he would rather run some risk than have recourse to restraint when not absolutely necessary.'

The publication of these enlightened principles, accompanied by an account of their successful practical adoption, had an immediate effect. The medical superintendent of the York Asylum took offence at the slur cast by the existence of the Retreat on *his* ideal institution, and rashly engaged in a newspaper contro-

versy, during which a case of grave ill-treatment came to light. The public became alarmed. A commission of inquiry was instituted, and such fearful abuses were revealed as roused the whole country, and at last forced mental therapeutics on both public and medical attention.

But it was not till 1814, a year after the publication of Mr. Samuel Tuke's account of The Retreat—some twenty years after the right system had been enacted, under the able oversight of Tuke and also of Jepson—that any general reform took place. In the next five-and-twenty years fifteen new county asylums were opened, superintended by men of intelligence and humanity, recognising the supreme importance of moral treatment, discarding whips, chains, and whirling-chairs, and using as little restraint as was then thought possible. Sir Alexander Morison, in 1823, gave the first course of lectures on the subject; and his example was followed later on by Drs. Conolly and Sutherland.

It was not however till 1837 that the important experiment of the total abolition of mechanical restraint was tried, which happily proved a still further advance in the treatment of the insane. The experiment was first tried at the Lincoln Asylum, under Dr. Charlesworth and the house-surgeon, Mr. Gardiner Hill. The indignity of the coercion-chair and the strait-waistcoat, and the unseemly struggle to enforce their use, was found so irritating to the excited brain, and productive of such angry dislike and revengeful feeling in the patient's mind, as fatally to militate against moral treatment; and the immediate saving of trouble by the use of such instruments of control, regardless of the uncleanly habits they almost invariably produce, was so likely to be abused in the long run by careless attendants, that they were discontinued. A 'padded room' was often used. The walls are padded half-way up with coir; the floor itself is a bed, on which additional pillows and rugs are spread for the patient to lie down; the window is carefully guarded with a wire network, letting in light and air, while ensuring safety. The perfect quiet and subdued light in themselves often come like healing balm to the poor excited brain, and the patient frequently falls into sound sleep, his state being carefully watched through the inspecting-plate. Four or five hours sometimes are found sufficient to subdue a paroxysm of acute mania. In some asylums, however, at the present day, it is rarely or never resorted to.

The following curious table will show how gradual was the introduction of the non-restraint principle in the Lincoln Asylum:

Year	Total No. in House	Total No. Restrained	Total No. of instances of Restraint.	Total No. of Hours under Restraint
1829	72	39	1,727	20,424
1830	92	54	2,364	27,113
1831	70	40	1,004	10,830
1832	81	55	1,401	15,671
1833	87	44	1,109	12,003
1834	109	45	647	6,597
1835	108	28	323	2,874
1836	115	12	39	334
1837	130	2	3	28

Here we remark that in 1829 more than half the number of the inmates were subjected to mechanical restraint; in 1836, out of 115, it was found necessary for only 12; and in 1837, out of 130 patients, for only 2; after which date the practice was totally discontinued. Let our readers reflect how much irritability, even in the ordinary brain excitement of anger, we instinctively work out at the soles of our boots, or by a free movement of the hands, and then realise what it would be in the intolerable brain excitement of mania to be strapped immovably to a coercion-chair, or have our arms pinioned so as to be unable even to wipe away one's own tears of anguish and despair, and they will not be at a loss to conceive the enormous alleviation of suffering represented in that column of lessening figures.

But the time had at length arrived when the experiment had to be tried on a larger scale. In 1839 the great and good Dr. Conolly was appointed superintendent of the large pauper asylum at Hanwell, containing 1,000 patients; and, having personally studied the working of the system at Lincoln, he determined to introduce the principle of non-restraint into his unruly kingdom, which he resolved to govern by moral and therapeutical means alone.

When Colonel Clitheroe and other benevolent persons on the Middlesex magistracy made their preliminary inquiries into the actual condition of the pauper lunatics of that county, which led to the erection of Hanwell, it was found that in the places in which they were kept, several were chained to the walls in dirty and offensive rooms. Once a month a medical visit was accorded them, and in the interval they were left to the mercy of their keepers. Before dusk, at the close of each dismal day, the patients were carefully chained in cribs, the long corridors echoing with yells and curses of helpless fury all the night. On Sunday, a day of holiday to the keepers, the patients were left chained in their cribs all day. Their toilet, except on Sunday, when there was none, was performed by means of a tub in the yard, with the aid of a mop. The extravagance of soap was not permitted, and for 170 patients one towel was considered sufficient. The economy of the plan was manifest; and the mortality resulting from it, though considerable, was not considered. The condition of one man in Bethlehem, where the patients were exposed to public view for money, has been immortalised in a work of Esquirol, which contains a plate drawn from life. This patient's name was Norris. He had been a powerful and violent man. Having on one occasion resented what he considered some improper treatment from his keeper, he was fastened by a long chain, which was ingeniously passed through the wall, where the victorious keeper, out of the patient's reach, could drag the unfortunate man close to the wall whenever he liked. To prevent this sort of outrage, poor Norris muffled the chain with straw, but the savage inclinations of the keeper were either checked by no superintending eye, or the officers of the asylum partook of his cruelty and his fears, for a new and refined torture for the patient was invented, in the shape of an ingenious apparatus of iron. A stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to slide upwards or downwards on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted; on each side of the bar was a circular projection, which, being fastened to and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his sides. The effect

of this apparatus was that the patient could indeed raise himself up so as to stand against the wall, but could not stir one foot from it, could not walk one step, and could not lie down except upon his back. And in this thraldom he had lived for *twelve years*. During much of this time his conversation is reported to have been rational. At length release came, but he only lived one year to enjoy it. 'It is painful to have to add,' says Dr. Conolly, 'that this long-continued punishment had the recorded approbation of all the authorities of the asylum.' Surely the fact that such atrocities could go on under medical sanction should put us on our guard against attaching a superstitious weight to the dicta of medical men, when they assert the necessity of vice and unlicensed vivisection, as they once asserted the necessity of stripes and chains for the lunatic.

When—to return to our subject—the Hanwell Asylum was finished, presenting a handsome building surrounded by extensive grounds, and a farm on which the patients could be employed, it was a source of admiration and wonder. Yet the fine new building might, in its practical working, have been 'only the old Adam dressed up in new clothes.' Such was not the case. The intruments of coercion discarded by Dr. Conolly, of one kind and another, amounted to *six hundred*, half of which were leg locks and handcuffs; for these intruments of restraint the good doctor substituted the padded room fo r the violent, for mischievous patients clothes of a material that could not be torn, fastened on with a small padlock; for epileptic patients, instead of the old miserable chaining to the bed in one constrained attitude, a well-padded floor on either side, making a possible fall harmless; and for all alike patience, kindness, moral suasion, and sympathy. He instituted regular occupations; a school for the younger patients, recreation of all kinds, and even occasional social gatherings, in which the officials and the patients met happily together, and a band, composed of the more musical patients, performed. And lastly, not least, the religious services established by Dr. Conolly's predecessor, Sir William Ellis, were made regular by the appointment of a chaplain. The Sunday services, no longer interrupted by patients made irritable by mechanical restraint, were conducted with decent decorum; sacred singing was cultivated, and these afflicted ones encouraged, with what broken lights of reason remained to them, to look up to the Great Father of us all.

The success of the good doctor's method exceeded even his expectations; the wards ceased to resound at night with groans and curses from chained and struggling patients; order, content, and industry reigned among his 1,008 insane subjects; cures were far more quickly effected in the absence of any external aggravation of the irritability of the brain; and Dr. Conolly's vast experience, extending over a period of upwards of thirteen years, enabled him to enforce the principle that there is no properly managed asylum in the world in which mechanical restraint may not be abolished, not only with safety, but with incalculable advantage; a principle hotly contested on the Continent, with some notable exceptions, within recent years, as Griesinger in Germany and Morel in France.

The Commissioners in Lunacy, who were at first disposed to regard the new system with some disfavour, after carefully watching its results, became convinced of its desirability, and urged its adoption in the strongest terms. In their eighth report they could state that in twenty-seven out of thirty public or

county asylums mechanical restraint had been abolished, these asylums containing about 10,000 patients. A few years later and the use of it may be said to have ceased to exist in England.

Would that we could say that the old abuses of our system of caring for the insane had been completely weeded out; the objectionable increase in the size of the asylums, the painfully inadequate medical superintendence—the only efficient guarantee against the re-introduction of cruelty, against which the mere abolition of mechanical restraint is no safeguard, two physicians being considered sufficient for the care of 1,000 patients, while at Illenau, in Germany, there are four medical officers, and only 450 patients—the jealousy of the governing bodies, which often curtails and cripples medical authority, and the petty economy which leads to the discontinuing of schools, and of the useful agencies to restore the balance of the mind on the score of expense, are some of the evils which still infect the milder system.

One or two instances, in conclusion, may perhaps better enable us to realise the difficulties to be overcome in the abolition of all mechanical restraint, and the marvellous results obtained by the invincible power of love, kindness, and gentle firmness.

A poor tailor's wife was admitted as a patient; she had already been insane some months, after a confinement, apparently from the want of proper food and comforts. She was a kind of mad skeleton, looking as if she might drop down and die at any moment, and yet danced and sang, and tore her clothes and all bedding to rags. No restraints were used, and she was indulged in some of her harmless fancies, supplied, among other things, with useless remnants, that she might amuse herself with tearing them into shreds. Good food was given her; she became stouter, and became calmer, and soon she employed herself in making dresses instead of tearing them; and then a happy recovery was commencing, when her poor husband came to see her. The sight of him, half starved and half clothed, brought on a temporary relapse. She became depressed, wept bitterly, and lamented that her husband could not also come to Hanwell. These feelings were counteracted by the desire to go to him, poor as their home was, to comfort her husband and share his poverty; and, as soon as she was well enough, her wish was complied with.

In Dr. Hitchman's first report (1833) of the Derbyshire Asylum, we read of a patient brought to the institution naked, except that round the middle there were some remains of a dress; his limbs were chained; he roared hideously as he was being conveyed to the wards. The patient was of a large size and formidable aspect, but he appeared to be unable to retain the erect position without support. He resisted all attempts to clothe him, and he seemed unacquainted with the use of a bedstead. He whined after the manner of a dog that has lost its home—that home appearing to have been for more than thirty years a mere outhouse. He seemed to dread everybody, and he was lost to all sense of decency. 'He is guided,' writes Dr. Hitchman, on his arrival, 'by the lower instincts only, and his whole appearance and manner—his fears, his whines, his peculiar skulking from observation, his bent gait, his straight hair, large lips, and gigantic forearm—painfully reminded one of the more sluggish of the anthropoid apes, and tell but too plainly to what sad depths the human being can sink, under the combined influences of neglect and disease.'

It is interesting to know what improvements can be made in even such a case as this, in an asylum containing every comfort and ad-

vantage. Fifteen months after his admission, Dr. Hitchman was able to say, 'He now walks about the galleries properly clothed, smiles when he is approached, puts out his hand in a friendly manner towards those he recognises, sits regularly at meals, is shaved at appointed times, carries himself nearly erect, and looks as if he belonged to the children of men.'

Some of the most distressing cases occur amongst patients of a higher grade, from the mistaken reluctance of affectionate relatives to place them under proper medical care.

'A man of rank and education,' says Dr. Conolly, 'looking much like a mad beggar, all decent politeness forgotten, and who has kept his family in a state of disturbance and misery indescribable, yet, on removal to a good asylum, conforms at once to the hours and customs of the house, where he finds himself surrounded with kindness, and, above all, meets with the calm wise treatment so seldom to be had at the hands of agitated relatives, but which the irritable brain demands. In time the tranquil days and nights, the regularity of the hours of exercise, meals, good diet, cheerful social intercourse, and hopeful words, together with the administration of baths, and all the medical and therapeutical means practicable, produce a gradual restoration of health. Nothing occurring from day to day to exasperate the patient; no unkind thing being ever done, no unkind expression ever addressed to him, no ungentle emotion ever aroused, the irritation of the brain gradually subsides, and reason is restored; or, if structural change has already taken place which precludes cure, the malady takes a milder form, till the sufferer is released by death.[7]

Even in the frequent cases which came under Dr. Conolly, of men and women reduced to insanity after a long career of vice, and mad indulgence of their passions, he found the effects of quiet treatment and inexhaustible patience, were generally seen at last. Profligate, intemperate, violent, regardless of domestic ties, their children abandoned to all the evils of poverty, themselves by degrees given up to utter recklessness, the trouble occasioned by patients such as these, was indescribable. All violent methods produced greater obstinacy, greater determination to give trouble and do mischief, and commit all kinds of outrage. It was not till such patients, in whatever mood of mind, found themselves treated month after month, and even year after year, with invariable temper and patience, their outbreaks met with sorrow and not with anger, their attempts at self-control noticed and encouraged with hopeful words, that even these became generally quiet, decorous in manner and language, attentive to their dress, disposed to useful activity, and able to preserve their good behaviour in the chapel.

Indeed, the marvellous results recorded by Dr. Conolly, as obtained from the most disordered and refractory material by the use of moral means alone (for experienced alienist physicians are agreed that in addition to the direct medical treatment of the brain, and often when this fails, moral means are of the utmost importance) irresistibly lead up to the question whether, by the use of the same means outside the asylum, insanity might not often be preventible as well as curable. 'Very little consideration,' writes Dr. Conolly, 'is required to show that in the management of children of tender years, early customs prevail which

[7] Dr. Conolly, *The Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraints.*

tend to irritate the growing brain; and let us remember that it is the tendency of all long-continued irritation to produce structural change, in other words, incurable insanity. Might not many a wayward temper, inherited, perhaps, from half insane ancestors, be soothed and regulated, if the fault was met with sorrow instead of anger, if in the paroxysm of passion, instead of the loud voice, the irritable shake, or the angry slap, the child was put into a room by itself, with the assurance it should be released the moment it stopped crying, or in the case of a very young child, a warm bath was resorted to, to stop long-continued screaming; if every effort at self-control were carefully watched, noticed, and encouraged, instead of the usual careless 'you get worse and worse,' that greets the next outburst; above all, if strict obedience and regular habits were quietly but irresistibly enforced, implanting a habit of self-control, and teaching the child what, as Carlyle says, 'it cannot learn too early and thoroughly: that Would, in this world of ours, is as a mere zero to Should, and for the most part as the smallest fraction even to Shall'—might not many a brain have been saved from making shipwreck in after life?

Mothers especially would do well to study Dr. Andrew Combe's 'Principles of Physiology Applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education;' Dr. Southwood Smith's 'Philosophy of Health;' and Mr. Charles Bray's work on 'The Education of the Feelings.' From these works may be gathered many directions for the regulation of the life of children, conformable in system and in object to the character of the non-restraint system applied to older and decidedly disordered minds.

Again, we should do well to ponder the following statement of Dr. Conolly: 'All who have had peculiar opportunities of studying the mental habits of insane persons of the educated classes, well know that with some exceptions their pursuits and studies appear to have been superficial, desultory, and frivolous; the condition of the female mind, especially of the minds of those who are to be the mothers of another generation, is even in the highest circles too often more deplorable still. Not only is it most rare to find them familiar with the best authors of their own country, but most common to find that they have never read a really good author either in their own or in any other language, and that the few accomplishments possessed by them have been taught only for display in society and not for solace in quieter hours.' Much is doing to remedy this state of things, and great efforts are being made for the better education of women, but much still remains to be done. Surely the moral treatment resorted to in such cases 'exercise in the open air, customary and general activity and usefulness, a moderate attention to music and other accomplishments, instead of an extravagant devotion of time to such excitements, protection from fanatical expositions, and substitution of sensible books for the worthless tracts and volumes with which well-meaning friends have crowded their boxes, and which are henceforth locked up as so much mental poison—surely this treatment can be better pursued *outside* an asylum than *in* one? To make a real intelligent effort to give our boys and girls healthy pursuits, and, if possible, some interest in some branch of science, whether natural history or some other—an object often accomplished by the purchase of a few books and instruments—is surely a great step made towards the preservation of mental sanity, bringing the mind into contact with that

fair-ordered world of Nature, which Goethe recognised as the great influence in calming a distempered mind.

And lastly could we not be a little kinder to each other? It is unkindness that most often unhinges the mind. It is the kindness the patient meets with in the asylum that forms the first steps to his cure.

Musing upon the little lives of men,
And how they mar that little by their feuds,

it has often struck me as an infinitely sad thing, how little it takes to make a human heart happy, and how often that little is denied; often, too, not from want of affection, but from want of a little thought.

In conclusion, are there no ways in which we could co-operate in the great work of these good men, who, by the devotion of a lifetime, have brought about this great revolution in the treatment of the insane? All who have had personal experience of the insane, will bear witness to the cruelty and folly of the feeling of dread with which they are regarded, a feeling which we do not indulge towards a patient in the delirium of fever, though with better cause for it, a feeling which I sometimes think must have been implanted in us by the centuries of superstitious horror and cruelty which this one form of human malady inspired. In the life of Elizabeth Fry, it is touching to read how the Dowager Czarina of Russia personally visited the asylums of St. Petersburg, saw to the comfort of the inmates, and soothed their afflicted minds by playing on the organ to them. Are there not some with bright gifts of song, or of elocution, who would sometimes place these gifts at the disposal of the officers of an asylum, to help to bring a little brightness into these darkened lives? Could not a Flower Mission be opened to our city asylums, and all the tender beauty and healing grace of those 'fair ungrieving things' be made to minister to troubled minds?

At least let us render our heart's thanks to those noble men who have removed one of the darkest blots from our common human nature, and shown love victorious over neglect, and fear, and cruelty, by working with them, in prevention, if we cannot in curing; and remembering the wonders they have effected by pouring into the wounds of a troubled mind the oil and wine of kindness, unwearied patience, and wise tenderness, let us 'go and do likewise.'

ELLICE HOPKINS.

QUARTER SESSIONS DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

FROM ORIGINAL RECORDS.

By A. H. A. Hamilton.

In one of Macaulay's letters we find the reflection: 'It is sad work to live in times about which it is amusing to read.'

This remark, applicable to any period of civil war, is peculiarly applicable to the English Civil War of the seventeenth century. That war, instead of being confined to one locality, and to the manœuvres of great regular armies, raged over many counties, in a series of desultory operations, conducted generally with more valour than science. Country houses became fortresses, and sustained sieges, and in some districts the horrors of war were brought home to almost every village and every individual.

Devonshire was one of the counties that suffered most in this way, but the picturesque aspect of such proceedings must not be sought in the records of the Quarter Sessions of the Peace. The gown had to yield to the sword, and the laws were comparatively silent in the midst of arms. The justices rode out a 'colonelling,' and the Clerk of the Peace himself became a man of war, like the hero of Butler:

> Mighty he was at both of these,
> And styled of war, as well as peace,
> (So some rats of amphibious nature,
> Are either for the land or water).

Nevertheless, Sessions were held, and records were kept of them, though more brief and imperfect than those of peaceable times. And from these records we may be able to extract a few memoranda, helping to illustrate the history and literature of the period.

It is evident that neither King nor Parliament could afford to let the justices stand as an independent authority. Each party in turn sought to govern the counties by select commissioners of their own appointment rather than by the whole body of magistrates, though certain matters of routine were left to the care of the latter, such as the trial of petty offences, the management of hospitals, the repair of bridges which were often pulled down by the troops, and the duty of providing pensions for the rapidly increasing numbers of 'maimed soldiers,' recommended by 'Prince Maurice, his highness,' and others.

At Epiphany 1642-3 the Sheriff was fined 100*l.* for neglect of duty in not making arrangements for the sessions, and the next evidence of disturbances that we find in a change in the place of meeting. The Castle of Exeter was too important a post to be left in the hands of the civil power. It was fortified and garrisoned for the Parliament by the Earl of Bedford, Lord Lieutenant of Devon, and entrusted to the command of the Earl of Stamford. At Midsummer, 1643, the Sessions were opened at Tiverton. But the armies approached Tiverton, and the Sessions were adjourned to Topsham. Little business was transacted, but we may notice that John Gove, who had been bound over, was excused, 'because oath was made that hee is in service in the King's Army under the command of Captayne Gidley.'

The gaol was kept at Ottery St. Mary, instead of Exeter, in the house of Mr. Vaughan (Clerk of the Peace). John Searle was committed to it for not paying his weekly assessment towards the payment of his Majesty's Army, and also on a more serious charge.

James Bishopp, constable of Buckerell, deposed that

John Searle, of Buckerell, the day that the King's army came into Tiverton and took that town, being at the town or village of Buckerell, did incite and persuade this deponent, being then constable, to put himself and others of the parishioners in arms, which he said that he would do also, and said that he had six men's arms in his custody, with which he would arm men, and that neighbouring parishes would join with them to withstand the King's army from coming that way, and said that if there were but one hundred did come, he doubted not but that he would withstand them.

At the same sessions we find an order that four men who had been wounded in the last expedition 'by the forces under the command of the Earl of Warwick against Topsham' should have forty shillings apiece paid them by the Treasurers for maimed soldiers. There is also mention made of a weekly rate for the maintenance of His Majesty's Army in these parts. And Henry Oldinge, 'who was taken for an espy,' was committed 'to the prison in the Shipp' at Topsham.

The parishes of Sidmouth and Salcombe were discharged for not attending the commands of the Sheriff for the *posse comitatus* 'in respect of the daunger of the enymye latelie attendinge the coasts borderinge uppon the aforesaide parishes.'

Soon afterwards we have long lists of persons indicted for neglecting or refusing to attend the Sheriff, Sir Henry Cary, when he called out the *posse comitatus* to suppress the rebellion, and especially for the siege of Plymouth. It appears that all able-bodied men between the ages of 16 and 60 were called out. The bills were sometimes ignored, but generally found true. The difficulty of enforcing punishment must have been soon found insuperable.

On the 4th of September, 1643, Exeter was surrendered to Prince Maurice, and the Michaelmas Sessions following were again held in the accustomed place. But the Castle of course continued to be garrisoned, and soon after we find arrangements made for holding the sessions 'in gardino prope Castrum,' or 'apud le Gaole Garden,'—the garden attached to the prison, which was outside the walls of the castle.

The mansion of Great Fulford, the seat of the ancient family of that name, certainly from the time of Richard I., and probably before the Conquest, had been sacked in the troubles, and the court made an order for the constables of Crediton, Moreton Hampstead, Newton St. Cyres, Sandford, and St. Thomas the Apostle, to make diligent search for 'divers goods and chattles which are Sir ffrauncys ffulford's, knight,' and which had been 'taken out of his house at ffulford by persons unknown, and conveyed secretly into diverse houses in the severall parishes.'

Master James Style, clerk, complained to the bench that, as he was travelling towards the chapel of Petton, in Bampton, 'to officiate his duetie there' one Sunday morning, certain persons did take from him his horse, saddle, and bridle. It is not stated that the horse was 'requisitioned' for the public service, but we may suppose it was, from the order that follows close afterwards:

Whereas we be ready to obey his highness and the officers in chief of His Majesty's army, and the several governors of towns within our county, and to execute all reasonable warrants from the Master of the Ordinance, the Quarter-Master General, the Waggon-Master General, and the Provant Master, but are unwilling that the county should be subject to the extravagant and illegal commands of inferior officers, or the violence of common soldiers. It is therefore ordered, That if any officer of the king's army whatsoever, except some or one of the foresaid parties, shall grant any warrants for the taking away of any man's horses, arms, or goods within this county, or if any man whatsoever

(except as aforesaid) shall grant any warrant for the free billetting of any soldier within this county, that it shall be lawful for each man to deny any obedience to any such inferior warrant. And whosoever shall hereafter take or steal horses, or any other thing from any man within this county, shall be pursued, apprehended, and tried according to the laws of the land. And whoever shall offer any violence and injury to any soldier within this county, shall be severely punished for the same.

The tone of these records during the war is almost invariably loyal, but there are one or two exceptions, such as the information of Thomas Rosemond, of Otterton, against John Austen, of Sidmouth, which must have been laid before some Puritan Justice. It has preserved for us a political conversation of the year 1642, such as Sir Walter Scott might have introduced into a novel.

The said Thomas Rosemond saith that on Tuesday last he, meeting with the said John Austen at Greenway Lane, in Sidmouth aforesaid, the said John Austen asked him whether his master had paid the rate, who answered, yes. Austen replied, and said that none but a few Puritans had paid. Thomas said again, all the parish of Otterton had paid, and his master did go at Exon and pay it in. To-morrow, Austen said, they would wish for their money again, for the ship-money was bad, but this was worse, and that he had not paid, nor would not pay it, for the King had set out a proclamation that it should not be paid, and that if the constables did distrain, he would make them bring it again, and that they that would not obey the proclamation were traitors and rebels against the King; and said that Parliament would have new tricks and new laws, contrary to that was before in King James' and Queen Elizabeth's days, and would have this money to maintain wars against the King and amongst ourselves, and the Parliament were all Puritans, for the Protestants were all gone away from them to the King, and there were none left but a few Puritans; and said that if it came to, he would fight against that sect. The said Thomas asked the said John Austen if he had not taken the protestation,[1] he told him yes, but if it were to doing again, he would never do it; and said further, The Puritans should be the first he would fight against.

Also Austen said that Richard Clapp of Sidbury, had played new tricks, but now the Parliament had sent a warrant for him and for Mr. Searle also, and they must appear at London, and must new christen the child again. And that Mr. Babbington, because he would not say the Epistle and Gospel, was fast enough, but he did think he was not in prison, but he could not come home, and had sent private letters, that if any were sent for, they should not appear in person, but by an attorney: and Mr. Babbington was a *whither-witted* man and a *turnecoate*, and had preached (when the Bishops were up) against those who would not pay to the organs, but now he was turned another way; and said also that there was such another *coxcombe foole* at Newton that would not say the Epistle and Gospel, nor the Common Prayers.

A learned friend assures me that the phrase 'a whither-witted man' is invaluable, and well deserves to be revived. In an age of ecclesiastical disputings, it may be useful to restore to the language a convenient term of opprobrium, such as Cromwell may have flung at Laud, or Falkland at Hugh Peters.

Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis
Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas.

It seems probable that the spelling in the text is correct, and that 'whither-witted' means one whose wits are gone 'whither' no one knows. But it is so excellent a word that no spelling comes amiss to it, and it would 'make sense' if it were spelt wither, weather, wether, or whether.

At Easter 1644, the constables of Southmolton were accused of having directed certain soldiers the

[1] The 'Protestation' was framed by a Committee, of which Maynard was chairman, and was taken by the two houses, May 3, 1641, and afterwards tendered to all persons throughout the country. It was a solemn vow to maintain and defend the Protestant religion, the king, the power and privileges of Parliament, and the lawful rights and liberties of the subject.

wrong way, when they ought to have sent them to Exeter. Many complaints were made of unjust assessments for the weekly taxes 'towards the maynteynance of his Mat$^{t's}$ army, in these westerne partes.' It was the habit, in those times, to levy all rates weekly, and those who have no love for the visits of the modern collector may imagine how large an amount of friction and annoyance was caused by such a practice.

One at least of the ladies of the county distinguished herself on the side of the rebels. Complaints were made by the constables of Kenton, 'that they having arrested the body of *Archillis* Slapton by order of his Mat$^{t's}$ Commissioners, the Lady Elizabeth Martyn, wife of Sir Nicholas Martyn, Knight, did beat and abuse the said Constables, and by herself and others whom she incited thereunto rescued the said Slapton from the custody of the said constables.' It was therefore ordered

> That the said constables of Kenton shall apprehend and take the body of the said Lady Martyn, and her safely bring before some one of His Majesty's justices of peace of this county, next unto the place where she shall be apprehended, &c. &c.

It seems improbable that the constables succeeded in arresting a lady who was so capable of defending her friends, even though 'all his Majesty's officers and loving subjects' were required to be aiding and assisting the said constables in the due execution of these presents. Sir Nicholas Martyn, of Oxton, was a man of very large property in those days. He was knighted in 1624, and was sheriff of Devon in 1640. He was proclaimed a traitor by the King in November, 1642, and was excepted from the offer of a general pardon, together with Sir George Chudleigh, Sir John Northcote, and Sir Samuel Rolle. He no doubt gained popularity by the spirited conduct of his wife, for he was elected knight of the shire in June 1646. He died in 1653.

At Michaelmas, 1644, Peter English of Bradninch got into trouble, for his too great readiness to fight upon both sides. It is recorded that he,

> In the beginning of the rebellion having taken up arms on the rebels' part against the king, did after the battle at Stratton, as a trainer for the king under the command of Captain Sainthill, and while he served a soldier for the king, he did associate and help some troopers which abused and wounded Mr. Peter Warren, a constable of Bradninch. And upon the Earl of Essex his coming into these parts, the said English voluntarily went over into Essex his army, and there served and went with him into Cornwall. And coming now to be fined upon an indictment for his not appearing at the sheriff's *posse* in November last, is by order of the Court committed to the gaol of this county. And it is further ordered that he be at the next sitting of the Comm^{s}. of Oyer and Terminer indicted for High Treason.

Whether 'the said English' was ever tried, or when the next sitting of Oyer and Terminer took place, does not clearly appear. The crime of treason, like the prisoner himself, shortly afterwards changed sides, and the power of Government 'went over into Essex, or rather Fairfax, his army.'

The Queen, and afterwards the King, were in Exeter in 1644, but no notice is taken of them in the proceedings of Sessions. The Court was much occupied with 'the greate necessitie of releeveinge of the Late maymed souldiers whose wounds are yett bleedinge,' and, finding that the rates were not sufficient to relieve both them and the old pensioners, they proceeded to enquire whether the old ones were not 'able to subsist without further payment of their pensions formerly assigned to them.'

In 1645, the records are very scanty, and at Epiphany and Easter following there are none at all. Their absence is more expressive

than many words. At that time Fairfax, Cromwell, and Waller were driving the Royalists before them throughout Devon and Cornwall.

Exeter was besieged for several months. The country seats round the fair city, from which the peaceable Justices had been wont to trot in to attend Quarter Sessions, Powderham, Canonteign, Fulford, Peamore, Barley, Stoke, Columb John, Poltimore, Bishopscourt, Nutwell, were all occupied by garrisons, which were no doubt employed in cutting off the supplies destined for the Queen of the West. Each of these houses is conveniently situated for commanding one of the roads leading to Exeter; and Powderham (Lord Devon's), and Nutwell (now Sir F. Drake's), also command the estuary of the Exe. A letter has been preserved, written by the Puritan officer in command of the garrison at Peamore, in which he expresses his dislike of Devonshire for two reasons, the sour cider and the bad preaching, and concludes with the pious hope that, if ever he returns home, he may in future be more thankful for the great blessings of sound doctrine and wholesome liquor.

At last, on April 9, 1646, the City and Castle of Exeter were surrendered to the Parliamentary Army.

At Midsummer, 1646, the Sessions were held at Crediton. The names of the Justices who attended are not recorded, but it may be hoped that they were not the same as those who were present the year before. The tenor of their orders veered completely round. Parliament was the only lawful authority, and the Justices were shocked at the rebellious conduct of the royalist faction, now distinguished as 'malignants.'

Whereas by sad experience it appeareth that divers Constables of Hundreds and Petit Constables have been very active for the Cavaliers, and evil instruments to the State, and that divers of them do yet continue in their said offices, to the retarding of the service of the country and encouraging of the Malignant party. It is therefore ordered, and the Justices in their several divisions are desired, where they shall find any such Constables, to dismiss them, and swear others in their stead of trust and credit.

It appeared necessary also to take order for the settling of poor persons belonging to the County of Devon, 'whose houses had been burnt or puld downe by the *crewell enemy*.' And orders were made for the payment of church rates, 'forasmuch as it appeareth that diverse Churches within this Countie are very much decayed for wante of reparacon by reason that the people have forboren the paiment of their Church Rates.'

Five pounds were voted to Joane Ellery of Hemyock, 'wydowe,' because 'the inhumane and barbarous carriage of the lord Paulett did soe appeare against Henry Illerie her husband, by executing him for that he was in the Parliament Armie.' If we had Lord Paulet's version of the affair, we shall probably hear some equally strong remarks on the 'carriage' of the besiegers of Basing House.

The Puritans immediately proceeded to improve their victory by suppressing 'the Multiplicity of the Alehouses' in the county, and the 'daylie abuses and disorders kept and suffered in such Alehouses, especiallie on the sabboth Dayes, whereby the service of Almightie God is much hindered.'

They also rejoiced after the fashion of those described by the satirist:

> That with more care keep holyday
> The wrong, than others the right way;

as may be seen by the following order:

Whereas this Court is informed that the last Wednesday in every month, which is appointed a day for solemn fasting and humiliation over the whole kingdom, is

not observed and kept as it ought to be by divers persons, and in many places within this county, and also that the Lord's day, likewise appointed to be kept holy, is profaned by many lewd people, and not kept and observed in many places as it ought to be; It is therefore ordered by this Court that if any person or persons hereafter shall not observe and keep the said fast day, or shall profane the said Lord's day, that then the next Justice of the Peace upon complaint to him made, shall bind over the said person or persons so offending to the next Assizes to answer his contempt. And all constables and other officers are hereby required to take especial care to see this order performed, as they will answer the contrary, and from whom this Court will expect a good account of the performance thereof.

It may be remembered that Sir Simonds D'Ewes, according to his autobiography, used to observe one day in the month as a fast in his family. This was probably the private practice of the Puritans before the war, and it was now established by public authority.

Five persons of Chudleigh were summoned to appear and answer for working upon the last fast day, 'in contempt of the ordinance and officers' reprehension.'

The Court was scandalised by receiving information that there was great preparation for divers Revels to be shortly held in the county, and especially one at Cheriton Fitzpaine, 'which kind of assemblys, for that they commonly produce noe good but the dishonor of Almightie God and the breach of the peace by excessive drinking, quarrelling, and other disorderly carriadges, hath occasioned diverse Orders both from the Sessions and Assizes for their restraint and suppression.' It was therefore ordered that all justices, constables, and other officers should use their best endeavours against such disorderly courses and unlawful meetings, 'especially in these times of troble and so great Contagion.' And any persons who were found remiss or refractory in execution or obedience of this order were to be proceeded against as 'Enemyes to the Comon pease and weale of the Kingdome.'

The Court seems to have had no objection to receive written certificates, even of mere rumours, instead of oral evidence. Here is a specimen, relating to the prosecution of a spiritualist of the period:

Wee, whose names are heere under written, doe testifye that to our knowledge this Maudline Clap hath many tymes wronged and abused this poor woman Thomasine Smith, threatning to kill her, breaking open her doores upon her, plucking downe her garden Hegge, and laying it open to the highway, and taking away her herbes, or spoyling them. Shee is a woman of wicked life and conversation, a great swearer, a drunkard, and then in that case given to railing and slandering of her neighbours. Besides, shee is vehemently suspected with burning the Church House, for shee sayd the night before it was burnt that shee had power to burne them all out. Shee hath also some tymes disguised herselfe in the night, *faining herselfe to be a spirit*, and in a strang forme endevoured to break open her neighbours doores. There are many other complaints against her by her neighbours, but this we know to be true, and wilbe ready to testifie the same upon our oathes at any tyme.

Given under our hands att Clist Saint Lawrence, this 10th day of January 1647.

Nicholas Bickleigh.
Thomas Bussell.

On the other hand, as might be expected, Maudlin Clapp produced a certificate signed by five persons, to the effect that Thomasine Smith was a woman 'of very lewd life and conversation.'

An immense number of entries of course relate to the pensions for maimed soldiers, and the rates imposed on the county for their relief were doubled, although the allowance to an individual was generally no more than forty shillings.

Many petitions were received respecting losses in the war. 'Sheepe' and horses were the objects most in request. The parish of Up Lyme had lost 3000 sheep 'in the troubles when Lyme was besieged.' Joseph Hall, of Teignmouth, was bringing a horse to Exeter, 'but coming on Haldon

Downe did there unhapily meete with sixteen of the Cavaleere Troopers, who owned the said horse, and did beate and abuse your petitioner, taking not only the said horse from him (wch they said was taken out of their troope by stealth half a yeare then before), but also robed yor petr of his mony and other things about him, and soe cruelly used him that he was in greate daunger of his life, and inforced to keepe his bead a long tyme after in the greife and paine thereby sustayned.'

However pleased the justices might profess to be with the new government, they were not unnaturally anxious to get rid of the burden of a standing army, especially as they were suffering much at the same time from dearth and pestilence. They appealed to Fairfax, and received the following characteristic reply.

As Cromwell wrote of him after Naseby: 'the General attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself.'

'*Gentlemen*, — I have received yours of the ninth instant, wherein you were pleased to begin with such acknowledgements as I wish may always be directed to God, the Author of your peace and blessings, and not to myself otherways than as a weak instrument in His hand, who shall expect or wish no return from you, but that, as I presume you are constant to the interest, which God hath so owned, so you would be careful that those whom he hath likewise so eminently owned to make them the chief instruments of His work to yourselves and the Kingdom may meet with no unworthy requitals. As to the business of Major Perkins his troop, I confess I did (not?) before understand what you now write concerning the appointed disbanding thereof, and I thank you for the friendly information. I shall now leave it to be accordingly disbanded by you, desiring only that (if possible) they may have the encouragement of three weeks' pay and your certificates for what further arrears may be reasonably due unto them, and that you would use the same hand towards what other troops of Salary Horse you have belonging to your county, to disband them likewise, since they can none of them come within the establishment now resolved on by the Parliament. And so doing I assure you that I shall not continue to any of them any order or countenance from me to be longer in a body to the terror or trouble of your county, but do hereby revoke what order they had from me for their quartering in your county. I have one request to add in behalf of the Governor of Exeter Castle with the other officers and foot belonging thereto, that they, being to be continued and brought under the establishment of the 18,000 now resolved on by the Parliament, so as there will be very shortly order taken for their constant pay, you would for the present take care and effectual order that they may be supplied for their subsistence with either money, provisions or convenient quarters nearest to their place of duty, which you will shortly have power to discharge out of the assessments of your county. I shall not trouble you further at present, but remain your very assured friend, THO. FFAIRFAX.

'Turnham Green:
19th of *October*, 1647.'

It may perhaps be doubted whether the conduct of the Puritan army was as much admired by its contemporaries as it has been by certain modern historians, and whether the warlike saints trained by Cromwell and Fairfax were all distinguished by their 'austere morality and fear of God,' and their respect for 'the property

of the peaceable citizen and the honour of woman.' The Devonshire justices, at any rate, were not disposed to give them such a character. On the receipt of Fairfax's letter they immediately passed the following resolution.

Whereas Major Perkins his troop of Horse were by order of the standing committee of this county to disband for divers months since, and paid according to an order of the committee of the Lords and Commons for the safety of the West, yet have ever since in contempt and disobedience to the said order continued together and taken free quarter, to the great grievance, oppression, and terror of the country, and being questioned at the last Session of this Court for so doing, they pretended an order from General Sir Thomas Fairfax for their quartering, but upon notice given unto him that they were formerly ordered to be disbanded, revoking all former orders by him made for their quartering, hath left them to be disbanded by the Justices and Committees of this county. It is now, therefore, according and in pursuance of the said former orders, ordered that the said troop do forthwith disband, and are hereby disbanded, and repair to their several homes and places of abode, whereof the Captain, Officers, and Troopers, and all belonging to the said troop are, upon notice hereof, to conform and give obedience, as they will answer the contrary and expect to be proceeded against and dealt with according to law and justice. And it is also hereby declared, according to the desires of His Excellency, that if the said officers and troopers will repair to the Committee, they shall have their arrears audited and certificates thereupon.

Barebones Parliament, some years afterwards, made an enactment that marriages should be solemnised before the justices of the peace. An entry at Michaelmas 1648, shows that some difficulties had already arisen in this matter. Robert Searle, clerk, promised in open court, that if it should appear henceforth 'that he doth unduely marry any parties,' he should be bound over with very good sureties, or in default committed to the gaol. And a general order was to be made 'against all ministers for unduely marrying of people,' but of this there is unfortunately no copy.

During all this time, and up to within three weeks of the King's execution, the Sessions were held in the name *Domini nostri Caroli nunc Regis Angliæ.*' All public business appears to have been nominally carried on, as usual, under the King's authority. We know that Sir Thomas Fairfax, when he met the captive King on his way to Holmby House in February, 1647, instantly got off his horse, and humbly kissed the Royal hand. I have found an original commission of the Peace dated July, 1647, in which the King is represented as addressing among others his dearest cousins the Earls of Northumberland, Pembroke, Manchester, and Say (*sic*), and his trusty and well beloved William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons, and as appointing Edmund Prideaux Custos Rotulorum. The oath of allegiance was retained as a means of persecuting the Roman Catholics, and in August of the same year we find William Rose committed to prison for refusing it. John Kite met a similar fate in October for speaking dangerous words against the *King and Parliament*, as well as for 'offering to abuse the Countery, &c., by cheating them under pretence of aucthority from the Earle of Northumberland.' Such entries serve to explain the bitter sneer of Butler,

For, as we make war for the king
Against himself, the self same thing,
Some will not stick to swear, we do
For God and for religion too.

It is easy to explain such proceedings by a charge of gross hypocrisy, but it may be doubted whether they ought not rather to be attributed to the love of Englishmen for even the outward forms of established institutions, and to the conservative spirit which has been conspicuous even in our revolutions.

The Clerk of the Peace fell at the same time as his royal master.

In January 1648–9 there was a 'full hearing of the difference between Mr. John Vaghan, and Mr. Nicholas Rowe touching the office of Clerk of the Peace.' The result was thus entered, probably by the victor.

The truth of the Order was this;

Mr. Rowe claims the place of the office of Clerk of the Peace in Devon by a Commission under the hand and seal of Edmond Prideaux, Esq., *Custos Rotulorum*, dated 28 March, 1648. Mr. Charles Vaghan, being in possession of the place, and a member of the Parliament, shews an order of the House of Commons made in January 1642 (1643), whereby he is enjoined and appointed to take the Custody of the Records of the County of Devon, and execute the place of Clerk of the Peace of the said County until the House take further order, the former Clerk being taken in levying War against the Parliament, and thereupon committed. And upon hearing the title on both sides, thereupon a Letter was formerly written to the Speaker by the Bench to desire the sense of the House, which was never read in the House, and now, after the delay of three Sessions, Mr. Rowe being in Court (and Mr. Vaghan, who is bound by his order to execute the place, and hath not the power to make a deputy, being absent, and relinquishing the place). It was upon the vote of the Bench (the Court being full) declared that Mr. Rowe should be reputed and taken for Clerk of the Peace, and that for this Sessions Mr. Inglett should officiate and account for the profits to Mr. Rowe, and pay them over to him, who is to be responsible for them.

Mr. Charles Vaughan had held the post in the time of James I. He sat in the Long Parliament as member for Honiton. Mr. Hugh Vaughan, probably his son, was restored to the place in the reign of Charles II.

If we had the minutes of the proceedings of the 'Standing Committee for Compounding with Delinquents,' or rather for sequestrating their property, those records might probably be more interesting than the Sessions' Books of this period. In their absence, we are not altogether without means of tracing the action of the victorious republicans towards the vanquished Cavaliers—an action which is summed up by Mr. Carlyle in the characteristic exclamation, 'Poor Royalist squires, riddle the last dus (?) sixpence out of them!' A few original letters and memoranda in the possession of Sir Thomas Acland, which he has kindly allowed me to examine, enable us to form some idea of the weight of the Parliamentary yoke.

Sir John Acland, the first baronet of that ancient family, was a Cavalier resembling the hero of Mr. Browning's ballad:

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing;
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish, and honest folks droop,
Marched them along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Sir John served as sheriff for the King during the war. He raised at his own cost two whole regiments for the King's service. For the same cause he sacrificed his plate, his horses, cattle, sheep, corn, hay, and so forth. His house at Columb John was fortified, and was the last detached garrison that held out for the King in the West. After it was taken, it was occupied successively by Cromwell and Fairfax, and both it and his other house of Killerton were 'ryfled and spoyled' of whatever remained in them. Their gallant owner seems to have escaped into Exeter, and stood the siege there. After that city capitulated, Sir John Acland, as one of the garrison, and also as a freeman of the city, claimed the benefit of the moderate articles which had been agreed upon. He also obtained a letter from Fairfax to Speaker Lenthall, recommending him 'for a moderate composition.' His claim was at first admitted, and his fine was fixed at the sum of 1,727*l.*, which was estimated to be the tenth part of the value of his estate. He managed to raise and pay one half

of this, and gave security for the remainder. But he had enemies, and especially one Richard Evans, a brewer of Exeter, and one of the committee for that city, who professed to have have been 'ruined by the invetterate mallice and cruell comands of John Acland.' No doubt the cavaliers had in their time been active enough in requisitioning horses and cattle for the army of the King. Sir John's conduct having been represented to the Commissioners, his fine was raised to one-third of the value of his land, which he was of course unable to pay. His estate was sequestered, and the 'surplusage' granted to Richard Evans. He himself was obliged to hide away, being probably in danger of his life. The negotiations for the reduction of the fine were carried on through his wife, a daughter of Sir F. Vincent. There are copies of piteous letters from her to various influential people on behalf of her husband. Among others is one she wrote to Colonel Cromwell, reminding him of the favour he showed towards her 'When you were pleased to quarter at my house.'[1] Still more pitiful is a letter to her servant Charles Knight, written from Exeter in July, 1646, sending 600*l.* which she had scraped together, probably towards the payment of the fine, and describing the sad condition of herself and her little 'boyes,' destitute of almost everything, and yet having eight soldiers and their horses quartered on her. Sir John died not long afterwards, probably of a broken heart. Sir Walter Scott in *Woodstock* represents him as aiding in Charles the Second's escape after the battle of Worcester, but that is only a poetic licence. The poor lady renewed her petition to the 'Standing Committee of Devon' for her jointure. She was at last allowed to have one fifth of the income of her husband's property. It is satisfactory to know that the family recovered their lands at the Restoration, and that the descendants of poor Sir John Acland have since flourished greatly in the three western counties.

[1] In an account of plunder at Killerton, we find that eight oxen were valued at 50*l.*; eleven kine and two bulls at 70*l.*; two coach-horses at 35*l.*; one bay mare at 20*l.*, 55 sheep and 15 lambs at 35*l.*, and six horses and colts at 60*l.* The silver plate was sold at 58½*d.* an ounce. In a list of gold coins 70 angels were valued at 11/6 each; 16 *Spurryalls* at 17/6 each; one double pistole at 1*l.* 10*s.*; one gold noble at 13/4; one Treble Sovereign of Q. Elizabeth's reign at 1*l.* 15*s.*; another of the same at 1*l.* 18*s.*; and a double sovereign of King Edward at 1*l.* 3*s.*

AN APOLOGY FOR THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM.

IT is impossible to doubt that there has been a reaction more or less powerful against the system of admission to the public service by competitive examination. That such an innovation should be abhorred by all the old school of officials, civil and military, and be unpopular with the powerful classes which obtained the bulk of public appointments in the days of patronage, is of course only natural. Moreover, the competitive system is constantly making adversaries to itself by its own working. At every examination the defeated candidates largely outnumber those who succeed, and defeated candidates and their friends readily become convinced of the hollowness of competition and the unfair results of cramming. So that if, for instance, 200 men go up for 36 vacancies in the Indian Civil Service, the competitive system, as the result of the examination, makes for itself 164 hearty enemies as against only 36 comparatively lukewarm friends.

A system which provokes hostility in so many quarters needs obviously a strong preponderance of opinion in its favour to keep it on foot. Persevering and not wholly unsuccessful efforts have been made by writers in the periodical press to take this preponderance of opinion away. In the field of practical action, meanwhile, the present Government has in more than one instance within the last year or two gone back from the system of competition to that of patronage or selection. The moment seems opportune, then, for considering anew the merits and demerits not only of the competitive system, but likewise of the system which, if competition be got rid of, must of necessity take its place.

The problem of choosing for the public service a body of young men of ages varying from 16 to 24, is, we may premise, at best a difficult one. How a youth just entering upon life will turn out is a question on which even those who know him best are often grievously mistaken. And while the difficulty of choosing is thus considerable, the importance of choosing rightly in as large a proportion of cases as possible is to the State far greater than to any other employer of educated labour. For while merchants and manufacturers, railway and steam-packet companies, banks and other such establishments, speedily get rid of the useless, and never advance the mediocre beyond mechanical duties and indifferent pay, admission to the public service has in it something of the indissolubility of marriage. The State takes its servants very much for better for worse, and except in extreme cases must always do so. A public servant, civil or military, cannot practically be got rid of except upon something like formal evidence of absolute inefficiency. And if his inefficiency stop ever so little short of what would justify actual dismissal, he will by mere dint of growing old entitle himself to more or less increase of pay, and ultimately to an annuity on retirement.

The competitive system proceeds on the broad principle of estimating a youth's future efficiency for the public service by his present scholastic or academical efficiency. Probably nobody would maintain that this is a perfect test. Whatever value it may have as a means of discovering industry and ability, it leaves the important points of tact and temper, good sense and discretion, unascertained. It seems reasonable, no doubt, to presume

that clever and diligent boys are, on an average, at least not inferior to their fellows in these less easily tested qualifications, but this presumption in favour of the successful candidates is all that competitive examination can give. Such as it is, however, this test of competition is one that we see daily acted on by sensible men in the management of their own families. A man who has sons to start in life seldom disregards the lessons to be learnt from their school careers. If a boy is highly distinguished at school it is generally concluded that he ought, if possible, to be sent to the University, and to one of the learned professions. Similarly, a boy who is below par at school is thought unfit for intellectual pursuits, and is usually put to some business in which success requires no great amount either of general knowledge or of capacity for the higher kind of desk work. Now, a boy's position at school is determined mainly by competition. If he be at any of the great public shools or colleges, it is in most cases thus determined by the examiners of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board, who are in many instances the very same men who act as examiners at the Indian Civil Service and other high-class competitive examinations. And it seems hard to believe that the same kind of test can be practically valuable as a guide to parents and guardians, and practically useless as a guide to the State.

If the question is sought to be tested by actual observation, it does certainly appear, as was long ago shown by Lord Macaulay, that, in a very large proportion of cases, efficiency for scholastic or academic purposes in youth is in effect followed by efficiency for business purposes in manhood. The boys who get to the top of the great public schools as a rule turn out creditably, and, in many individual cases, become very superior men. If anybody who is old enough will compare for himself the careers of such of his schoolfellows as did well at school with those of the boys who failed to do well, he will find, we think, that the former, taking them all round, have in after life proved much superior to the latter. And, if we ascend from capacity for the ordinary business of life to something higher—to the class of men from which the ruling minds of the public service in England and in India ought to come, the result becomes more striking. The number of men who have attained eminence at the bar, in the Church, as men of science, and as statesmen, after taking high University honours in youth, is very large. When Lord Lyndhurst resigned the Chancellorship in 1846, out of twenty Judges of the Superior Courts of Law and Equity eleven had been Wranglers at Cambridge, and of these eleven four were Senior Wranglers. It is true that so great a proportion of University distinction can no longer be found on the bench, but then the bar no longer consists by any means so largely as formerly of University men. Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone, amongst recent Prime Ministers, Lord Westbury and Lord Selborne, amongst recent Chancellors, and many more of our leading statesmen of the last and present generation, obtained the highest honours that Oxford had to give. That there have been many exceptions to the rule thus illustrated we admit. Not only has brilliancy at school or college sometimes adorned the opening of a life which, on the whole, has been a failure, but dullness in youth has still oftener concealed a slowly-developing sagacity. But systems must be founded on rules, not on the exceptions to them. A sickly boy sometimes grows into a robust man, and a strong boy sometimes loses his vigour as he gets older,

but nevertheless, in choosing recruits for the army or navy, not the slightest hesitation is felt about rejecting all the delicate boys and accepting all the stout ones. It is perfectly well known that the test is not an infallible one; but it is also known that, of all tests within our power, it is the one which will prove efficacious in the largest number of instances.

Assuming, however, that scholastic or academic efficiency does raise a substantial presumption of efficiency for the purposes of after life, it remains to be considered whether the examinations of the Civil Service Commissioners are so conducted as to give the public the full benefit of this test. And this brings us at once face to face with the ever-reiterated argument against the competitive system derived from the practice of 'cramming.' There are certainly few topics more deserving of careful consideration. For though the public chiefly hears of cramming as an argument used to discredit the Civil Service examinations, the question has in reality a very much wider range. In an interesting article on the 'Examination System at the Universities,' by Mr. Sayce, a high authority on such a subject, which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for June 1875, it is made quite apparent that, in the matter of cramming, the University examinations for honours, and for fellowships and scholarships, stand on precisely the same footing, and are open to precisely the same objections, as the competitive examinations for the higher branches of the public service. The system of examination in all these cases is the same, many of the subjects are the same, and very often the examiners themselves are the same. Men intended to take honours at the University (including sons of distinguished Oxford professors) have not unfrequently been sent to the same London crammers who prepare for the Civil Service examinations. So that, if cramming be as powerful for mischief as it is described to be, it will not only impair the efficiency of the public service, but will do even much worse—will lead to the bestowal of our rich endowments for the encouragement of learning upon the wrong men, will fill the professorships, and tutorships, and fellowships at the Universities, and the head-masterships of the public schools, with second-rate scholars, and, as a necessary consequence, must ultimately bring about a general lowering of education and knowledge throughout the country.

Writers who have made use of cramming as an argument against the competitive system have not in general attempted to explain with much precision what they mean by it. They have preferred to rely on what George Eliot somewhere calls the power of nomenclature, and the present state of feeling on the subject of cramming appears to show that their reliance has been just. What cramming really is, and wherein it differs from honest and thorough teaching—what subjects admit of the process, and what, if any, do not—whether it can be successfully practised upon youths of every order of mind, or of what order—these are particulars upon which little has hitherto been said, yet upon which the whole question really turns.

Cramming may be defined to be the introduction into a boy's mind of that kind of acquaintance with any given subject which will enable him to answer questions about it, or display a knowledge of it without having thoroughly mastered it. For, of course, if he have thoroughly mastered it, to say that he has been crammed is to attribute to cramming the highest educational value. Upon the supposition that cramming, as thus defined, is a shorter and easier process than thorough teaching, the boy who is crammed is believed to get up many subjects,

while the boy who is thoroughly taught masters but a few, and the idea often presented to the public of the successful competitors, say, for the Indian Civil Service, is of a body of glib and superficial youths charged for the day of examination brimful of evanescent knowledge, much as a racehorse is brought for the purpose of some great race to a point of training from which he necessarily begins to recede from the day the race is run.

This, however, is a very distorted picture. We shall presently endeavour to show that there are subjects included in our present examinations which ought to be excluded, or made less prominent, because they can be easily and profitably acquired by cramming. But there are other subjects, and those amongst the most important, in which cramming, as distinguished from thorough teaching, is powerless, or nearly so. When Mr. Sayce tells us that cramming leaves those who undergo it 'with enfeebled reasoning powers, though abnormally enlarged memory,' he goes to the very root of the question. The process of cramming operates upon and through the memory, and is really efficacious with reference to that kind of knowledge only, which can be acquired and retained by the agency of mere memory.

If this be so, the good old subjects of classics and mathematics are the real stumbling-blocks in the way of the crammer. To these must be added modern languages, our own included. English composition, especially, is not to be learnt by cramming. In Mr. Sayce's view, indeed, it would appear practicable by mere exertion of the memory to make a display for the purposes of an examination of a knowledge of the classical languages. But this is, surely, going too far. It seems impossible to understand how passages from any other language, ancient or modern, can be accurately rendered into English without a substantial knowledge of the grammar as well as the vocabulary and idiom, both of the language translated and of the English language. The same thing is true of the converse process of rendering an English passage into another language, whether ancient or modern. The analytical power that enables a man to grasp the real meaning of the passage set before him, and the synthetical power which enables him faithfully to reproduce that meaning in another language, seem alike incommunicable by any process of cramming. He who can do work of this kind for the purposes of a competitive examination can do it for all purposes, and, if so, he deserves full credit for whatever proficiency in languages his work displays.

In mathematics, pure or mixed, there is no substitute for genuine knowledge, except the rude and dangerous one of learning by rote the demonstrations of leading propositions. This has no doubt sometimes succeeded in a mere pass examination. But to the candidate trusting to such an expedient, any deviation to right or left of the beaten track—any application of mathematical principles to a case not found in the text-books—is obviously fatal, and it is impossible, without attributing absolute incapacity to the examiners, to suppose that such a candidate could have any chance whatever against better prepared competitors. And what is true of mathematics is true of arithmetic. A mere recollection of arithmetical rules will suffice for answering the simplest questions only. In dealing with the more complicated, the candidate, before working out his calculations, has to decide by means of what series of calculations the proper result is to be arrived at, and to enable him to do this no cramming can avail.

Natural science, on the other hand, is unfortunately a subject which admits of being to a considerable

extent got up or crammed. The facts of science are so interesting, and, especially when illustrated by experiment, fix themselves so readily in the memory, that to many minds the study has as much charm as romance-reading. So that while very high qualities of mind are essential to scientific eminence, that elementary knowledge of science which is attainable in youth is acquired by the agency of the memory rather than of the understanding, and therefore is not, for the mere purpose of ascertaining mental capacity, so good a test as some other kinds of knowledge. It is much to be regretted that this should be so, for the introduction of the study of natural science is one of the greatest of educational improvements. But looking at the subject merely in its relation to cramming, it would seem desirable that the number of marks obtainable for science should be very much smaller than the number obtainable for mathematics, or languages, ancient or modern.

But there are other subjects which lead to cramming much more surely. A candidate in most of the higher examinations is examined in the literature of each language, ancient or modern, which he takes up. This examination is not limited to any particular writers or periods, or to the best known works or authors. Now, it is simply and obviously impossible for a youth of twenty to have read enough to possess any full or complete knowledge of this kind, derived from his own reading. So he acquires the knowledge expected from him in the only way possible to him, that is, by genuine cramming; by loading his memory with a mass of summaries and criticisms of works he has not read, which he finds in compilations prepared for him. And although the number of questions put by the examiners upon literary history and criticism does not appear large, it would surely be an improvement if second-hand knowledge of this kind were excluded altogether.

The real stronghold, however, of cramming, and of those candidates who seek to succeed by mere exercise of memory, are the two apparently innocent subjects of geography and history. Nothing can seem at first sight more creditable than a knowledge of geography. But if the questions are carried into great detail, and wander over every part of the earth, it is necessary, in order to make sure of answering them, to load the memory with an enormous mass of names, of latitudes and longitudes, and of many other particulars. By an old paper of questions now before us, the candidates at an examination under Scheme II. for the Home Civil Service were asked to give some account of such places (amongst many others) as Archangel, Kiel, Amoy, Penang, and Le Mans; of the Orange, the Amoor, the Drave, and the Itchen rivers; of the Azores, the Society Islands, and the Andaman Islands. To be prepared for such questions as these the situation and description, and even the history of every second and third-rate town, every second and third-rate river, and every small group of islands in every part of the globe, must be fixed in the mind. The index at the end of a school atlas contains many thousand names, and probably not a very large proportion of these can be safely disregarded. In like manner, the questions in history, when not limited to any particular periods, or to historical events of the first importance, compel the candidates to get up a prodigious mass of events and dates, of the incidents of battles, the names of generals, and the pedigrees of royal personages. It would certainly be an improvement if geography and history were to be transferred to the preliminary or obligatory subjects; and while a reasonable knowledge of both was

made indispensable, all motive for the wholesale cramming of the minor details of either were got rid of.

Taking the subjects which admit of cramming properly so-called to be what we have stated, a great deal more inducement and opportunity for cramming is offered by some competitive examinations than by others. A candidate for the Indian Civil Service may effect something considerable by cramming, though the number of marks allotted to mathematics, ancient and modern languages, and English composition, seem to make it quite impossible that he could succeed by cramming alone. In the competition for entrance into the Indian Civil Engineering College at Cooper's Hill, there is less to be done by cramming than in the examinations for the Indian Civil Service. The various military examinations for Woolwich, the Department known until lately as the Control, and Cavalry and Infantry commissions, deserve the credit of offering the smallest field of action of any to the crammer.[1] The examinations for the Higher Division of the Home Civil Service are about on a par with the examinations for the Indian Civil Service. The great bulk of first appointments in the Home Civil Service are, however, to the Lower Division of the service, and at the examinations for this division neither classics, mathematics, nor modern languages are admitted. With the exception of arithmetic and English composition, which carry between them no more than 600 marks out of a total of 2,600, there is not a subject which tests any of the higher faculties of the mind. It is accordingly amongst candidates for the Home Civil Service that cramming is most active and most mischievous.

Mr. Lyon Playfair's Civil Service Inquiry Commission unfortunately proposed no correction of the evil of cramming. 'As the higher posts of the service are so few in number,' says the Commissioners' Report, 'it would be a great waste of power to require that all the clerks employed in the service should have received a sufficiently liberal education to fit them to fill such posts with efficiency.' To require it no doubt might be so; but is it necessary that a liberal education should be an absolute disqualification? Under the present plan it practically is so; for if a boy gives any considerable portion of his time to classics, or mathematics, or modern languages, he can have little chance in the examinations for the Lower Division of the service against boys who are not weighted with any of these excluded subjects. It would seem an improvement, at all events, to give candidates more choice of subjects, attaching such a number of marks to each subject as would not absolutely exclude the liberally educated. This would certainly be fairer as between the different classes of society. At first sight, too, it might

[1] As it is impossible to foresee where a British army may be called upon to act, it might certainly be an improvement to make various other modern languages besides French and German admissible at examinations for entrance into the military service. Wherever an army lands the presence of a few officers well acquainted with the language of the country would seem most advantageous. But so little do such considerations weigh with some of our military administrators, that a scheme has been recommended by a committee of officers of standing, and is announced to be under consideration at the War Office, for officering the service known until lately as the Control mainly by the promotion of quartermasters and non-commissioned officers. In other words, the duties of collecting and paying for provisions and forage, of hiring or purchasing carts, waggons, and baggage animals, of dealing with and managing native drivers and small contractors of all kinds in a country where the English language is unknown, is proposed to be placed in the hands of a body of gallant and deserving men, who, with scarcely an exception, will understand no syllable of any language excepting English.

appear to be at least not disadvantageous to the Civil Service itself, that the tone and character even of its lower ranks should be raised by the admission of well-educated men. This, however, is not the Commissioners' view. 'Such men,' their Report tells us, 'either become disheartened, and lose their energies altogether,[2] or devote them to matters outside of the service, or to an agitation for levelling up their salaries to those of some other department in which the rates are higher.' What is this but the old familiar objection of the British farmer to his ploughman's knowing how to read, lest he should spend his evenings in studying the rights of labour, or spelling over the speeches of Mr. Arch? The proposition that mental culture befits only the highly-placed and highly-paid seems peculiarly inappropriate coming from a Commission presided over by the representative of the Scotch Universities.

There is a popular notion that the vitality of cramming lies not, as we affirm, in the admission of subjects which can be profitably got up by mere force of memory, but in the examination of the candidates in too large a number of subjects. The truth, however, is that, whether the existing regulations are perfect or not, they undoubtedly have the effect of leading practical men to advise their pupils to take up few subjects rather than many. The number of marks deducted upon each subject, though unfortunately not fixed by any uniform rule, always tells largely on the result of the examination. A candidate obtaining any given number of marks in three subjects has, in general, as the result of these deductions, so large an advantage over a candidate obtaining the same number of marks in five subjects, that a most substantial premium is already given to depth of knowledge as against range of knowledge. Very possibly it might be advantageous to increase this premium, as it certainly would be to make it uniform; but any such change ought, we think, to be made cautiously and after full consideration.

If cramming be limited to a certain class of subjects, it is not less surely limited to a certain class of boys. To anybody who has had experience of tuition, the notion that a really stupid boy can, by any legerdemain of cramming, be made a match for clever boys at a competitive examination, seems indeed ludicrous. A fool cannot be crammed with anything but folly. To acquire and reproduce to good effect before the examiners, even that kind of knowledge that depends most entirely on memory, a boy must have intelligence enough to apprehend facts correctly, clearness to retain a large mass of facts in his mind without confusion, and power of expression, enabling him to put what he knows about them on paper in a shape which the examiners will appreciate. If this is not the sort of power which best implies fitness for the work of the Indian Civil Service, it would certainly go some way towards making a good clerk in the Home Service, and fortunately it is, as we have seen, in the examinations for that service that there is the greatest scope for cramming. Moreover, the capacity for cramming, though not in itself one of the highest mental powers, is often found in combination with those powers; and when such a combination exists it involves high efficiency for all purposes of business. The success of the great advocates of the day depends very much on

[2] Much stress is laid in this Report on the mechanical character of the duties of most Government clerks. It is implied that almost anybody is good enough for such duties. But, in truth, stupidity, laziness, and ignorance are detrimental to efficiency in small duties as well as in great ones.

the power of rapidly and accurately cramming, or getting up for a temporary purpose subjects of the most varied character, to-day a mass of scientific knowledge requisite for the elucidation of a patent case, to-morrow a long chain of complicated facts and inferences to be used in establishing a disputed pedigree. And this power or faculty is scarcely more valuable to the leaders of the bar than to the higher officials in most departments of the public service.

The question is often asked, how, unless the art of cramming be all-powerful at competitive examinations, do two or three successful crammers send up so very large a proportion of the men who succeed there. Why should good men from the best public schools so generally find themselves beaten by the crammers' pupils? The answer to this is, that the success of the crammers (as, for the sake of brevity, and certainly not in any disrespectful sense, we will call them), is in great measure due to causes unconnected with cramming properly so called. In the first place, a favourite crammer, being always fully employed, is able to pick his men. As soon as it becomes plain that any pupil has no chance of success, it is alike the interest of the crammer and of the boy's parents that he should be withdrawn and make room for a more promising pupil. No such process of weeding out can, of course, take place at schools. At the Universities, indeed, there have often been private tutors, who enjoyed something like a monopoly of successful men. For a long series of years nearly all the highest Wranglers at Cambridge were pupils of the late Mr. Hopkins. Nevertheless, it would have been absurd to assert that a man could not be Senior Wrangler unless he read with Mr. Hopkins. The fact was that he could not read with Mr. Hopkins unless he had it in him to be a high Wrangler. Another cause of the success of the crammers is that their system of teaching is in some points unconnected with cramming exceptionally efficient. They divide their pupils into very much smaller classes than would, without immensely increasing the cost of education, be possible at schools. If a class of a dozen boys at school go up to a master with 60 lines of Virgil, there are only five lines apiece for the boys to construe; but if no more than four pupils of a crammer go up with the same number of lines, they must construe fifteen lines each, and the opportunity to the master of observing how far each boy has done his work, of estimating his capacity, and of explaining and removing his difficulties, is enormously increased. To a great extent the advantages of the school system and the private tutor system, the emulation of the one and the more intimate mental contact of teacher and pupil under the other, are obtained in combination. Nothing surely can be more legitimate than the pursuit of success by such means as these. It is not, however, wholly thus that the number of successful pupils sent up by the crammers is made to appear so large. It constantly happens that a boy, after spending seven or eight years at school, is sent for about the same number of weeks, just before going in for a competitive examination, to a London crammer. The crammer takes stock of the boy's acquirements, puts him through several rehearsals of the kind of examination he is about to undergo, and no doubt gives him a very great deal of valuable instruction as to both form and substance of answers most acceptable to the examiners. But for any process of cramming, properly so called, there is, of course, neither time nor opportunity. The boy, in fact, goes to the crammer, not to add to his stock of knowledge, but to learn how best to use for a particular purpose the knowledge he has acquired at school in the ordinary way. Yet,

if he should happen to pass, his name will probably appear for some time afterwards in very many advertisements as one of the successful pupils of Mr. So-and-so. Though never crammed at all, he will, with scores of other boys similarly circumstanced, go to swell the list of instances proving that success at competitive examinations depends wholly upon cramming.

Success at a competitive examination leads to one of two quite different results. The successful candidate at the examinations for the Home Civil Service, and at some others, is at once assigned as the result of his success to the department in which he is to serve. His salary thereupon begins to run, and on the expiration of a short probationary period he receives his permanent appointment. But the successful candidates at the examinations for the various branches of the Indian Service, and for most branches of the military service, become entitled to nothing more than the power of entering upon a course of technical or special instruction. The right to a permanent appointment depends upon a final examination at the end of this course of training. Our national disregard of uniformity of rule or principle is well illustrated by the variety of conditions under which the technical or special training necessary for the public service is obtained and paid for. The reasonable principle appears to be that if a man is required to master, for the purposes of the public service, knowledge which, like the technicalities of the military art and the vernacular languages of India, is not available for any ordinary purposes of life, either the necessary tuition should be provided for him, or, if he is expected to pay for it himself, some moderate allowance at least should be made to him during his period of training. Though this principle is not universally adopted, it is at present acted on with reference to more than one of the Indian Services, and, until recently, prevailed with reference also to such candidates obtaining commissions in the cavalry or infantry by competitive examination as were required to go to Sandhurst. Under regulations, however, issued by Mr. Gathorne Hardy, not a part only, but all of the successful candidates at competitive examinations for commissions in the cavalry or infantry are required to go to Sandhurst, and the sub-lieutenant's pay formerly allotted to such candidates during their stay there is withdrawn. There is an exception in favour of officers entering the army through the militia. This fortunate class not only escapes from any competitive examination, but is exempted from the expense of going to Sandhurst into the bargain. While the boy who is clever enough to succeed at a competitive examination for the army is mulcted in the cost of a year's instruction at Sandhurst, the boy who is idle or stupid enough to fail may (and often does) thereupon obtain a commission in the militia, and afterwards get himself transferred into the army, absolutely free of cost, and without having to undergo any severer test of intelligence than a mere pass examination. This change will press severely on many young officers. The new regulations, in effect, impose on every commission in the cavalry and infantry, except those allotted to the militia, a fine or premium amounting in most cases to from 150*l.* to 200*l.*, a third part, at the very least, of the sum which was paid under the old purchase system for an ensign's commission.[3]

[3] Under the revised regulations adopted by Lord Salisbury, the allowances made to successful candidates for the Indian Civil Service during the period intervening between their first and final examinations are made conditional on their undergoing a

It is common enough, no doubt, to hear this policy justified in conversation, if not publicly, on the ground that, in the phraseology of the day, it keeps out 'cads.' This question of 'cads,' indeed, is one which, in reference to the competitive system in general, is by no means to be ignored. There can be no doubt whatever that a good deal of unpopularity has accrued to that system by reason of the inferior social position of a portion of the successful candidates. At first sight this is a little surprising. 'La carrière ouverte aux talens' is a principle which we are fond enough in England of recognising. The speakers at our public dinners seldom fail to remind us, amidst assenting cheers, that ours is a country in which the very humblest by his own ability, industry, and integrity (to say nothing of successful roguery), may raise himself to the most enviable position. We are fond enough of relating to a foreigner, remarking on our veneration for the aristocracy, that a generation or two ago we had at one and the same time in the House of Lords a Lord Chancellor who was the son of a coal-fitter, and a Lord Chief Justice of England who was the son of a barber. But what is written and said nowadays about the introduction of cads into the public service is almost enough to suggest the unwelcome reflection that, after all, we may (as to this particular matter, at least) be a nation of humbugs. It looks as if, while we have no objection to the rise once or twice in a century of an Eldon or a Tenterden just to illustrate the liberality of our institutions, we find it quite a different thing that coal-fitters and barbers should make it a habit, as often as one of them happens to have a son of unusual ability, to send him up to compete with his betters for lucrative employment in the public service. With reference to the open professions, nevertheless, our boast is in the main a true one. It is common enough for sons of tradesmen to become physicians, barristers, and clergymen; not uncommon for them to become judges and bishops. There have been several such judges within the last few years. A young man, whatever his parentage, entering an open profession, may rely upon being received as an equal by the bulk of its members if only his own demeanour entitles him to be so received, and, as a rule, the result of this blending of classes is that refinement of thought and manner accompany or quickly follow upon social advancement. The old quotation from Ovid, in the Latin grammar, 'ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes Emollit mores,' is true enough as far as it goes, though underlying it is, perhaps, another truth—that the intellectual organisation which enables a man to win distinction by means of any 'ingenuas artes' very rarely (we do not say never) co-exists with that innate coarseness and vulgarity of mind which marks the cad. Why, then, should the intermixture of classes which is harmless in the open professions be so dreaded in the public service, civil or military? We were not accustomed to it under the old patronage system, it is true, though under that system the bulk of first appointments in the Civil Service went not to the aristocracy but to the class which excelled in the jobbery of elections. But, if a man of humble extraction has qualities which might make him a judge or

prescribed course of University instruction. Hitherto such candidates have obtained tuition in the native languages and other subjects, in which they are required to qualify at their final examination, where and how they pleased. By the same regulations the maximum of age for competitors is reduced from twenty-one to nineteen. The policy of shortening by two years the time given to general study, before subjects specially Indian are entered upon, may be reasonably doubted.

a bishop, it is hard to see why they should not suffice to give him entrance as a clerk into the Treasury, or even (if such a suggestion be not treasonable or communistic) into the Foreign Office.

The extent to which the public service is, under the competitive system, recruited from classes to which admission to it was unattainable under the old system, has, however, probably been exaggerated. Sons of the poorer kind of tradesmen seldom remain long enough at school to be able to compete, and rich tradesmen who can leave good fortunes to their families are not much attracted by the scale of salaries prevailing in Government offices. When a tradesman's son is put into training for any high examination, it is generally at the suggestion of a schoolmaster, who has found that the youth possesses unusual ability. That the examinations for the Lower Division of the Home Service should attract an inferior class of men, is chiefly due to the mistaken policy of disqualifying all candidates who have received a liberal education.

The class that really profits far the most by the competitive system is that large class whose lot is genteel poverty—clergymen, retired officers of the two services, and the many educated men excluded through various causes from the active business of life, and living upon small fixed incomes. To this class the difficulty of starting their sons in their world is peculiarly great. Such careers as require much capital, or business or professional connection, are in general beyond their reach. But they can easily find colleges or endowed schools, where without heavy expense their boys can fit themselves to contend at competitive examinations, according to their several capacities, for positions in life far better than any which they could hope to obtain elsewhere. Amongst this class it is, more than amongst 'cads,' that the effect of such changes as those recently introduced into the conditions of admission into the army will be severely felt, and that the expense of Sandhurst will hereafetr stand between many a spirited boy and a soldier's career. The cads who seek entrance into the army are, as a rule, cads with money, who desire to enter upon the kind of life to which young officers with plenty of money occasionally devote themselves.

There is one important result of the competitive system which has we think been very much overlooked. This is the vast change for the better in the habits and acquirements of that very large class of boys who would have entered the public service under either system, the old or the new. Especially is this change to be observed in boys intended for the army, nearly all of whom seem to be of the same class as would have obtained commissions formerly. Most schoolmasters, we think, will agree that as long as entrance into the various branches of the military service depended upon patronage or nomination, whether with or without a pass examination, boys intended for the army formed about the idlest and most unruly element in every large school. At present, on the contrary, boys going up for Woolwich are, in general, decidedly above the school average, both in industry and acquirements, and many candidates for cavalry and infantry commissions are fully up to the average. In this change it is that lies the answer to the amusing suggestion by the late Lord Lytton, in *Kenelm Chillingley*, that we should nowadays refuse a commission in the army to Marlborough because he could not spell, and exclude Talleyrand from diplomatic employment because he knew no language except his own. Both Marlborough

and Talleyrand were eminently practical men, with probably very little love of knowledge for its own sake. If Marlborough could not spell it was because in his time it did not pay to learn to spell. If he had lived in an age in which correct spelling was material to success in life he would have excelled in orthography. And so of Talleyrand. Nor would even Marlborough or Talleyrand have been by any means the less efficient men if they had received a better education.

If we have made good our position thus far, it results that competitive examinations constitute a real and substantial, though not a perfect, test of future efficiency, that this test may be rendered less substantial, but not made actually unsubstantial by the practice of cramming, and that cramming properly so called, though at present injuriously active and successful, admits of being to a considerable extent got rid of by a rearrangement of the subjects of examination.

The question, however, of first appointments to the public service is essentially a question of comparison. The utmost that is possible in the public interest is to take the best known system and act on it, whatever be its faults, until the discovery of a better one. Now, of such systems known or discovered up to the present time, there are, in spite of some confusion of language, two, and two only. First appointments may be made to depend on an examination by some authority deputed for the purpose, as the Civil Service Commissioners are now, or upon nomination by a minister, or upon any of the various possible combinations of these two methods, but there is no third method. It remains, then, to consider the value of the method of nomination, formerly known to the world by the name of patronage, but which that same power of nomenclature which has so much influenced opinion on the subject of cramming has lately rehabilitated under the appellation of selection.

Between selection as applied to first appointments and as applied to the promotion of persons already employed in the public service, there is the broadest possible distinction. In questions of promotion there is always something clear and tangible for the minister to go upon. The character of every official who has served long enough to seek promotion is necessarily known in the office to which he belongs, and a minister willing to take the trouble can nearly always acquaint himself with the official antecedents and the comparative merits of men serving in his own department. The minister's own reputation, too, is much involved in the matter, for public opinion, in his office, is sure sooner or later correctly to estimate him as a dispenser of promotion, to recognise fairness and to detect favoritism or carelessness. And, what once the office knows, very soon all London comes to know. For an honest distribution of promotion, then, the minister has both the means and motive. But what is the position of a minister having the nomination to first appointments, and honestly desirous of exercising it judiciously? Applications for such appointments reach him in shoals. To every applicant is forwarded a civil reply, signed by the minister's secretary, informing him that a note has been made of his application and testimonials, mentioning almost regretfully that some other applications for the same appointment have been received, but assuring him that his claim shall be carefully considered when the appointment comes to be made. The number of notes of this tenor which issue from the Foreign Office, as often as any vacancy occurs in the Consular Service, to which the competitive

system has never been applied, must severely strain the energies of the office. But when the time comes for decision, what are the materials the minister has to go upon. Not personal knowledge, for that would restrict first appointments to candidates who know a minister, or a friend of a minister, or at least a friend's friend. Testimonials of schoolmasters, tutors, and clergymen, of course there are in abundance, but whether these commendations of candidates proceed from persons themselves worthy of commendation, the minister can very seldom tell. If, indeed, a member of Parliament or two have swelled the chorus of approval there seems something more tangible to go upon, but even here the extreme unwillingness of a member to disoblige his constituents takes away something from the value of his good word. To test the recommendations of the candidates by inquiry is manifestly hopeless. One applicant dates from Carlisle, another from Penzance, one from Inverness, and one from Galway. To cover a field of investigation so extensive the Civil Service Commission would have to be replaced by a Government Private Inquiry Office. If, as has sometimes been suggested, the minister should call upon the heads of some of the great schools and of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge to recommend candidates, this would be in effect to restore the competitive system, the head masters and heads of houses consulted acting for the nonce as Civil Service Commissioners, but without the responsibility, and untrammelled by the safeguards which control the action of the present Commissioners. Moreover, any extensive adoption of this plan would raise such jealousy of the favoured schools and colleges as alone would prevent its being long persevered in. If, then, instead of summoning all the candidates, as now, to meet in London on an appointed day to show what they can do before a Board of Examiners, we throw the burden of choice once more upon a minister, that minister will have no alternative but to do as his predecessors did under the old patronage system. Having no means of making a satisfactory choice between the candidates upon their merits, and being unwilling to treat his patronage as a mere private perquisite, he will delegate the exercise of it to other people. And those other people, in conformity with all Parliamentary usage and tradition, must be in the future as in the past the supporters of the Government in the two Houses, and especially in the Lower House. Nor would the member of Parliament in his turn be more a free agent in the disposal of the patronage handed over to him than was the minister. There would be, as of old, plenty of the more active and self-seeking of each member's constituents, great and small, to claim their share of the spoil, and to make it understood that their support at the next election depended on their getting it. From the cavalry commission or appointment as attaché for the member's son to the humble berth in Customs or Excise allotted to the son of him who managed the least pure of the electioneering manipulations to which the member owed his seat, the bulk of Government appointments, great and small, would once more inevitably be paid away as a consideration for parliamentary and electioneering support rendered.

Confining ourselves for the present to the effect of the revival of patronage on the efficiency of the public service, it might appear at first sight that the youths obtaining first appointments under this system would be neither above nor below the average. Unfortunately, however, this is too favourable a view, for the man who can obtain, through interest, a Government appointment for his son can always

himself decide for which of his sons he will seek it, and if he has more than one son he as a matter of course chooses the least capable. While the competitive system attracts the clever boys, patronage invites the stupid ones. Nobody in his senses would, when the choice is in his own hands, put the clever boy into a close, and what must always be in the main a seniority service, and trust the stupid boy to the, to him, unpromising prospect of an open profession. In the latter, ability is well nigh indispensable to success, in the former the dullard who takes things easily has a very good chance, by mere dint of survivorship, of rising higher in the end than the clever man who impairs his health by over-exertion. In the main, then, the law of a patronage and seniority service, civil or military, is a law of Natural Selection of the dullest and of Survival of the unfittest.

One great branch of the public service there is in which a return to the old state of things is impossible. The East India Company is gone, and if Indian patronage were to be restored it would have to be vested for the first time in a Minister of the Crown, responsible to Parliament. Any proposal to do this would doubtless re-open some of the old constitutional questions which were debated when Fox brought forward his famous India bill nearly a century ago. Without entering into these questions, we are willing to admit that, if Indian patronage there is to be, the Secretary of State for India is the best man to exercise it. The public, hearing frequent party criticisms on the bestowal of appointments by members of the ministry for the time being, is far too ready to conclude that patronage is and has been more disinterestedly exercised by those whose acts give rise to no criticism —as, for instance, by the judges, by lord-lieutenants of counties, and by Royal personages at the present day, and by East India directors in times gone by. The truth is the very reverse. The exercise of patronage by persons unconnected with party politics is seldom criticised because it is nobody's interest to criticise it; but this very exemption from criticism tends to foster nepotism. A glance for instance at any almanac will show how many of the easy and lucrative offices connected with the superior Courts of Justice are held by persons bearing the surnames of past or present Chancellors, Chief Justices, or Chief Barons. Without at all questioning the competency of any of the gentlemen holding these appointments, it may reasonably be assumed that they owe them to family connection. There is, in fact, only one kind of patron not concerned with party politics who cannot do very much as he pleases. This is a bishop. Of late years the disposal of episcopal patronage has been as keenly scanned and cavilled at as are the appointments of the most distrusted party politician.

We have thus far confined ourselves to the effect of patronage on the efficiency of the public service. But there is another consideration which is even more important. This is the demoralizing effect of the system on the nation at large. The patronage system undermines the independence of members of Parliament, stimulates the electioneering activity of those voters who look upon elections as nothing but a means of getting something for themselves, and gives opportunity to one of the worst and most difficult to convict or punish of all the many kinds of election bribery. In him who is possessed, or believed to be possessed, of 'interest,' it engenders corruption, insolence, and the debasing creed that every man has his price; in those who lay themselves out to obtain appointments are developed servility, cunning, and other grovelling qualities.

Whilst the system of examination for first appointments has given, as Lord Macaulay long ago predicted, a vast stimulus to education all over the country, beneficial to the many who fail as well as to the comparatively few who succeed, in obtaining admission to the public service, a return to the patronage system, either with reference to home appointments only, or, still more, if the system were applied likewise to Indian appointments, would substitute a large stimulus to jobbery all over the country.

We believe it was Cobbett who said of the House of Commons of his time that a much better could be got by stretching a rope across Oxford Street, and stopping the first 658 men that came up. Now, in the interest of national morality it would be infinitely better to recruit the public service by some such process as this of Cobbett's than to go back for first nominations to anything like the old machinery of Patronage Secretary in the House of Commons, Military Secretary at the Horse Guards, East India Director in Leadenhall Street. In the interest of efficiency of the public service the same thing is true, for youths taken at haphazard may at least be expected to turn out of average capacity, while the tendency of patronage is, as we have seen, to bring into the service youths below the average.

It appeared indispensable to our purpose to discuss the operation and results of the patronage system. But there seems little reason to fear any general restoration of this system in all its naked deformity. What is usually advocated by the opponents of competition is the adoption of one of the several possible combinations of the two systems of patronage and examination. Now, combinations of this kind may of course be so arranged as to give any desired amount of ascendency to either system, to make, for instance, the nomination almost everything, and the examination almost nothing, or *vice versâ*. It is, therefore, important that the practical result of the several possible combinations of the two systems should be justly estimated by the public. Of these there are but three, which we shall advert to in succession.

Of the combination of nomination by patronage with the test of a pass examination, little need be said. Though the introduction of such an examination was the first encroachment on the old system of pure patronage, it was soon found that the check imposed was a very feeble one. Even supposing a pass examination on its first institution to be severe, it has an incurable tendency to grow lax. Where no question of injustice towards other candidates is involved, examiners will almost always incline to give a candidate the benefit of a doubt, and by force of precedent the doubtful cases of one year are taken to be beyond all doubt the next. Readers of the Tichborne trial may recollect the pass-examination successfully undergone by the veritable Roger Tichborne, and the conclusions thereupon arrived at by the officers of his regiment. Moreover, pass-examinations constitute the very best and choicest field of action for cramming. Hastily-acquired and half-digested knowledge is infinitely more likely to fit a boy to reach a certain not very high fixed standard, than to enable him to hold his own in competition with all comers. All that can be expected of a pass-examination is, to prevent the exercise of patronage in favour of absolute dolts and incapables. The value of this result is not to be denied. But as a means of securing the still better result of a really good standard of efficiency, pass-examinations are almost worthless.

The combination of a competitive examination with a restriction of the candidates to a limited number

to be nominated by patronage, works very much as those by whom the patronage is exercised choose to make it. If the minister is willing to inquire for candidates of ability, and to nominate a sufficient number of them, none but men of some capacity can succeed. On the other hand, if the nominations under this plan are disposed of without reference to ability, there is no security against the admission to the service of candidates decidedly below mediocrity. A system which thus places the efficiency of the public service at the will of the minister for the time being is of little worth. It is, in fact, neither more nor less than a watering down of the competitive system. Competition without a concourse of good competitors becomes a mockery.

This kind of restricted competition it was under which, until recently, cadets were admitted into the navy, and which Mr. Ward Hunt has replaced by simple nomination by patronage. Small as may be the value of the system abolished, the change thus made is undoubtedly reactionary. It is the more so because a portion only of the nominations are reserved to the First Lord of the Admiralty, the residue being left to admirals and captains, who are practically irresponsible. There is to be a pass-examination on entrance, but, as was explained by Mr. Ward Hunt in the House of Commons, greater reliance is placed on a plan for weeding out the stupid boys a year or two after they have entered, by means of reports on the boys' qualifications. That this weeding-out may be practicable under extreme circumstances may be admitted. But that in the case of a blameless and painstaking youth, who happens to be rather duller than the average, officers will be very ready to report his unfitness for the service, and to brand him with the discredit of consequent dismissal, is contrary to all experience. If the youth have influential connections, other difficulties besides those originating in kindness and forbearance will obstruct his removal. Surely the better principle is, as far as possible, to keep the incompetent from getting in: not first to open wide the door for their admission, and then to thrust them rudely out again.

Mr. Ward Hunt was careful to explain that he had acted on a ground which did not apply to competitive examinations in general. This was the injury supposed to be caused by preparatory study to the health of boys going up for examination between the ages of eleven and thirteen. It might have been answered that the entrance scholarships at all the great public schools are competed for by boys of the like age. In truth, however, so far as the navy is concerned, this question of the effect of early examinations on health need not arise at all. There is an old notion that boys intended for the navy ought to go to sea very young. Practically acted on, this notion would be quite incompatible with the amount of general education and acquirements expected in a naval officer at the present day. So out of respect for ancient prejudice, the same course has been taken with reference to this as to many other old notions. While it has long been abandoned in substance it is carefully respected in form. Boys still apparently enter the navy at twelve or thirteen; but what is called going into the navy is, for the first three years, nothing but going to school. Out of further deference to tradition, this school has been a floating one, the old three-decker *Britannia* moored in Dartmouth Harbour. But as a vessel lying stationary for long periods in a harbour is neither healthy nor convenient for

the purposes of a school, it was some time ago decided to transfer the cadets to a Naval College, to be built on shore. Here they are to remain three years, learning Latin and other branches of an ordinary education, going a couple of short cruises in the intervals of their work. It is a pity that the change was not carried one step further. It is not to be supposed that, at this naval college, Latin or any other subject will be better taught than at Eton, Marlborough, or scores of other good schools, or that any serious importance is to be attached to the two holiday cruises. Why, then, should boys intended for the navy, receive their general education from thirteen to sixteen apart from all other boys? It would surely be better far to leave them to choose their own schools, as boys desiring to enter the army do, and to let them compete at an examination in appropriate subjects for admission to the navy when they are educated enough and old enough to go to sea in earnest; that is to say, at about the same age at which boys are admitted, with such excellent results, to compete for Woolwich.

The third and last combination of the systems of patronage and nomination is that which was recommended by Mr. Lyon Playfair's Commission to be adopted in filling up first appointments in the Higher Division of the Home Civil Service. This is the very converse of the combination last discussed. There, the right to compete was made the subject of patronage, but as between the competitors admitted the right to receive appointments was determined entirely by the result of the competition. Here the right to compete is thrown open to all the world, but patronage alone is to determine which of the successful competitors shall receive appointments. To make this practicable, Mr. Lyon Playfair proposed that the number of candidates to be admitted as qualified for appointments should be in excess of the number of vacancies. A list was to be made of these qualified candidates, and on this list they were to be arranged, not as now, in order of merit, with a specification of the marks obtained by each, but in alphabetical order, the number of marks obtained remaining secret. By selection from this list the ministers were to fill up vacant first-appointments in their respective departments. A candidate not obtaining a nomination to any department by the time he reached some specified age (proposed to be twenty-five), was to be struck off the list and become ineligible.

How such a plan, if it should ever be adopted, will work it seems not difficult to foresee. The ministers exercising the right of nominating candidates from the list will not be expected, we presume, to go entirely by the results of the examination, if, indeed, the detailed results are to be accessible to them, though concealed from the rest of the world. It is hardly to be seriously anticipated that the minister at the head of one department will choose all the classical men, while another minister will prefer the mathematicians. But if the choice of the ministers nominating is to be founded on something outside the results of the examination, the only question is what will that something be? Will the minister enter upon an inquiry into the habits and antecedents of each of a long list of men waiting to be hired? To suppose so seems absurd. But if he does not he will have nothing to guide him but that kind of recommendation and influence and solicitation which is the ordinary machinery of patronage. The qualified candidates who have interest will get all the best appointments; and those who have no interest, however well they may have done at the examination, may, perhaps, in some instances, be offered ap-

pointments in the least desirable public offices, and, in other instances, will get nothing at all.[4]

Until the working of the system became generally understood, its most marked effect would probably be the infliction of cruel injustice upon individuals. Candidates of a high order of merit, but without interest, would go up to the examinations as before and get upon the qualified list. And there they would remain from perhaps eighteen or nineteen years of age until twenty-five, they and their friends occupying themselves meanwhile in the sickening task of soliciting introductions and testimonials, writing to ministers and their secretaries, and the secretaries of those secretaries, striving to interest the local members of Parliament, who, as a rule, appraise mankind according to their probable usefulness at the next election. After wasting in this nauseous fashion all the years during which a young man has the best chance of making a good start in life, the friendless candidate would find himself, at the age of twenty-five, struck off the list. But the sight of two or three of these unhappy victims would deter men without interest from going up for competitive examinations, as surely and effectually as, according to popular belief, a rat tarred over and set loose will scare away the rest of his species. However able a boy might be, no prudent father would put him in training unless he could reckon pretty confidently that success at the examination would result in an appointment.

These views are scarcely stronger in substance than those which are to be found in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's letter to Mr. Lyon Playfair printed with the Commissioners' Report. When Sir Stafford Northcote points out that the proposals of the Commission involve, in some respects, a reactionary (or seemingly reactionary) change; that it is to be doubted whether, if the scheme be adopted, the first division of the service will attract those able young men of whom it can now show specimens; when he predicts that there would be a tendency to make the list of qualified candidates a larger one, and the standard of admission to this list a lower one, so that the list would ultimately become accessible to that class of gentlemen whom, with a reticence truly official, he describes as 'men of very moderate abilities,' he encourages a strong hope that the more objectionable features of the scheme will not receive his sanction.

Examined with the aid of Sir Stafford Northcote's incisive letter, the scheme of the Commission appears simply tantamount in its ultimate result to a return to nomination by patronage, subject to the test of a pass examination. The only novelty would be that the examination would come first and the nomination afterwards. If so bold a change as this should be made, it would be far better, instead of keeping on foot special examinations described as competitive, but with the constantly lowering standard foreseen by Sir Stafford Northcote, to make the Leaving Certificates of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board, or any equivalent university qualification, a necessary condition of nomination to the public service. It may or may not be possible to get rid of the competitive system, for a time or altogether; but the ultimate choice lies between getting rid of it and giving real effect to it. M.

[4] Upon a plan a good deal resembling this first appointments were at one time made to the Forest Service of India, but Lord Salisbury appears to have put an end to this hybrid system, and vacancies in that service are now filled up by the method of selection or patronage, whichever it is to be called.

MASTER ROBERT SHALLOW.

A Study of the Shakespeare Country.

THE most interesting picture which Shakespeare has left us of old English country life is that in which Justice Shallow is the central figure. In *As You Like It*, and *The Winter's Tale*, there are many pleasant sketches of the pastoral life, but about these there is the tinge of idealism which befits scenes laid in the legendary Ardennes and Bohemia; whereas Shallow and his surroundings are drawn with the minute realism of Teniers or Gerard Dow. From an æsthetic point of view the interest of the Shallow scenes lies in their marvellously graphic pourtrayal of the mental narrowness resulting from a secluded life and long years of allegiance to petty cares, and in the admirable art with which this poor, thin, vegetable existence is disposed in strong relief against the stirring, full-blooded world of London and the Court. In this light Shallow and his family are types of character to be found in every age and country. There is, however, another sense in which the group has an especial interest for the Shakespeare student. While the broad outlines of the picture are true to universal nature, the colouring and detail are intensely local. The life described is not only the provincial life of Gloucestershire, but of Gloucestershire within a few miles of Stratford-upon-Avon. It is, in truth, a picture of Shakespeare's own country-side drawn by his own hand. The imbecile and pompous justice—one of those whom, as George Peele says, 'God has endowed with good living to maintain his small wit'—Master Silence, solid and dull, the opposite type of rustic fatuity; Nephew Slender, a Shallow in training; brisk Davy, perhaps as his name would seem to indicate, a Welshman; Simple, the serving-man, who so soon creeps into Dame Quickly's good graces; the quota of recruits from the village, Bullcalf, Mouldy, Wart, and the rest, all these are not of the shadows for whom the poet apologises in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but the veritable presentment of living men who once played their small part in the quiet sleepy world,

> Where beauteous Avon comes unto her sovereign Queen.

The opening scene of the fifth Act of *Henry IV.* affords a pleasant insight into the economy of Shallow's dwelling. While the host is pressing the willing Falstaff to stay the night, Davy, who is at once husbandman, butler, and justice's clerk, is in attendance to report upon his day's work, and receive instructions for the morrow. The precepts cannot be served, Shallow's delinquent lieges having doubtless become *non est inventus*; the headland is to be sowed with wheat, 'with red wheat, Davy;' the blacksmith's note for shoeing, and sharpening the plough-irons is to be cast and paid; the well-bucket is to have a new link; poor William's wages are to be stopped 'for the sack he lost at Hinckley Fair.' The introduction of these petty details not only gives an air of intense reality to the scenes, but was probably intended to afford the audience some note of time. According to the usual course of husbandry, Shallow's directions, or at least the first two of them, would seem to imply that Falstaff's visit was made in winter. The time of ploughing and sowing is just over.

In the next scene, however, in utter defiance of season, we find the guests sitting down to an after-supper entertainment in the orchard —a seeming incongruity which has always been painful to those who expect from our great poet the literal truth and constancy of nature herself. In point of fact this apparent anomaly is a striking proof of the minute accuracy of the picture, and enables us to fix within certain narrow limits the locality of Shallow's lands. In the cold Cotswold country and its border, which is the part of Gloucestershire nearest to Stratford, the wheat—which, by the way, was almost invariably the variety known as 'red lammas,' Shallow's 'red wheat'—was always sown very early, generally in August, and often before the harvest of the preceding year was gathered. Marshall, the author of the *Rural Economy of Gloucestershire* (1786), expresses great surprise at the abruptness of the line of demarcation between the country where the wheat was sowed in winter and that in which it was set in high summer. A stone, he says, could be thrown from one district to another. But did Shakespeare intend the visit to be made in August? Some matter-of-fact critics have been greatly exercised by the fact that the king, Henry IV.—who is supposed to have died while Falstaff was in Gloucestershire—did actually depart this life upon March 13; and the burden of one of Master Silence's songs, 'Come welcome merry Shrovetide,' appears in some degree to countenance the opinion that Shakespeare intended to follow the historical fact. On the other hand, it is quite impossible to suppose that Shallow's guests would shiver over their sack and pippins in the cold March moonlight. This difficulty is amusingly exhibited in the *Life of Falstaff*, written by the late Mr. Brough to illustrate George Cruikshank's admirable etchings of the knight's career. The author endeavours in his text to save Shakespeare's chronological credit by suggesting a spring of quite phenomenal forwardness, while the artist introduces us to an orchard in rich autumnal bloom. We know that it is not Shakespeare's custom to tie himself rigidly to dates. The battle of Gualtree Forest, in which Falstaff distinguished himself, seems to have been fought in the summer of 1405, and the king did not die until 1413. According to the literalists, therefore, Falstaff must have occupied nearly eight years in his march from Yorkshire to Gloucestershire! The violation of chronology was a necessity of art common to Shakespeare and the dramatists of that time, and of all time. But a jumble of the seasons would be an outrage upon nature, of which her 'most gentle interpreter' was quite incapable.

The supper ordered for the men of war is in strict keeping with the rest of Shallow's frugal housekeeping, although it is evident that the justice was in some degree put upon his mettle. 'Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook.' 'The short legg'd hens' were the best fowls—the Dorkings of those days and not then common. Master Oxbeef is not represented at the banquet, but the mutton, doubtless was of Shallow's own breeding, a haunch of the famous wold sheep. Of the nature of the kickshaws, one may guess from Fletcher's sneering description of the table of a country justice 'besprinkled over with all manner of cheape sallets, slices of meate, giblets, and pettitoes to fill up roome.'[1] The dish of pigeons which Shallow first thinks

[1] *The Woman Hater*, 1607.

of, is eminently characteristic, for the possession of these birds was part and parcel of his dignity as a landed proprietor. A ground dovehouse was only permitted to holders of land in fee simple, and even the ordinary wooden cote affixed to a house or barn was allowed only to holders of a certain quantity of arable land. The tall tower-like dovehouses attached to the old manor houses of Gloucestershire and the neighbouring counties, are even now quite features of the country. In *Romeo and Juliet* Shakespeare has conspicuously introduced the dove cote as an appanage of Capulet's mansion.

After supper Shallow invites Falstaff to 'see mine orchard where in an arbour we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing with a dish of carraways and so forth.' This again is in perfect keeping with the custom of the country, for in no other part of England did the orchard play such an important part in daily life, and no where else perhaps is there still retained so much of the outdoor junketing of the old time. Any one who has seen an old Gloucestershire orchard, will have no difficulty in reproducing that of Master Shallow. The orchard of our ancestors was a combination of orchard and pleasure ground. Spreading rows of pippins, pearmains and john-apples, groves of leafy pears, and little thickets of gnarled old plums and damascenes, with here and there a clump of quinces and medlars, or a group of dark and dismal mulberries arranged in the quincunx which so delighted the soul of Sir Thomas Browne, were intersected by pleached walks of box and honeysuckle and beds of sweet smelling herbs. The summer house peeped out of a closely trimmed hedge of yew and privet, cut into many quaint figures, and by no means resembled the edifice in Cruikshank's etching before mentioned, which must certainly have come to the artist from the properties of old Vauxhall. Looking upon a scene of this kind on a still autumnal evening, when the early moonbeams are beginning to tinge the tops of the bending trees and flood the golden and purple harvest, with pale streams of silver, one is able for the first time to appreciate the full significance of Master Silence's pleasant phrase 'the sweet of the night.' The work-a-day world has so completely departed with the day light that it would scarcely surprise us to hear the sound of Silence's fitful revelry from the arbour or the clatter of Pistol's horse, as hot with the great tidings he gallops up to the hall. An orchard is almost always an especial feature of Shakespeare's country life. He has introduced it into *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Twelfth Night* and *Much Ado*.

Davy brings in 'a dish of leather-coats,' and leather-coat is still the Gloucestershire name for a variety of winter apple, called also the 'golden russetting' from its rich yellow pulp; but a dark uncertainty still exists about the carraways. Some of the commentators contend that they were simply the small seeds encased in sugar, known to the youth of ancient and modern times as 'comfits,' while others contend that the dish was only another kind of apples, a variety of which is still called by this name. The old cookery books, however, afford abundant evidence that comfits were formerly eaten with apples by way of a digestive, and it was probably with these sweetmeats that Shallow regaled his guests.

The conversation is all through of the soil, and abounds in local allusions. Shallow boasts of his acquaintance with the famous swash bucklers of his youth, 'Will Squele, a Cotswold man,' and 'little John Doit of Staffordshire.' Prime Minister Davy petitions his master to

'countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the Hill.' It is very probable that this Clement was actually living here in Shakespeare's time, for in the parish register of Fladbury, a village upon the Worcestershire side, there are numerous entries relating to the Perkes family, in which Clement seems to have been a favourite Christian name, and notably amongst the births of 1568 one 'Clement Perkes filius Johannis Perkes de Ffladbury.' Did this small Perkes develop into the rigid Clement who was so hard upon Davy's honest friend? Mr. Huntley, the author of the 'Glossary of the Cotswold Dialect,' localised the Wincot of Perkes at the hamlet of Woodmancot, near Dursley, and tells us that a hill in that parish was dwelt upon by the Perkes family for many generations.

The mention of the fairs shows also a minute local knowledge. Shallow's man loses a sack at Hinckley fair, and Shallow asks Silence 'How a yoke of oxen at Stamford fair?' These fairs were the two best known in Shakespeare's country—the first for grain and the latter for live stock. Hinckley fair was held upon Whit Monday, and was celebrated far and near as the great corn fair of this part of the midlands. The millers upon this day held here a kind of festival, and after riding in procession through the town were accustomed to elect a 'king,' who enjoyed his dignity until next year. Stamford fair was no doubt the famous mid-Lent fair which regulated the price of stock throughout the district. Again Silence compares Falstaff to 'Goodman Puff of Barson,' Barson probably being Barton, a village in the road between Coventry and Solihull.

Abraham Slender is certainly a degree or two lower in position than his uncle, although he boasts of his 'great chamber,' and is careful to let Anne Page know that he keeps 'three men and a boy until his mother dies.' He lives with this careful mother in some remote Gloucestershire grange, and has evidently been nurtured upon the proverbial lore which he so grossly misquotes. In Slender, Shakespeare has given us the original of the peculiar humour obtained by the misapplication of popular phrases, since so tiresomely hackneyed. 'I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt,' 'Keep a gamester from the dice and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful,' are specimens of the way in which he mangles Dame Slender's teachings. What an abyss of fatuous imbecility is opened out in his anxiety to share in the reflected glory of the one family joke, 'how my father stole two geese out of a pen!' Slender's achievement in 'fighting with a warrener' is a delicate stroke of description, which is in danger of being missed by a reader unaware that a combat of this nature was a much less hazardous affair than doing battle with a keeper. The warrener was of course the keeper of a rabbit warren, and the penalties for warren breaking were as nothing compared to those exacted against the deer stealer. During the reign of Elizabeth rural opinion was much agitated upon this subject, but the House of Commons steadily refused to bring the coneys within the pale of the game laws.

Of Silence we have little beyond the dry bones left. The conception of the dull clodpole nature—an admirable foil to Shallow's fussy humour—which undergoes such a grotesque transformation under the influence of the sack, is one that scarcely admits of realisation in print. It must have depended for its effect in a great measure upon the personal bearing and unwritten by-play of the actor. That the performance as inspired by Shakespeare met with early recognition

and popularity we may infer from a passage in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, where one of the dramatis personæ remarks of another that he is 'akin to Justice Silence.' Falstaff himself has given us the best portrait of Silence when he addresses him upon their first introduction as 'Master Surecard as I think,' which is a striking tribute to the preternatural wisdom of the Justice's countenance. In the entire range of dramatic literature there is nothing more original than this conception. But to us, alas, this solitary specimen of Shakespeare's pantomime is lost, and Silence is well nigh as dead as Mr. Punch in his travelling box.

It is observable that the personal appearance of the various members of this group is described with greater minuteness than is usual with Shakespeare. Shallow is lean and starved, 'a forked radish' of a man, and 'a mandrake.' Slender has 'a little wee face' and 'a cane coloured beard.' He 'holds up his head, as it were, and struts in his gait.' Pistol calls him 'Banbury cheese' and 'Mephistopheles.' The cheeses for which Banbury was famous were remarkable for their extreme thinness. It is possible, also, that the epithet was intended to convey the reproach of puritanism, for Banbury was then notorious for the zeal with which its inhabitants had taken up the new opinions. 'Zeal-of-the-land Bussy,' in 'Bartholomew Fair,' was a Banbury man. Almost all Shakespeare's countrymen are meagre in person, and weak in mind; noble specimens of what Charles Lamb has happily characterised as 'imbecility run to seed.' Of the opposite species, the bluff, portly, and jovial yeoman who has been selected for the national representative, the national artist has left us no specimen. We suspect, indeed, that this exemplar belonged to a later period, an age of greater agricultural plenty, or, at any rate, was not common in Elizabethan times. The persistence of human types through many generations, in isolated districts where there is but little intercourse from without, is a fact well-known to the physiologist, and is strikingly apparent upon the Cotswold. Allowing for certain changes which time has brought about in the social castes, we shall still find most of Shakespeare's people in the flesh. A walk through the pleasant little town of Cirencester upon a market day will show Slenders and Simples by the dozen. Silence, in the person of a descendant who has wonderfully preserved the family lines, keeps a roadside hostel known to many, and Peter Bullcalf, fat and florid as of yore, is the master of a belfry which awoke half the Cotswold upon Christmas dawn. Shallow is least altered, perhaps, of any. He may travel to quarter-sessions by Great Western Express, and get the *Times* to breakfast, but he is still Shallow. Ask Mr. Cross.

The language put into the mouths of these people is very homely and provincial. They swear by old-fashioned country oaths quite unknown to the Ephesians of Eastcheap. 'By the rood,' 'by yea and nay,' 'by cock and pye,' 'o'ds heartlings,' &c. Shallow's oaths especially are of the mincing order affected by mild men with a tinge of puritanism, for even the godly swore upon occasion. In the 'Plaine Man's Pathwaye to Heaven,' which was long the most popular religious manual of the common people, one of the interlocutors is made to say, 'I know a man that will never sweare but by Cock or Py, or Mousefoot. I hope you will not say these be oathes. For he is as honest a man as ever brake bread; you shall not heare an oathe come out of his mouth.' In the same manner Chaucer makes his parson Sir Thopaz swear a mild creature oath 'by ale and bread.'

Slender's language is more dialectical in the original edition of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* than in the version of the folio; and as this was probably taken down by a shorthand writer from the actual performance, it is likely that Slender's first representative spoke in a still broader dialect. As far as they go the peculiarities of the language are those of the Gloucestershire folk speech, which is a form of that spoken in all the western counties, and, in its older state, substantially that of Layamon and Robert of Gloucester. One instance of the use of dialect in this play has proved a source of great trouble to some of the commentators. Shallow, in his directions about dinner, speaks of 'William Cook,' and Slender regrets the loss of the shovel-board shillings he bought from 'Yead Miller.' These are simply instances of the tendency to omit the definite article, which is a well-known feature of the country speech. Shallow and Slender mean simply William *the* cook and Yead *the* miller, and yet the illustrators of Shakespeare have fought pitched battles upon this subject, and used it as a peg to hang an elaborate dissertation upon the origin of surnames!

Several bits of old country folk lore crop up in the dialogues. Silence compares his daughter to a 'black ouzel,' a bird which, according to popular legends, is unable, except under certain conditions, to find a mate. Slender is rather inopportunely reminded by his man that he had lent his 'Book of Riddles' to Alice Shortcake at 'Allowmas'—the eve of All Saints' Day. This was long the most popular festival, next to Christmas, of the Gloucestershire country, and was the night especially set apart for divinations of the matrimonial kind. It is still called 'cake night,' and Alice probably received her surname from the cakes with which it was celebrated.

Shallow's dwelling, as we have seen, must have stood upon the border of the hill country, and although his depreciatory description of it as 'barren, barren, barren—marry good air,' is not to be taken literally, there was probably a semblance of truth about it. The long billowy sweep of oolitic table land known as the Cotswold, commences within a few miles of Stratford-upon-Avon. Except that the hills are sharper and the valleys narrower, it may be likened to a slice of the wild Yorkshire wold-land suddenly set down upon the fat pastures of middle England. It is a cold, bleak country, intersected by thousands of rills and brooklets. The villages and lone farmsteads are but thinly scattered about the bare hill sides, and built for the most part of rough grey stone, with heavy gables and broad mullioned windows, present a striking contrast to the warm-looking half-timber homesteads of the valley and the Arden district.

Drayton in his *Polyolbion* fables the marriage of the vale of Evesham with the Cotswold:

> He hath the goodly wool, and she the wealthy grain;

and has many pleasant pictures of the country:

> A hill there holds his head, as though it told a tale,
> Or stooped to look down, or whisper with a vale;
> Where little purling winds like wantons seem to dally,
> And skip from bank to bank, from valley trip to valley.
> Such sundry shapes of soil, where nature doth devise
> That she may rather seem fantastical than wise.

Shakespeare has himself well characterised the district in the words he has put into the mouth of Northumberland in *Richard III.* who is journeying, as the scene direction informs us, 'in the wilds of Gloucestershire:'

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire,
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out the miles.

In Shakespeare's time, and long afterwards, these hills were almost entirely abandoned to sheep farming. The land was so unsuitable for grain, that the crops were generally some weeks behind those of the lowlands, and the phrase, 'as long coming as Cotswold barley,' became a proverbial saying expressive of exceeding slowness. The sheep of the Cotswold were famous all over England. The saying, 'as fierce as a lion of Cotswold,' is found in Heywood's works as early as 1547; and many allusions to the wool might be pointed out, as in Baron's *Ballad upon a Wedding:*

Her milky skin and front did show
Like meadow's clad in winter's snow
Or Cotshall wool new drest.

The races in which Master Page's fallow greyhound was beaten, were part of the sports instituted near Campden by Robert Dover, an attorney of Burton-on-the-Heath, in 1603. Twenty years after Shakespeare's death was published a collection of poems, entitled '*Annalia Dubrensia; upon the yearely celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick Games upon Cotswold Hills:*' London, 1636. The book consists of a number of poems in praise of Mr. Dover by almost all the poets and poetasters of the day. Drayton contributes a poem in honour of his countryman:

Lads of the hills and lasses of the vale,
In many a song and many a merry tale
Shall mention thee.

Durham says:

He's a fit subject for all poets' quills
That brings Arcadia to the Cotswold hills.

Ben Jonson's lines are, perhaps, the best in the book, and are eminently characteristic and uncouth. He cannot bring his muse—

to drop vies
'Twixt Cotswold and the Olympid exercise;

but tells how these sports

advance true love and neighbourhood,
And do both Church and Commonwealth the good.

It is evident from several allusions that coursing was one of the chief amusements, and a note informs us that a silver studded collar was awarded to the fleetest hound. The puritans, who at this time were very numerous in this district, did their best to discountenance these meetings, and are satirised by one of the contributors, William Randall:

These teach that dancing is a Jezebell,
And Barley Break the way to hell;
The Morris Idols, Whitsun Ales can be
But profane reliques of a jubilee.

These annual meetings were discontinued about twenty years ago, when a mob of navvies engaged in making the first railway seen hereabouts turned the assemblage into a serious riot. By an odd hap of fate the festival, commenced by Dover, and sung by Ben Jonson and Randolph, was killed by George Stephenson. In later times also the Cotswold had its poet—Clement Barkesdale, born at Winchcombe, in 1609, and for many years parson and schoolmaster at Hawling and Naunton in this country. In 1651 he published *Nympha Labethris; or, the Cotswold Muse*, a work which proves him to have been an amiable man of considerable learning but certainly no poet. His verse is harsh and unmusical, for which he lays the blame upon the climate and people.

Yet though my muse be not urbane but rough;
As Cotswold folks, you know, are hard and tough.

The works of Barkesdale unfortunately contain very little about the district or its inhabitants. There is, indeed, little of human

interest in his productions, for as he truly says of himself

> I am not as the Lord Montaigny, he
> In whose Essays so large impressions be
> Of his peculiar disposité.

The soil and climate, as well as the husbandry and daily life of this district differed so much from that of the surrounding country that the Cotswold long preserved a striking individuality, and even possessed some shreds of an autonomy of its own. A custom prevailed here for many generations of granting leases for three lives, and hence the difficulty of making enclosures. The Lords Chandos of Sudely, popularly called 'Kings of Cotswold,' held a large portion of the land, and under their sanction a parliament of shepherds met every year to settle the boundaries of sheep-walks, and make bye-laws for the regulation of the flocks. This meeting was probably the original of the festival instituted by Dover. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the map which contains the Cotswold district, has a spirited sketch of a dance of shepherds, one of whom carries a banner, with 'Hey for Cotswold,' inscribed upon it. In another part of the map there is a representation of a sheep shearing dinner, in which the shepherds are depicted in their proper costume, and some of them playing upon the miskin or small bagpipes, which seems to have been the popular musical instrument of our rural districts before the introduction of the fiddle. In his *Eclogues*, the scene of which is laid in the Cotswold, Drayton gives a picture of the shepherd of the period:

> The shepherd wore a sheep gray cloak,
> Which was of the finest lock
> That could be cut with sheer;
> His mittons were of bangon's skin;
> His cockers were of cordiwin;
> His hood of miniver;
> His aule and linzel in a thong;
> His tar-box in his broad belt hung:
> His breech of Coventry blue.

Much has been written upon the question whether Shallow was intended for a caricature of Sir Thomas Lucy. The external circumstances of the two men were almost totally dissimilar. Sir Thomas was a knight of large fortune, living with his family in good style, and keeping up a large establishment. For many years he represented his county in parliament, and twice held the office of sheriff. During a portion of his life he attended the Court and on one occasion had entertained the Queen at his mansion of Charlecote, which, with the romantic loyalty common to those times, he had rebuilt in her especial honour to resemble the letter E. He possessed a library, and appears to have been a man of some learning, part of which had been derived from John Foxe the martyrologist, who for many years had found an asylum in his father's house. As might be inferred from the character of the tutor his religious opinions approached those of the puritans. His immediate descendants were also men of mark. His eldest son, also Sir Thomas, who was about the age of Shakespeare, left behind him a choice collection of French and Italian books, and his son, also, the grandson of Sir Thomas, was a distinguished scholar. Upon his tomb in Charlecote Church, he is represented with his head pillowed upon 'a study of books.' He was the intimate friend of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and is alluded to by Davies of Hereford in 1611, during Shakespeare's life time, as

> The all-beloved and highly-prized gem,
> That in the Court's brow like a diamond,
> Or Hesperus in heaven doth lighten them
> For men to see their way in glory's ground.

Richard, another of the grandsons, was one of the members proposed for the projected 'Academe Royal' of James I., and another

at a somewhat later period became Bishop of St. David's. It will be seen therefore that the Lucy family was one of good position, and that its members in Shakespeare's time were men of more than the average culture of their class. Under the degree of nobility Sir Thomas Lucy was by far the most important personage in this part of Warwickshire. On the other hand, Shallow belongs to the race of small squires—the men out of whose corruption as Sir Thomas Overbury tells us, 'the generation of a justice of the peace is produced.' In support of the really old and apparently genuine Stratford traditions there is the significant fact that by certain unmistakeable allusions to persons and places Shakespeare has contrived to localise Shallow's residence within a few miles of the Lucy *terrain*. These allusions, it is true, may be only examples of the graphic realism of Shakespeare's art, but it is possible also that they may be the subtle indications of a personal satire. Shallow is apparently a bachelor, and certainly a man of small housekeeping. Like Overbury's justice, 'he speakes statutes and husbandry well enough to make his neighbour thinke him a wise man. He is well skilled in arithmetick and rates, and hath eloquence to save his two-pence. His travel is seldom further than the next market towne, and his inquisition is about the price of corne.'[2] He has none of the distinctively puritan peculiarities—a tempting point if he were intended for Lucy—nor can we suppose him to have been a book man. If Shallow had a library it was probably contained in the window bottom of his hall, and consisted at most of a few justice's law books, a Bishop's Bible, Hall's Chronicle, and perhaps—but this is very doubtful—a Chaucer. One of the few points of personal resemblance between Shallow and Lucy was their age. They were both old. Sir Thomas Lucy was born in 1532 and died in 1600, having been the head of his family for nearly fifty years. In *Henry IV.* Silence tells us that it was fifty-five years since Shallow came to Clement's Inn, and in the *Merry Wives* Shallow himself says 'I have lived four score years and upwards.' Again, Sir Thomas Lucy, amongst his other dignities, was a commissioner of the Musters, having special authority over the recruiting of men for her majesty's service, and it is possible that this fact may have given additional piquancy to the impressment scenes of *Henry IV.* We can expect no help in this matter from family traditions. The stock of Sir Thomas became extinct in 1786, and the estates devolved upon a remote relative, between whom and them at the date of his birth there were no fewer than eighteen prior claimants. From this gentleman, who exchanged the name of Hammond for that of Lucy, are descended the present owners of Charlecote.

The Shallow of the earlier play was no doubt intended to be the representative of a class rather than of any one individual, but it is beyond all question that after the character had become famous Shakespeare deliberately linked his creation to the Lucies by the introduction of the contemptuous allusion to the family arms in the *Merry Wives of Windsor.* It is probable that this quip may have been an afterthought, an isolated shaft of revenge as it were, more likely to have been provoked by some Lucy of the younger generation, and there were two or three known to town and court life at this time, than by the old man at Charlecote, whose life was then drawing towards its close. The allusion does not occur in the

[2] Characters by Sir Thomas Overbury, Lond. 1614. Overbury was a native of the Shakespeare country, and probably drew the characters from his own neighbourhood.

first edition of the drama printed in 1602, but as this was evidently a surreptitious publication we cannot lay much stress upon the omission. In the *Merry Wives* there is some indication of an intention to change the circumstances of Shallow in order to accord with his new *rôle*. His social status has been raised. He is not only justice of the peace but of the 'quorum,' and is also 'custos rotulorum,' an office only given to a justice of standing—one, according to Lambard, 'especially picked out either for wisdome, countenance, or credite.' (*Eirenarcha*, 1610.) Davy and his pigeon-house are exchanged for a deer park and keepers. His mental qualities have deteriorated just as we should expect to find if the character had now become a personal satire. His boasts of family and ancestry are still more imbecile than the vapouring of the old Shallow. It would even appear that the poet intended to hold him up to ridicule as illiterate, for he calls himself 'custalorum,' and takes no notice of Slender's blunders. In *Henry IV.* there is still some tincture of Clement's Inn about him. When Bardolph, fresh from Town, introduces into his conversation the then fashionable and rather raffish word accommodated, Shallow is pedantically anxious to show that he knows its meaning: 'Accomodated! it is good, yea indeed it is: good phrases are surely and ever were very commendable. Accomodated! is come from *accommodo*; very good; a good phrase.'[3] If Shallow is only Lucy in disguise, we should expect to find the man himself more or less visible under his factitious surroundings, but of this we have few means of judging. It is too late now to enquire whether the 'damnable iteration' and fussy restlessness of Shallow's poor weak brain had any counterpart in the conversation and bearing of the old Knight. Two compositions only from his pen are known to be still in existence, and both of these we shall lay before the reader in order that he may see if he can discover any trace of character. The first is a letter addressed to the Earl of Leicester, discovered by Canon Jackson amongst the papers of the Marquis of Bath at Longleat, and the other an epitaph upon his wife.

Right honorable and my singular good lorde, pleaseth it youer honour to be advertised that, according youar lordship's request and my one promise, I have sent you my sarvaunt Burnell, whom I feare will not be hable to doo yor lordshipp such sarvice as I could wish, nor as his hart woold sarve; for that by occasion of longe sicknes his strength is greatly decayed, and thereby his shuting much hinderid. Youar lordshipp must take hede in making of yor matches that Burnell be not overmarked; for that at this instant he is able to shute no farr ground, which if youar lordshipp foresee I doo not mistrust, but he will be able to shute with the best. Thus as one of the lest of youar lordship's friends in power or habilite to doo youar lordshipp any sarvice or pleasure, although as willing as the greatist in hart and good will as youar lordshipp shall well understand when occasion shall sarve, I comend you unto God with increas of honor according to youar lordshipp's one desier. From Charlcot, the viijth of Aprill.

At youar lordship's commandment during life,

THOMAS LUCY.

There is no date to this letter, but as it is directed to 'Lord Roberte Dudley, Mr of the Quene's Horse,' it must have been written some time between November 1556 and September 1564, when Lord Dudley ceased to hold the office. Burnell was one of Lucy's keepers, and like

[3] Some of Bardolph's humour is in danger of being lost through want of acquaintance with the history of this word, 'Accommodate,' which had very recently been imported from France. There is an account of it in the *Deux Dialogues du Nouveau Langage François* of Henri Estienne. Ben Jonson includes it amongst 'the perfumed terms of the time.'

'Old Double,' who must have been a near neighbour, doubtless 'shot a good shot.'

The inscription is in the church at Charlecote, and is in every way a very remarkable production:

Here entomed lieth the Lady Joyce Lucy, wife of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote in the County of Warwick, Knt., daughter and heir of Thomas Acton of Sutton, in the County of Worcester, esquire, who departed out of this wretched world to heavenly kingdom the 10th day of February in the year of our Lord 1595, and of her age 60 and 3. All the time of her life a true and faithful servant of her good God; never detected of any crime or vice; in religion most sound; in her love to her husband most faithful and true; in friendship most constant; to what was committed to her most secret; in wisdom excelling; in governing her house and bringing up youth in the fear of God that did converse with her most rare and singular; a great maintainer of hospitality; greatly esteemed of her betters; misliked of none unless of the envious. When all is spoken that can be said, a woman so furnished and garnished with virtue as not to be bettered, and hardly to be equalled by any. As she lived most virtuously, so she died most godly.

Set down by him that best did know what hath been written to be true.

THOMAS LUCY.

The man who could discourse in this fashion upon the gravestone of his wife, assuredly belonged to the blood of the Shallows. Every line speaks of the narrow precisian and pompous country justice. The singularity of a husband felicitating himself in this public manner upon the fact that his wife had never been 'detected of any crime,' induced the late Mr. Hunter to believe that the inscription must have been set up as a kind of manifesto against some old scandal, such, probably, as that alluded to in the traditionary ballad which has been so absurdly attributed to Shakespeare.

Sir Thomas was too covetous,
To covet so much deer;
When horns enough upon his head
Most plainly did appear.

It is probable, however, that the unfortunate phrase is to be regarded as nothing more than a characteristic specimen of the magisterial vocabulary. Shallow cannot escape from Shallow. The felonies, trespasses, batteries, deer stealings, and warren breakings of half-a-century may have so shaken the old knight's confidence in human nature, that he could only venture to affirm, even of the wife of his bosom, that she had never been found out.

Remembering the intense delight with which allusions of the kind conveyed in the ballad were welcomed by our graceless ancestors, it is, perhaps, not too much to infer that if the knight of Charlecote had been accessible to ridicule in this quarter, we should have heard somewhere and somehow of a Mistress Shallow.

C. ELLIOT BROWNE.

LOCAL CONTROL OF THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

TWO ALTERNATIVES.

By Francis William Newman.

THE time is visibly approaching at which the official rulers of this United Kingdom and of the British Empire will be unable any longer to postpone the unwelcome task of caring for the public morality, which for fifty years together their economic theories have sold in the market. Immense efforts have been made by Churches, by Societies, and by philanthropic individuals, but the vast power of corruption possessed by those who control the laws and guide the executive is overwhelming. Ministers cannot be persuaded out of a revenue which has now reached thirty-three millions a year. The hush-money which they have accepted for complicity with distillers and brewers has been perpetually on the increase with the vice, crime, and sufferings of the people. The afflicting and scandalous contrast of wealth and poverty is more and more glaring. Crime of husband against wife, cruel neglect of children, misery and impurity through orphanhood, are a shameful reproach to our fundamentally religious and philanthropic nation; yet, distracted by numerous political objects, we (the people) have never yet been able to effect such a union against the Mammon-worship domineering in high places as alone can overthrow the evil. But the terrible magnitude of the mischief has been confessed by successive ministries. Archbishops and an organised hierarchy avow and deplore it. Wales, Ireland, or Scotland would put a sharp bridle upon it, if England would let them act alone. The great towns of England herself would effectually control it, only that through a cunning juggle they are outvoted by the little towns and by farmers whose votes are not their own. Politically our moralists and philanthropists have had a tedious and difficult battle to fight against private and public cupidity; but at length it is clear that men long blind are opening their eyes to the fruit of the system which they have inherited. It has made the Crown a sleeping-partner in the drink traffic, and has exalted its conductors to a pitch of wealth and power very inconvenient to a ministry. Parliament ignominiously sits on the beer barrel. The thirty-three millions a year are to every ministry like the proverbial wolf which a woodsman holds by the ears. To keep him is difficult, to let him go is dangerous. Their position is becoming worse than embarrassing, when the best *men* of every class, and *all the women* who see the public miseries, condemn the deadly policy of bartering national morality for payments to the exchequer. That this base object has been at the bottom of ministerial policy, is quite clear in the outline of the history; but here it suffices to allude to the fact. The mode in which those in power fight to retain the public immoralities proclaims the quality of their motives. As one example out of several, see with what tenacity the Sunday sale of intoxicating drink in Ireland is kept up, after it is visible that Ireland disapproves, and after the English Parliament has voted with Ireland. *Trickery* is here the only right word; but *trickery* cannot in the long run support any cause. In this matter, as in several others, national indignation is ripening. Many old ways will have to be re-

versed, among which the treatment of the drink traffic has quite a leading place.

Before the crisis arrives, it behoves us carefully to consider what remedies the disease requires. After so long a contest, if anything decisive be done, the change of law will probably be called final; the new system will be upheld by the weariness of statesmen for thirty years more, or if it be too severe, a reaction will set in. Moreover, every sham remedy is sure to introduce new evils. Such is the Gothenburg system, which makes the local public absorb the gains of the drink traffic. The very matter which has sapped the honesty of our ministries, as guardians of the public morals, this system would introduce into every locality. How an intelligent gentleman, much respected, of whose future many form high hopes, can approve and promote it, may seem marvellous. 'A gift corrupteth the heart of a judge.' Those who have to restrain the traffic, must not share its profits.

Among those who have as yet no fixed judgment what is the best remedy—men who have taken no decisive part—one often hears the remark, that for local control endless experience and daily observation show that the existing magistracy (at least in the towns) is not at all the right tribunal. Lord Aberdare, when he was Mr. Bruce, commended the principle of giving to the local public some control over the traffic. The local public are the sufferers by its excesses, and are therefore the fittest body to hold the reins, provided that you do not debauch them by making them conscious partners in its profits. In fact, it is understood among those M.P.'s who vote for the second reading of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Bill, that in so doing they vote only for its *principle*; and they understand the principle to be, that of Popular Local Control. Precisely for this principle the Manchester National Reform Society has declared itself with astonishing unanimity, while carefully refraining to identify itself with Sir Wilfrid's Permissive Veto. In fact, another measure already before Parliament equally is based on this cardinal principle, namely, Mr. Joseph Cowen's Bill. Unhappily (as the present writer thinks) Mr. Cowen has added a secondary scheme, admitting the iniquitous, monstrous, and pernicious idea that publicans deserve compensation; on which account the system alternative to Sir Wilfrid's cannot here be characterised by Mr. Cowen's name, but must be called Control by Local Elective Licensing Boards—that is to say, Boards which have full control of licences, as complete as the magistrates have had any time this century. It is necessary to insist on this, for magistrates' clerks now allege that Mr. Bruce's and Mr. Cross's Acts have *lessened* the magistrate's power to restrict the traffic; nay, magistrates themselves confirm this. How very dishonourable to these honourable gentlemen! After speeches of vigorous indignation against the evils of the traffic, did they *intend* to tie the hands of the magistrates against it? or were they too dullsighted to discover the purpose, when sly amendments interposed clauses to this effect? Indeed, considering Mr. Cross's efforts to give extended hours to the sale—efforts in part successful—it is hard to believe that the weakening of magistrates' hands by his Act was unintentional and unforeseen. Be this as it may, the two alternatives here considered are, the Permissive Popular Veto, and the Popular Control by an unfettered Licensing Board. Lest any mistake be made by his friends and by those of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the present writer craves leave to state that he does not change one whit his approval, *per se*, of the Permissive Veto, if we

can get nothing better, but continues his advocacy of it by the voice and by the pen. Whichever of these alternatives we can get *first*—if it be but pure and simple—he will gladly accept, and count it great gain. But in its own nature the Permissive Veto does not grapple with the entire question, and Sir Wilfrid himself treats other measures as, not antagonistic to it, but supplementary,

Suppose Sir Wilfrid's Bill to be carried into an Act, and let us try to analyse the results, both immediate and more remote. First of all, there are certain towns and neighbourhoods which would instantly adopt the Act, and by a two-thirds majority would forbid the magistrates to issue any licences at all. Wine merchants, as well as retail sellers of malt liquor and spirits, would have to remove their stores over the border, if they could get a licence on some neighbouring area; else they must sell their stock as best they might. Next, where the local public is not ripe for stopping the traffic, one of two results might happen. On the one hand, in proud confidence that the Permissive Act would *not* be adopted, the magistrates might freely give new licences to immigrant dealers in intoxicants, who were disabled from carrying on the trade in their old quarters: thus the district would become, more than before, a focus of drink stores, for the supply of the drinking minority on an area which had put the Permissive Act in force. To make the meaning clearer, take actual names of places. Suppose that in the south of Wales, Cardiff, Swansea, and Carmarthen adopt Sir Wilfrid's Act, and stop all licences; and thereupon the drink sellers remove to Bristol and obtain licences from the magistrates there. Then the wine drinkers of these Welsh towns may perhaps send to Bristol for their wine, and ale drinkers for casks of ale. But if in Gloucester the teetotalers, though not strong enough to carry a two-thirds vote, are strong enough to alarm the magistrates, it may become harder than before to get licences there. Conscientious magistrates will be morally strengthened, reckless magistrates will fear to exasperate the public; and without any direct use of the ratepayers' new power, the magistracy may become animated by a new spirit. The publicans also, in dread of the sword hanging over their heads, will be on their best behaviour. Thus in Gloucester the evils of the traffic might be sensibly diminished, while in Bristol they might be even increased, through the competition of new shops. After two or three years' experience, when it became manifest that Cardiff, Swansea, and Carmarthen were vastly better for the banishment of the drink, and Gloucester improved by the lessening of the traffic, while Bristol was worse off than ever, the Bristol public would feel more severely the scandal and the expense of vice and of crime and of the punishment of crime; and the contrast of Gloucester would make many persons, who esteem teetotalers fanatical, desire greater severity in the magistrates. The permission to annihilate the traffic, and the visible fact that in some places it had been annihilated, would certainly affect the minds of all. The backward places would suffer longer, but in four or five years would inevitably crawl on. The whole trade would wish rather to be restricted than to be annihilated; and the sincere reformers who (no doubt) exist among magistrates, among brewers and distillers, might become masters of the policy. Thus a great and very sensible improvement would take place everywhere, even where those who are willing to suppress the public sale entirely are far from being a two-thirds majority. It is

not true that Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Bill would do *nothing* in the places in which severe control is most needed: yet even if that were true, it would be no reason for not enacting it for the benefit of the places which desire it. Its restrictive and compulsive force would undoubtedly travel far beyond its own apparent area, to the great advantage of the country. Nevertheless the fact is undeniably important that this Permissive Bill is an incomplete measure, and that new legislation would be needed after it; for which reason it may be most gravely doubted whether Parliament will ever accept it, pure and simple. Those who now vote for its second reading, profess merely to vote for the *principle* of the Bill, which means, as above said, the principle that the local public ought to have the control of the traffic; but this does not really pledge them to Sir Wilfrid's Bill. The same men who vote for the second reading to please their constituents may vote against the third reading, with perfect good faith and sincerity. They justly deprecate chronic embroilment in any topic. After a long struggle they want something final, and they see that Sir Wilfrid's cannot be final, if carried pure and simple: hence indeed many nourish an aversion to it greater than they choose to express.

But it is well to explain more closely why Sir Wilfrid's Bill is not and cannot be final. His original draught was modelled on the Maine Law, which provides a public officer to sell liquor for the State under instructions. This officer has a fixed salary, and has no gains from the sale; nor does the State seek for gains. Sir Wilfrid cut out all this from his Bill, on perceiving that his opponents would defeat it by pertinacious objections against the new system of sale, evading his main argument: therefore, to any one who says, 'How are we to get spirits for medicine, or for varnish, and other mechanical uses,' he virtually replies, 'If you want the articles—which I do not—it is for you to suggest some method of supply which does not demoralise the public; lay such before me, and I will consider it respectfully.' But he cannot deny that distilled or fermented liquor is legitimately needed for certain purposes, and that it *must* be sold. The Maine Law admits this, and acts upon it. As soon as a single place uses the permission to extinguish licences, an outcry would arise for the local sale of wine and brandy as medicine at least, and of spirits for mechanical and chemical uses; hence it is sure to be anticipated by amendments while the Bill is in Committee. Now this matter of medicine is both complex and dangerous. While arsenic, strychnine, and vitriol are in use, we cannot forbid alcohol. Enlightened physicians may almost or wholly disuse it, but there will long be many who cling to it. How few men there are but at any time could get a physician's order to take two or three glasses of port wine *every day*! a law would be of little avail to restrict, if it gave authority to a physician's order for the *dietetic* use of wine. On the other hand, it would be iniquitous to require that, to get medicinal wine worth sixpence, one must pay five shillings or a guinea for a physician's order.

It is worth while contrasting the American procedure. In Maine or Massachusetts a native Yankee presents himself to the public agent, and asks for wine, saying he needs it for his health. The agent does not demand a physician's order, but scrutinises the applicant's face, and especially his *nose*; in which, discerning suspicious purple lines, he flatly replies 'No!' Presently Mr. Plimsoll similarly presents himself, asking for wine on the same medical plea. The agent recognises his

face as British, and is aware that he is an M.P., *and a teetotaler.* Forthwith making sure that the wine is wanted for a good purpose, he promptly complies. Mr. Plimsoll returns to England, and declares in Parliament that the law is a dead letter, for that *he himself* got wine from the public agent with perfect ease! He forgot that everybody is not Mr. Plimsoll; and he was unaware how keen in physiognomy, or, indeed, in *rhinognomy* (nose-discernment), a public agent may be. But so simple and old-fashioned a despotism is fitted only for a small community; a Solomon on the Bench is not yet even imagined by an English M.P. To return to the wine question. Say what we may on the very important advances of men at the head of physiological and chemical science towards the hearty approval of total abstinence, we are yet fifty years off the time when our richer classes will universally renounce that use of it which is called *moderate*; and Sir Wilfrid's Bill cannot escape an amendment to make the sale of wine in quantities not less than twelve quarts entirely free, without licence. It will be urged that it is only by malt liquors and spirits that the poorer classes are cursed; why then put into their hands the control over the wine of the rich? If (as is entirely to be expected) such an amendment be carried, we suppose that Sir Wilfrid would withdraw his Bill, to judge by the earnestness with which he contradicts the report that he excepts wine merchants. Again, it is not to be expected that any Parliament, however they may wink at it on a rustic area for the benefit of a great landlord, will consent totally to extinguish, in any place of shops, a sale of alcohol confessed by all to be in certain cases legitimate. If the old system is destroyed, they will demand simultaneously a new system for this legitimate sale, which the ratepayers shall be unable to forbid. But if the new system is brought in by a set of amendments in Committee, instead of being previously laid before the public, and fully debated, no satisfactory result can be expected. This incompleteness of Sir Wilfred's measure, as now before us, is an objection certain to be made when the crisis is at hand. He does not like the responsibility, it seems, of constructing a new system. Well; but is there not danger that others will *suddenly* take up the problem from which he shrinks, and *suddenly* carry into law regulations of which he and we disapprove? *If* Parliament will pass his Bill just as it stands, then concerning after measures the country may take its time, and gather up all its wisdom. But, apparently, there is little chance of this. It will be insisted that a confessedly legitimate and necessary sale for medical, chemical, artistic, not to say *dietetic* use, must not be stopped entirely even for a single week, in a single town. A new legal mode of sale must be devised (it will be said) *before* the old mode is forbidden. Of course, we know that the present system will not be at once everywhere overthrown. To revert to our former illustration, when the sale is stopped in Cardiff, people in Cardiff will be able to supply themselves from Bristol, and *time will be gained* for new legislation. Whether this argument will avail with any possible Parliament, remains to be seen.

Sir Wilfrid, in his humorous and pleasant way, treats opponents as friends who will bring a *supplement* to his Bill. He so spoke lately of Mr. Chamberlain and the Gothenburg system. His Permissive Veto would co-exist with the power of our magistrates, and equally with any other system of licensing! Speciously said; but could it co-exist with a free trade in wine,

which a total refusal of licences could not stop? The tangle here is very serious, because the wine merchant's trade has been diligently relaxed from wholesale to retail; the distinction has now to be rebuilt. In New York the spirit trade was forbidden in 1837, but the result was that the wine (so called) was more highly brandied, and the total consumption of spirits was not lessened. The *regulation* of the trade is inevitable; it is a most difficult task, and it cannot be wisely done by mere amendments of a Bill for Public Veto.

In remarkable contrast to a mere Permissive Veto is a concession of Elective Licensing Boards. This will be really and truly final, so far as Parliament is concerned, if the *entire* power over licences be granted to each locality. Every M.P. would rejoice to feel that the question will never again embarrass his relation to his constituents, and that the responsibility of Parliament in the matter is at once and completely ended. Surely this consideration would immensely facilitate its passing with the House, in contrast to Sir Wilfrid's Bill, pure and simple. Next, a Bill for Licensing Boards evades a second stone with which Sir Wilfrid's is pelted. It is said to the latter: 'You profess to place trust in the local community; yet, in fact, you clearly distrust it; for you will not allow it to do anything but totally forbid the sale. It might desire to cut down the number of shops to one quarter, or to one-tenth, but you will not allow this. Or, again, it may wish merely to forbid drinking on the premises, or else to lessen facilities of retail without forbidding large sales, as of a pipe of wine or a hogshead of beer. Here also you show distrust of the public.' Nothing of this can be said against a complete transference of power to the locality, as hitherto to the magistrates. Thirdly, what is signally important, if Elective Licensing Boards be enacted with full power to act according to discretion, different systems will be adopted in different places, and experience will very soon show their separate excellencies or defects. Experimental legislation is impossible when it has to operate on a body of 32,000,000 persons. Sir Wilfrid's Bill does not provide for any other local regulator of sales than the existing magisterial system—a system notoriously incompetent to conduct experimentally new methods of sale with a philanthropic and moral object. Any new regulations required by the local stoppage of licences will have to be made by a central Parliament, and by means of that fertile source of inconsistencies and damaging clauses—amendments in Committee. But when a Board is elected in an intelligent municipality, with the sole duty of so conducting the sales as to supply all that is really legitimate with the smallest risk to the public morals, the problem will be undertaken with prodigiously greater advantage than is possible either in a Committee of the whole House, where a Chancellor of the Exchequer may whisper, 'Mind! you must not damage my Budget!' or in a *coterie* of magistrates, who move in traditional routine; who, moreover, are often appointed to the task, one because he has a certain landed estate, another because he has the title General or Colonel. A political proverb says, 'New brooms sweep clean.' Every Licensing Board elected in a great town—that is, in those centres of population where the miseries from evil drink are worst—would feel great responsibility for executing its task well, and would have much honour to earn. It would not be distracted from its single high and sufficient problem by the multifarious duties which fall on town councillors. Pride and ambition would concur with philan-

thropy and patriotism to make each anxious and diligent, eager to learn, and firm to execute. The electors would agree in claiming of the elected to reduce the evils of drink to a minimum, and in some cases would make definite suggestions or stipulations. One place would quickly learn wisdom of another, if each town had the full responsibility for its own evils. The palace-like jails which now disgrace our civilisation, and cause expense so vast, are chiefly the fruit of this pernicious trade; and the ratepayers will insist on quick abatement of the evils, when they get power into their own hands. What shadow of reason is there for doubting, that such sales as are necessary and inevitable will be far more sagaciously managed by a Local Board which the ratepayers elect for this sole purpose, than either by magistrates who are irresponsible and do not suffer sensibly from the public vice, or by an *irresponsible* and *multitudinous* Committee of Parliament? Finally, a Board elected for this one duty is immeasurably better than the Town Councils, who are distracted by an immensity of other business. In Scotland we see experimentally that this organ wholly fails. What else, then, is possible? Why distrust an elective Licensing Board? Let us keep fixedly in mind, that if our whole nation were to become ardent teetotalers, and had accepted the Permissive Veto, not the less we must have some mode of selling alcohol when demanded by physicians and surgeons (who need it for embrocations and tinctures, even if they renounce it as dietetic beverage or as potions); also, what is less liable to abuse, alcohol is needed in varnishes, paints, and chemicals. Let the Right Hon. John Bright and teetotalers reply: what authority can be trusted to guide all the details of the sale so safely as a small local Board elected annually by the ratepayers? Such a Board should have full power to frame its own restrictions, so as to prevent the fraud of wine merchants or chemists degenerating into spirit shops, without needlessly harassing drinkers who insist that their two or three glasses a day do them good. Now that the tide has turned with scientific men, will not these 'moderate drinkers' die out without further harm to the public morals?

Three or four different systems of regulation may at first arise. A few years' trial will decide which is best. Active interchange of experience and thought is certain to take place: indeed one of our existing temperance magazines might become a common organ to many towns. The flexibility of local freedom, the emulation of different Boards, and the co-operation by mutual consent, would conspire to work out the best attainable results. To secure sufficient responsibility, no Board should be numerous: *five* or *seven* persons may be a full maximum, and no Board should have a vast constituency. Therefore our greatest towns ought to be divided into parts with suitable numbers, and have Boards separately independent. With a few such precautions, the system of elective Licensing Boards, which can impose despotically their own conditions on the licences, but without power to bind their successors in the next year, appears to be a complete solution of the problem. If Birmingham then chose to try the Gothenburg system, this would not give to publicans any *right* of compensation, and we may hope that the bad example of becoming partners in the trade would not find many imitators.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Veto has one apparent advantage in having been so long before the country, and having received applause from so many great populations. Paradoxical as it may at first appear to say so, this is really

a weakness to it in Parliament. Many of our legislators have been accustomed to speak of it with contempt, and cannot easily change about into approval. When a Minister brings in a Bill, he does not like to adopt one which seems like claiming that the members shall change round at the dictation of large popular constituencies. He will wish to give to them the argument, or excuse, that they have now got a *new* measure—not one made to please fanatical teetotalers—not one which on the face of it aims to stop the temperate use of wine and beer, but one which they can accept without dishonour or a sense of defeat. Thus, from many causes, a Bill for Licensing Boards is more likely to pass. But let not this be interpreted as an undervaluing of Sir Wilfrid's eminent merit and high services. He desires solely the beating down of the monstrous evil. To him is due more largely than to any other public man the arousing of the nation against it. If a more complete Bill be carried in preference, Sir Wilfrid's inexhaustible freshness of argument, his patience and untiring activity, and what has been happily called his 'wise gaiety,' will have been a principal agent in its success. To him our thanks and our honour will be equally paid, though the name of another mover be on the victorious Bill; and he is far too high-minded and true-hearted to care for anything else than the great moral object which he has so long, so laboriously, and so ably pursued. Under the pressure of his earnest and versatile argument, various subordinate societies have arisen, which aim at separate parts of the temperance political problem—as those for Sunday closing, or for shortening hours. Not for a moment ought we to forget the high service done by the late Archdeacon Sandford in arousing the Church of England to act collectively in the cause of Temperance; yet, it is believed, even the excellent Archdeacon had his flame kindled by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the United Kingdom Alliance. Noble efforts for a good cause are never thrown away, are never ineffectual, even when the success does not come in the exact form for which its champion was contending. It may hereafter be said: 'Other men sowed: we reap the fruit of their labours.'

OLD AND YOUNG—CITIES AND MEN.

WE have come to be familiar again with the thought that the earth we live upon has not been always fit to offer such hospitality as it offers to thankless guests like ourselves, who commonly chide at our welcome, and yet are loth to take leave—that the time which uncounted generations of our race have spent in replenishing the earth and subduing it is nothing to the time in which the earth was slowly preparing to become an improvable habitation. We are beginning to awake to a thought which was once more familiar still, that the earth which was so long preparing is not able to nourish her children for ever, but is doomed to destruction, which is certain to come at last, whether barrenness comes first or no. There is another thought which seemed to have been put away for ever, which few as yet have called to mind among us, the thought that the human race is mortal, that cities, nations, institutions, and mankind itself are liable, like men, to grow old and die.

It has come to be taken for granted, that as long as the earth is habitable the human race will continue to flourish and advance, increasing in knowledge and power, and control of nature, long after its increase in numbers has been arrested, and that the last generation to whom the earth yields her strength will be as energetic as the best of its predecessors. The assumption is, probably, very recent; the result of that unlimited hopefulness which created the French Revolution and survived it. Horace thought that he was living in a world that was rapidly growing worse; Milton thought that he was living in a world that was rapidly growing less; and yet when we look back upon the age of the commonwealth in England, or the age of Augustus in Rome, they seem to us ages in which a man might have been proud to live, ages that were full of achievement in themselves and of promise for the future. In fact, Horace and Milton looked upon the life of their time with a more sustained, perhaps a more reasonable enthusiasm, than the authors of *Locksley Hall* and *Sartor Resartus*, although neither they nor their contemporaries had reached the pitch of self-complacency which makes it almost a heresy for living writers to suspect limits to the progress of the species.

What makes this self-complacency more surprising is, that the old conceptions of the many members in one body, of humanity as the 'great man' 'who is always learning,' have just come to be favourite instruments of popular speculation. Until this was so it was natural to lay stress upon the perishableness of the individual and the permanence of the type, and whoever liked might comfort himself with the venerable belief that all life aspired to immortality and attained it, at any rate, in the immortality of the race. But the more clearly it comes home to us, that every kind of creature is a whole in itself, with a common life that is something more than the mere adding up of the separate life of each creature of the kind, the more clearly we realise that that life had a beginning and a growth, the more does that question force itself upon us whether it has not an end.

We know that lizards were only able to develop themselves upon an heroic scale in pre-tertiary times,

and that cats have only maintained an heroic development within the tropics. Of course lizards may have been dwarfed by the competition of mammals, and the cave tiger may have been starved out of the hunting grounds of Europe by the discovery that the cave man was a mightier hunter after all; or lizards may have dwindled and tigers may have disappeared under the pressure of physical changes around them. But what shall we say of the decrepitude of the stocks of cultivated and protected species of vines, of potatoes, of mulberry trees, and silkworms, which exposes them to the wholesale invasion of microscopic parasites? If only vines and potatoes suffered we might suspect that it was due to the unnatural way in which we propagate them; but as silkworms are left in that matter to nature, it really seems as if the breed had grown old and feeble under our care, and that the only chance was to find in some far away corner a breed which preserves some remains of original savage vigour.

If silkworms and potatoes, and even vines, were to die of old age together, it would matter little; but it is a graver question when we come to ask, is the human race growing old, is Europe growing old, is England growing old, are there any races or countries which have grown old already? Is there any remedy which will protect an old community against the diseases incident to old age, and enable it to do what no community has ever done, and expire peaceably of old age itself? It is too soon to answer these questions, which even a sober optimist might say it was full soon to ask. We do not know yet how far the life of a community resembles the life of an individual, nor do we know what stage the life of any given community has reached. Every highly developed society includes backward classes, the great society of mankind includes backward races; who can undertake to be sure whether these have grown slowly, and are growing still, or whether their growth has been arrested, or if so, whether it can be renewed? Obviously the subject is one on which knowledge is very far off, and yet there may be room for opinion, and opinion may have its use. No one who is not old already knows when old age will overtake him, or what his old age will be if he lives to it; for the old age of each generation is different from that of the last, since it owes its character to three variable things: the character of the generation which is passing away, the character of the generation which is still in vigour, and the character of the generation which is still young. Yet it is well to think about old age a little, and to do something to prepare for it; at twenty it is not too soon, at fifty it is not too late. Spinoza says there is nothing of which the free man thinks so little as death; but after all, every wise man orders his earthly life as if he would certainly die, and grow old if he should live long enough. It is part of the prudence of a young man, an imperative part of the prudence of a man past middle life, to make a selection between his wishes, and wean himself from the hope of living to realise all. Is it prudent for a community, or for any class within it, to count on having strength to go on working upon this perishable and changeable world till it has realised all the ideals it set out with, and all the ideals which have come in sight by the way? To take an instance, which is one of the most conspicuous and least tragical within reach, in the thirteenth century the towns of Northern France vied with each other in cathedrals as recklessly as the towns of Northern England have since vied with each other in railways, and the result was that the

cathedral builders began what their successors were not able to finish.

The thought of unfinished undertakings suggests one of the most obvious and far-reaching contrasts between youth and age. The free disposable energy of youth is much greater: a man at sixty may do much more and better than a man at twenty; but the immensely greater part of what the man at sixty does is done because it has to be done, and the more admirable and efficient a man at sixty is, the more of what he does is done because he has to do it. The more efficient and promising a man of twenty is, the more of what he does is done because he chooses to do it; he may choose to do one thing or another: a young man is free, comparatively speaking, to leave what he is doing without loss, and to turn to something better. An elderly man must go on in the main as he is going: he and his dependants have artificial wants of all kinds, that have to be met and attended to; very likely it is little or no pleasure to gratify them, but to form new plans for others and to direct them into new ways requires enterprise which he cannot command now; to form fresh hopes and wishes requires an unexhausted energy of desire, which he cannot command either. To go as smoothly and cheerfully as possible through more or less profitable routine is the most he can reasonably expect, and in fact most old people are content with this. If they have been tolerably prudent and successful they find their habitual occupations fruitful and pleasurable, and see that these are the fixed conditions of other lives than their own, so that the work to which they are committed still grows under their hands. It is their judgment still which guides its growth, and their decision is more weighty than that of the young in proportion as they are less free. It is reasonable that the past should sway their inclination and their judgment, since it has accumulated their means of giving effect to both. A man of thirty may think the way that a man of sixty lays out a fortune of two or three hundred thousand pounds is stupid and humdrum, but after all it is the man of sixty who has the fortune to spend; he has come to be what he is as a whole, both his success and the use he makes of it depend upon his whole nature. One result of the importance of the old, who have a large amount of successfully finished work behind them, is that they are given to large plans; in middle life all the strength of most people, except born projectors, is taken up with work in hand; daily claims are urgent and have to be provided for. But the old are free to plan for others just because all the action of which they are capable has become mechanical. David counting over the treasures for the temple that Solomon is to build, the Archbishop of Goa surveying the Indies that Xavier is to convert, the late A. T. Stewart pondering over the charities which his successors are to realise, are common types enough. And here we come back to the contrast between youth and age: both form large schemes, but the means for carrying them through are all within for youth and all without for age. Both are liable to miscalculate their resources: youth thinks that because it can do anything, it can do everything; age contemplates its treasure and forgets its debts.

Is this contrast between youth and age reproduced in any measure in the civilised communities in which men live now? Is there a period in the life of a nation when its enterprises are suggested by impulse and sustained by enthusiasm, and another when its enterprises are a matter of calculation and depend upon accumulated resources? It is surprising how many of the great

achievements of our race have been the work of a community which was never able in the course of a long and glorious history to repeat the efforts of its early prime. The Pyramids, the gigantic Doric temples of Sicily and Italy, the Cloaca Maxima, the Temple Platform at Jerusalem, the great cathedrals of the thirteenth century, the Vedas, the Homeric Poems, the Divine Comedy, are all works of immature peoples, of peoples who had not acquired the full command of their nature and circumstances of which they were to prove themselves capable. Many of these works demanded costly, sustained, disinterested efforts; it would be misleading to speak of sacrifices, individualism was not suppressed, it was dormant; if the builders of the Pyramids and the Temple Platform murmured, it was not because they were taken away from what they wished to do for themselves, but simply because they were overtasked and resented the strain. A gifted nation in its youth makes the first essay of its strength in pursuit of some common ideal, the special needs and desires of individuals are recognised afterwards; and it is only the rarest natures which can put them aside when they have once forced themselves into consciousness. Here, too, the larger organism repeats the experience of the smaller, for we find that the young are ignorant of the specialities of their nature, and only know the vague fluid body of hopeful energy which moveth altogether, if it move at all, under the impulse of aspirations which they feel of themselves or adopt from without.

By-and-by they find out the things they really like and are fit for, and then they try to get as much of these as they can without doing harm, or running great risks, or taking too much trouble, and only spend their spare time, and their spare strength, and their spare means on the impersonal objects which they still admire most. Crusades are, as a rule, only undertaken by the young; as soon as Europe had recovered itself from the confusion of the tenth century, it was ready to throw itself *en masse* upon the East to recover the Holy Places of Palestine for Christendom; and even the calamities of the first crusade, and the collapse of the kingdom of Jerusalem, did not prevent a second expedition, as imposing and spontaneous as the first. After that the crusades passed into the order of duties which conscientious people are anxious to see some one else discharge. As soon as the landowners of England had secured themselves against the arbitrary exactions of the Crown, by whose help the better of them had restrained the worse from making the castles centres of brigandage, they were ready to incorporate Wales, and attempt the subjugation of Scotland and France. Under Henry VIII. the English nation was every way stronger than under Edward III., but it was not equal to renewing the hundred years' war. It is richer, more numerous, more disciplined now than when it plunged into the struggle against the Convention and the First Napoleon, but the classes which then guided and sustained the resistance of Europe have too many interests and engagements now to renew the adventure on which they embarked in the enthusiasm of a sedate and vigorous youth, having just awaked to a common consciousness of a rational, manly life, out of the curious lethargy which settled down upon almost the whole country between 1660 and 1760. It is becoming probable already that the immense industrial effort which began with the discovery of the steam engine has reached and passed its maximum of intensity. The eight hours movement is a

sign that the working classes feel that they have a right to begin to take their ease after three generations of unparalleled exertion; as the governing classes, after the unsatisfactory close of the Crimean War, decided that England had done enough for the police of Europe. As the Saga Man says, 'But a little while is hand fain of blow,' the contests of war and the contests of industry cannot go on for ever; when a great territorial or commercial position has been won, the time comes inevitably, and so rightly, when those who have won it are content to enjoy it and maintain it, and no longer desire to extend it. There is nothing ominous or alarming in this; we need not conclude when we see this temper in an individual or a community that the best days of either are over. In Japan and America autumn is the best part of the year; and in the autumn of a life there need be no drawback to its enjoyment, for we do not know the length of that year; we do not know, even, whether what we see is autumn or summer, though we may be pretty sure that spring is gone by.

The readiness to make efforts because the whole strength of the common life has not yet been parcelled out among the growing multitude of special claims, is only one proof of the vigour of youth, which must always be enviable to the most prosperous old age. Another contrast may be found in the sense of difficulties: a young man feels a deficiency of energy or of courage; an old man has proved his strength, and need not distrust himself, but he has a perception of obstacles founded on the nature of things. Now, the shrinking from reforms which we see in a State like France, is mainly of the latter character. There is a complicated system which everybody, except a few hundred thousand *ouvriers* and a few hundred students, is afraid to meddle with. *Les ministres passent et les bureaux restant* is a proverb which every day shows to be more important. Everybody who wishes to make large changes is baulked by the knowledge that the population for which the changes are planned, the officials by whom they are to be carried out, are what they are, and will be too much for him. The Convention proved, once for all, that the will of the most fervent and enlightened autocrat may be baffled by passive, unavowed resistance. The parts of the work of the Convention that have lived are those that popular passion had anticipated, or those which Napoleon appropriated as the foundations of his civil fame. The most vehement resolutions of the most vigorous old age are really only effective so far as they reinforce permanent existing inclinations and interests.

Another way in which we may measure the progress of individuals and communities to old age is, by the number of capacities they have attained and survived. For instance, Sir Arthur Helps has judiciously observed that a taste for poetry comes with the beard, and disappears when a man no longer cares for sweets. It might also be conjectured that the taste for discussion begins later and lasts longer, corresponding roughly with the taste for wine; both tastes, when strong and genuine, are very lasting, and are not perceptibly affected till the whole man begins to break up, but in ordinary cases both lose their zest after the first few years of marriage. Again, the taste for information coincides pretty closely with the taste for money. Both manifest themselves at first sporadically. People begin by wanting information about special subjects, and wanting money for special objects; it is only gradually that either desire generalises

itself, and for a long time it has to contend against the distraction, perhaps the opposition, of other more familiar wants. For the most part the result of this competition is, that the desire for money or for knowledge is either stifled or limited; but when it survives unimpaired it grows and gathers strength up to the last. A man with a strong turn for acquiring knowledge or money never stops to think what is the use of either; it is enough that one of his most active faculties—perhaps his only active faculty—is getting the exercise that it is fit for, and that he feels himself co-operating with the established order of things. Nothing is more unreasonable than to censure such men because they do not leave the task of accumulation, for which they have come to be well adapted, and undertake to prepare themselves for the task of employing their accumulations in such a way that they and others may be heartily glad of their lives. Commonly, the desire of gladness has been outlived long before the capacity of accumulation has come to its height.

Of course it is not meant that people with large beards or a sweet tooth have an especial taste for poetry, or that hard disputants are commonly hard drinkers, or that men of science make large fortunes, but that the years in which that element of life which runs to the material taste is most vigorous are also the years in which the same or another element runs with most vigour to the immaterial taste. Nor must we confound the taste for acquired information, which is a hardly earned possession, with the receptivity, which is simply an affair of memory, and is commonly most vigorous in early youth. One inference from this series of desires is applicable both to individuals and communities; it is obvious that the latest are by no means always the best. As Goethe says, there are many things in which it is hard to be as wise at sixty as at twenty; and if we are to profit by experience to the end, it is necessary to begin betimes to cultivate the piety which cherishes the unreturning past.

Another inference which may be drawn from the assumption that the desires and capacities of the individual and the community tend to succeed each other in pretty much the same order is, that in an old community most individuals will find themselves for a considerable part of their lives in a state of sterile antagonism to the general movement, more or less developed as the case may be. Thus, when a community has reached the stage when men of high character and position take important decisions, face great risks, sustain great labours, without having their feelings much roused or their imagination exalted, there will be a large proportion of individuals who cannot figure to themselves a great achievement without a great enthusiasm. In some of these this temper will survive till the power of literary expression is perfected with practice, and then they will set forth rhetorically to the glory of the men who did great things, a number of splendid motives which they did not feel and did not need, and will assume they are still living in an age of heroism and romance. The tendency to take a romantic view of the higher moments of potent and beneficent lives is closely connected with the propensity to take a sentimental view of the ordinary conditions of existence; and so a community which has pretty well outlived poetry may be importuned by the recurrent velleities of youths and maidens, who endeavour to persuade each other that poetry is eternal, and that the least unpromising among them are poets and poetesses. So, too, a com-

munity which has outlived the period of abstract discussion may be more seriously molested by earnest talk about eternal problems and sacred rights on the part of eager adults who have still to learn that they are living in a time which, if it is to deal profitably with its own affairs by its own resources, must do its best to keep to facts and interests. When the whole life has been well ordered, facts and interests do not absorb it all, even when these are the chief of its new and urgent concerns; the ideals which were nursed, the principles which were settled at the appropriate time, are a present possession to the end; the ideals of a community are to be found in its classics, its principles are to be found in its institutions. A nation's old age is likely to be dishonourable when the great deeds of its youth are matters for apology, the great books of its youth and prime are left to librarians, and its monuments and institutions are nothing to the living but costly relics and an embarrassing pageantry; and the dishonourable old age of a nation is always calamitous, while the dishonourable old age of a man is often, as it seems to himself, enjoyable, and to others the more scandalous because it is enviable.

There is a pleasanter side to these questions: the fact that there are always young people in an old society is under favourable circumstances a perpetual renewal and the nearest approach to a pledge of permanence which perishable creatures can expect; and though they are always liable to strike their elders as something of an impertinence, and though this liability is apt to increase as the burden of dead observances which each generation takes up in turn grows heavier, it would be ungrateful to dwell more upon this than on the stimulus which the young give to the fitful progress of human affairs; but for them the world would weary itself with marking time and not go forward. Then, too, as the body continues to renew itself when it has ceased to grow, we find that sometimes vigorous natures renew their youth. To take two examples only from the old world and the new—Euripides had grown young again among the wooded hills of Macedon when he wrote the *Bacchæ*, so full of the romantic passion of nature and mysticism; Gentz had grown young again at the feet of Fanny Elsler when he undertook to instruct Rahel Varnhagen von Ense in true Christianity.

This kind of rejuvenescence is naturally more conspicuous in a society than in an individual. At the end of last century it was general both in England and France, the passion for simplicity, for primitive emotions, the resolution to find the worth of life in persons, not in things—in life itself, not in its furniture. The whole train of thoughts and feelings that gather round Percy's Ballads and the romances which glorify love in a cottage are the expression of a genuine effort to grow young again, more genuine than the better instructed romanticism which came later on both sides of the Channel when the tumult of the Napoleonic wars had gone by. Both appealed to the young and were carried forward by them, but the earlier, cruder, more genuine romanticism was not exactly initiated by them, but by men who had passed middle life themselves and looked back to their own youth and to the youth of their world, and wished to train the young they saw around them to remain young in heart through life.

After all it may be said that these are only palliatives, and the thought that it is the destiny of all communities to grow old sooner or later is so unwelcome that it would

be pleasant to regard it as mistaken, especially when we remember that old people do not live longer because their winter is broken for a moment by a false and fleeting spring like that which tempts laburnums to bloom again in November. The fact that Hesiod imagines that he was living in the old age of an effete and wicked world is enough by itself to check gloomy forebodings. Everything for which Greece is memorable, except his own poems and the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, grew up after he had proclaimed the utter decadence and moral and spiritual bankruptcy of Greece.

And yet if we compare society as we find it in the poems which we know under the name of Homer, and society as we find it in the poems which we know under the name of Hesiod, we see that between the two it has really grown old and worn out; but what we do not see is that under the effete society there were the materials of a new society ready to grow up and replace the old. Most likely the classes who made up the society of the old régime in France were exhausted when the Revolution came. So far as they survived the crash they may still flourish in honourable elegance and be valuable ornaments to the nation; but they will hardly renew their youth. Still it would be premature to conclude that France is old; we do not yet know how much reserve vitality is stored up among the peasantry and awaits development. Polybius was almost a contemporary of Theocritus, and the Greece of Polybius is certainly hopelessly old. The thrifty burghers who love pleasure and money and refuse to bring up more children than one or two at most, for whom they can secure a life of unearned ease—the mobs whose passions have survived their energies make up an effete society if ever there was one, but the herdsmen and shepherds of Sicily, the vintagers of the Ægean, were still as fresh and unexhausted as Bretons or Auvergnats, and under favourable circumstances Greek civilisation might have begun anew with them.

In general we might say that a nation is old which has passed through most of the stages of social activity which correspond to the stages of individual activity; and, although this is always subject to the proviso that the life which represents a nation in history passes over large numbers, it may be the majority, of the nation without really affecting them, at any rate without penetrating and exhausting them, it is probable that this proviso counts for less than it has done at some former times. Classes which do not share the knowledge and the resources of the representative class may very likely be the reserve of a nation; but this likelihood is less when we see them aping the representative class unprofitably at a distance, or when the mere pressure of superiority grinds away all that is characteristic and pleasurable in their life on the ground that it is obsolete. When they lay aside their superstitions and still remain outside science, and their customs and sports without entering into the pleasures, such as they are, of the fashionable culture, there is not much to be hoped from them. Rapidity of communication makes it much easier for the *élite* of a society to avail themselves of all its resources, and to spread a thin layer of such behaviour as they approve over the whole of its surface, but when they have come to the end of their ideas and their interests it makes them much harder to replace.

A little more intelligence and a little more resolution, and a good deal more application, might have prolonged the felicity of the age of the Antonines for centuries. Even

after Diocletian had provided the empire with an administration which was onerous when wealth continued stationary, the energy expended first in repressing the growth of a new religion, and then in regulating disputes among its adherents, would have been sufficient, with due vigilance, if not to prevent the inhabitants of the poor lands between the Rhine, the Vistula, and the Danube from colonising the rich wastes within the Roman frontier, at least to conduct changes which had become inevitable without the ruinous disturbances in whose course the postal services and the main roads were broken up, and most cities were sacked and ransomed, and sacked and left in a condition to treat their public buildings as quarries. But the intelligence, the resolution, the application, the vigilance, the energy were wanting; it is doubtful whether the full knowledge of the need would have sufficed to call them forth. The effort necessary was never greater than that which had crushed the Cimbri and the Teutones; never so great as that which was put forth by the generations who bore the brunt of the struggle with Carthage and with Samnium. If it was not made, we may infer that the empire was like Horace's racer—kept in harness too long after the strength had failed that was ready to answer the goad. Meanwhile, the peasants of the central and southern hills and of the northern plain lived on and formed the substratum of the brilliant life which began again in the twelfth century, and maintained itself till the sixteenth, when its development was interrupted as much by the dead weight of the Spanish ascendency as by the reckless selfishness let loose by the Renaissance. The compression of the spiritual life of the country in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the repression of all life in the nineteenth, weighed upon the towns, while the peasants had only to bear the familiar burdens of an obsolete feudalism, and retained their mediæval life, with its gaiety and picturesqueness and traditions unimpaired. Now that the life of the towns has recovered a qualified freedom, it will be recruited by the most vigorous life of the country, and the difference between the two in culture and desires will, so long as it lasts, be a stimulus to the immigrants. For culture is like heat in this—that a given amount of it does less and less work in proportion as it is equally diffused. The Koran is more equably diffused in Mahometan countries; the Confucian code of conduct is more equably diffused in China than the higher and more complex standards of the West, which are still efficacious to promote improvement, just because they are still disputed. An Asiatic creed is impotent because everybody is prepared to regard it as a truism, in certain moods, which in most individuals recur at distant and uncertain intervals. We need not go to Asia for examples of this. The views of life which Whitefield and the Wesleys preached were much more effective in getting people to take trouble and do what they disliked themselves, and make other people do what they disliked, when they were contested and new than now, when most people who understand them at all and think about them take it for granted that they are true, and suppose that it is more or less wicked on their own part not to care about them more.

Perhaps this itself is a sign that the classes which have done us so much service by propagating the ideas of Wesley and Cobden are old already, although there is every reason to hope they will long continue to enjoy their conquests, and are still far distant from the senile decay which is to be witnessed

in most Mahometan countries and in China, though there the process of disintegration is less advanced; while Japan—where the centralised power of the Tycoon, administered upon Confucian principles, was balanced by the chivalrous feudalism of the Samurai—was ready for a thorough transformation when the complicated system of counterchecks, established in the seventeenth century, was broken up by the desire of Satsuma and other princes, to share with the Tycoon in the advantages of foreign trade.

In dealing with rudimentary communities, the general diffusion and exhaustion of ideas, the decay of institutions, the failure of energy, are the most obvious signs of old age; for in such communities the spiritual outfit has been completed soon. Confucius, who was an antiquary, could only carry his inquiries two or three centuries back. Two or three centuries later, Mencius completed Confucius by the observation that emotion must be reckoned as well as purpose in estimating the worth of life. Since then China has lived for two thousand years on the work of those five centuries—the doctrines of Confucius, as explained and defended by Mencius, have gained a more and more undisputed authority, and have been applied with less and less sincerity over a wider and wider area. That has been almost all the history; only, as Confucianism is a doctrine for 'the superior man,' Buddhism, when once imported, has held its ground for the consolation of the majority who are not 'superior.' Again, Mahometan civilisation, in all its essentials, completed itself in the first six hundred, not to say the first three hundred, years of its existence. The culture and the prosperity of the earlier Abbassides have been more or less imperfectly reproduced for a longer or a shorter period in different regions at different times by different races all over the Mussulman world. That has been the history of Islam. One may say that each particular Mussulman society ages early; but, apparently, the death of one is no obstacle to the birth of another. Islam still seems capable of spreading as long as there is new or even fallow ground available for it to break up; but it is a very exhausting crop for the human spirit to bear.

In the communities of which we naturally think more because we owe them more—in those of which we hope more, because we live in them—the period of growth has been longer in proportion, and the series of changes has been positively longer, with more of an interval between them.

Five or six centuries cover the whole history of Greece, from the rise of Sparta to the fall of Corinth, and it is only the last century which passes without progress. First there was the development of choral poetry on the mainland, of more subjective songs among the islanders, closely followed or accompanied by the systematic physical exercises which were encouraged by the sacred games; then came the first and greatest triumphs of sculpture and architecture, and with them the speculative activity of Athens declared itself first in the drama and the stimulating discussions of the Sophists, then in oratory and more serious philosophy, while sculpture became first romantic and then realist, and painting emancipated itself from the limitations of symbolic and decorative representation, and the drama accomplished the not inglorious transition from Aristophanes and Euripides to Menander. The last stages of the growth were traversed in the midst of unmistakable decay: the superior men of the community were, with few exceptions, becoming egoists, the philosophers quite as

much as the politicians, the inferiors held themselves apart, and were suspicious of every leader and gave effective support to none, and the envious appetites of the majority became increasingly menacing to the minority. The establishment of the Macedonian Protectorate really saved Greece from suicide. The conquest of all the valuable parts of the Persian Empire drew off restless and greedy spirits in sufficient numbers to make it possible for the quieter residue to pass the old age of the nation almost as tranquilly as its prime. There were, indeed, two great curses of old age against which the Macedonian Protectorate was necessarily powerless —cynicism and poverty. In all probability the Greek soil was as nearly worked out as the Greek race; at any rate the repugnance of the Greeks to any labour that cramped the limbs made an industrial development on a large scale impossible; but the intellectual development, which corresponds to an industrial development, went forward with great vigour. Information on all subjects, including physical subjects, accumulated steadily; literature was still cultivated, and there were poets, but their work was less valuable than that of critics. In fact, so far as speculation and ideal interests go, the work of Aristarchus and Hipparchus and Euclid, to say nothing of Archimedes, was worth everything done in Greek between Aristotle and Epictetus.

The growth of Rome was slow compared with the growth of Greece. There are three centuries from the great works of the monarchy to the beginning of the Punic Wars, which determined the exhaustion of the most numerous and not least worthy class of the the nation; yet the four or five centuries which followed were centuries of full uninterrupted progress; even when the frontiers of the Rhine and Danube were compromised there was still considerable growth within limits that were getting narrower. Tribonian is an advance upon Papinian, and St. Sophia is an advance upon the Pantheon in a very real sense.

It is not unlikely that the exhaustion of the soil, which had been brought into cultivation early in the empire, was one cause of the collapse of the fourth century; another was the abandonment of the sound old rule of conquering every tribe on the borders as soon as it became troublesome; but no doubt the chief causes were the failing powers of the administration and its growing claims. But how was it that a civilisation which had seemed morally and materially bankrupt in the days of the Gracchi grew and flourished so long? It may be answered that Rome was really saved by the cosmopolitan industrialism which Caius Gracchus founded when he made over the realm of Attalus to the *publicani*. Rome, like Greece, had no manufactures in our sense of the word, but the development of the energy of contractors for administrative and engineering purposes, and the immense extension of trade, gave a stability to Roman society which enabled it to maintain itself, and to expand as long as there was land which could be cheaply cleared within easy reach of the military roads.

While civilisation was growing, knowledge stood almost still: nearly all that could be learnt by systematising simple observations had been methodically arranged by the immediate successors of Aristotle; even in medicine there was little progress, for dissection was as unpopular then as vivisection is now. Other sciences were starved for want of the ingenuity of the practised mechanic, who suggests new observations and experiments to speculative inquirers.

In most things the condition of Europe now recalls the condition of

the Mediterranean lands in the days of the Antonines. There is an effort, not barren, to galvanise old beliefs: there is a growing gentleness of manners: there is an expansion of good will: there is a large store of results of past efforts which, upon the whole, are being wisely harvested: there is a perceptible, but not a conspicuous, decline of readiness to make new efforts. But there are two great differences in our favour—knowledge and machinery, which make the efforts and the energies of a few profitable to many, are still in rapid progress. This is a fair ground for hope that the deadly crisis, which was then so near, is farther off from us.

G. A. Simcox.

BRITISH TRADE.

NO. VIII. SPAIN, PORTUGAL, AND THE NETHERLANDS.

THE three countries with which I now propose to deal have one characteristic in common. They all possess colonies which are more or less wealthy and important. At one period in their history, too, they have each taken the lead amongst the maritime nations of the old world. Spain in particular stands forth as the country which has made more extended geographical discoveries, and at one time ruled over a more extended territorial empire, than any other nation which the world has ever seen. In the high days of Spanish glory her sovereigns were not merely dominant in Europe, but over all the discovered portions of the new world. They governed almost a continent and a half in the two Americas, and appeared to grow, year by year, in power and dominion, till their might was broken by the slow attrition of stubborn Dutch resistance, and the defeat of the Armada. Since then Spain may be said to have settled down gradually like a vessel which has sprung a leak, until she lies now a wreck at the mercy of every movement of the waters.

Less in might, but in her day of a towering ambition, and no mean dominion, comes the little kingdom of Portugal, which, stimulated by the precept and example of 'Prince Henry the Navigator,' crept southwards along the then unknown coast of Africa; westwards to the Brazils; and gradually eastwards through the Indian seas, until at one time during the end of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth century its prospects of possessing Hindostan were far greater than our own. Less in its greatness, its decrepitude is also less than that of Spain. The little kingdom is, indeed, now busy with efforts at self-improvement, with schemes of colonisation in Mozambique and elsewhere, and may be said to thrive in a modest sort of way in its old age.

Last comes the Netherlands, a country full of the memory of brave conflicts and long-suffering persistence, out of which it emerged to be the main inheritor of the commerce of its ancient oppressor. The ports of Holland were for long the busiest and most enterprising little corners of Europe, and her naval power dominated that of England at the time Dutch William came to the English throne. But the might of the Netherlands has also sunk out of sight, and since the devastating energy of Bonaparte swept it into his mad Continental system, causing England to destroy its fleet, Holland has ceased to be a recognised Power in Europe. There is still a busy, prosperous population in the country, and still a considerable trade, but politically Holland is almost completely effaced, and when the new German Empire again troubles Europe with its ambitions, Holland may perhaps sink into one of its provinces.

I have no desire to do more than recall the history of these countries in thus referring to familiar facts. My object is to impress on the reader this dominating idea—that there can be no question of competition with England stirred by the present state of any of these countries. They have had their day, and they have either lost the best opportunities it gave them, or have abused them; and there is, I believe, no hope or chance of a return of dominion for them. Spain will not again rule in America; no fleet

of hers will alone, at least, ever again terrify the people of England. Portugal is no rival to us in the East, or appreciably in Africa, and the carrying trade of Western Europe shows no signs of passing back again into the hands of the Dutch. There is, consequently, no use in treating these countries from the point of view of possible rivals in any branch of trade. They can only be galvanised into an attitude of rivalry by a foreign motive force such as annexation, and so far, at all events, as Spain and Portugal are concerned, can compete only by the help of an influx of English and French capital. But because we cannot treat any one of them in this light, it does not follow that a study of the commercial progress and capacities of these countries is of little interest to us. We are, or ought to be, as anxious to find out customers as rivals, and in the position of customers, or as aids to custom elsewhere, each of these countries possesses a peculiar interest. They are all interesting also in another way, although I cannot travel far into that branch of the subject. Their fallen greatness, their colonisations, their mercantile policies, are full of most important lessons to us, and by drawing out to view some of the causes of the failure which has followed the attempts of each of these Powers to build up a great empire, we might be able to form some idea of what the chances are that the Empire of England will not soon be wrecked and fall to pieces like that of Spain or the Netherlands.

Confining, however, the attention chiefly to the capacity of these countries to be our customers, I will first of all deal with Spain. And I may as well say at once that I do not know of any general statistics regarding Spain and Spanish trade that are of the least value. Spain is a land where Chaos has held rule for many generations, and one has to grope along in darkness and confusion towards any conclusion one wishes to reach. What figures there are only help, as a rule, to mislead, and it is therefore as well, perhaps, that they are few. Take Spanish budgets as an example. No more imaginative creations exist. The Spanish Finance Minister fully equals the Turk or the Egyptian in framing an illusory national balance-sheet, and one recent minister boldly justified the subterfuge. But, quite apart from habit and disposition, the truth is really almost beyond the reach of a minister. Señor Salaverria is considered an upright man, and his budget for 1876 was to all appearance moderately framed, and with a more honest purpose than most of those which had gone before. Yet it is turning out just as false as its predecessors. Instead of a surplus, or merely a small deficit, there is an empty Treasury, and a shortcoming is looked for, I have heard on good authority, of some 8,000,000*l.* to 10,000,000*l.* sterling. Señor Salaverria also made strenuous efforts to arrange the huge debt of his country, and seemed to succeed. The arrangement was not just, nor what a country penetrated with any sense of common honesty would care to own; but it was tolerable in that it left the Government with not the shadow of an excuse for further defaults. The debt charges were pared down so as to be well within the apparent means of the country, taken at their soberest estimate. Yet what do we find? No sooner is the arrangement carried than the old curse starts up again. In order to carry on her insane war with Cuba, and to support its crowds of *fainéants* produced by successive revolutions, Spain sets at once about borrowing again, and these needs, added to the peculation and dis-

honesty of all kinds haunting every branch of the public service, throws the Government back into the hands of Jew money-lenders of Paris and Madrid, before a month of the reformed era has expired.[1] The progress of Spain is treadmill progress. Instead of a surplus she will this year show the usual big deficit; her creditors on bonds will get nothing but paper and promises, and only the usurers of the capital will grow fat on the spoils of the land. The budgets of Spain are therefore false on all grounds, and not the least false when their framers are passing honest. The corruptions, pride in thieving, and general political and social debility which thus permeates the Government, necessarily affects every department of the social fabric. The trade of Spain is therefore also cumbered by the impossibility of conducting it with fair honesty. The onerous Customs duties are evaded on all hands, taxes are left unpaid, and the spectacle stands out before Europe of a population comparatively well-to-do conspiring, as it were, to keep its Government impotent, to cause impecuniousness, and to subject itself, therefore, to periodic deluges of anarchy and partial spoliation. The ordinary Spaniard would seem to glory in the national bankruptcy. The more one studies the Spain of to-day, in fact, the more profoundly is it borne home to one's mind that we English did that nation an everlasting wrong in delivering it from the grasp of the French at the time of the Revolutionary wars. Had there been true stuff in the fibre of the people, a period of subjection to that arrogant race would have brought it out. The impracticable, dishonest, and utterly incapable creatures who held the controlling power in Spain then, and who gave us lessons in number sufficient to convince the most stupid that we did no good, and were not wanted, would have been swept away to make room for better men. We propped them in their place, and, like patient oxen, bore with their crimes, their buffets, and insults, as if they had been the dispensation of Heaven. The world saw the spectacle of a military hero, with a foreign army at his back, delivering a reluctant nation from an oppressor whom many in it wel-

[1] There is nothing more difficult to determine than the amount of the Spanish debt. All sorts of estimates have floated about regarding it, most of them inaccurate. Some attempt was made, however, to get the real truth out at the time when arrangements for the payment in paper of the coupons overdue were being discussed; and a statement appeared in the *Times* of March 21, 1876, based upon official figures, which is probably as nearly accurate as can be got at. According to this the total debt of Spain was just over 700,000,000*l.*, of which nearly 300,000,000*l.* had been incurred since 1868. This estimate is in one sense misleading, however, inasmuch as it represents merely the nominal amount at which the debt would stand did it all or nearly all figure as 3 per cents. As a matter of fact a portion of this total is arrived at by taking its 3 per cent. bonds issued as security to lenders for money advances at 17 per cent. of their nominal value. And since the date of this return the new debt caused by the payment of the overdue coupons in 2 per cent. bonds has been issued, bringing the nominal total of the debt up to nearly 800,000,000*l.* In point of fact, however, the money assigned in the budget for the sum of the debt is about 7,000,000*l.*, while at its nominal value in 3 per cents. the debt would require for its sum about 22,000,000*l.*, more than the entire revenue of the country in recent years. Judging the funded debt by its assumed burden, therefore, it only stands for some 300,000,000*l.* at the outside. From all this it will be seen that any idea of the cash actually borrowed by Spain is quite beyond reach, especially as there have been borrowings and borrowings, as well as compoundings and compoundings, till Spain must have wiped out her indebtedness by a simple nonpayment several times over. The debt of Spain is as old as the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, and were the history of it to be written it would form the most marvellous record of usury, theft, and credulity which the world ever saw.

comed as a deliverer from the anarchists and effete tyrants at home. The Peninsular campaigns of Wellington have proved almost a pure curse to the people of the Spanish Peninsula. What true life is in them has never yet got its opportunity. Without statesmen, without patriotic zeal or cohesive force of any kind, buried in a corrupt officialism, Spain hurtles on her way to what goal I dare hardly venture to think. Held in the steel grip of France for a generation or two, she might to-day have emerged as Italy is emerging, and with even a grander prospect of future growth than Italy. I confess I see small prospect of that resurrection to-day. The short gleam of hope which followed the advent of Castelar has vanished, and Spain has entered anew on a career of miserable anarchy. Old ideas are clung to; wealth and precious lives are lavished to retain Cuba; priests come back like crows to settle on the doomed land; and liberties are narrowed or altogether proscribed. There is a nobler Spain, it is true, than what we thus see, but it is feeble, scattered, and helpless against the hideous official and hereditary corruption which we English, as it were, picked up out of the ditch whither the French had thrown it, and with measureless expenditure of blood and money, toil and endurance of sufferings, set again on the neck of the people. There is at the present day no more melancholy spectacle for Englishmen on the earth than Spain, when we contrast what she is with what she has been, and when we add to the contrast the thought that our hands have, beyond all others, destroyed her chance of self-deliverance.

But I must leave this tempting subject to speak of her trade, which, like her wealth, is considerable. Spain has a magnificent sea-board, and, next to ourselves, possesses what ought to be the most valuable aid to foreign trade in the shape of her colonies, and of the countries founded on what were her colonies in America and the Eastern seas. Her trade with these dependencies and offshoots is, of course, very small compared to our own, but it is an important element in her wealth, and, with a more enlightened Government, might raise Spain once again into the position of a second-class Power at no very distant date. I do not look for this resurrection any more than I look for any of the South American Republics to rise into the position of a respectable State while dominated by people of Spanish blood. I only note what might be in other circumstances. As to Spain herself, there can be no doubt that she is, in some senses, wealthy. The only comparatively reliable figures relating to her trade are those published in our own blue-books, and these indicate that the total of our trade with her is about equal to that with Italy. The two sides of the account are, however, significantly reversed. Italy buys from us much more than she sells to us, but Spain is comparatively a very poor buyer. In her revolutionary years, following the expulsion of Queen Isabella, her purchases from us fell in value below 3,000,000*l.* a year—about a fourth of the imports of Belgium. At present Spain buys of us between 4,000,000*l.* and 5,000,000*l.* per annum, or, at all events, goods to that value are sent from here to her ports, and this is little more than a million in excess of the imports of her little neighbour Portugal. On the other side of the account we find that our purchases from Spain have been as high as 11,000,000*l.* (in 1873), and that they average from 8,000,000*l.* to 8,500,000*l.* We buy from her, in other words, nearly double what we sell to her.

This is not a large trade, but its smallness does not imply that Spain is poor, the causes being various for this divergence of the account. Chief among them is the amount of English private capital invested in Spain in wine-culture and mines. The iron region of Bilbao, of which Defoe speaks in his *Captain Carleton*, has long attracted the attention of the English, and was the seat of a prosperous English mining company before the outbreak of the last Carlist war, and there are several important copper and sulphur mines also in English hands. The wine cultivation in the south, again, has long been stimulated, and in a good degree sustained, by English money and English-governed labour, which has also, although to a small extent as yet, been put into several of the other industries of Spain, the quicksilver loan being, for example, another cause of a flow of Spanish product in this country in a small way. Natural causes would, however, tend to draw towards England a still larger portion of Spanish raw produce were the country well opened up and in anything like decent order. The mineral wealth of Spain is enormous. It has been nibbled at and scratched, as it were, for at least two thousand years, and is practically inexhaustible still. I am told that the veins of ore possessed by the Tharsis and Rio Tinto Mining Companies are capable of yielding for many years enough sulphur, and almost half enough copper, to supply the wants of the whole world; yet these mines had been worked by the Romans; and the latter company, at this very time, extract a considerable amount of metal from the refuse that these old miners left in heaps on the ground. Coal, iron, lead, copper, zinc, silver, all are found in abundance in Spain.[2] Being thus provided, and having no powerful manufacturing capacity either in population or in organised productive machinery, Spain is thus, as our near neighbour, most admirably adapted to be a storehouse from which we can draw many raw materials at little cost, and to the great saving of our own more limited and sometimes overstrained resources. I have not the least doubt that, were Spain in the position that Italy even now occupies, we should find this tributary supply of ores and raw produce much greater than it yet has been; and, in any event, it is likely to make rapid progress when the world's business takes a new start. The conditions of crude labour are such in Spain that we can probably, for a long time to come, procure her minerals cheaper than the United States can do out of their own mines; and we have thus a reserve of competing power which we should seek to preserve with infinite solicitude and pains. The more we can husband our home resources the stronger we shall continue to be. It is not at all probable that Spain will become a very large buyer from us. The

[2] A return of the production of the mines of Spain, and of the motive power and manual labour employed in mining operations, in 1870 is given by Mr. Consul Wilkinson in his report for 1872, from which we learn that the total quantity raised was as follows:—Iron, 436,586 tons; lead (soft and argentiferous), 352,193 tons; copper, 395,695 tons; zinc, 113,583 tons; and manganese, 16,873 tons. The total numbers of workpeople employed were 33,277 men, 1,508 women, and 6,225 boys. There were also 148 engines of 3,711 horse-power in use. I am disposed to regard this return as very imperfect, however, as, for one thing, no account is apparently taken of the large export of pyrites of sulphur and copper, and the quantity of manganese issued seems to be obviously understated. We can only take these figures, therefore, as a sort of dim indication of the facts.

tenacity of the fixed ideas burned into the minds of the race of fanatic semi-insane kings that followed the Emperor Charles V.—himself power-mad—is still illustrated by the policy of such statesmen as Spain can boast of; her whole fiscal system is framed on the basis of the old notion that it is good to sell, but bad to buy, and that gold and silver are the only real wealth. Compared with her neighbour Portugal, which struggles under one of the most oppressive tariffs in the world, so far as her trade with England is concerned, most Spanish duties may seem rather moderate. She charges less on iron, and on most kinds of woven materials, yarns, and the like, except certain kinds of cotton; but, taken in connection with her capacity of consumption or her manufacturing power, the Spanish tariff is simply monstrous. As a result, it ministers, perhaps, more to the gains of the smuggler than to the national revenue, and is a fruitful source of the national curse of dishonesty in trade and politics. The smuggling is a constant source of annoyance to us at Gibraltar, as the traders who run the gauntlet of Spanish Guarda Costa boats and posts find the rock a most valuable means of entering Spanish territory; and, had the nation been stronger, we might have been drawn into a war with it on this score long ago. On the French side across the mountains, and all along the coast from Barcelona southwards, the same illicit trade goes on, to the great profit of the individuals who engage in it and the serious loss of the revenue. It is this smuggling which, more, perhaps, than official chaos and incompetence, makes all general figures relating to Spanish trade quite delusive. Such as they are they give evidence that the disturbances incident to the irruption of Carlos caused a sharp diminution in Spanish production in everything except wine. In the official figures quoted by Mr. Phipps, in his report for 1874 on the trade of Spain,[3] the total outward and inward trade of that year was stated as only 31,500,000*l.* which was less by 13,700,000*l.* than that of the previous year. The decrease was entirely on the export side, the imports showing an increase, owing to the bad harvest in the eastern provinces necessitating an import of corn. At the highest of fiscal reckoning the foreign trade of Spain is not much more than half that of Italy; and, did we suppose the figures published represented the facts, we should say that Spain is miserably poor. As we have said, they do not represent the facts.

But undoubtedly her trade is rudimentary and her resources ill developed; else she is wealthy enough to be a much larger buyer than she is now. She might also be a large exporter of other things besides wine, fruits, oils, merino wool, and ores, and a large importer of manufactured goods, were she politically alive.[4] There are, indeed, few countries in

[3] *Legation Reports*, Part III., 1875.

[4] According to Kolb the weaving industries of Spain gave employment in 1861 to about 100,000 people, of which about half were cotton-spinners and weavers. Since that time there do not appear to have been any reliable statistics published. It seems probable, however, from the decrease in the totals of Spanish trade during the Carlist war, that the prosperity of the nation in this respect has not recently increased. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the same authority tells us that in Seville alone there were 16,000 silk looms, giving employment to 130,000 people, but by the end of the seventeenth century the looms had dwindled to 300, and now French and Italian competition had driven it partially round, or it was nearly out of existence. The trade system of Spain from the first made solid manufacturing prosperity impossible. Consul Prat, in his report on the trade of Barcelona for 1874 (*Consular Report*, Part IV., 1875),

the world more adapted for the judicious outlay of capital than Spain in improving the land as well as opening mines; but we can hardly hope to see the capital forthcoming. The cultivated area of Spain was estimated some years ago at 66,355,000 acres, and the waste land at 56,000,000 acres. Making allowance for the mountainous regions and the stripped arid regions of Estremadura and other portions of Central Spain which are capable of reclamation, this shows a very large margin of ground unoccupied that might be well worth cultivating, and would, no doubt, be cultivated, did Spain give the land into the hands of the peasantry. At present a large amount of the property taken from the Church is waste or in the hands of land speculators. It would form an admirable investment for agriculturists, and might be made to produce a great surplus of food, that could be exported. There is little chance of either the men or the money being forthcoming for such development. At all events England will not lend freely, although there is still a lingering idea amongst holders of Spanish bonds that one day the country will become orderly and solvent. The French have been, perhaps, wiser than the English in the matter of lending money to Spain. They hold many of her national bonds, no doubt, but chiefly in pledge for advances at high usury, which have long ago paid themselves. The finances of the nation are always in the usurer's grasp, and he perpetrates all sorts of impositions on the Treasury because of the fools and rogues that keep it; he lends at 20 per cent., defeats all schemes of reform, and, in one way or another, keeps the country always deep in his debt—always in need of new loans. It is so now. It has been so since Spain became a Catholic monarchy, and became a fair quarry for the much-kicked but able, unscrupulous, and politic Jews. In fairness to these Jews, and also to the French public, it must be said that they have done something more for the country than help it to drown itself in anarchy and debt. But for French Jews' assistance Spain would never have had her railways, which, in spite of all drawbacks, are doing a great deal for the country in opening the natural wealth of the interior to foreign trade. This has been good work, not unwisely done.[5]

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gives a list of the cotton, silk, and woollen factories in and around that city, where the manufacturing industries of Spain now chiefly centre. According to this, the total number of hands employed was over 16,000, and the value of the annual production of the spindles, looms, and printing presses used in the cotton and mixed cotton and silk industry was more than 700,000*l.* The value of the outturn of the woollen mills was over 400,000*l.* At a moderate computation we may say that the production of these industries altogether represent an annual value of about 1,200,000*l.*, which for a country like Spain, and with the foreign relations and dependencies which Spain has, is a remarkably poor result. This is substantially about all that protection has done to develop the country, for the manufactories to be found elsewhere are of no great importance. There are a number of small woollen manufactories at Alcoy, in Alicante, where also the famous cigarette paper is produced to the extent of 600,000 reams a year, and elsewhere throughout Spain, more or less, local manufactories are to be found. But there is no national manufacturing industry.

[5] Spain possesses about 4,000 miles of railway in active operation, most of them doing very well, especially those in the south and in Catalonia, where the lines belong exclusively to Spanish capitalists. There are about 2,000 more to construct, and when they are all in working they will hardly prove too much for the necessities of the nation. In nothing has the foresight and prudence of the financiers who organised the companies and made the railways been more conspicuous than in the manner in which they have avoided foolish competition.

But the manner in which capital will now be infused into Spain is rather through the undertaking of mines than by loans for large public works, and even these channels have been temporarily nearly dried up by the events of the last half-dozen years. I do not wish to write despairingly of the future of any country for which hope is discernible, but it would be easy to accumulate evidence tending to prove that Spain may now be where she is for a generation yet for all that foreign capital will do for her, so much has it been scared away. I will content myself, however, with saying that I see no evidence that the trade of this country with Spain is destined to any large or rapid expansion. The broken character of the nation, its national race antipathies and zones of sloth and industry, its feeble Government and bad fiscal laws, combine to make a prospect gloomy enough. In one direction, where we might expect progress from mere force of circumstances, we find next to none. Spain has no great hold on her own carrying trade. English ships bring cargoes of goods to her ports from all parts of the world, and from South America particularly. I am told that her mercantile navy is declining.[6] The late civil war had a pernicious influence upon it, and the long-continued disturbances in Cuba have also driven a good deal of the valuable trade of that island into the hands of the English and other foreign carriers.

The mention of Cuba brings before us a very striking example of the manner in which Spain has flung away her great opportunities. For nearly nine years now that island has been a scene of miserable civil strife; waste and devastation have gone on, tens of thousands of Spanish soldiers have been sacrificed—all for what? Just merely that the Spaniards might retain a rich plundering ground against all native Cuban interest. There is of course the usual element of Spanish vanity and childish pride helping to maintain her endeavours to recover the island; but beneath these lies the hard, matter-of-fact inducement of vulgar rapacity. Cuba is rich: her annual foreign export trade is valued at from twenty to twenty-four millions sterling a year; and so rich is the land, so abject the condition of the colonising population, slave and free, that on this trade the Spaniards are able to

[6] Almost the only Spanish port which can be said to show signs of advancing prosperity in a marked degree is that of Huelva, which lies on the west coast north of Cadiz. Its prosperity is entirely due to the mining enterprise of Scotch, French, and Anglo-German companies, which have opened up such mines as Tharsis, Rio Tinto, and Calañas. They have built also railways to the port, and the line belonging to the Rio Tinto Company is to be extended to Seville. Huelva is therefore a very busy port, whence copper, copper ore, pyrites, manganese, are sent in great quantities to Great Britain, Germany, and France. There are also large quantities of very good wine made in the neighbourhood, most of which has hitherto passed through the hands of the monopolists at Xeres, to be shipped there or at Cadiz and Port St. Mary, but which will find a channel of its own by the new railways. The port of Malaga is also fairly prosperous, having, besides its great fruit trade, a large export business in minerals. Since 1873, however, the latter has been depressed, and, dependent as it is on foreign capital and enterprise much more than native, it cannot at best be taken as a sign of Spanish revival. At these ports, as well as those of Barcelona, Valencia, Carthagena, and Cadiz, however, it is foreign shipping which obtains the bulk of the increased trade. Spain has a few steamers and a considerable fleet of sailing vessels, but they are not able to compete for a moment with those of England, or even with those of Italy and France. Heavy port dues, official exactions of the black mail order, and the difficulty of obtaining cargoes out as well as in prevents the development of an English shipping trade, yet the native craft are getting beaten.

levy all sorts of oppressive fines. Cuba is a mine of wealth to the emigrant Spanish official and planter; and because it is so he will not let it go. The treatment which the 'Pearl of the Antilles' now receives is just what Spain has meted out to all her great possessions, and with the result that, when she was compelled to loose her grasp from them one by one, she left them a prey for the most part to political rowdies or petty tyrants. Not one of the colonies of Spain which have asserted their independence has done any good as a State in the world as yet—is other than a sort of curse to the earth. Cuba, liberated, will most likely fall into the same slough. Tyranny breeds civil incapacity everywhere, and the creoles of the island are too well schooled by tyranny to belie the rule.

Of course the imports of Cuba from England, as from all foreign countries, are heavily taxed; although with this island, as with its neighbour Porto Rico, our trade is considerable, it is nothing like what it might be did the owners know fair dealing. We buy probably nearly a fourth of the produce of these islands, and the United States alone takes perhaps a half of the remainder—70 to 75 per cent. of the Cuban sugar crops going there [7]—but everything that purblind selfishness can do to obstruct the return flow of commerce is done. The marvel is not that Cuba cannot buy in return, but that she can continue to sell, and no doubt the fruit of all this obstructiveness will, by-and-by, appear in successful competition and a ruined colony. Had Jamaica recovered sooner from her internal troubles, and had Haiti been in the hands of a competent population and government, there is little doubt but that Cuba and Porto Rico would have been distanced and partially beaten ere now. Their situation would have been as that of Mexico and the United States of Colombia. The fact, however, is that these islands have profited by the confusion and impotence which has prevailed around them and on the mainland to an extent that could never have been possible had good government and settled institutions existed elsewhere. The state of affairs in the Philippine Islands, also and unfortunately a possession of Spain, is only a few degrees better than in the West Indies, because there is no insurrection and no troublesome slave question. The State is the sole entity that has any life beyond that of a machine, and the common population is only of use to keep the Government in life. The history of Spanish foreign dominion is, however, summed up in that one description. A more heart-saddening history than that of Spanish conquest and Spanish rule in many of the fairest portions of the world is not to be found in the records of any nation that has ever risen to empire since articulate history held the deeds of nations up to judgment. No wonder, therefore, that the trade of Spain is weak, that her mercantile navy languishes, that corruption and venality sit like cormorants on the heads of the people. Spain and her colonies are almost incapable of themselves rising into a better phase of national existence; and although sections of the populations that inhabit them are growing rich, the riches do not conduce to civilisation and progress, nor are they in many instances altogether the product of Spanish foresight and industry. The Spaniard prospers best where rapacity and selfishness yield the highest returns at the lowest risk.

Much might be said about the

[7] Consul-General Dunlop's *Report on the Trade of Cuba for* 1872.

little kingdom of Portugal, to which I must now direct attention; but I have not space to enter upon a wide discussion here, nor would the importance of actual British trade, or trade prospects, with that country warrant me in doing so if I had. For some five years past the total trade accounts of Great Britain with Portugal have averaged about 7,500,000*l.*, and, as might be expected from the high Portuguese tariff, the heavier portion of this was imports from that country. There has been an increase in the total business of nearly 3,000,000*l.* a year since 1860, however, and there is, therefore, a certain amount of prosperity visible in the recent history of the trade between the two kingdoms. But it is partly of a forced character. Like other countries, Portugal has gone into great public works, labouring thereby to increase the productiveness of the country without at the same time acting liberally towards trade. Until last year Great Britain, although the best customer and best friend in all ways that Portugal has, was treated worse than France in the matter of commercial facilities and freedom. France has enjoyed since 1866 a special tariff, which has imposed duties on the average only about half what England has to pay; and the wonder is that our manufactures, so heavily overweighted as they have been, were able to make headway at all. The tariff is still very high on many articles, but so much lower by comparison with the past that English exports to Portugal will no doubt receive considerable impetus, unless the state of the country prevents it. This is just the point of doubt. Portugal has unquestionably made progress in recent years; railways have been built, roads made, banks established, and much done to open up the inland valleys to trade. The result has been a large increase in the exporting capacity of the country, which has told, especially in the north, in an increase of the wealth and resources of the people. But against this has to be set two very serious elements of danger—the steady growth of the State debt and the extravagant height to which speculation has pushed institutions of credit. It will scarcely be credited that whereas a quarter of a century ago banking was almost unknown in Portugal, there should now be thirty-six or thirty-seven banks in a country possessed of only two large towns, and the total population of which is only some 4,000,000, mostly of agricultural people. There is no legitimate business for most of these banks, which are often started by returned emigrants, who have made their fortunes in Brazil or in Africa, and who, finding no ready outlet for investing their means, amuse themselves by starting high-sounding lending institutions in the small towns, and even villages, of the country, which engage chiefly in the business of bolstering each other up.[8] There would have been a crisis among these banks last

[8] The capital of these Portuguese banks appears to aggregate about 11,000,000*l.*, and the deposits do not amount to much more than three millions and a half. This includes the paid-up capital and the deposits of the London and Brazilian Bank at its branches in Lisbon and Oporto. Such a swollen amount of capital as this, compared with the smallness of the resources lent by the public to the banks, indicates better than anything else the mushroom character of this banking speculation. In fact, as I have said in the text, the banks lend each other their available means in order to enable the whole to float, and they are thus, with three or four conspicuous exceptions, in whose hands the mercantile business of the country centres, a sort of mutual pawning clubs. Fortunately their issues of notes are rather limited, most of them having none at all, so that their

year that would have swept half of them out of existence, crippling the country for years, but for the interference of the State, which decreed a suspension of the power of creditors to enforce payments, and borrowed money of the Jews in London to back up their credit with. Of course this money can only be repaid by raising a new funded loan here and in Paris, and accordingly the debt of the kingdom is to be increased this year by 6½ millions sterling, which will, according to the programme of the new Ministry, be placed on the market in 3 per cent. bonds, as required. This method of keeping enterprise afoot is highly dangerous at best, and it becomes a serious question whether the ever-growing burdens of the Government, or the increased yield of the land, will win the day. I am inclined to fear the former. That the resources of Portugal have expanded greatly since the 'progress' fever took hold of her is proved by the reduction in the deficits, which used to be often a million or more a year on a revenue of little more than 3,000,000*l.*, and are now dwindling, till, according to the budget estimate for the present year, recently made public, there is an anticipated shortcoming of only some 400,000*l.* Last year the deficit was about 600,000*l.* These results, too, are inclusive of the Public Works outlay. With the large increase in revenue, however, Portugal ought not to have any such deficit at all. By keeping her works well within the increased means, and avoiding paternal support to every little speculation which crops up in the country, there should be no necessity to recur every few years to a fresh loan. The income of the country is now about 5,500,000*l.*, an increase of more than 2,000,000*l.* since 1870–71, due principally, it is said, to increased trade, and this should have sufficed to keep Portugal out of the market as a borrower. The new Ministry, which is said to be more economical than the last, ought to prove so, therefore, by putting an end to deficits, and finding a surplus for the reduction of debt. The country is at peace, and, by comparison with Spain, is well governed. Were her agricultural resources in the south developed more by the subdivision of the land amongst small cultivators, as in the north, and the railways finished, Portugal might pull through by retrenching. It would be a heavy task, but it is possible, and I do not wish to be too pessimist in the view I take of the situation. Her new administrators will, however, have to remember that a portion of the prosperity of the past half-dozen years has come from exceptional causes, among which are to be reckoned these very public works themselves, which have entailed large imports, upon which duties have been levied; also that a good deal of the prosperity of Brazil, from which Portugal still derives no small benefit in one shape or another, has been due to the same exceptional causes. Were either Portugal or Brazil to be pulled up short in their trading facilities abroad, therefore, a collapse would be almost certain to follow, which would, at least, do

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collapse is not likely to have that unusually paralysing effect on the trade of the nation which followed the destruction of the English mushroom banks in 1825. None the less they are a source of much present mischief and future danger, because they inflate credit most outrageously, and also because they have drawn in the Government to sustain the inflation. They are also centres of wild gambling in many instances, so much so that the crisis of last year was brought about, not by the state of trade, but by a severe fall in Spanish 3 per cents., which these so-called banks had been speculating in heavily for the rise.

great temporary injury. Yet again it must not be forgotten that many of the public works created are a source of direct loss to the Government every year, and likely to continue so for some time to come, so that the burdens of the State are increased in two ways—by the debt charge, and by the cost of maintaining works which the debt has paid for. Whatever the ultimate outcome, therefore, of the present not unpraiseworthy efforts of Portugal at home and in her African colonies to run abreast of the new habits and ideas of the day, I think a balancing of these considerations will prevent any sanguine hopes for the immediate future. The best we can say is, that on the whole the country seeks to move forward, and that her pace is not an alarming one, although it may none the less be rather beyond her strength.

It must not be forgotten either that the debt of Portugal is enormously heavy, reaching now well upon 80,000,000*l.*; that it has been defaulted on more than once; and that, except Brazil, her connections and dependencies abroad are of very little value to her, commercially or otherwise. The colonies of Portugal are not indeed overshadowed by the gross tyrannies that have torn the life out of those of Spain, but they are feebly administered, far scattered, and poor. The island of Madeira is perhaps the richest possession which Portugal has. Her territories along the north-west coast of Africa, and in the south-east of Africa, at Mozambique, and Delagoa Bay are not very profitable. There are efforts made at extending their productiveness, no doubt, especially in Mozambique and Delagoa Bay, which has only just fallen to Portugal, but if they are not more profitable than those which have gone before, they will do little good. The truth is that the Portuguese Government, under a seeming solidity, is considerably worm-eaten, with a venerable traditionary sort of corruption unfavourable to healthy colonial development. Robbery prevails nearly everywhere, and the management of a colony is merely more or less a big job. Hence the manner in which Portuguese rule in Africa still shelters the slave traffic, although the complete abolition of slavery has long been decreed to cease in 1878. It is quite notorious that along the coast of Mozambique haunts of slavers are to be found, and that these often trade under Portuguese colours, and find shelter and tacit encouragement in Portuguese harbours, although doubtless the Government at Lisbon may be horrified at the fact. That Government can do little against officials who have purchased posts from it in order to make for themselves fortunes, and who therefore farm the colonies to their own profit rather than the general good. Absurd Customs regulations also prevail in most of these colonies, seriously impeding their prosperity, and the Portuguese, though a better colonist than the Spaniard, has not succeeded in planting anywhere, except in Brazil, settlements which may grow into new nations.

On the brighter side of the picture it is to be noted, however, that a certain progress in agriculture seems to have been made in Madeira, in Portuguese Guiana, and elsewhere. Cotton has been grown to some small extent in Angola, and it is said to be of good quality. And there can be no question that Portugal still possesses territories capable of becoming valuable possessions were they administered for the public weal. No more desirable district is to be found in Africa than some of those on the south-eastern side which Portugal now holds. Her possessions in India are insignificant territorially, but might be of some

importance as centres of trade; and the same may be said of Macao, Portugal's solitary foothold on the coast of China. As matters stand, all of them are only good for what Brazil is still good to Portugal—they are places where the few make fortunes, perhaps, but which the parent country, as a whole, keeps up at a loss, and they are not, in even the fortune-making light, at all comparable in value to Brazil. In some of them, such as the Azores and Madeira, the development is due to British enterprise and capital much more than to Portuguese, and it is to British ships that Portugal is indebted for her best mercantile facilities with nearly all her possessions. Two lines of fine steamers run from the English colonies in South Africa to London, carrying no inconsiderable portion of the Portuguese trade.

To sum the matter up, then, Portugal is a country where English capital has done much, where our trade is increasing, and would increase faster did it get fair play, but the policy of the Portuguese Government, alike at home and in its possessions, is backward and improvident at the same time. There has been some abnormal stimulus of business here, as elsewhere, and the backward swing to which all trade is subject cannot be prevented here more than anywhere else. Portugal has little to depend on, after all, but her colonial trade, her wines, and her other agricultural produce, and the last has not been increased much in amount by her efforts at improvement. The increase in the wealth of the country and its dependencies is as yet unimportant against the inflation of credit with which it has been accompanied.

It is time now to turn to the Netherlands, which is, after all, for us the most important of the three countries I have included in this article, alike in its trade and in its foreign dominions. I have not left space to treat it according to its importance; but fortunately the points of doubt and difficulty regarding it are very few. Holland, like the other two, has had her day of conflict and of triumph, and it is past. She is now settled down into the position of a peaceful nonentity amongst the big Powers, still vexed by their greatness. Her possessions some may covet, but her might now makes none envious. Holland is free to pursue her industries and commerce without much fear of molestation, and nothing could well be more in contrast than her condition compared with that of Spain, whose sovereigns once spent the energies of nations and the wealth of a continent in efforts to bring the stubborn Dutchmen under their heel. Few countries are perhaps more substantially comfortable than Holland, and, except France, no country that I know of has a population more industrious and thrifty. Although the population is only some 4,000,000, including the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, or about 300,000 less than that of Portugal, the Netherlands are not only able to export large quantities of agricultural produce, but to maintain a considerable manufacturing industry in connection with their East Indian possessions. The trade of this little kingdom with England alone is more than five times that of Portugal, exclusive of direct colonial trade. To be sure, a good deal of this is transit trade, the ports of Holland having gained steadily in importance of late years, as *entrepôts* for the ingress and egress of the trade of Western Germany. Rotterdam is in this respect no mean rival of Antwerp, and now that the new North Sea Canal has opened the port of Amsterdam to

ships of large tonnage, that city also promises to become more a centre of solid transit business than it is now. But, allowing for this through trade, the fact remains that Holland itself does a very large business with England. We import thence cattle and vegetables, and all kinds of agricultural produce, in increasing quantities every year. One of our railway companies has a regular line of steamers plying between Harwich and Rotterdam three times a week for the purpose of carrying on this trade, and there is also a Dutch line, which runs between Dutch ports and London.[9]

Busy and prosperous as Holland is, however, she has never recovered, in any substantial degree, her former position as one of the leading seafaring nations of the Old World. Dutch shipping is on the whole being pressed hard and run down by English and German, and were it not for the manner in which her East Indian commerce is fenced in for the benefit of the Netherlands Trading Company and the Netherlands India Steam Shipping Company the carrying trade of Holland would probably now be much smaller than it is. The number of foreign vessels which enter the ports of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Flushing is on the increase, that of Dutch vessels rather on the decline; and there is little difficulty in accounting for this. Amongst minor causes is the disadvantage which Holland is placed in through possessing none of the materials necessary to construct the modern iron steam-vessels at home. She buys most of them from Clyde builders. Her attempts to keep abreast of the requirements of modern trade are therefore met by difficulties at the outset, and she has so far less chance of success. In point of fact I believe only the Netherlands Trading Company—a huge monopolist concern headed by the King—has made any serious attempts at competing with English ship-builders, and the attempt has not been successful. Other things being equal, the country that has to buy its ships from foreign builders will be very likely to find the trade pass into the hands of their neighbours who make the ships. In other words, the nation that builds ships cheapest and best for itself must, as a rule, be the nation that can run them with most success and profit. The Netherlands have had no success, for example, in competing with England for American trade, and only make their East Indian lines pay through incorporating them as, in a manner, a part of the colonial system.

Another cause of perhaps even greater force acting to produce the decay of the foreign carrying trade of Holland is the rise of Germany, and the pushing endeavours of the Germans to get a good grasp upon an extended foreign trade. This resuscitation of the German Empire is threatening to Holland in several ways, and, should nothing come to upset the ambitious edifice, may lead by-and-by to the extinction of this little kingdom altogether as a separate Power. It and Denmark would form but two morsels to the giant. In the meantime Ger-

[9] Some thirty-seven steamers ply between the port of Rotterdam and various ports of the United Kingdom, nearly the whole of them under the English flag, during the busy parts of the year. One English line—that of the Great Eastern Railway Company—is rapidly opening up an admirable new tourist route to the Continent, the steamers being both well appointed and well managed. Two steamers trade between Rotterdam and Dublin and Belfast, and there are five run between that port and Leith, Grangemouth, and Dundee, besides occasional sailings from other places. This is, of course, independent of the trade of Amsterdam, which, till the opening of the new canal, was a declining though important one.

many overshadows Holland in matters of trade in some important channels. The ports of Bremen and Hamburg struggle for the mastery over Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and show abundant signs of prevailing so far as general over-sea business is concerned. However much use the Germans may make of Dutch railways and Dutch ports for the local export and import trade of their Westphalian provinces, it is to their own ports that they seek more and more to draw the staple over-sea traffic of the Empire. And thus it is bound to be, till Dutch ports become German. While the North German Lloyd's line of ocean mail-steamers prospers fairly in the American trade, the Dutch American has been unable to reap a profitable return.[10] It is, therefore, fair to assume that Holland, though much richer, and a much more extensive trader than the other decayed nations which we have noticed, is certainly in no position to interfere, if left to her own resources, with the predominating position of England as an over-sea goods carrier for all nations.

This conclusion is, I think, quite consistent with the belief that the prosperity of Holland may in other ways continue. Industrious populations cannot become, under any ordinary circumstances, reduced to abject poverty; and while England continues to be a great manufacturing, seafaring nation, Holland is bound to have a large trade with her. In spite of herself she must buy of us manufactured goods of all kinds, but particularly machinery and agricultural implements; and, in spite of ourselves, we must be in some measure dependent on her agricultural produce for food. Her fruit and vegetables are most invaluable to us. On the whole this interchange of products is at present nearly as unfettered as we could expect with the trade ideas still current nearly everywhere. The Dutch tariff for our manufactured tissues is, as a rule, only 5 per cent. *ad valorem*, which is fairly liberal, and permits of a considerable consumption of English manufactures within the country. It is true that we have the sugar grievance in a mitigated type against Holland as against Belgium; but were it not that France has hitherto used the pretext which these countries give her as a justification for the maintenance of her own more onerous system, we should have little cause to grumble. Holland will, of course, endeavour to keep a strong hold of her Java production of sugar, whatever happens; but beyond that her trade has not hitherto extended much, nor does it seem likely to extend. The quantity of raw sugar which we import direct from Holland is quite insignificant as a rule, and the import of refined, though very much larger, is to some extent counterbalanced by the increasing hold which we are obtaining over the raw produce shipped direct from Java. It is probable, moreover, that the revision of the treaty between France and this country, and the new convention entered into by the three powers—France, Belgium, and Holland—with our rulers over this miserable sugar dispute will soon practically remove the grievance altogether, although the draft proposals of France, lately made public, are not all that one could wish.

Holland herself cannot, unfortunately, be a very large consumer of English goods in any case, so that the liberality of her tariff does not count for a great deal while she so jealously preserves for herself the trade of Dutch East India.

[10] Consul Turing's *Report on the Trade of Rotterdam for* 1875.

Her management of Java and the adjacent islands is indeed a curious subject for the study of the political economist. From a humanitarian point of view the Dutch policy stands almost at the antipodes of that professed, but not always practised, by England. Idealism in government, and the tutelage of subject races in the art of self-government, form no part of the Netherland programme in Java and Sumatra. All Dutch colonies are held for the purposes of gain, and to these purposes native population and the Government are alike bound to be subservient. From such a prosaic method of viewing their foreign possessions, it is natural that the Dutch should come to treat their colonies as huge farms or private estates. Commercially this system has its advantages for the owners, who are not only able to draw all possible profit from the sale of the produce of their possessions, but to command the almost entire supply of the wants of the subject population. The profits of this closely guarded trade must amount, at the very least, to several millions sterling a year, on an average of years, independent of surplus State revenues, and this is unquestionably of more national importance to Holland than posing before the world as a philanthropic power. In her Indian provinces she rules over a population of more than 20,000,000, that of Java and Madura alone being about 18,000,000; but no attempt is made to 'develop' the natives, nor are they admitted to any share in the government, however humble. Their duty is to produce either for the privileged Dutch trading corporations, or for private persons of the dominant race intent on fortune-making, and consequently Holland is not bothered with the dynastic and other troubles which disturb our rule in India. She might not be able to hold her possessions if she were. It is not my purpose to discuss otherwise what is to be thought of this policy; I merely note the fact. The dependencies of Holland are not governed as those of England, but hitherto they have been more obviously profitable to her than ours are. For many years after Holland obtained the complete mastery of Java, the annual surplus of revenue drawn by her from it came to between 2,000,000*l.* and 3,000,000*l.* a year, and sometimes exceeded the latter sum. Recently, however, a rather more enlightened system of taxation has prevailed, monopolies have been partially abolished, and the direct results of Government estate overseeing have fallen off, but the indirect gains of the trading company and private merchants have probably increased. There have indeed been rather severe losses suffered in Java sugar lately, owing principally to the effects of the French bounty system, already noticed; but Java tea has been growing in favour, and the production of rice has been growing in quantity. On the whole the profitableness of the island to its owners has not seriously lessened. Java cannot fail to be a most profitable investment while governed as it now is, for it is an island whose fertility is not yet half developed; and did the Dutch abstain from wars in Sumatra, which they do not seem very well able to conduct, and give themselves earnestly to arts of peace, they might year by year increase its productiveness. Cotton, tobacco, tea, coffee, cereals of various kinds, wool, fruits, every product almost of value to mankind, can be produced by the island with an abundance that should, under a more liberal trade policy than yet obtains, enable its owners to command a much wider market than they do. The Straits tin, for example, marketed by the Netherlands Trading Company, regulates

the European tin markets now, and under the present system of sales, which resembles that of our Indian Government in the case of opium, it forms a favourite subject for gambling amongst metal brokers.

The competition of such a possession as Java with our Indian Empire is a danger which it might be easy to find a plausible colour for; but I do not think it affects us at present to any appreciable extent, except, perhaps, in spices and indigo. There is none of the eager, feverish desire for advancement in modern arts and sciences to disturb or impel the Dutch into hot competition. They go quietly on their old-fashioned ways, adopting improvements and opening up their possessions with slow, cautious circumspection, intent chiefly on keeping the profit to themselves with the least possible risk. Although near neighbours, the trade between Java and British India is indeed very restricted, compared to what it might well be were the former in the hands of a pushing people. Probably certain consignments of goods find their way to the Netherlands India through the English free port at Singapore; but, granting that to be so, the total intercourse between the two countries is not worth counting on, and since the war broke out between the Dutch and the Atchinese there has been a decrease on both sides of the account.[11] We have, therefore, about as little to hope for as to fear from the Dutch in that quarter of the world, which is in several senses a pity.

It is much the same with regard to the direct trade of England with these possessions. For the last year or two it has shown some increase through the competition which English steamers carry on against the Netherlands lines, and the eagerness with which speculative merchants have striven to push goods against the Dutch ever since the import duties were somewhat reduced.[12] But, at its largest, the direct trade between this country and the Dutch possessions has not exceeded 3,300,000*l.* in any one year, and usually it has been about from 800,000*l.* to 1,500,000*l.*, taking exports and imports together. Of course, as I have already said, a considerable indirect trade is done through Holland, whose traders buy of us to send to the Indies on their own account in their own ships; but this indirect trade has not been very satisfactory lately, I suspect, to any of the parties concerned, any more than the recent push of English merchants for direct business, which has resulted in a glutted market and ruinous prices. Besides, the indirect trade is, so far as English exports are concerned, to a large

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[11] *Vide* Mr. J. E. O'Connor's introduction to the last issue (1876) of the *Statement of the Trade of British India.*

[12] Consul Fraser, in his report on the trade of Java for the year 1874 (*Consular Reports*, Part IV., 1876), makes the following observation on the alteration in the Dutch colonial import duties. It lets a flood of light into the failures of Dutch government in these regions:—'At the opening of the year, when the modified scale of duties came into force, considerable difficulties were caused to importers by the irregular and inconsistent taxations imposed by the customs authorities for the 6 per cent. *ad valorem* duty. These taxations are revised every three months; but in some early instances valuations far exceeding market currencies were imposed, and the liberal spirit which induced the Home Government to abolish differential duties thus neutralised. The attention of the customs authorities was called to the matter by the Chamber of Commerce, and, backed by a protest from the Batavia Exchange, through the medium of their price current, resulted in a material improvement, although complaints are still occasionally heard regarding exaggerated values being placed upon goods.' An *ad valorem* scale of duties, revised arbitrarily every three months, must be the height of torture to a trader.

extent limited to half-manufactured articles, such as yarns, which the Dutch make up themselves for their Eastern market, and sell there at higher prices than English merchants ask for their fabrics. Their control of the market probably enables them to exact these higher prices with a certain impunity.

Except as a source of gain, the Dutch East Indies are of little value to the mother-country, to whom they give hardly any political importance. The same assertion holds good of all other Dutch possessions. They may be more profitable to her than those of Portugal and Spain are to those countries; but they do not make their owner a great State. Nor has Holland, any more than these others, ever made a mark as a coloniser, pure and simple; her most successful effort in that line being the settlements in South Africa—the last of which seem to be now about to fall again into the hands of the conqueror of all the rest, by whom, a quarter of a century ago, they had been abandoned, and to become a part of a British federated dependency. The Dutch boors have not prospered, except at cattle herding, and seem unable to knit themselves into strong self-governing communities with success.

It would take me too far out of the range of my subject to discuss this question at length; but, I think, one remarkable feature can be distinguished in the failures of all efforts on the part of these three nations to found great colonies, which, apart from the distinctive race characteristics, marks them off from our colonisations. They all governed their dependencies over-much to begin with, and sought to make them merely a source of material aggrandisement to those left at home. And the worst of it was that they succeeded for a time in this endeavour, through various causes, until all *verve* and independent life was in a manner squeezed out of the offshoots. We tried that plan ourselves in America, but, fortunately, too late to do any harm except to ourselves. We had lazily suffered the existing states, planted there by independent adventurers, to go too far alone before asserting the current kingly ownership doctrine about colonies, and they accordingly beat us, as we deserved, when we tried coercion. Since then England has let well alone. Her colonists have had almost complete liberty to order their ways from the first, England only lending them an ornamental head, with good maternal advice on occasion. A vigour has thus been communicated to most of them which promises to carry them far, which all other colonies appear to want.

But though a failure, like Spain and Portugal, at the art of colonising, Holland has not been so to the same degree, and she still preserves a dominating power over many spots on the face of the earth which would start anew into importance, did the little kingdom fulfil its 'manifest destiny,' and become a portion of the German Empire. That consummation may come, or before it does the dependencies of Holland may not exist as they now do, and, whether or not, the English race and English power have spread too widely over the world to be easily driven back or overtaken.

As a general conclusion we may say that with Spain and Portugal our trade is not very promising, much hampered, and, without a great change in the mercantile policy of these countries, likely to advance very slowly, and to suffer heavily in depressed seasons. The same may be said about the dependencies of Holland; they do good well-nigh exclusively to Holland. But with that little kingdom itself, and through it with its great continental neighbour, we do a great trade

which is reasonably free, and which we may therefore hope to see increase.

I ought not, perhaps, to close this essay without a word about Denmark, which is another kingdom, once famous, now rapidly sinking into oblivion. Its general trade is too insignificant, however, to call for much notice, and it is too surely enclosed by German influences to possess great interest for us. Its business is still considerable, however, with this country, and we derive a supply of raw sugar from the small West Indian islands still in Danish keeping. But there are no features in this trade worth commenting upon. It is steady, and so far as regards imports to this country from Denmark has increased considerably, but the exports thither are nearly stationary and hardly likely to expand much.

A. J. W.

NOTES ON CERTAIN ETRUSCAN INTERPRETATIONS.

By Isaac Taylor, M.A.

In the last number of *Fraser's Magazine* Mr. Frank Newman has made some substantial contributions to our knowledge of the Etruscan language.

Nothing, for instance, can be more happy than his suggestion that the word ARCE means *habuit*. In Etruscan the suffix -CE marks the perfect tense, third person singular. It would be strange were no equivalent of *habuit* to exist in the great host of inscriptions, and yet no word has hitherto been found which can bear this meaning. Moreover, *habuit* fully satisfies the stringent requirements of the inscriptions in which ARCE occurs. We have (Fabr. 2,055)

ARCE . RIL . LXVII
habuit annos lxvii.

And again we have (Fabr. 2,056)

CLENAR . SAL . ARCE
liberos tres habuit.

Again, Mr. Newman's explanations of the verbs ZILACHNU and ZILACHNUCE, and of the noun ZILACHNUTH, are obviously better than any heretofore proposed. But he should not have followed the old error of making ZILATH a verb. All analogy goes to prove it must be a noun, like LEINTH, VANTH, and ZILACHNUTH.

There is also great force in Mr. Newman's argument as to the adjectival character of ECA, though the meaning would seem to be 'dedicated' rather than 'pious' or 'sacred.' Probably, also, he is right in taking MANIM as a pronoun, and MANIMERI as its plural; and I have long been convinced that CLENARASI and PRECUTHURASI are the dative plurals of the words CLAN and PRECUS.

Strange to say, Mr. Newman is the first Etruscan student who has observed that the decadal suffix -ALCHAL looks like a reduplication of the root of the word AELCHE= *quintus*. Mr. Newman's discovery may probably turn the scale in

favour of the opinion that the Etruscan system of numeration was decimal, and not vigesimal.

Mr. Newman is to be congratulated on having made the foregoing important additions to our knowledge of the Etruscan language. I now pass to the more easy but less pleasant task of pointing out that most, if not all, of his proposed translations are quite untenable. He has erred, sometimes from rash induction, sometimes from want of knowledge of the results which, during the last three years, have been attained by Dr. Deecke and other scholars.

Mr. Newman begins his article with an enumeration of some twenty words whose meaning he assumes to be established. With respect to five of these words he is wrong. Thus he says PUIA=*puella*, and PUIAC=*puer*. He ought to have known that Lattes and Deecke have succeeded in proving that PUIA means *uxor*, and PUIAC means *uxorque*. The enclitic conjunction -C is taken by Mr. Newman sometimes as a masculine termination, and sometimes as a relative pronoun (p. 308). A glance at Dr. Deecke's *Etruskische Forschungen* would have saved him from both these errors. Thus, the inscription (Fabr. 702 bis)

VEL . SETHRE
PUIAC

is the epitaph of

Vele Sethre
and wife.

Again we have (Fabr. 930)

ARNTH . VIPIS . SERTURIS
PUIAC . MUTAINEI.

Here MUTAINEI being the name of a woman, Mr. Newman might easily have satisfied himself that PUIAC cannot denote a 'boy.' The epitaph commemorates:

Arnth, (son) of Vipi Serturi
and (his) wife Mutainei.

An examination of the facsimile of this inscription shows that the second line was added by a later hand.

Again, take these two records of age—the one reads MACHS . ZATHRUMS, the other CIS . ZATHRUMSC. In one case the age was 'forty-one,' in the other 'two and forty.' I might fill pages with similar evidence as to the meaning of the enclitic -C.

In the next place Mr. Newman informs us that the Etruscan word for *sum* was ESMI, 'as in Doric Greek.' This wonderful discovery should go far to establish Hellenic affinities for the Etruscan language. But, unfortunately, no such word as ESMI is found at all; and, further, the sole inscription (Fabr. 2,609 bis) in which it is supposed to appear is a forgery so clumsy that it ought not to have imposed on the veriest tyro in Etruscan epigraphy. Archaic and late forms of the same letter are placed side by side; the final form of a letter is used in the middle of a word, and is turned round the wrong way; and there are two other letters which have a most suspicious appearance. Moreover, the syntax is impossible; and no one can say where the inscription now is, where it was originally found, or whether anybody has ever seen it. All that we do know is, that the existing transcript was found among Lanzi's papers after his death, and that Lanzi did not venture to insert it in his published collection of Etruscan inscriptions. The real word for *sum* is MI, which occurs in 76 inscriptions, in all of which *sum* fairly meets the requirements of the case. But Mr. Newman chooses to translate MI sometimes by *ego*, and sometimes by *me*. That the nominative and accusative of the personal pronoun should be identical in form is of itself improbable, besides which, by taking MI as a pronoun Mr. Newman is led into grave difficulties. Several inscriptions commence with the phrase

MI SUTHI . . . = *sum sepulcrum* . . .

In dealing with these two words Mr. Newman is obliged to make SUTHI do duty for *struxit*, *finxit*, *fabrica*, *fabricam*, *ædicula*, and *ædiculam*; and, while he gives SUTHI so many meanings, he is unable to draw any distinction between SUTHI and SUTHIC, both of which he renders *fabrica*; or between SUTHI and SUTNA, both of which he translates *fabricam*. Moreover SUTHI cannot mean *finxit* or *struxit*, since the third person singular perfect ends in -CE, as Mr. Newman himself admits.

With a reckless disregard of this, the best established fact of Etruscan accidence, Mr. Newman makes [T]INSCUIL a verb, though he admits that TINSCUIL must be a noun. Nor can he see that ERSCE, THECE, and AMCE, must, by all analogy, be verbs. The case with regard to AMCE is specially strong, as the word occurs in several inscriptions. In one epitaph (Fabr. 2,340) Mr. Newman translates PUIAM AMCE as 'nearly a girl.' Now, the inscription not only records her exact age, MACHS MEALCHLSC, but also tells us that she bore 'two children,' CI. CLENAR. We have already seen that PUIA means *uxor*, not *puella*; but this does not help matters, as the statement that the mother of two children was 'nearly a wife' is as absurd as the statement that she was 'nearly a girl.'

It is manifest that AMCE is not, as Mr. Newman affirms, an adverb and preposition, but, according to all probability, a verb meaning *fuit*. The epitaph runs:

RAMTHA . MATULNEI . SECH . MARCUS . MATULN[AS] . PUIAM . AMCE . SETHRES . CEIS[IN]IES.

The meaning admits of little doubt. 'Ramtha Matulnei, daughter of Marcu Matulna, (who?) was the wife of Sethre Ceisinie, &c.'

In the other inscriptions AMCE easily bears the same meaning, *fuit*. Thus AVILS . SAS . AMCE means 'she was aged four,' and MARANUCH . AMCE means 'he was a Maranuch,' the common word Maranuch denoting either some public officer or else some condition in life, such as 'governor,' 'senator,' or 'husband.' Mr. Newman, however, thinks proper to translate the words AMCE . MARANUCH as *prope angulum*, and in some half-dozen similar instances he makes the inscription on a coffin record the place where the body was buried. The body, of course, was inside the coffin, not somewhere else. So all these translations must be rejected as infringing the laws of common sense, as well as the laws of grammar.

Three years ago Gamurrini established the fact that the very common word LAUTN must mean either 'slave' or 'freedman.' This word LAUTN enshrines a curious piece of history. Just as the words Slave and Serf, Thrax and Geta, explain the sources from which ancient slave markets were supplied, so the word LAUTN, which is the Etruscan transliteration of *Latinus*, proves that it was the Latin race which provided slaves for their Etruscan conquerors. Now, in eight epitaphs we have the phrase LAUTN ETERI either standing alone, or following a proper name. The word LAUTN also stands alone, or follows proper names. There can be no doubt that LAUTN ETERI means 'a young slave.' Mr. Newman seems to be altogether ignorant of Gamurrini's valuable researches, and he involves himself in a host of difficulties by translating the word LAUTN by *hæres*, and LAUTN ETERI by *hæres secundus*. To suppose that such inscriptions should be written on cinerary urns, without any name, is a mere absurdity. Thus, in the great tomb of the Achsi family twenty-five urns were found, all bearing records of the names and filiations of various members of the Achsi family. There is one other urn which bears the sole

word LAUTN. Is it possible that the ashes of the 'heir' of this great family should have been placed in a nameless urn, bearing only the word 'heir'?

I wonder that Mr. Newman should have missed the obvious meaning of the words VELTHURI-THURA (Fabr. 2,603) and VELTHINA-THURAS (Fabr. 1,914). These words are evidently plural forms, and can hardly be anything but patronymics, denoting the Velthuridæ and the Velthinadæ, descendants or agnates of the Aule Velthuri and the Aule Vethina who are named in the respective inscriptions.

Mr. Newman's acquaintance with the Etruscan inscriptions being, as he confesses, of so very recent a date, it is not at all surprising that he should have failed so often where others have failed before him. It is surprising that, with so inadequate a preparation, he should actually have succeeded in making something like half-a-dozen positive additions to our knowledge of Etruscan.

What is now most required by Etruscan students is an explanation of certain formatives, such as TA-, -AIA, -M, -EV, and -VA, and a knowledge of the mode in which the Etruscans expressed the negative, the relative, the articles, and the personal pronouns. We also want to detect all the post positions, and the words for father, mother, brother, and sister. That these exist among the 3,000 known inscriptions there can be little doubt.

NOTE ON 'ETRUSCAN INTERPRETATION.'

My acute friend Miss M. E. Rogers has been examining all the Etruscan bronze mirrors in the British Museum, and informs me that the word *Suθina*, when it appears on them, is engraved (or sometimes scratched) *on the polished surface*. She infers that it was not upon them originally, since it damages them as mirrors; but must have been added when the mirror was consigned to the tomb. If so, the meaning of the word (if Suθi mean a work, a fabric) would seem to be, *confecta*, 'done with:' and all contrast to Tinscuil vanishes.

F. W. Newman.

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THE CAUSES OF PRE-EMINENCE IN WAR.

By a General.

THE Royal United Service Institution is an establishment which has gone on its humble way in a quiet corner behind the great Banqueting House in Whitehall for many years as an asylum for old relics of war, and a private debating club for naval and military reformers. Of late, although still comparatively unknown to the British public at large, it has come to be of considerable and increasing interest to those who manufacture weapons of war, or who use them; and the numbers of its journal supply the best general scientific information on naval and military matters at the present day.

The institution has lately thrown out a new shoot that seems likely to bring it into wider public notice, in the form of an annual prize essay upon some subject selected by its council, of general interest in one or other of the two fighting professions. Even if this should be regarded as another example of that rage for public glorification which seems prevalent, it is perhaps less objectionable in this particular case because of the importance of spreading sounder ideas upon war among the British people, and of placing the two war services on a firmer basis of popularity.

The particular subject of the prize essay for the past year, and the manner of its treatment by the essayists, combine to give a good impulse towards that better understanding of war matters by the peaceful people of these kingdoms. The subject, 'THE CAUSES WHICH HAVE LED TO THE PRE-EMINENCE IN WAR OF NATIONS,' is comprehensive enough to include points of interest to all classes of readers; and the style in which it has been discussed by several of the competitors shows an extensive and thoughtful study of ancient history at large, and a philosophic appreciation of its bearings on the general question of the defence of nations, which of themselves should raise English military writers in the estimation of their countrymen. This appears, therefore, to be an opportunity of drawing the attention of those politicians and commercial men—who seldom look at a naval or military question—to the subject of war in its general aspect, and to the power of nations to maintain their own independence, apart from those professional points which are always regarded with a somewhat distrustful feeling by the uninitiated public. There is the greater ease in doing this by the liberal enterprise of the council of the United Service Institution in publishing, on the advice of the referees, not only the essay to which the prize was awarded, but several of the others which appeared of high merit. Even to those who look upon war as a barbaric institution, now on its last legs, the reflections on military history will be an interesting study of those palæomachic days. To those who conceive that

a considerable quantity of the virus of pugnacity is left among mankind in general, this opportune publication will supply lessons of experience as to the treatment of it; and no one can fail to be impressed with the importance of the question to us as a nation.

It appears by the proceedings of the United Service Institution that there were sixteen essays altogether sent in, and that, in the opinion of the referees, they all showed evidence of extensive study and considerable thought on the large question submitted; thus marking the growth of military ideas on the widest scale, even in our own peaceful country. The prize was awarded to one bearing the motto, 'A Cuspide Corona,' which it appears is by Lieutenant J. Ross of Bladensburg, Coldstream Guards; the essays which the referees recommended should be published also, 'to do justice to the subject, and to gain the full advantage of the scheme of the Institution,' are named in a note.[1] Notwithstanding their reading and their thought, there is, mutually, a tendency in each author to treat the vast subject after the particular bent of his own mind; thus justifying the referees that a selection from the whole was necessary to embrace all, or the principal, different phases under which it might be viewed. For instance, each essayist had in the first instance, before he attacked the main question, to determine in his own mind:

What constitutes pre-eminence in war? for on the answer to that depends the direction in which to seek for the reply to the other question:

What are the elements in a nation that go to make up that pre-eminence in war?

But before going into either of these, there is another and still prior one to be answered, which, indeed, the essayists were not called upon to consider, but which a considerable section of the British people would insist upon having fully discussed before they would care to look upon the others. Would not the mercantile, peace-seeking, economically-minded Englishman like to know, first of all, what concern his country has with either of those questions? what guide for the conduct of Great Britain in such matters are the systems and proceedings of bygone ages of Greeks or Romans? whether even is it to her interest to know the methods by which French and Germans have alternately been cocks of the military walk in Europe? Is not Great Britain a unique and isolated system amid the political constellations—geographically, morally, and commercially distinct from all others, past or present? pursuing her peaceful course of universal trade uninfluenced and unaffected by the ambitions and the quarrels that eat up the life of less fortunate countries? That feeling, no doubt, is at the bottom of the indifference to war questions in England, however disguised by moral plausibilities and domestic interests. An answer to it also is to be found in these essays; not, indeed, definitely set forth, but to be extracted by well-directed perusal from the whole: unwittingly, as it were, they contain more than they intended, and that exactly what the British merchant requires to know.

For on comparing the historical

[1] I. By Colonel Fletcher, C.M.G., Scots Guards.
II. By Lieut.-General Sir R. Wilbraham, K.C.B., &c.
III. By Captain Oscar de Thoren, H.P., 38th Regt.
IV. By Lieut. H. Elsdale, R.E.
V. By Captain H. Hime, R.A.
The essays will be referred to by the above numbers; the prize essay being distinguished by the letter P.

evidence on the general question from the great bygone nations of the world, given in one or other of the essays, one begins to perceive that there is a sort of law of military growth common to all of them, and in its general characteristics independent of time and place, and therefore apparently applicable still. We find, for instance, that the great conquering races, such as Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Goths, all commenced their historical career in the form of an assemblage of independent tribes, free as to their political existence, necessarily hardy in their habits and energetic in their actions: and further that these tribes, by the very necessities of existence, were engaged in constant wars with their neighbours, and that eventually some one tribe, that of the greatest pugnacity, attains a sort of domination over the others. Then commences a new and second phase of national existence, which may be called that of Governments. It is in this stage that the solid institutions of the State are founded; and notably amongst them that of military service, which now takes a more organised form, to meet the national ambition that has been awakened. It may still be called and be mainly the original body of the whole tribe in arms, but the groundwork of a professional army is laid down: still in discipline, in devotion, and in public estimation, it is the armed people fighting for existence with all the hardihood and energy of their forefathers; nevertheless the demands of national enterprise require a longer service, a more precise system, and better arms, which of themselves raise new ideas altogether on the subject of war. As the national dominion extends, a still more and more elaborate military organisation is indispensable, which the still increasing national ambition readily responds to; and thus gradually the military service takes the shape adapted to the third and final form of national existence, which may be called that of Empire. In this phase the original people who created the state may have almost disappeared as a political body, although the institutions may be all of their founding; for it is no longer one state, but an agglomeration of states, and of very various character: it requires a much more highly organised and, what is the material point, a more centralised authority to rule it. At this period of a nation's history one able man will naturally and quietly step into supreme dominion, and of such able men a soldier will have the advantage over any other, because he represents physical as well as moral force. To such a man, and to a succession of such men, a professional army is indispensable; partly because, ruling by personal qualities, they gain the personal attachment of the soldiers they have guided in war; and partly because the old system of the armed nation becomes altogether inapplicable to the extensive dominions, and to the constant and distant wars. But now the military force is changed in idea as well as in system; it may still preserve the training and the traditions of its predecessors, and even the name, but it is now a purely professional army. The dictator who has utilised the gradual growth of generations, and brought to the point of perfection a warlike instrument of long continued manufacture, has also given it a new feeling; it conquers now not for the security of the State but for professional honour, and it feels an existence and a power separate from and independent of the original state. This is a period of more splendid conquests and more imposing display, but it is the beginning of the death of the State as a free and growing people.

What is there in the circumstances of Europe, or of our own

country, that would justify us in supposing that we are to be exempt from this general law of the rise and growth of military power? The past history of European States shows that they have passed through the same stages, both of civil and military growth, as described in the States of old: they have long since finished the tribal phase of national life, and have, indeed, been long in that of Governments, and in fact they may be said to be apparently coming near to the end of that stage, and approaching to the final one of Empire. For it is only within the present generation that the map of Europe has been re-arranged, and that the numerous petty states formerly existing have been fused and re-crystallised, as it were, into empires, necessarily requiring more elaborate and more centralised civil organisation. And with this change of civil polity has come also the inevitable increase and perfection of the professional army; it is, indeed, concealed under the name of the ancient force of the nation, armed only for its own security; but it is in reality a highly organised army, which by its perfect equipment and professional tone, supports the centralisation of power, while it is administering to the ambition of the 'Imperial' people. And if the Briton thinks that his insular position and speciality of marine defences exempts him from the category of continental empires and their armies, alas! Athens, Tyre, Carthage, Venice, Holland, were all virtually insular, and as confident in their sea strength as we are, and yet each fell eventually under some great continental empire overwhelming in its land forces.

But again, the Briton may say that he has two allies on the side of peace, hitherto imperfectly felt—Religion and Commerce. Both have been put forward as powerful elements of strength, and both, with some reason, as elements of peculiar strength to Great Britain. We must be careful, however, to apportion to each of these its due amount, and also its due character of influence. Commerce has been hoisted in our day high into public notice as the great attractive power between nations in peace, as well as a source of strength in war; but in both ways too much is made of it. No doubt the demand from one climate for the productions of another, is, and was intended to be, a main cause of friendly intercourse and civilisation among mankind; but the commerce of the world has seldom if ever been in that simple condition; it has almost always assumed such an artificial character that it has frequently been a source of war instead of peace; and the quality of it has to be taken into consideration in comparing the interests of two nations in preserving it. For instance, Great Britain is sometimes boasted of as being the workshop of the world; but a workshop depends much upon price and fancy for its custom, whereas a farm has always a sure market, increasing steadily with population; there is not an equality of interest between the two, for the farmer has a choice in the matter, but the workman must go to him for his food. There is no doubt a sort of general equality of interest as between all the farmers and all the workmen in the world, but in the pursuance of that, a particular workman has much greater chances of losing his custom than a particular farmer. It is a fallacy in free trade to assume this absolute equality of interest in all cases. Why are we to suppose that we shall be exempt from the general law under which the current of trade was diverted from each in turn of the great workshops of the world above mentioned.

As a source of strength in war, commerce has been highly esteemed by many military writers; and has lately been put forward by a high authority in commercial politics, as

a reserve of power to this country equal, if not superior, to the great armaments of continental nations. But in the highly artificial condition of our commerce, its absolute value may be easily overestimated. It is a reserve of power for war purposes, in common with all other property belonging to the kingdom, only so far as it represents saleable articles. Our exports have a certain value in the world during peace-time, but a declaration of war may alter that value considerably, and with that alteration will vary the value of all the other property in the kingdom, including labour; but, unfortunately, excluding the only articles whose reduction would alleviate the change, namely, the food supplies. We are so precariously situated with respect to the daily food of our population, that the very circumstances which would lower the value of all other property in the country, would raise its price. Hence although Britain might be able to stand a greater number of campaigns than any continental nation as far as absolute wealth is concerned, it would always be with greater discontent of the people towards the war; and the wealth might be much depreciated in value; for, besides the actual fluctuation due to war, there is the artificial system of credit by which the value of the produce actually on the high seas is discounted at once, and would appear in war time in the form not of hard money, but of unsaleable stock.

Religion, that is to say, Christianity, has no doubt modified the pugnacity, and tempered the ambition of nations, as it has bettered the social life of individuals; much of this effect has been sometimes ascribed to commerce; but commerce alone, especially when under the influence of free trade, fosters self-interest; it is by the competition for individual advancement that it benefits mankind at large; and it is, therefore, more likely to lead to disputes than to heal them, unless checked by true religious principles. But the Christian religion, although it has been taught for nearly 2,000 years, has not yet so affected the political actions of States as to justify any one State which desires to preserve its independence in dispensing with armed force. The strongest advocates of peace do not, indeed, propose so great a step; they allow that any nation blessed with independence must do all it can to preserve it. Some of them go farther, and distinguish between just and unjust wars. As we have seen during the last year, some peaceful, thoughtful, and religious Englishmen have thought it justifiable to preach a new crusade against the Turks for the purpose of assisting some of their Christian subjects to liberate themselves from their yoke. But the existing generation have neither the power nor the authority to pronounce any war just or unjust; to them war is simply the ultimate court of appeal against what the appellants consider unbearable wrong. To each party in any war, whatever its origin, it appears but the defence of their independence; and, as is well put by one of the essayists (V. p. 588), the most apparently just and most purely defensive war is in the end as much a struggle for supremacy as the most ambitiously aggressive one. Therefore, those who advocate reduction of national armaments below the standard of other nations of equal rank, in the fancied interests of a pure, peaceful, defensive attitude, are really encouraging war by allowing an aggressive State to gain 'the coign of vantage,' from which it will be so much the more difficult for the defensive State to dislodge it, when compelled at last to fight for its life. And that is the most peaceful system which combines with a truly defensive attitude in politics, the most efficient war armaments.

But the peaceful advocates of a pure defensive system may here exclaim, 'Have we not all along been advising a small but effective army and navy, with the very object of avoiding both the Scylla of incompetency and the Charybdis of militarism with which you are threatening us on either hand? Would you have us change those admirable little professional bodies for those huge national forces which you say yourself are leading to military despotism?' Now herein lies the root of the national deception about war. We have indeed been trimming our sails to a wind, but it has been a trade wind, blowing steadily in the one direction of prosperity, and inducing forgetfulness of storms and adverse gales. For more than 200 years we have been gradually making our naval and military forces more and more professional; before that period the defensive elements of the kingdom were still, mainly in numbers, and essentially in principle, the people armed in their own defence; since we began to look to commerce as the great source of national prosperity military service has become more and more distasteful to the citizen, while at the same time the necessity of it has become less and less apparent. And thus we have been passing through one of the stages of military growth above propounded without thinking of it, until now we have arrived at the phase in which our army and navy are institutions apart from the life of the nation. The Englishman has never been taught to feel that it is an essential part of his duty to be ready to fight for his independence, and he consequently has no inclination to do so; as in Carthage of old, war is treated as a mercantile speculation, an investment of so much of the national wealth. Our soldiers and sailors are not indeed mercenaries, they are still Britons for the most part, with all the spirit and all the feelings of the rest of their countrymen: but that has not been due to any national action, which has indeed tended in the contrary direction. And though our naval and military forces are not alarmingly large at present, they have doubled their strength in the last 100 years, and the necessities of the empire are rapidly demanding larger and still larger forces; thus while we fancy that we are the one people who are keeping their armies within the moderate bounds of a purely defensive attitude, we are really drifting, like other nations, into the condition of powerful professional armies at the disposal of centralised governments. It is true that other nations are arriving at the same goal by a very different road, that of so-called national armies, apparently precisely the reverse of professional: but it is because they had already surrendered their liberties into the hands of a central government in days gone by, and that that form of military service is most effective for the purposes of that government. But it is just the contrary with a free people like the British nation; a purely professional force in such a people means decay of national spirit, and the preservation of a *national* force is necessary to keep alive the independent tone of the nation, and with our free institutions it is less calculated to affect the liberties of the nation than a professional force.

There therefore appears some reason to think that during some generations past, especially the last two, which have been generations mainly of peace and prosperity, while we seem to have been steadily advancing along a path of national improvement in wealth, power, and civilisation, the Nemesis of national decay has been as steadily at work, in ways unnoticed indeed; and the effect so far is chiefly shown in the disinclination of the people to consider preparation for war to be as much a part

of the national duty as are the institutions of peace.

For wars will arise in spite of the most earnest desire on our part to avoid them. The most conscientious advocates of peace allow that an independent people must fight for their independence if it is assailed; and as this ultimate struggle for independence is as much a trial of strength between the two nations as any other war is, it is surely reasonable to make every possible preparation beforehand, so as to bring the full national strength to bear upon the struggle when it does come. But besides this argument *in extremis*, there are never-ending demands on our naval and military forces to meet disturbances with semi-civilised peoples, on what we may call the borders of our empire; disturbances which, be it remembered, are for the most part caused by commercial questions; and which, let us also not forget, laid the foundation in the Roman Empire of those professional legions which ultimately ruled the State. And then there is the indisputable fact that during the last 20 years Europe has commenced upon the backward swing of the pendulum from peace to war. The fact is before us that the rest of Europe is at present possessed with the military mania; and, however indisposed we may be to take the infection, we have so many interests in the ports of Europe, and so many assailable dependencies, that we cannot enforce a quarantine against the war fever, and we cannot be quite sure when or in what part of our extended and heterogeneous body the disease may break out.

If, therefore, notwithstanding our wealth and our power in peace, we are still liable to be forced some day into that dire struggle for life which we call war, the question propounded by the United Service Institution has an interest to us. It becomes a matter of ordinary prudence in us to examine how bygone nations have preserved their strength for such emergencies, and how they have lost it.

Extracting all the causes from all the essays, we may take it that the elements of military power may be included under the four following distinctive heads:

Race—Civil Institutions—Military Institutions—Leadership.

Race must be understood to include all those original innate qualities, so difficult to analyse or investigate, as well as the occupations, morals, physical qualities, and numbers of the people. The essayists, on the whole, have not done full justice to the importance of original qualities. Looking at the whole question from, perhaps, too professional a point of view, and dazzled as we all have been by the surprising rise of Prussia into international power, they have apparently considered war and conquest to be not only the criterion of strength, but the great object of it, and therefore have looked to institutions rather than to qualities. But the strength of a nation can be shown in other ways than war, and for these, as well as for war, it is important to consider the effect of original qualities of race, and how to preserve them. Nos. II., III., IV., pp. 482, 495, 584, do indeed lay considerable stress on their importance in war, though without much discussion of them, and they all allude to them in their historical resumés of nations and their wars. Now, in the case of the Persians, there must have been something more in the people than what merely a hardy nomad life would produce to have established their proverbial training to be 'to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth;' again, the Greek race, with all their magnificent qualities which raised them to permanent power in the world in arts and sciences, were wanting, on the whole, in some quality which gave that national strength for which their successors and conquerors, the Romans,

were so remarkable. In enumerating the qualities of these latter people, who of course occupy a prominent place in all the essays, sufficient weight has not been given to that peculiar hardness, amounting often to cruelty, which must have been one of the causes of their first successes over the neighbouring tribes, as well as of their later dominion over the world. Although it is so difficult to get at the fountain head of these original qualities, the essayists mark the good effect of an intermixture of certain races in producing one powerful one: as the Dorians and Ionians in Greece, the Etruscan and Latin elements in Rome, and in our own case they fully enter into the advantages of that compound of Norman intelligence and impetuosity with Saxon doggedness (P., Nos. II., III., I., pp. 411, 483, 522) which, together with the Celtic quickness, has produced the frank and fearless modern Briton; but they do not perhaps sufficiently appreciate the full effect of that mixture of Slavonic docility with Saxon steadiness and intelligence which has gone to make the Prussian people so powerful in a purely military way. (See II., III., pp. 473, 524.) At all events we may learn a most valuable lesson for ourselves from these records of the past, that one method of infusing fresh vigour into a race, is to incorporate other people of a strong vitality with it. Such was one cause of the perennial growth of Roman power; such, in our case, would be a fresh and closer alliance with the Scandinavian races; or, if that is thought too precarious a speculation for so old established a nation, then the next best tonic would be, evidently, to take advantage of the fresh growth of national life in new countries by a closer incorporation of our colonies into our national system. This point of revivifying the original stock assumes a more serious aspect for us when we turn to the causes that have led to the decay of vitality in nations, for however obscure the sources of original national qualities may be, the circumstances connected with the gradual decline of them are patent enough; and we find that in all cases, Persians, Greeks, and Romans alike, there has occurred a certain period of overflowing prosperity which has induced an inordinate idea of their own perpetuity, and has given rise to habits quite contrary to their original tone, and then neither wealth, nor institutions, nor numbers have been able to prevent the ultimate downfall.

The occupations of peoples as affecting their national strength have been more fully treated of, especially in the prize essay. And here we find cause also for some alarm mingled with gratification. The remarkable efficacy of nomad life as a war power is well described in IV., as well as in the prize essay; indeed, in the latter far too much space has been devoted to it, to the detriment of more important matter to us: the simple hardy and adventurous life, the extreme facility of movement in any direction at any moment, with houses, goods, and provisions complete, show the sources of the success of the great conquering waves of Tartars and Arabians which on different occasions and in different directions have swept over continents. And we must not omit to notice the warning given us that such peoples become an extraordinarily powerful instrument for war purposes in the hands of a civilised and organised nation, as was shown by the successful use of them by the Assyrians, by Alexander, and by the Romans, and that as they still remain in the deserts of Asia with all their ancient qualities still effective, there is the possibility, if indeed one should not say the certainty, that some day they must fall into the hands of either Russia or Great Britain; and that the nation to whom they most completely fall will be then the dominant power in the world.

But in our internal life we are

more interested in the evidence given us in the essays of the efficacy of agricultural life towards preserving strength in a nation. There is something in the steady, continual, and hard manual labour, dependent on nature and yet reaping a great return, which produces a patient, enduring, and healthy tone of mind and body, especially suited for supplying that strength which gives success in great international struggles. We find it recorded by the essayists as being a characteristic of the strength of Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans: and we know that in our own army we look to the country not to the town to produce the best recruits; although, indeed, Marshal Marmont is said to have preferred recruits from towns on account of their superior intelligence. In seafaring life we have, or had in the days of sailing vessels, a similar and even greater source of strength, for to the patient enduring toil and to the dependence on nature must be added a hardihood and a boldness like the mountaineer's; and it is an occupation which, by its personal demands on every man, fosters that individual excellence and individual responsibility which lies at the bottom of all really free institutions. Maritime races, like mountaineers, have generally been free. The Greeks, especially the Athenians, are remarkable examples, and in our own race we look upon the British sailor as the type of our free yet orderly, daring yet responsible, nationality. How important, therefore, is it to us to take all means available for preserving those two national elements of strength, the peasant and the sailor. But we are not taking such steps at present; on the contrary, we are told that every year, as the national wealth increases under the thirst for commerce, the agricultural population of the country is decreasing and the character of our seamen is degenerating. We are also told, indeed, that this system is the most economical application of the national resources, and that under it we are making more national wealth than we could under any other system; but when we turn to our essayists for the effect of commerce on national strength we find still greater cause for alarm. Commerce, as has been said, is a source of national strength, by increasing the wealth, the intelligence, and the enterprise of peoples, and this is especially the case in maritime countries; but commerce applied solely for the purpose of increasing wealth, without regard to the other mutual benefits intended to be conferred on nations by such intercourse, is an abuse of it, and the sure parent of selfishness, and by a just retribution brings down on the head of the nation indulging in it its own punishment. Athens, the prize essay tells us, at one period turned her great enterprise chiefly to sea commerce, for which her national characteristics specially fitted her; she became rapidly very rich in consequence, and with overweening confidence in the apparent strength so gained, neglected the institutions which had been the real source of her greatness, and ventured upon exploits for increasing her power too great for her waning strength, and then quickly fell. Tyre and Carthage were two states very prominent in the ancient world for their sea commerce and for the wealth thereby accumulated. We are told in the same essay, of the long but finally ineffectual struggle of Tyre against the land forces of Alexander, composed of the soldierly Macedonians, and notwithstanding that she had the command of the sea. Carthage, more devoted to commerce, more wealthy on land, and more powerful at sea, was also more neglectful in maintaining the martial spirit of her people; she trusted in her position and in being always able to procure the means of defence with her

wealth; but she fell eventually to the Romans, whose citizens then were every one of them trained soldiers. After a long and severe contest, in the end of which the unmaritime Romans managed to raise a fleet in a short time equivalent to the Carthaginian fleet, and then invaded Carthage, she roused herself to an heroic struggle at the last, but too late to escape from utter destruction.

The moral force of nations has proved a more difficult subject for the essayists to deal with; probably owing to our varied use of the phrase. Moral force, according to the signification we choose to give to it, may be made to include religion, morality, self-denial, fortitude, valour, intelligence, a just cause, and also what we call the *morale* of a force or body. But some of these are part of the original qualities of race, only brought out by the education of institutions, and by special circumstances; the others are seed sown by institutions, but require the good ground of original qualities to produce really good fruit. Religion has been in all ages one of the most powerful sources of strength in the world to nations as well as to individuals; even in the present decayed condition of the Mahometan religion, if the Sultan of Turkey as Khalif were to raise the standard of the Prophet with the authority of the Sheik ul Islam, it would doubtless send a thrill from India to Morocco. But, as pointed out by No. II. (p. 486), religion *per se* is only a temporary cause of success in war. It is only so far as it inculcates self-denial, and offers a reward for that virtue, that it becomes subject to calculation as one of the permanent sources of war strength in nations (see P., IV., I., pp. 380, 405, 445, 565). The Christian and the Mahometan religions have both been conspicuous for the fortitude they have thus infused into their followers at certain periods; the former in this respect appears to have combined with the individuality characteristic of some of the northern races of Europe, to produce a higher tone of individual responsibility as well as of national responsibility, and we may therefore expect that it will be always a powerful guide to our own country in directing it towards its duty in the world, both as regards peace and war. Other nations, as Sparta, have inculcated self-denial as a national virtue, but being independent of religion and for national aggrandisement, it led to the decay it was intended to guard against. But we have been taught a higher idea of the duty of States, and to us the preservation of the feeling of self-denial from the highest motives, is essential to the real strength of the nation; it is the true foundation of all our discipline; proper military institutions may assist materially to preserve it, but to be really effective it must pervade the whole life of the nation. The *morale* of an army, as it is called, is a different thing. Self-denial based on religion is indeed the best foundation for it, but other feelings must be built on that to produce the moral force which Napoleon and other great commanders have pronounced to be the main element of success in campaigns. The whole people must have that spirit which makes them as ready to meet the shock of war as a crew to meet a gale of wind; it is the feeling of having the nation at its back that gives moral force to an army; confidence in a leader, or a succession of victories, or a special cause, may give it for a time, but to gain that permanent spirit in the naval and military forces, such as carried the Roman legions steadily on from one success to another, the true tone of victory, the whole nation must look upon war as the great trial of ability, as a crew contemplates the

probability of a storm in a voyage; and armies and navies must be treated as national institutions which the people unite in supporting, and delight to honour (see I., V., III., IV., pp. 431, 593, 599, 505, 510, 553). As examples of two classes of this moral force, we may compare the enthusiasm of the French during the wars of their great Revolution, arising from temporary political excitement, with the steady successes of the Prussian armies of the present day, founded on national determination (II., III., pp. 465, 472, 524, 528). In the British forces we have much conscientious sense of duty but little assurance of that cordial belief in their necessity on the part of the people, which is the true reward of that self-denial. The nation acts as if it were a sufficient provision for defence to vote so many men and so much money every year, and thus the British forces almost always commence a war with the disadvantage of having to win the moral support of their country by success.

As to the quality of physical strength the essayists give us some cause for satisfaction. In the early days of a people's career their bodies are preserved in health and strength by the necessary struggle with nature for existence; and as in the nomad and agricultural life that struggle is continued with little modification for generations, those occupations tend to preserve the physical strength of individuals, as well as the general national power; and they will even reinvigorate the somewhat decayed strength of families when heartily undertaken, as witness the Anglo-Saxon backwoodsmen and cattle farmers of America and Australia. But as the country becomes more populated, and the occupations become more divided and more artificial, each nation has found it necessary to introduce artificial exercises for preserving the physical strength, especially of course of that section of the people employed in the military defence of the country. The essayists remind us that owing to our original qualities of race, we have preserved among us a general practice of, and delight in, open air field sports and pastimes; and these of a character which has not only given better strength to the bodies than any artificial exercises, but has kept up that compound of daring, coolness, skill, and good humour which we flatter ourselves is peculiarly English. The benefit to the nation gained by such sports, as compared with the more formal exercises of other nations, may be put down as compensation for the loss they occasion in other ways. Indeed, it is a matter for national consideration, whether, from fashion and wealth, they are not already assuming a too artificial character, leading to their restriction to a comparatively small number. There is also a question touching physical strength suggested by the open competition for public employments. This is necessarily of a purely intellectual character, and the unrestriction of it attracts a great many candidates in proportion to the number of situations, thereby raising the intellectual standard higher than intended, or necessary for the public service. This may or may not be an advantage, but it certainly gives a national encouragement to the young men of the country to devote those two or three important years of their lives to purely intellectual pursuits, regardless of other faculties. Even the intellectual Greeks, in their public competitions, gave prizes for athletic exercises; we have got the athletic exercises in a better form than they had, but we ignore their existence in any national point of view.

On the point of numbers, the essayists warn us that increase of population does not necessarily give increase

of national strength (V., p. 590). It is desirable for us to bear this in mind, because we are in the habit of comparing the prosperity of nations by the periodical increase of the population; and if we set ourselves to compare the total strength of two nations towards a great international struggle, we should probably consider it fully comprehended under the two heads of wealth and population. But that is supposing the wealth to be available, and the population to be efficient towards the purpose in hand; and, as wealth may be in a form not at all available at the time, so may population be very inefficient towards assisting in the national struggle when it comes. They may be wanting in the physical strength, or in the spirit, or in the skill, necessary for such a contest. And, therefore, if we contemplate preserving our independence, and keeping our place in the world, we must not be content with annual returns showing increase of exports and imports, or of higher ratios of births over deaths, but we must see that our institutions are such as will preserve the highest vitality in that population, and give them adequate training. We have now to consider the institutions of a country as affecting the whole national strength. But those qualities which we have comprehended under the head of Race, appear to be the foundation of all real national power, without which the superstructures built by institutions of whatever character, will not endure the tests of time and struggle.

Civil Institutions.—Under this head of the elements of national strength, the essayists give us one or two points for serious reflection. Several of them agree that freedom in civil government is essential to permanent power: but that must be interpreted to signify general international power, not pure military strength; for, although the greatest military nation the world has ever seen—the Romans—gained their greatness under free institutions, it is well pointed out that their culmination was not reached until a despotic central authority wielded the power thus created by freedom; and also that a strong stable government, or what No. V. calls a political solidarity, has been the mark of the most eminently successful nations in war. The institutions of the Mahometan and Tartar races could hardly be called free in our idea of the phrase, when they established their dominion over large portions of the world. And in modern Europe it is shown that the two prominent military powers—Russia and Prussia—have never had what we should call free institutions. There is in this a subject for satisfaction, and at the same time of warning for us. Of satisfaction that our institutions have still got that vitality of freedom which thus appears to be the mark of a still growing power, originally free. And here, No. I., pp. 431, 447, gives us an additional cause of content, that we, of all nations, appear to have that remarkable mixture of aristocratic and democratic elements in all our national polity, which in other forms existed in the Roman State from its foundation, and was one of the great sources of its power and durability. And at the same time it gives us a warning that that love of liberty itself may be carried to such an excess as to bring about the decay of the very institutions and of the spirit it is seeking to preserve; for the strongest, freest, and most warlike nations have preserved the strictest discipline individual and political; the Spartans, indeed, carried it to excess, but the Romans afford a valuable example that a stern rule both in domestic life and in self-sacrifice for the State is not only compatible with, but an element of power in a free and strong nation. We too have shown in our history the same national

spirit; in the times of the Tudor kings, when the people first made that burst of enterprise which has since gradually brought us to such a height of wealth and dominion, they were content to bear a strong and somewhat arbitrary rule and submit to many social and political restrictions for the welfare of the State, such as would not be tolerated in these days. There is some danger in our present democratic regard for what we call the liberty of the subject, that we shall lose sight of that individual discipline and individual sacrifice to the common weal which we see has been an essential element of a nation's power. It may, perhaps, be desirable for us at this epoch of our career to retrace our steps a little, and to give up something of that personal liberty and something of that national wealth in order to preserve the rest of it.

Colonies form an element of national strength which may fitly be considered under this head. No. I. treats of them very well, and points out the advantages of them; but such a colonial system as he considers necessary to bring out its full advantages has never been seen yet. That, however, is no reason why it should not appear and succeed. The advantages to the parent country are, that the race becomes reinvigorated by, as it were, fresh blood, that the area of the producing power of the empire is enlarged, so that the nation is more self-supporting; that an almost indefinite outlet is formed for the enterprise of the people; that a secure footing is gained at various points on the high seas for the ocean commerce of the empire, and that as the colonies rise in strength they will supply more and more assistance to the mother country in time of difficulty; indeed one can even imagine their positions being reversed, and a colony becoming the head of the nation. The advantages to the colonies are that the shield of the parent protects them all over the world; they are citizens of a great empire, and in any threatened trouble from a foreign power to the smallest colony, the whole forces of the empire are put in motion to its assistance: then they get the advice, assistance, and sympathy of the old-established community, and are connected with its history and its renown by ties of mutual regard much more vital than if they were actually independent. But it must be confessed that the relations between Great Britain and her numerous powerful colonies at present are not such as to ensure that close federation and mutual benefit: instead of being like a well-organised war fleet sailing over the ocean of time, as the above outline would indicate, we are more like a convoy of merchant vessels keeping each other company only so long as it suits our safety and our convenience. Up to the year 1850 we had indeed exercised an imperial control over their affairs and acknowledged a responsibility in their defence, internal as well as external; but since that period we have thrown open our sea commerce to the competition of the world; we have withdrawn almost all interference with their internal affairs, and at the same time have handed over to them their internal defence.

This latter measure was advantageous in a military sense, because it enabled the Imperial forces to be concentrated at such points of the world as might be most effective for the general defence of the whole empire; but we have not yet carried out such a system of Imperial strategy; we have not been thinking so much of the territorial defence of the empire as of the security of the mother country and of its commerce. Had the former been our prominent idea we should have constructed the Suez Canal ourselves and purchased Egypt from the Sultan, and a considerable portion of the Im-

perial land and sea forces would be stationed in that part of the world, and the Imperial strategic points in the eastern and southern seas would have been more strengthened and provided with stores, and there would have been an organisation for employing colonial forces for Imperial objects. In our present non-federation arrangement the colonies in time of peace receive but little from the mother country beyond what they would get if absolutely independent, and in time of war they would suffer so much in their commerce, and have so much of the burden of external defence thrown on them, that the feeling towards the Imperial connection might be fatally shaken; and at the same time the mother country cannot be sure what assistance, if any, she will receive from them in war.

Free trade, with what has lately been called its inevitable corollary, 'free cargoes in free ships,' may be theoretically the true principles for the advancement of the world and for its pacification; at all events in our own case during these years of peace, it has been the means of accumulating commerce and carrying trade in our country to an extent far beyond all that previous generations ever imagined. But commerce unrestricted brings chiefly wealth, and not national power: as before mentioned, the wealth it brings is not necessarily convertible at all times into strength, while the unlimited competition for it does necessarily bring national weakness. As long as we are at peace, and as long as the commerce and carrying power of Great Britain are so much greater than those of the rest of the world, under unrestricted commerce, we shall probably go on accumulating wealth; but should the mercantile marine of other countries begin to rival our own (and steam has much shaken our dominion on the sea) a severe war might deprive us of a very large portion of our carrying trade (colonial as well as home) which we might never get back again; as has happened before in the history of the world. And at the same time we should be deprived, by the principle of 'free cargoes in free ships,' of one of our most effective means of injuring our enemy during the war. It may not be a means of summarily stopping a war, like the complete investment of a fortress, but the want of it may be the means of indefinitely prolonging a war. Thus it appears that for the sake of the strength of our population, for the advantages of a better colonial connection, for the ultimate benefit of our mercantile marine, and for the greater detriment of an enemy, it is desirable that we should sacrifice some of that so rapidly accumulating wealth; that we should put some restrictions on our commerce and carrying trade.

The essays give us examples from history of the evil effects of turning the whole of a nation's energies to commerce, but there is probably no instance before of a country carrying it to the extent we have done in trusting to foreign countries for half the food supply of our population. Rome, indeed, depended on Egypt for bread, but Egypt belonged to Rome. If we drew our main food supplies from our colonies and dependencies, we should be, at least, keeping the strength and life of the nation within its own control, although the parent country might itself lose some of both. But that is not our system; we buy provisions as we buy everything else, wherever they are to be had cheapest. The labourer, however, does not reap much advantage from this, because the continually increasing demands of this inordinate commerce thrust up the prices of everything; it is the commercial man who gains the net profit of it all, and who is heaping up the wealth of the world in his generation at the expense of some subsequent generation, when,

in war time, the food supply will be cut off by an enemy. It is said that this danger will be met by the happy introduction of the neutral flag. So it may, but that will still leave us at the goodwill of the enemy; and if even in peace time there is a difference of interest in the commerce of food supplies on the one hand and manufactures on the other, what an engine of pressure that becomes in war. An authority on free trade in Parliament the other day used this difference of interest in the commerce between Great Britain and the Continent as an argument for preserving our trade at the sacrifice, if necessary, even of part of our own mercantile marine in war, as we gain the benefit to our trade during fifty years of peace, whereas we only incur the loss during a year or two of war. But a month of war, if we are not prepared for it, may undo the work of whole generations of peace.

On the subjects of *Military Institutions and Leadership*, most of the essayists enlarge very fully. Professional writers for professional readers, it is natural that they should have considered these as most important branches of the question. The constitution of the war forces of ancient States, their organisation, discipline, tactics, arms, are all discussed in considerable detail by some, and with copious illustrations from actual campaigns and events—too much so, perhaps, for an essay. But though these details of the organisation and management of armies and navies may be interesting only to the professional reader, there are matters under these heads which concern nations at large very deeply, and which should therefore be studied by the public with the attention that a vital national question deserves. The constitution of the war forces of a country—that is, the mode of raising them—is a subject that can only be put on a proper foundation by the people of the country themselves; for unless the people themselves believe in them, unless they feel that the essence of the war strength of the nation depends on the people being determined to back up and go hand in hand with the war forces, unless, in our present English phrase, those services are popular, then all military institutions of whatever kind and excellence are of little avail to the preservation of the country's independence. Lord Bacon's advice to nations for their true greatness is now as applicable as when it was written. 'Walled towns, stored arsenals and armouries, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants, ordnance, artillery, and the like—all this is but a sheep in a lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike.'[2] This does not mean that they are to be given to war for war's sake: in the councils of the nation let there be prudence and peace; but let the people be strong and ready for action always.

The records of the great military nations which bear upon these points afford us, as the essayists show, some noteworthy matter for reflection. In all of them—Egyptians, Jews, Persians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans—the foundation of their military power was that the citizen should also be the soldier of the State; the military service of the country was not only a duty, it was an honour; the higher the position of the citizen the more honourable was his post in war. As afterwards in the feudal times of Europe, which indeed but imitated the great examples before them, the possession of real property implied a responsibility for

[2] Essay on *The True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates.*

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the defence of the nation's property at large; and in some of the more eastern States this institution took the form of a warrior class separately endowed in the nation. To this prominence of the military idea, and with it of military discipline and military exercises, throughout all their national polity, the Romans particularly owed their superiority over all their neighbours, at least during the most vigorous part of their career. The very terms 'military exercises' are a standing monument of the principles on which Roman strength was founded. *Miles* was *unus ex mille*, one of the thousand citizens of a tribe, selected to defend the commonwealth; and the constant and extensive exercises of the military force gave the title of *exercitus* to the whole army.

But history also gives us some warnings of the evils of thus elevating war into so important a position in the institutions of the State. Citizen soldiers require constantly recurring wars to keep alive their spirit and their training; these recurring wars fostered a national taste that way, which it was the policy of the rulers to gratify, and thus, by the mutual reaction of these causes, it came to pass that States with national armies on that principle became chronically aggressive States on one another. This is noteworthy because a national army, as distinguished from a professional one, has been considered in our day to be a check on the warlike designs of rulers, on account of the general disinclination of the citizen to war. This might be the case after a long peace, as indeed appears to have been shown in the Prussian army in 1870, but it is remarkable how soon a people imbibe a passion for military glory even in these days; and a statesman, feeling that he had an armed and exercised nation at his back, would have great difficulty in resisting its aggressive temper, even if he wished to do so. Citizen soldiers also are sometimes difficult to deal with in time of peace, more so than more disciplined professional soldiers, as occurred with the warrior citizens of Greece. These dangers are the more worthy of consideration just now, because some of the essayists (II., IV.,) have laid great stress on the enormous power Prussia has gained in Europe by the reintroduction of this ancient national system for her war forces. It is, indeed, a power which at present has quite overshadowed Europe, and has been the means of forcing every State to re-constitute its war organisation; and they naturally look for light in the matter to the successful introducer of the new system. It may be doubted, however, whether the Prussian war power will be a durable one. It is a very different thing the grafting of a new plant into an old stock from the growth of the same plant in a state of nature; and when a State has arrived at a period of high artificial civilisation, the turning of so many of her citizens, without distinction, away from peaceful pursuits to war ideas must have a much more retarding effect on the growth of commerce and arts than when the State is young. The warlike spirit has been forced into the nation by the strong hand of power, and being, therefore, artificial, it may give military force, but will not supply the true national strength; and it has been questioned by more than one military writer whether the real cost to the nation of a system like the Prussian is not as great as that of a voluntary one like our own. Commerce well guided provides the reserve of wealth necessary for any continued national enterprise like a long war, and hence, as is shown in the essays (P., p. 418), Prussia is not at present in a condition to prosecute a war of several campaigns, however powerful she may be for one or two. Nevertheless

her military power must be a cause of anxiety, because dangerous to her neighbours. With the strength of a national army she combines the centralisation and organisation of the most completely professional one; and it is therefore a going backward to the days of the Roman Empire, when one powerful hand wielded the armies of the State, nominally citizen but really professional.

On the other hand, a purely professional army, as has been said before, means decay of the national warlike spirit; it separates the war forces from the nation, and leads the people to think that war is a matter they have little concern with, and have sufficiently provided for by money and institutions; and in an old and powerful State war forces have a tendency to become larger and larger, and more and more professional, and are very liable, especially where there is any democratic tendency, to become powerful instruments of oppression in the hands of governments, of whatever nature those governments may be.

What lesson can we therefore gain from these essays for the bettering of our own war organisation in combination with the keeping up of the national spirit? Let us, in the first place, clearly determine in our own minds that there is no such thing as a universal nostrum for the war disease, or a grand panacea for war panics. The true regimen is only to be arrived at by a careful diagnosis of the whole system of the patient, and a proper consideration of the treatment precisely suited to his particular constitution. Great Britain is an empire as much as there ever was an empire in this world, but a peculiar one; its kingdoms and provinces scattered over the four quarters of the globe contain the bulk of its territory, but the dominant people who are the heart of this body are enclosed in a small out-of-the-way island in the North Atlantic, connected only with the vast limbs by the precarious paths over the ocean common to all the world besides. For the police of these ocean highways and these variously occupied provinces, for putting down robbers by sea and disturbers of the peace by land, a certain amount of land and sea forces are required continuously, which must be of the highest possible excellence in every way, and always ready for work; for the peace and order of the empire very much depend on its being certain they will immediately appear at any part of it where that peace and order are likely to be broken in any way. And the controlling power obtained over ocean voyages in the present time by the use of large vessels propelled by steam enables us, if we please, to concentrate those permanent sea and land forces at the most convenient points in the world for that object, and thereby reduce the total number of them required. But for the further danger, which every State is obliged to bear in mind, that disputes will arise with other powerful nations, in which one or other will appeal to the final tribunal of physical force, reinforcements must lie prepared to come forward to supplement the standing armies and navies, that those lines of ocean traffic may be protected against the increased danger, and that those provinces may be secured from invasion. And these reserves must be more quickly got ready than hitherto, because this new system of national armies, combined with railways and steamers, enables a State so organised to strike a strong blow with far greater rapidity than heretofore; and they must be nearly as equal as possible in efficiency to the permanent forces, because they have to play the same part in the war game—that is to say, they have to be moved across the ocean and assembled at such points and in such force as

will strike the most effective blows against the enemy, so as to finish the war in the shortest time—and their combined strength must be equal to that the enemy are likely to bring to meet them at the point of contact. This is the only safe rule for the minimum strength of a nation's war forces, and that rule therefore now calls for increased numbers of reserves over those of former wars. But, in addition to these fighting forces, which have to stand the shock of the struggle, that central stronghold of the empire, the British islands, must be made secure, so that the enemy may not take advantage of a weak moment, when the flower of our forces are engaged afar off, to strike a deadly blow at the heart of our system. It is for this latter that the spirit and the skill, as well as the numbers, of the mass of the people must be enlisted; with them it can be made quite secure, but without the skill and the determination numbers will not do it.

Thus it appears that our peculiar empire, combined with the circumstances of our generation, require a war system different from that of any other State: the ocean character of it, the power we have of overriding that ocean, and the genius of our people, together mark in clear characters that the principle of its organisation must be essentially amphibious. If we desire to take full advantage of the position in which Providence has placed us, and the qualities and gifts we have been endowed with, for the peace and security of the Empire we are responsible for, we must so prepare our land and sea forces as to habitually move together and work together by sea and by land, or, in the words of a naval officer[3] who was one of the first to draw attention to this advantage of ours, 'the ıl base of all Great Britain's war rations is the ocean.' If we e up our minds to do this thoroughly, and to provide the necessary strategic points over the ocean for its effectual exercise, the facility of sea traffic will give us such an advantage over all possible enemies, that our land forces will be well-nigh doubled in strength, or, in other words, we need provide against but a portion of the total force which any enemy is likely to put into the field against us; and of our 'fighting force,' whatever amount it may be, the proportion of it that it will be necessary to keep constantly on service will depend entirely on the readiness with which its reserves can be brought into action.

Now, how far do our existing war forces come up to these requirements? We have a permanent army and navy, which for character, efficiency, and ability of the *personnel* may be compared favourably with any other forces of the world; and they have now this peculiarity, which is of itself a strong mark of national strength, and particularly calculated to form the professional part of our defensive elements—they are all volunteers; and though the soldiers come almost entirely from a low stratum of the labouring population, they have shown themselves to be as effective in the field as those of any other country. These permanent forces must be allowed to be on the whole large for the Imperial wants in time of peace; and yet no Government has dared to reduce them very much, and from generation to generation they have steadily increased, because ever since we gave up the principle of national forces we have had no sufficient reserves to fall back on: even so late as the Crimean war in 1854 we had to employ foreign soldiers to fight our battles. It is only during the last few years that we have commenced to establish a regular permanent reserve for our

[3] Captain Hoseason, R.N.

army; and this has been done rather at the expense of the active force, for, with the hope of increasing the reserves rapidly, the soldier on active service is allowed to retire just when he is in his most efficient state, and from that time the country gets little or no service from him for all expended already and continued to be spent on his military education. And it seems extremely doubtful whether the number of these reserves will ever amount to half that of the active force, whereas the proportion between these two bodies ought to be more nearly the reverse of that. The navy is very much worse off for its reserves; somewhat the same plan has been adopted as in the army, of having a permanent active force, from which men are allowed or induced to retire into a reserve, which is eked out with coastguardsmen and a contingent attracted directly into it from the merchant service. It is the more remarkable that the navy should have been allowed to fall into this anti-national system, because it is the popular service with the nation, and felt to be essential to our independence; and yet there is only a comparatively small seafaring population to fall back on, and war seamen cannot be made so quickly as war soldiers: it shows how far the spirit of individual gain has overridden the requirements of the State. All the present reserves together, instead of being equal to the active force, as they should be, would not produce in the first three months of war more than *one-sixth* of that number, owing to the unstable and wandering nature of a seafaring population; and even if we had the men it would be many months before our reserves of war ships lying in harbour could be got ready for sea; and although we have an extraordinary number of merchant steamers which, as has been lately shown, would be extremely valuable for many purposes in war, we have no settled system by which certain of them would be in a state of readiness to be used at the critical period of the outbreak of hostilities.

A further serious defect arising from the want of national feeling for war preparation is shown in the narrow grooves of our military training. We have been obliged to draw our army inspirations from abroad, as other nations have taken their naval notions from us, and with like result in both cases; the form has been substituted for the substance. We have devoted our energies to the appearance of individual regiments on parade, and as they dressed and as they drilled and as they kept their quarters, so have we estimated the efficiency of our army. We still keep on 'polishing hinges,' as Sir W. Scott expressed it in 1811, 'when we should be studying the mechanical union of a huge machine;' ignoring the weightier matters of tactics, field defences, supplies, and transport, which formed so large a part of the 'exercises' of a Roman 'exercitus.' One of the essayists (I., p. 444) speaks of a too professional system tending to cramp the mind; we have contrived to exaggerate this evil by confining each little branch of our little professional army to its own little groove, and thus stimulated the growth of official pride and jealousy; and as, therefore, our generals are not bred to all the comprehensive schemes of war, there is a tendency to reduce all efficiency to one standard of appearance and drill. This is not to be remedied by an order from the War Office; it can only be done by the nation receiving the army among the permanent institutions of the Empire, on a similar footing to the navy. This latter service will, indeed, always preserve a peculiar character, owing to the nature of the profession and also to the national predilections; but if the nation once made up its mind that an efficient army was as necessary to its independence as a navy,

our little professional army would receive a new tone, a higher class would enter it, the whole would become more trained to work together in those various duties which make up the main business of war, and which are now so much neglected, and at the same time each branch would take its proper footing due to its relative importance. The permanent army would be smaller and less expensive than it is now, but more in accord with the national tone, and more powerful in war.

Indeed, now that mechanicians form so large a proportion of the crews of our war vessels, there is some danger in the navy that our seamen may lose that capacity for turning their hands to all branches of the war trade which has been the mark of their excellence hitherto. In a small professional army and navy like ours, which has to do the continuous war work of an ocean empire, it is necessary that each member of it should not only be skilled in one war art, but practised in all. We must compensate for the transformation of our seamen into stokers by turning our stokers into seamen.

We have, indeed, the further reserves for the land forces of the militia and volunteers. The militia is the one representative of the ancient national forces of the kingdom, but owing to that same inclination towards commerce, during the last 100 years especially, the militia has been gradually turned also from a national into a professional force; it is now composed entirely of volunteer soldiers from nearly the same class, though not the same set, as those of the regular army; and it has so well suited the different governments of the country to make use of this more popular and cheaper force as a reserve for the regulars, that it is becoming more and more a part of the army every year. Thus two evils are propagated: a reserve is ostensibly provided which is not an efficient reserve for the war purposes we have enumerated on account of the want of training, and so the nation is deceived into a false security, while on the other hand the one old established mode of preserving the tone and the idea of personal service by the people at large becomes gradually obsolete. The power of enforcing compulsory service through the ballot is indeed preserved, but for the last 100 years it has only been put in force in a manner that completely defeated the great object of its existence. The only way in which the idea of its being part of every man's duty to defend his country is now kept alive is through the volunteers, and it is a remarkable evidence of the stronger sense of duty in the people than in their rulers that this movement was forced upon the Government of the day some twenty years back; but Governments have since taken advantage of it to parade it in the front rank of the great reserves of the kingdom, whereas it should be taken more properly as simply the barometer of the warlike spirit of the nation; as such, it is a standard no other country possesses.

Thus we have not provided, nor are any of our present schemes in the way of providing, the amount of trained reserves for our fighting armies and navies which is necessary for our security to meet the new Continental system of huge national armies; and at the same time, by treating the militia and volunteers as if they provided the reserves, we are losing sight of that further and also new demand upon our war strength the defence of our own islands, this citadel of our empire. To do this effectually—and a citadel is no citadel unless it is so strong that its capture is hopeless except by long siege—we now require, in consequence of the increased facilities for invasion by sea, a force about three times as strong as the militia and volunteers put together, and of about the same standard

of efficiency, and ready to line our coasts in war time; and as a part of that garrison of our citadel we should have, but have not, a line of sea defence round our coasts, composed of small vessels manned by seamen of the same class as the militia, and of about the same standard of efficiency as the volunteers. The men and the vessels should be drawn from the mercantile seafaring trades, and the whole of this local defensive force should be so established as not to be subject to alteration in those temporary fits of political feeling which come over the country. The numbers above indicated as necessary for our final defensive force are not large compared with the present standard of armed forces on the Continent, nor are they larger in proportion to population than has been raised by this country on more than one occasion before now. But it is not the numbers, but the mode of raising them, that is really the important point in the whole war question. They cannot be provided with benefit to the country, if at all, by any voluntary scheme; nothing short of the personal service of the whole available young men of the country in the militia or volunteers will produce either the numbers required or the tone required; and it would be no intolerable strain on them or their occupations to perform this service for their country, for it would be no more than that now undertaken voluntarily by 200,000 of our upper and middle classes.

Our war system, in short, as it is at present, and as it has been for a good many generations past, is not, like the civil institutions of the country, placed on as permanent a footing as possible, based on well-ascertained requirements of the kingdom—indeed, it is not a system at all; it is only the means of defence that happened to be at hand, repaired and altered from time to time, now patched up and now cut down, as war or peace predominated in the national feeling. We have been living, in fact, from hand to mouth in all war matters, and the makeshifts we have had recourse to in consequence have been lamentable in their display of national weakness, and costly beyond all other war systems that ever were. The nation is liberal with its money; but, owing to the want of the determination to turn the whole national strength to the defences, a great part of the money is wasted in having to reconstruct the war apparatus at the beginning of each war. A time has now arrived in the history of Great Britain when, for our own internal administration and for security against the altered state of Europe, a necessity has come upon us of recasting our ideas on these subjects: we are at a turning-point in our career, and, like a material body when at a nodal point of its orbit, it is a period when the future direction of its course may be most easily affected by external forces; at this critical time it depends a good deal upon our right interpretation of our national duties in respect of war generally, whether we advance or recede in the path of greatness. If we go on regardless of everything but commerce, we shall inevitably find ourselves eventually landed in absolute government of some sort, whether monarchy, oligarchy, or democracy, even if we exist at all except under the protection of one of the growing military monarchies of the North. If we consent to return somewhat to the principles of national duty of the days when the strength and spirit of the people were at their best, we shall preserve and extend our empire, and with it all those blessings which have been handed down to us. No great revolution is required for this, no turning of the whole national energies to war, as some suppose; it is a reformation in

the best sense of the word, a reconstruction of an old national system; a re-establishment of the most ancient military force of the country, which will enable us to reduce the cost and the danger of the great professional forces, and yet, by spending more upon their training and that of the people at large, the country will be stronger in actual military power, and far stronger in spirit, than it is now. There would be no difficulty about the working out of the details of such a reform, but before we come to that it is necessary that the people should feel strongly the necessity of having a reform, and the test of their feeling must be their desire to submit themselves to some form of personal service towards the defence of their country.

The answer, then, to the question propounded by the United Service Institution, as applied to our own country, of 'What are the elements that give a nation strength to preserve its independence and carry out its mission in the world?' appears from the essays to be this: The strength of a nation so interpreted depends first and mainly on a manly spirit—a spirit to meet all the difficulties of empire, including war. And that spirit must be founded on original qualities of race, and preserved by civil and military institutions; and an essential part of the latter should be, that the mass of the people must take some personal part in the defence of their country.

Some persons, perhaps, will say that, when we call to mind our enterprising people, and our great wealth, and our powerful possessions, there is no great cause for alarm, and that the war system which has carried us up to this height of power will surely be capable of continuing us in it. Well, the essays give us a remarkable warning from history against such self-confidence; and though it is two thousand years old, it is curiously applicable. About the year 350 B.C., when Greece was still in the prime of her vigour, and Athens still led the van in enterprise, in civilisation, and in liberty, Demosthenes warned the Athenians that their naval and military forces had ceased to be national, and consequently that they were unprepared to meet the power of the new military monarchy then rising in Macedonia, 'because their preparations for the defence of the State were so much worse regulated than those by which they provided for the celebration of their festivals, on which such enormous sums were spent. There every man knew his part and place beforehand, and, therefore, all was executed with unfailing exactness; but when an expedition was decreed, there were questions to be discussed, disputes to be settled, ways and means to be found, and the preparations were never completed until the object was lost.'[4] The Athenians neglected his advice, and in one generation the wealth, the enterprise, and the liberties of Greece passed into the hands of the military monarchy of Macedon.

This description of Athenian unreadiness bears a painful resemblance to the proceedings of our country at the beginning of any war in these days. We have our philosophers, indeed, who hope that conquerors like the Macedonians are things of the past; but in our own generation there have already been two or three of as large and determined wars of aggrandisement as have been known in Europe, and a military monarchy is fast growing in the North into proportions as much larger than the Macedonian as Europe is than Greece.

[4] Thirlwall's *History of Greece.*

SLAVERY IN EGYPT.

ON few subjects connected with the East is Western opinion more at fault than that of slavery in the Levant. Thanks mainly to the well-meant but totally misleading exaggerations of professional philanthropists, the popular notion of Turkish and Egyptian servitude has been formed from illustrations of the cruel and brutalising bondage established in our own colonies till within little more than forty years ago, which survived for thirty years later in the Southern United States, and which still exists in Cuba and Brazil;[1] but, barring the owner's right of property in the slave, the two systems have hardly a feature in common, and even this the patriarchal manners and, on not a few points, humaner legislation of the East have beset by limitations which distinguish it widely from the absolute title of the Cuban or American Legree. Many, too, regard slavery in the East as a purely Mahommedan institution, forgetting that it is older than Abraham, and ignorant that till within quite recent years it has been practised by Moslem and Christian alike. Under the less liberal laws and social customs of Turkey, the right is no longer accorded to rayahs; but in Egypt the law makes no difference between Arab and Copt, and slaves are therefore still commonly owned by both. But in both Turkey and Egypt the condition of the slave differs *toto cœlo* from that of the old Roman *servus* and the modern West Indian and American negro. In the latter cases he was, and is, a mere chattel, subjected to every degrading hardship, and liable to be cruelly abused at will. In the Levant he is simply an unwaged indoor servant, whom both law and religion protect from ill-treatment, and who, as a rule, is not only as kindly used as ordinary domestics in Europe, but enjoys over them not a few advantages. Slavery is, of course, bad and indefensible under any conditions, but it is right that the vast difference between its Eastern and Western types should be understood.

In the absence of any official statistics on the point, no even approximate estimate of the number of the slave population in Egypt can be given. It must, however, be large, as nearly all the indoor work in every family above the poorest is done by servants of this class. From the house of the pettiest dealer, or even better-class mechanic, up to the palace of the Khedive slave labour for this kind of work is the rule. And here one of the many important distinctions between Eastern and Western servitude is at once met with. In Egypt and Turkey domestic work only is done by slaves,[2] the cases being rare in which they are employed even in stables or light gardening; while in the West their

[1] The recent discussions in Parliament, and the appeals of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Societies to Lord Derby, amply exemplify the prevailing misconceptions on this subject.

[2] To this rule there are now in Egypt a few exceptions in the case of village sheikhs, who, after the increase of wealth consequent on the development of cotton culture during the American war, in a few instances bought slaves to help in field labour; but the work done by these is as light as that of the free fellah, and in respect of food and lodging they share the common fortune of their owner and his family.

chief value has always been as field hands. So inwrought, indeed, is the institution into the domestic and social life of the country, that the possession of one or more slaves is as essential to 'respectability' amongst one's neighbours as is that of a servant for menial work in a European family; and this social consideration has, probably, more to do with the maintenance of the institution than any question as to the relative cost of slave and free labour. The Koranic law on the subject being of course the same in Turkey as in Egypt, the condition of slaves in the two countries is in the main identical, but practically it is in many respects better in the latter. In Turkey slaves are, as a rule, kindly treated, and in instances not a few have risen to high office; but they are none the less made to feel that, so long as they remain slaves, their status is much below that of free men. In Egypt, on the contrary, the fact that for centuries a race of slaves—the Mamlouks—ruled the country has long ago relieved bondage from the stigma of social degradation that attaches to it in the West, and has raised the relation between master and slave to one under which the latter indeed owes personal service to the former, but without, either in himself or others, any sense of ignominy involved in paying it. He is, in a word, rather the dependent than the slave of his owner, who treats him—far more than free servants—as a member of the family, and in cases innumerable gives him his liberty after a few years, and starts him on his way to any fortune, save the highest in the country—for between black and white, freedmen and free men, neither the law nor society makes any practical distinction.

Slaves in Egypt may be broadly divided into *white* and *black*, although the shades of colour between these two extremes are very numerous. To the one class belong the fair-skinned Circassian and the dusky, but often beautiful, Abyssinian; and to the other the darker, but still straight-haired, Galla, and the negro from Nubia, Kordofan, or Darfour. The extinction of the Mamlouks, and the indiscriminate admission of Arabs and Copts alike to the public service, have practically put an end to the importation of white male slaves, who are now rarely or never met with as adults. Some few boys are occasionally purchased as playfellows for the sons of the wealthier beys or pashas, but in almost every instance as soon as they reach full age they are liberated, married off—frequently to their masters' daughters—and in some way established in life. In fact, the relation of this very limited class to their owners just falls short of adoption, which was formerly very common, but is less so now. The relatively great mortality among the children of white mothers who have themselves not been born in the country contributes to maintain the demand for Circassian girls, the vast majority of whom, however, find not merely purchasers but husbands among the sons of the wealthier classes. It is now, indeed, rare that a full-grown white girl is kept in mere concubinage, as both her cost and her personal attractions give her a value that speedily—very often at once—raises her to the higher domestic rank. But the importation of these Caucasian luxuries has greatly fallen off since the cessation of the regular traffic between Constantinople and the coast of Abasia reduced the supply, and correspondingly raised the price of the smuggled article. Most of the few who now reach Egypt singly or in couples, where thirty years ago they came in scores, belong to the Circassian colonies in Roumelia or Asia Minor, and the difficulties of even their import under the eyes

of jealous foreign consuls are such that the trade has virtually ceased. At any rate, it is only in the very wealthiest harems that these exotic beauties are now to be found. They are mostly bought at from ten to twelve years of age, and, after being well nurtured for three or four years, and taught the usual Eastern accomplishments, are, as a rule, either married by the master of the house or given as wives to his sons. In strict law marriage does not confer freedom, but the girl is nearly always first liberated, and the offspring are, in any case, born free. One especial reason why these white girls are thus almost always married is that they wear much longer than either native Egyptian ladies or Abyssinians, retaining their fine physique to thirty-five or even forty years of age, while the latter are generally withered and *passées* before five-and-twenty. This is an important consideration, in view of the now prevailing fashion among the upper classes of having only one wife; but the much higher cost of these white beauties places them beyond the reach of all but the wealthiest, and except for these the harem market is now chiefly supplied with Abyssinians, who, at a fifth, or even eighth or tenth of the price, are in all but colour and wear physically equal to the best of their white rivals. Some of these copper-skinned houris are indeed very models of southern beauty—combining with a profusion of long wavy hair, lustrous eyes, regular and delicately cut features, perfectly curved busts, and admirably moulded limbs generally, a grace and even dignity of carriage that no artificial training could heighten. Many of the wives of the middle, and nearly all the concubines of the upper, classes are taken from this source of supply, as free Arab girls never enter harems in this latter capacity. There are also many Abyssinian male slaves, whose employment and treatment are similar to those of their white fellows, and who, once liberated, may, like the latter, rise to any attainable rank in the public service.

The other class of wholly black slaves is much more numerous, and is generally employed in lower kinds of domestic work than those just noticed.[3] They comprise specimens of every black race known to Northern and Central Africa, from the mixed Arabs and Abyssinians of Nubia, Berber, and Sennaar to the pure negro of Darfour, and the yet other cross—neither negro nor Abyssinian—which forms the Galla tribes. These it is whose kidnapping and other means of obtainment in the remote interior form the chief ground of complaint against slavery in Egypt. But once in the country and absorbed into its service, their condition, it may be affirmed, becomes not merely an immense improvement on their past, but in all respects one of the lightest forms of servitude to which the name of slavery can be given. From every material point of view they are infinitely better off than the free-born fellahs, on whom, indeed, they look down with proud contempt as an inferior class—since, as before remarked, both law and religion combine to protect them, as neither protects the peasant. A bad master can, of course, ill-treat his slave as well as his free servant to the borders of cruelty without coming within the clutches of the cadi; but such cases are rare, as the social sentiment on the subject is essentially humane and quite as operative as public opinion among ourselves. This is, of course, occasionally disregarded; and where that happens the law

[3] But in families where both slaves and free servants are kept the meanest work of all is done by the latter.

now supplies a ready and effective means of redress. Already the *shériat*, or old religious law, entitled an ill-used slave to insist on being sold to another master; but soon after his accession the Khedive extended this provision by ordering his full emancipation in every case of proved abuse. This humane decree was, however, evaded in practice by the masters meeting every complaint with a countercharge of theft or other criminal offence, which availed with the too conservative and not always incorruptible cadi to secure a sentence of imprisonment, or other severe punishment, unless the slave consented to return to his owner. To remedy this failure of justice the Khedive then ordered that the foreign consuls should have jurisdiction in such cases, and that on their demand the native authorities should issue the necessary certificates of manumission. This very liberal provision worked fairly well for a time, till the abolitionist zeal of some of our own agents abused it in the other direction, by liberating every slave who presented himself at the consulate with even the flimsiest grievance. Many hundreds were thus set free before the abuse culminated at Mansourah, where in 1873 our consular agent (a Levantine, and in rank not even a vice-consul) emancipated no fewer than 1,700 in a single month, and would soon have liberated the whole slave population of the province if the Cairo authorities, deferring to a general outcry among the heads of families, had not interfered. In the result the Khedive indemnified the owners of the slaves thus incontinently released, and narrowed the liberating powers of the consuls for the future to cases in which, after full enquiry in concert with the native authorities, positive maltreatment should be proved. The subjoined extract from a despatch addressed at the time by Nubar Pasha —himself a Christian, and then Egyptian Minister of Foreign Affairs —to her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General embodies the views then, and there is reason to believe still, held by his Highness as to the extent to which this philanthropic interference between master and slave can, as yet, be fairly carried:

> It was impossible for his Highness to issue orders, as seems to have been understood, that it was only necessary for a slave to present himself before the local authorities in order that these latter should be obliged to give him his papers of liberation. Such an order would have been simply arbitrary on his Highness's part, and would have led to a result exactly contrary to that which he proposes, by stimulating the public sentiment against measures calculated to arbitrarily injure private rights which have been legally acquired. This sentiment is all the more founded since in the East, and especially in Egypt, religion and usage combine to correct, as far as possible, whatever is hard or cruel in the condition of the slave. The European Governments who have abolished slavery in their colonies have, in the interests of justice, taken into full account the rights acquired by the owners, and it was only by the payment of large indemnities that they put an end to an institution which even their religion condemned. In the orders he had issued, therefore, his Highness could not ignore his duty to protect institutions which are in Egypt consecrated by both religion and custom. For this reason, the orders he has always given were intended not to authorise the Government functionaries to set free all slaves asking for liberty, but only those who may have suffered cruel treatment from their masters—whether they complained of this in person or through some other channel. In such cases the local authorities are obliged to enquire into the truth of the complaint, and once the ill-treatment is proved, freedom is given.

Foreign interference is now, therefore, exercised within these limits, which equitably meet all the fair wants of the situation; since—besides the other ready means of obtaining his liberty which are afforded by volunteering into the army—with this right of appeal to her Majesty's consul at Alexandria, Cairo, Port Saïd, or Suez, every really ill-treated slave in Egypt holds

——in his own hand
The power to cancel his captivity.

Nor is it merely absence of cruelty and general humanity of treatment which both law and usage thus enforce. It happens so often as to have almost become the rule that, after a few years' faithful service, the slave is voluntarily liberated, and, if a man, established in some sort of business; or, if a woman, married to an honest freeman, with whom a suitable dowry secures her ready acceptance and good treatment as a wife. Even where this is not done slaves bought young (as most of them are) are seldom or never sold again, and in nine cases out of ten they are set free at their owner's death. A concubine, too, who bears a child to her master not only cannot afterwards be sold, but is generally liberated, and often married by him after the birth, while the child is born free,[4] and the mother acquires the absolute right of freedom at his death.

The wide distinction which all this constitutes between Eastern and Western slavery results directly from the legislation on which the former is based. This is simply the old Mosaic law which Mahommed found in the Jewish Scripture, and adapted, with few or no material changes, to the new family life of Islam. At first, with Moslems as with Jews, slavery was maintained by the legitimate spoils of war, and in both cases it was only when these ceased that the institution was fed by the purchase of imported captives, found, the buyers were not curious to enquire how or where. In all times Africa has been the chief field of supply, and there is no reason to suppose that the cruelties practised in obtaining the victims and bringing them to market—which form the chief, if not almost the only, argument against the mild form of slavery at present existing in the Levant—are greater now than they were two, three, or four thousand years ago, when the traffic had the sanction first of patriarchal practice, and then of direct Levitical law. Looked at from the standpoint of our higher modern civilisation, it is now of course none the better for this; but as the scene of the institution is still the 'unchanging East,' much of whose social life has been stereotyped for a hundred generations, these historical factors in the problem should not be forgotten.

Still, although the conditions of servitude in Egypt are thus comparatively easy, the death-rate among the black slaves especially is, and always has been, higher than in any other class of the population. In the old days of plague they were its first and most numerous victims, and they still suffer from pulmonary diseases to an extent unknown among natives and resident Europeans. Few black slaves, indeed, reach middle age, ten or a dozen years generally sufficing to sweep away a generation, at the end of which the whole have to be replaced. Black slave children, too, as well as white, born in the country, mostly die early, and consequently contribute little or nothing to maintain the class. In this double fact lies the vitality of the trade that recruits the service, in spite of its legal abolition some years ago. The most the Government has been able—or has perhaps desired—to do, has been to abate the cruelties of the traffic within Egyptian territory, to prohibit—i.e. minimise—the import of slaves by the Nile, and to close the public slave-markets in Cairo, Alexandria,

[4] Except where the mother is the property of one of the master's wives, who has not consented to the concubinage. The child is then a slave, unless before its birth the mother has been sold or presented to the father.

Tantah, and other towns of the interior where, till within a few years ago, the trade was openly carried on. To effect the first of these results, the old *gazzuas*, or slave hunts, which even in Abbas Pasha's time were regularly organised by Government officers in Upper Nubia and the Soudan, have been put an end to, and kidnapping is now believed to be practised nowhere within the limits of established Egyptian authority, except in the southern districts of Sennaar and Kordofan, where the Khedive's firman is still powerless to completely stamp out a traffic which has formed a staple industry in all these regions since history began. The chief sources of supply are now, therefore, the great oasis of Darfour—annexed only a couple of years ago—the Shilook country, and the districts south of it watered by the Bahr-el-Gazel, the Sobat, and the Upper White Nile, over most of which the authority of the Cairo Government is as yet only nominal, and powerless, consequently, to prevent the razzias which feed this cruellest of human traffics. After a long desert journey the caravans from Darfour strike the Nile either at Shendy or Dongola, according as they are intended for Souakim and the Hedjaz or for Egypt proper. Those from the south-east embark at various points above Khartoum, and after voyaging down as far as Halfé or Shendy, cross the so-called desert of Bayiouda to Old Dongola, where they again take to the river. In the case of the whole the sufferings and consequent mortality of the victims before they reach the Nile are very great, and form, indeed, the main argument against an institution which, however mild in its subsequent working, is condemned in advance by these antecedent horrors. But once within the jurisdiction of what may be called the Nile police, the condition of the captives becomes fairly tolerable. Even in these remote provinces the trade is nominally illegal, but the law is a dead letter, and the authorities directly control and profit by the traffic. Care is accordingly taken that the slaves are not unduly packed in the large cargo-boats which transport them down the river, and that they have a sufficiency of food and water. Below the First Cataract, however, the law becomes operative, and thence down to Cairo the importation is strictly contraband; but by this time the numbers have been greatly thinned by sales *en route*, and the small 'parcels' that remain are easily enough smuggled into Boulak or landed a few miles higher up. Very few, it may be here remarked, reach Cairo by way of the Red Sea, as nearly all who are sent to the east coast are shipped across to a ready market in the Hedjaz.

Once in the capital, the dealers (*djellabs*) distribute their stock among their agents in various quarters of the city, and there, although the police are supposed to be on the watch to prevent it, buying and selling go on under the thinnest veil of concealment. An intending purchaser goes to one of the private but perfectly well-known entrepôts in which the dealers and their slaves are lodged, and, after examining the latter, selects what suits him, haggles for a time about the price, and finally closes the bargain then and there, or subsequently through a broker, who receives a small commission for the job. The *djellabs* object to show their ware to Europeans, unless they be introduced by a native who is not merely a dragoman; but with that voucher and the thin disguise of a fez and a Stamboulee coat a sight of whatever is on hand may be easily enough had. Franks are, of course, now forbidden by their own laws to buy or hold slaves, but the pro-

hibition is not always regarded by residents in the native quarters of the city, where, indeed, a single man cannot hire a house nor obtain lodgings unless he have a female slave. Prices range from 10*l.* or 12*l.* for a black boy or girl of as many years old, to 70*l.* or 100*l.* for an Abyssinian girl of from twelve to seventeen or eighteen, and from 500*l.* to 800*l.*, or even 1,000*l.*, for a high-class Circassian. Adult women slaves who have already been in service are cheaper, unless their skill in cookery, needlework, or some other useful art balance the vice of temper or other grave defect but for which they are rarely resold. The price of males above the age of childhood varies from 20*l.* or 30*l.* to 90*l.* or 100*l.*, Abyssinian youths and men ranging considerably above negroes. The neutral class of eunuchs has a still higher value, but these are now found in only the very wealthiest Moslem families, the rigorous prohibition which the law enforces against their production within Egyptian territory having greatly reduced the supply, and correspondingly heightened their price. Till within a few years ago, boy slaves were bought on their way down the Upper Nile and mutilated at Assiout and some other stations—Coptic priests being amongst the most expert operators—but this practice has now been suppressed, and the whole of the small yearly importation comes ready-made from Kordofan and Darfour. Most of the few who reach Cairo are bought up for Constantinople, where no Turkish 'gentleman's' establishment is 'complete' without one or more of these neutral police. It may be added that the whole of the slaves imported into Egypt readily adopt the established faith, and soon become the most bigoted and fanatical section of the Moslem population.

Such, briefly noted, are the chief conditions of slavery in Egypt. How widely they differ from those of the institution whose horrors fired our English abolitionists in the beginning of the present century, and twenty years ago thrilled both Europe and America in the pages of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, need not be repeated.[5] The one is, in short, simply domestic servitude under practically efficient guarantees against ill-treatment, while the other was the cruellest form of tyranny that man ever exercised over his fellow. But the two systems have this in common—that the same initial cruelties are and were necessary to feed both. This is not so, of course, as regards the white slaves, who are freely sold by their parents, and are themselves consenting parties to the bargain. In their case only the ethical sentiment of Christian, as opposed to Mahommedan, civilisation is offended; and an apologist of the institution might plausibly enough contend that this incident of it is vastly less immoral than the promiscuous 'social evil' which, while sternly reprobated by Moslem law and public feeling, flourishes under police license and almost with social sanction in Europe. It is different, however, with the more numerous class of black slaves, the victims of organised kidnappings and petty tribal wars as cruel as any ever waged on the West Coast; and the sufferings of these it is, during their capture and till they reach the Nile, which condemn even the mild domestic servitude that must be supplied at this price as absolutely as the

[5] It must be borne in mind that it is a mild and harmless traffic as compared with slave-trading in other parts of Africa, and that domestic slavery in Egypt presents few of the horrible features which have been witnessed in other parts of the world.—*Report of Mr. Beardsley, U.S. Consul-General at Cairo* (1873).

brutal exaggeration of it which fifty years ago cursed our own colonies and the United States. If the class were self-recruiting the case would be very different; but dependent as it is on barbarities to which every African traveller, from Bruce to Schweinfurth, has borne witness, civilisation pronounces against it the same fiat of extinction that abolished slavery in the West. Egypt, it is true, is only in part answerable for these atrocities in the remote interior, the spoils of which find markets equally at Zanzibar, in the Hedjaz, in Tripoli, Tunis, Morocco, and Constantinople; but her share in the responsibility is still heavy enough to furnish unfriendly critics with a plausible argument against Egyptian civilisation, and the credit of the Cairo Government is therefore directly staked on the complete suppression of this traffic. That the Khedive is fully sensible of this is shown by the efforts he has already made to reduce it to the narrowest limits; and, having done this, his determination to put an end to it altogether may be inferred from the enlarged powers he has conferred on Colonel Gordon to crush it everywhere between the First Cataract and the Equator. No ruler of Egypt could do more than entrust such a commission to such a man.[6] But even with Gordon Pasha in the Soudan, and the Khedive in Cairo, the suppression of the trade and of the institution it keeps alive must needs be slow. Custom and religion have too long consecrated both for any human power to at once stamp out either. With the gradual suppression, however, of slave-hunting and selling in Darfour and along the Upper Nile black slave-holding in Egypt proper must perforce die out; and with the withering of that main trunk of the institution the rest will speedily disappear. In the meantime, while this social revolution is being effected, Egyptian legislation and public sentiment may be fairly credited with having minimised the evils which are inseparable from slavery even in its mildest form.

J. C. McCoan.

[6] In a recently published letter on the subject of his new commission Col. Gordon says: 'I am astounded at the powers he [the Khedive] has placed in my hands. With the Governor-Generalship of the Soudan, it will be my fault if slavery does not cease, and if these vast countries are not open to the world. So there is an end of slavery, if God wills, for the whole secret of the matter is in the government of the Soudan, and if the man who holds that government is against it, it must cease.'

TITIAN.

WHILE his great compeers, Michelangelo and Raphael, and others less than they, have found biographers who have spared no pains, Titian has waited for any adequate account of him and his works till now, when, as the crown of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's valuable labours, appear these handsome volumes,[1] full of the richest and most reliable material, ably handled and disposed. Once for all, here are the *Life and Times of Titian*; we read them, and we put them among the most necessary of our works of reference in the history of art.

Whatever detailed criticism such a work may invite, and the field is too large not to make room for some, we shall for the most part leave to others, preferring to take advantage of the treasures opened to us to tell Titian's story after a sort—illustrating, that is, his life by his works, and his works by his life, a thing scarcely possible before, when the true order of his pictures, and the circumstances under which they were painted, were so vaguely understood. 'No chronological arrangement of Titian's works is for the present possible,' wrote Lady Eastlake in Kügler, so late as 1874.

As with most of his fellows, Venice was but foster-mother to Titian. Her chief painters, with one exception, had never been the children of her piazzas. Culture they found there which made them what they were, but the backbone of their energy was nurtured under hardier conditions. All along the foot of the mountains lie their birthplaces, and Titian was absolutely a mountain man. In Cadore, a rough little territory some ninety miles north from Venice, there, among the mountain tops, in the year 1477, he was born. Pine forests purple all the steeps; strips of Alpine pasture descend among them; fantastic spires and walls of dolomite challenge the clouds ever sweeping upward from the Adriatic; two torrent streams, the Piave and the Boite, rush to a 'water's-meet' in the midst; brown villages, each with its campanile, cluster on every knoll; a castle lifts its broken towers upon a crag; and, spread along a narrow ridge, rests the small town of Pieve di Cadore. Titian's was a family of note in the humble annals of the place. Humble they were as compared with those of the empires surrounding them, but the 'men of Cadore,' as they called themselves, were proud of their independence; and their municipal life, seldom meddled with by their nominal lords—Patriarchs of Aquileia or Counts of Belluno—gave them much of the dignity of a small republic. At length they had to choose a closer allegiance. They met in council, debated long, and then, exclaiming 'we are Christians, let us seek Him who is the fountain of light,' they repaired to the Chapel of the Holy Ghost, some two miles distant, where it still stands among the fields, and, after singing the 'Veni Creator,' returned to vote with one voice for the 'good Venetians.' They were generously received as citizens, and thus Titian was born Venetian, but with all the sympathies, tastes, industry, of a man of the hills.

Titian's father, Gregorio, was a brave and tried soldier in his little country's militia (his son painted him afterwards in ar-

[1] *The Life and Times of Titian, &c.* 2 vols. London, 1877.

mour), and he held, also, civil offices, such as the inspectorship of mines, and of the corn stores (for Cadore had to buy its corn). He distinctly preferred, however, to bring up his son to art. Journeying to the city of the lagoons on business, commercial or political, his shrewd eye had no doubt seen enough to suggest a career for that bright lad of his who already dabbled in colours. Our authors, as was to be feared, deny (and with substantial reasons) that a rough fresco in a house once belonging to the family can, at least in its present state, be attributed to the youthful Titian, although the tradition has been accepted by such writers as Renaldis, in his history of Friulian painting, and his description seems in some points more accurate than theirs.[2] But that there was something of art achievement that delighted parents and friends cannot be doubted; and so the boy of noble brow, and clear eye, and firm-knit frame, descended from his native heights, and, after some days' journey, saw the fair city rising from the water in all its beckoning beauty.

What a change! Venice, though her glories as a great naval power were declining, was by virtue of political ability of extraordinary weight in European affairs. She was still a vast emporium of trade; she was rich; she was licentious; she was 'religious;' she was adopting all the culture of the time; she was developing a gorgeous splendour of which the Palace of the Doges, reared half a century before Titian's birth, is the superb memorial. Yet the great centre of the city life was still the old Rialto. On the right-hand side of its adjoining piazza (to quote our authors)—

> The privileged members of the mercantile and senatorial class met at noon to talk politics, and settle exchanges. On the left side of the piazza . . . traders from abroad were allowed to congregate; for the convenience of both, a colonnade served as a shelter from the sun, and a raised map of the world, as known to geographers of the time, exhibited the paths of Venetian traffic. Along the roadway countless booths of drapers displayed the cloths of Italian and Levantine manufacturers: above and within the colonnades were the counters of native merchants, bankers, and artificers, and the schools of painting and music.

What a change, we say again, for the boy, used only to the chaffer of a few dealers in corn, timber, or iron, among the morning mists of Cadore, to this mart of the world, to this culture and luxury, to this crowd of every garb, where the richly vestmented Oriental moved conspicuous, and cargoes from all shores changed hands, and men of all ranks mingled, and the grand Signori of Venice paced in their robes the sacred Colonnade. Gentile Bellini lived near this spot in a great house full of choice things—a Venus by Praxiteles among them—and he, practically, was Titian's first master.

But art had hitherto not made much progress in Venice. In 1480 no native artist could be found to renew the frescos in the Hall of Great Council. The glass works of Murano presently raised a feeble art school, but it was Jacopo Bellini, father of Gentile and Giovanni, who at Padua 'acquired some of the masculine qualities of the great Tuscan masters.' Mantegna married his daughter, and his two sons, settling in Venice, brought with them the highest art education of the time. They brought, too, special gifts of their own—for 'they were not mere designers of altar-pieces, but masters of portrait, creators of composed pictures, and founders of landscape art.' Creators of all this, they were creators of

[2] Messrs. C. and C. speak of a 'kneeling angel' with wings, where, with Renaldis, I can only see a boy in breeches. Renaldis, too (and I am disposed to agree with him), says the boy is presenting a tablet; they declare the object to be the arm of a chair.

Titian also, who in all these lines became the world's master.

The introduction of oil painting at this period greatly favoured the development going on. The dry, hard, and cold effect of tempera—a sized water-colour—was being rapidly superseded by a medium which could give depth, richness, and transparency, and with wonderful readiness the artists of Venice availed themselves of the new powers of the brush. Colours began to 'vie in gorgeousness and brilliancy with the Venetian dyes, with the hues of Muranese glass, with Levantine tissues.' The skies of Venice are of exquisite pearl purity in a morning, and of golden richness in an evening; the new art could deal as never before with these delights, and instead of flat gold leaf or stiff curtain for background, they filled up their subjects with blue mountain, sweep of hill, curving shore, and buildings in the sunshine. It was a wondrous gain, and the great master who was to put all this power to full proof, just at the right moment stepped in a scholar to the school of the Bellini!

He was far indeed from being alone in the new movement. He followed such men as Carpaccio, Cima, Basaiti, Previtali, and above all the two Bellini. When he arrived a boy in Venice, these charming painters were more or less engaged in the works which have given them their delightful eminence. But he was accompanied by greater than these—by Palma Vecchio, by Giorgione, by Pordenone, by Sebastian del Piombo, and the two former were his intimate associates. Jealous rivalry and exclusiveness were too sadly characteristic of art life in those days—one master peers through the keyhole of another to see what he is about, and there are stories less innocent than that; but with Palma and Giorgione, Titian lived and studied on more generous terms. All three were indebted to their common masters, the Bellini, for 'a new, close, and living imitation of Nature,' and all three pursued much the same lines of art, associating with subjects purely religious more and more of the religious portrait, if it may be called so, and transforming the sacred 'conversation group' into the purely secular. All three, too, brought so much landscape into their compositions that, in some cases, it is difficult to say whether the landscape is subordinate to the figures, or the figures introduced to decorate the landscape. With all three, again, female loveliness—a revival in a way of Venus worship, with something of ancient impurity, but more of a simply æsthetic delight in the charms of form and colour—became a distinctive feature in their art.

Titian was the junior somewhat in age, but still more in precocity, of his two companions, and, after the manner of young men, took to imitating both, with probably a spice of devoted homage. It is curious to note that he and Palma studied from the same female models, but Giorgione had perhaps the earlier and the more powerful influence over him. That surprising genius shot like a splendid meteor into the sky of Venice. Of aristocratic though illegitimate birth, and of distinguished manners and accomplishments, his favourite subjects were of the courtly high-born sort—'conversations,' such as Bembo in his 'Asolani' has described, in the Queen of Cyprus's court at Asolo, whose lovely terraces and woodland slopes overlook Castelfranco, Giorgione's native place. A young man moving amidst so much social splendour would be all the more fascinating to the homely youth from the mountains, and we are not surprised to find that Titian set himself to win the favour of this paragon, and became his assiduous assistant; Giorgione on

his part not being slow to appreciate the genius, more solid if not so brilliant, that laboured at his side. A dim relic of this association remains in the fading fragments of a fresco upon the 'Fondaco,' a vast building near the Rialto, erected in 1507 for the German merchants trading to Venice. The senate, with characteristic jealousy of the foreigners, had forbidden the use of any marble or carved work in the building, but the employment of Giorgione for outside fresco adornment, displayed nevertheless the wealth and importance of the German community. He spread his gorgeous designs over the front towards the Grand Canal, the avenue for all the pomp and pride of Venice, and assigned to Titian the second front, looking into the Merceria. Fortunately this was opposite the south; and while Giorgione's labour soon all but perished from weather, a group by Titian, a 'Justitia,' with her foot upon the head of a dead giant, lasted much longer; and in this, as in the rest of Titian's work, was gradually recognised 'a calmer, grander, and a higher power' than Giorgione's. 'In the tenderness he gave to flesh' (says Zanetti), 'by transition of half-tone' . . . 'and more harmonious hues, he moderated the fire of Giorgione.' Here, then, we see the Titian that we know, in slow but steady upward flight. These are the very qualities that indicate greatness; and when we are told that Giorgione's early death leaves us unable to determine which was really the greater man, we may reply that already his rival showed the balance and harmony of a greater mind, and sure promise of a more lasting eminence. Mrs. Jameson styles Giorgione the Byron of painting; if so, Titian may in some respects be likened to the Wordsworth, whose larger gaze is fixed upon Nature.

But we have anticipated. There is great obscurity still over Titian's youth, but Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle identify with much show of likelihood some of his earliest works, which would fully justify Giorgione's generous choice of him as a fellow-labourer. With special interest shall we now regard a small picture, the first upon which they can distinctly lay their hand, in the Belvidere at Vienna. It is but a Madonna and Child, very simple, sweet and calm, very realistic, for there is 'a homely roundness in the heads, breadth of make, and fulness of shape,' but with graceful touches of nature in its realism, as in the child's attitude, fingering its mother's hand. There is charming nature, too, in the bit of landscape introduced—a little hill-side town, with a mountain carefully studied behind it, for which a sketch somewhere on his way to Cadore must have supplied the detail. Here Bellini his master, and Palma his friend, are the presiding influences. It was natural that a sacred subject should solicit Titian's early pencil, for that was the stock thing, but it is characteristic too of the sober painstaking lad, whose home was among an unsophisticated religious folk, fond of their little shrines.

Two other pictures of his youthful days, one in the school, the other in the church of San Rocco at Venice, carry this religious feeling into a higher region of art. These are 'The Man of Sorrows,' and 'Christ carrying his Cross.' Here he touched the chords of tragic emotion. In the first of these, the Christ was studied from a corpse, which recalls a sketch by Leonardo in the Brera for the head of Our Lord at the Supper, clearly taken from a dead female face—the eyes closed and the lips sunken, pathetic beyond description. In the second, of later date, there is so much resemblance to Giorgione, that it has been sometimes attributed to him, while it had the ill-

luck, rare for a work of art, to acquire miraculous gifts.

But the chief glory of Titian's early period, and in some qualities he hardly excelled it at any period, is the 'Sacred and Profane Love' in the Borghese Gallery. Our authors prefer for it the title of 'Artless and Sated Love,' but perhaps 'Matron and Maid' might as well convey the idea of this most lovely picture. Of the two figures, perfect each in beauty, sitting at a fountain, one is richly clothed, even to her gloves; the other, all but unclothed, leans in sweetest innocence against the marble edge; a cupid between them splashes carelessly in the water; and a landscape aglow with autumn tints under a still evening sky surrounds the whole. The genius of all his masters and compeers, blended with his own now asserting its supremacy, went to the conception and execution of this delicious work, and here again the refined taste of Palma takes decided precedence of Giorgione's vigour, while there is a stately harmony that is Titian's own. Much to be noticed is it that in the very flush of his youth, perhaps not five-and-twenty, Titian displays such purity in the treatment of a subject that might easily have been degraded. The lovely undraped maiden needs no clothing but her virgin modesty, and there is all the more significance in this when we remember certain pictures of later years.

It is hard to believe that Titian after this should consent to assist Giorgione at the Fondaco, and perhaps the date of the Borghese picture may admit of question, but it was by such large steps that he was advancing to the foremost place in his school, a position all but assured by the 'Christ and the Tribute Money,' executed within the next ten years, and now at Dresden. He had in the meanwhile developed something of his rare gift for portraiture, a line of art which the practice of adorning the great hall with portraits of their Doges had rendered popular in Venice. To paint these illustrious personages was one of the duties of an office held by Bellini, and afterwards for many years by Titian. Already the portraits of two deceased Doges had been committed to him, and both that of Marco Marcello at the Vatican and Marco Barbarigo at Padua, show his wonderful power of modelling, and his 'tones of golden warmth.' It was these qualities that he brought to the production of the sacred portrait, for such it is of the 'Tribute Money;' while an anecdote, more or less reliable, asserts that competition with the great German Dürer influenced the treatment, for Titian wished to show that 'the subtlest detail might be compassed without sacrifice of breadth.' He has fully succeeded. The features of the Saviour, chiselled with the utmost delicacy, and the ringlets that might float upon a breath, show finish enough, but without the slightest hardness or disturbance of simplicity. The face and bust of Christ occupy nearly the whole of the panel (less than three feet high), but the profile of a bronzed and crafty-looking Pharisee offering the coin, a study from some swarthy boatman, takes up a portion of the right, and forms a striking contrast with the pale countenance turned towards him with divine rebuke. Lady Eastlake considers this picture to be overpraised. We hardly think so; for while not equal in the rendering of that visage so impossible to portray, to Leonardo's in the 'Cena,' nor to that of Raphael in the Cartoons, it will repay long looking at in its noble calm, and the incident is given with abundant dramatic effect.

Titian was about thirty years old when a time of great political disturbance befell, which, limiting his resources, probably helped to draw him out of Venice. He never left it very willingly, except for his

native mountains in the summer heats. In 1508, the Venetians had won a triumph over Maximilian amongst the defiles of Cadore, affording in after years a subject for Titian's pencil; but the following year, when they had to encounter the famous league of Cambrai, they lost the great battle of Ghiaradadda on the Lombard lowlands, and were reduced for a time to serious straits. In this year of war Francesco, Titian's brother, who had laid down the brush for the sword, gained some renown, but also a dangerous wound, when the more peaceful painter persuaded him to return to art. Padua would seem to be the first place where Titian did any work away from home, and there he executed, assisted by Campagnola, whose part may be shrewdly suspected to have been considerable, the three rather unsatisfactory frescos in the Scuola del Santo—Il Santo of course being the Paduan saint, Antonio. Titian never liked fresco; it robbed him of a great side of his power, his transparent tones, his sunny splendour, and beyond contributing the designs and suggesting the colour, there is little here we fancy of the master. Far the best is the restoration of a youth to life, who had cut off his foot because, in a fit of Italian passion, he had kicked his mother. It is a fine composition, with several noble heads, and a thoroughly Titianesque landscape in sweeping lines of sea and land, and town, and mountain, and graceful trees, and soft careering clouds; here his soul took flight a little. With exception of the one fine figure of St. Christopher at Venice, he henceforth abandoned wall painting.

In Venice, though with somewhat curious slowness, he was becoming all that the brilliant Giorgione, now dead, and the Bellini, of whom the aged Giovanni alone survived, had been before him. Literature, in the shape of the Aldine press and Academy, was taking up her home there as well as Art, and Titian held his own even with the learned 'Humanists.' Bembo and Navagero were certainly his friends. The former wanted him to go to Rome, the latter urged him to remain in Venice, and probably aided his application for a brokership in the Fondaco—a sinecure which had been long enjoyed by Bellini. His success was clearly a mighty social stride, and occasioned no little stir and heartburning; for he now obtained leave to paint in the Hall of Great Council, where Bellini had hitherto reigned supreme, and to have two assistants and a workshop provided for him. The picture of St. Mark enthroned amidst saints, now at the 'Salute,' belongs to the period immediately succeeding the troubles, and the great patron of the city, sitting majestic and defiant, shows considerable advance upon the traditional stiffness of such subjects.

But we must now follow Titian to Ferrara, the greatest step hitherto in his fortunes. From this time we trace his receptions at splendid Courts, and his intercourse with the most noted personages of history; but, notwithstanding a succession of great achievements, often upon canvasses of imposing size, we cannot but feel that perhaps his choicer, as certainly his purer works, belonged to the earlier years. Now wealth flowed too easily, and dukes, emperors and popes put him often upon unworthy tasks, which, however, he was always ready to repeat to order. Duke Alfonso, a restless, ambitious, irascible man, had set himself to rival the Medici as a patron of art, and was alternately beseeching and threatening, now Raphael, now Titian, for contributions to the gallery or 'studio' he had formed within his grand castle at Ferrara. That massive gloomy pile will not be forgotten by any who have seen it, rising out of its sullen moat, with vast strength of

wall and tower, and frowning with heavy machicolations, a true mediæval fortress. There Lucretia Borgia lived as duchess, there Ariosto visited, and there Titian came, first in 1516, and often afterwards, painting for the duke subjects of world fame, and some of them specially interesting to Englishmen. One may read still of the rations allowed him between a certain February 13 and a March 22—'salad, salt meat, oil, chestnuts, oranges, tallow candles, cheese, and five measures of wine;' and, again, the items of so much paid to a 'facchino' to carry on his shoulders a picture (none other than our Ariadne), sent by 'Maestro Titiano to Il Illust. Highness;' so much to a carter who carried the trunk of 'Maestro Titiano;' and so much for the board of the 'Maestro's' servants at the Castello Inn. And we may read, too, how the Duke, 'having heard that a strange animal, a gazelle, had been seen in the palace of Cornaro,' wrote for Titian to send him a portrait of it; how it was replied that Tebaldi, the Duke's agent, had been forthwith with Titian to the Cornaro palace, 'that the gazelle was dead, and its carcase thrown away; but that Giovanni Bellini, having once made a sketch of the beast, Titian was willing to enlarge and copy it.'

Titian, with the old habit of a pupil, was always ready to follow a Bellini; and one of his first occupations at Ferrara was to finish, or to mend, the background of a Bellini picture—a 'Bacchanal,' now at Alnwick, and the interesting point is that he here introduced the familiar rock of Cadore, with its castle turrets, a subject frequently occurring in his drawings, and showing perhaps that the city of the lagoons held less of his heart than the mountain town. Portraits of the ill-famed duchess, of the duke, and of Ariosto are connected with the earlier of these visits; but the last-named was painted certainly more than once, and it is importaint to observe that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, admitting the interest of the 'Ariosto' in the National Gallery, consider the fine portrait in the possession of Lord Darnley, at Cobham, to be the only undoubted Titian, whether the subject be the poet or not. Laura Dianti, the duke's second wife, was painted at a later date, and is pretty certainly identified with the 'Girl and the Mirrors' at the Louvre.

It has been very plausibly suggested that to Ariosto Titian was indebted for suggesting the mythological subjects, 'Poesies,' as they were called, with which he now enriched the studio at Ferrara. The earliest—innocent enough—was the 'Venus Worship,' now at Madrid, where a crowd of the loveliest cupids gambol before a statue of the goddess, and beside an ancient apple orchard, with peeps of peaceful landscape between the tree-stems. The whole scene is exactly taken from the 'Images of Philostratus'—a description, shall we not suppose, that was some day translated and read to the painter by the poet? The same may be said of the two Bacchanal pieces which followed. Ovid and Catullus were becoming very popular in Italian society; the 'dukes' of the day had not very clean tastes, and such subjects suited the luxury of Titian's colour and design too well, while they always gave opportunity for the landscape which he loved with a purer love. The first Bacchanal piece was an orgy of uttermost abandon. Like the Venus, it found its way to Madrid. Its worthier companion was our 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' of which Catullus certainly furnished the inspiration.

The site of this poet's famous villa on the Lago di Garda was

within an easy journey for Titian, and may it not be that somewhere near that promontory of Sermione, or from the neighbourhood of Peschiera, he sketched the charming landscape of the distant background? The jutting headlands, gay with villages, and the mountain shape rising into cloud, do at least very fairly suggest that gracious scene, backed by Monte Baldo. The picture was long in painting, and its history is amusing enough. The duke had sent him the canvas, and even the frame, beforehand, and had to send him many a reminder too; for Titian was busy with some of his greatest works, and badgered on all sides—his masters, the 'Signoria' at Venice, even threatening to make him finish his battle-piece for their council-hall at his own expense! But Titians are not to be hurried; and after the most stringent orders or upbraidings from duke or council, the painter would coolly turn to some other subject in hand, take boat for Padua, or go off (not without a commission) to Conegliano, on its sunny hill, or to Treviso, to see his 'Annunciation' in its place. 'Do come at Christmas,' the impatient duke would write; 'bring your picture with you, and finish it here.' Not at all! for among other things he was painting for the 'priests' his altar-piece for S. Nazaro e Celso in Brescia. 'Why,' say the duke and his agent, 'why throw such a work away upon the priests?' And Titian had actually at one time consented, for sixty ducats down, to let the duke have it instead.

Then we have a glimpse of the 'Bacchus' in an unfinished condition. Tebaldi, the agent, goes to the 'workshop,' and stares at the blank spaces in the canvas. The car was there, and the animals, and two figures were completed, but the rest, including a landscape, was not even commenced, though Titian said it might be finished in a fortnight! Promises were solemnly made, but October was half spent before the artist even looked at the duke's canvas (turned probably to the wall as was his wont), 'and the duke began to rave, and Tebaldi to storm as before.' It was not till 1523 that the barge was freighted, and the porter shouldered his burden, and Titian and his trunk arrived, when, according to his custom whenever practicable, he finished the picture in the light where it was intended to hang. Let anyone who can, go to where it hangs now, and gaze once again upon that glowing presentation of a scene out of satyr-land, which only the genius of a Titian could have thrown thus living on the canvas, in all its riot, but in all the poetic splendour and dreamy dignity that befits the day of ancient fable.

It was for this same duke, and for his nephew Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, with whom Titian became equally intimate, that he began to paint the 'nudes,' which his colour and grace made so seductive. It is noticeable that pictures of this sort were always painted for such patrons, not for Venetian doges nor Venetian nobles. Whatever might be the loose morals of the city, it was the looser morals of the courts that revelled in such subjects. The growing acquaintance with Greek sculpture no doubt accounted in some measure for this taste for 'nudes,' but in Titian's wonderful naturalness the ideal was lost, and his Venuses, as it was convenient to call them, were all too lovely real in their flesh and blood. Titian himself we may believe, like our own Etty, had simply a painter's eye in this matter, as well, alas! as a grasping hand, to which ducats never came amiss. When we read in a letter from the agent of the marquis: 'Our master, Titian, is quite disconsolate at the loss of his wife, who was buried

yesterday; he told me that in the troubled time of her sickness he was unable to work at the portrait of the "Lady Cornelia," or at the picture of the "nude," which he is doing for our most illustrious lord, but he thinks the latter will be a fine thing, and hopes to finish it before the month is out:' reading this we may quite understand how it was. In a noted subject of this class at the Uffizi, originally painted for Gonzaga's relative, the Duke of Urbino, the incident of attendants busily seeking in a box for suitable attire, might humourously hint the painter's private opinion, but that it is also a realistic touch quite characteristic of him; a circumstance more to the point is, that the constant repetition of the same type of face indicates study from a well-accustomed model. Magdalens, if they were made as Duke Alfonso asks, 'as beautiful and as tearful as possible,' suited his princely patrons almost as well, and Titian painted no end of them.

It is pleasanter to turn to pictures like the 'Noli me tangere,' and 'The Virgin's Rest,' both in our National Gallery, and both originally among the treasures of Ferrara. Each of these subjects, though charming in the figures, owes a greater charm to the sweetness and sentiment of the landscape. Where Mary [3] creeps to the Saviour's feet, the bosky slopes subside into the blue level of the Venetian plain, upon which the evening dusk descends; a farmstead overlooks it from a bluff, which might be that of Manza, where in after years Titian had a villa; sheep in a glade gather for the night. As our authors happily say, 'the picture is like a leaf out of Titian's journal, telling how he had lingered in the fresh sweet landscape at eventide, and took nature captive on a calm day at summer's end.' 'The Virgin's Rest' is placed amidst nobler surroundings. Here mountains lift their grand forms, all purple dark from impending clouds, while golden rays from a declining sun break through. A solemn grandeur rules this scene, which is almost certainly that of the banks of the Ardo, some two miles above Belluno. 'The Three Ages' of the Ellesmere Collection, painted for a private house at Faenza, is yet another of these landscapes of soft, subduing pathos. Here the eye wanders over a rich wide scene under the still evening sky he was always so fond of. The youth and maid are homely, the children bonny loves, the old man is an anchorite. Nothing could be more foreign to the air of courts and cities, nor we may say to the convivialities, he shared with the reckless Aretino. The man was no doubt amusing enough; he had an eye for colour, as his description of a sunset shows, and he was a useful negotiator, otherwise the intimacy would be difficult to account for, since there is nothing indicating personal grossness in Titian.

But we must say another word about Titian's landscape. Giorgione may be supposed to have shown him the way to his rich pathetic treatment of it, but he vastly enlarged the range of landscape power. His appreciation of scenery was distinctively modern. Mountains were to him what they have become to us, the noblest and most mysterious element in landscape; while the peculiar characteristics of his native dolomite—soaring, riven, tortuous—lent themselves especially to his pencil. Clouds, again, with him, possessed the sky in majestic masses, or rolled upon the hills with strength, or swept along a stretch of country

[3] A curious alteration of the profile of Mary, enlarging the nose, does not appear to have attracted our authors' notice.

curtaining it with rain. Trees and darksome woodland were his delight; huge solemn boles, and tall tree-stems, enter into every composition that admits of them; and how precious to him was the saffron splendour of evening seen between the forking branches, or through sprays of delicately pencilled leafage. Such perceptions as these, such capacity to render them, put Titian for all time at the head of landscape art.

One more picture of this period, 1520–1530, must be noticed. 'The Entombment,' painted for Gonzaga of Mantua, a man we think of higher taste than his uncle of Ferrara, is, as all know, one of the glories of the Louvre, one of the glories of art. Wondrous colour, impressive grouping, force of expression, are all there, but all subordinate to the pallid shade which falls upon the one dead face! There, in an awful dimness, the death agony lies veiled, and no finer instance can be given of Titian's tragic power. Of course it is inevitable to compare this work with the 'Entombment' of Raphael, and we must venture to dissent from our authors, and from Lady Eastlake, in their high estimate of that picture. To our mind it is stiff and academical, showing the inability of an inexperienced artist (he was but twenty-four) to translate the literalities of close and detailed study into the spontaneous ease of nature. Titian's is the work of an accomplished hand, and of a rare ability to convey the sentiment of such a subject, through simplicity of composition, solemnity of tone, pathos of light and shade, tenderness of expression. Lady Eastlake is not insensible to these high qualities, for she says, 'there is something that hushes remark in the subdued earnestness of those occupied in conveying the dead Saviour,' and this goes far to excuse what has been often criticized in Titian—the lack of sufficient strain in the action of the two bearers.

'The Entombment,' say our authors, 'closes the period which opened with "Christ and the Tribute Money;" it was one of the last before he finally lost the impress of Palmesque art.' That influence was always refining and elevating, and we may surely regret that a period of solid, calm, and careful painting, full of strength subdued, should come to a close in the very mid-day of Titian's life. The charming 'Madonna del Coniglio' in the Louvre was another of the pictures painted for Gonzaga, but it was sent home along with a 'nude.'

These pictures for the princely cabinets of Ferrara and Mantua are all of moderate size; it was for Venice chiefly that his huge church pictures were painted. Of amazing grandeur of conception and vigour of execution, without these we should not have known what Titian could do, yet we turn to them with less of loving sympathy. Of the Brescian altar-piece already mentioned, painted in 1522, the Resurrection is the centre theme, but we cannot claim it as a masterpiece; the 'athlete' in the air degrades the subject, and it is surprising that the noble 'Assumption' was an earlier work, for it was fixed in its place at the Frari in 1518. It is here that Titian develops that power of delineating colossal form for which this series of works is so remarkable. With all the beauty, and it is exquisite, of the circling cherubs, with all the grace and action of the Virgin's ascending figure, it is the grand group of Apostles below that rivets attention. Somewhat careless in drawing, they are thrown together with a dramatic *aplomb* and yet with a controlling dignity of design that—and we think of the Cartoons while we say it—are unequalled. There was more of statuesque beauty about Raphael, more of mystical grandeur in Buo-

narotti, but for warm passionate nature, combined with grandeur, where shall we see the like? An anecdote of the studio, similar to many which concern the relations of painters and patrons, relates that during the frequent visits of Father Germano (the head of the Convent for which it was destined) to Titian while engaged upon this picture, 'it always occurred to him to remark that the Apostles were too large, while Titian as invariably replied that this was necessary in a picture intended for so vast and imposing a church.' He took care, however, to whelm a large portion of this group in a gloom which obscured their size. It was this picture that seems to have finally established the greatness of Titian in the eyes of his countrymen.

The Pesaro picture for the same church, followed eight years afterwards, in 1526, but was most of that interval in hand. It is a great monumental portrait picture, one of a class—the finest of its class. The way in which the architecture is treated is specially noticeable, the vast pillars soar out of sight, a new device in art, while the throned Madonna, the saints surrounding her, and the kneeling Pesari, show that sedate majesty which Titian made his own.

Still another of these gigantic efforts must be noticed here—it can only be named with a pang—the Peter Martyr, finished in 1530. The generation that has seen it is dying out; and it can almost be said that no future age will fully understand all that Titian was. Here the same device which gave architecture such grandeur in the Pesaro family, is applied to landscape, for the tree-stems rise interlacing to the lofty sky—the more lofty from the extremely low horizon—while the three figures, colossal though they are, at the very bottom of the picture, occupy but a small portion of the whole composition. Down at the roots of the trees, on the sloping mossy bank, among the trampled herbage, the deed is done, and the shriek of the flying friar, his horror-stricken figure dark against the lurid twilight, pierces the forest depths. The picture was worthy of all its fame.

But we must hasten to another period of Titian's life and phase of his art. He had married, had three children—Pomponio, Orazio, and Lavinia—soon after the birth of whom, about 1530, he lost his wife Cecilia, and then his sister Orsa came from Cadore to keep house for him. That house, however, was not the same which he had so long inhabited in San Samuele on the Grand Canal, nearly opposite the present Accademia. Soon after the death of his wife he removed to what was then an open suburban part of Venice on the north, looking towards Murano, and to the far mountains beyond, where the towering Antelao marked Cadore. On this pleasant spot he occupied a house with large upper rooms, and surrounded by an extensive garden, where on a fine evening in August 1540, Priscianese, a Roman grammarian, came to supper in company with Titian's constant friends, Aretino, Sansovino, and Nardi, and, by good luck, wrote a letter afterwards, describing the scene, the entertainment, and the talk, which every biographer of Titian has been too glad to quote. One of the trees painted in the Peter Martyr is said to have stood in this garden; as the picture seems to have been of somewhat earlier date, it is possible that the tree first led Titian there for purposes of study, and that, liking the seclusion, the view, and the garden, he afterwards treated for the house. He was then fifty-four, and he spent there the rest of his long life.

Its next great event was his in-

troduction to Charles V. The Emperor was crowned at Bologna in 1530, when the fancy of Covos, his political secretary, for a Bolognese maid-in-waiting, caused Gonzaga, now Duke of Mantua, to send for Titian, some four months afterwards, to paint her portrait as an acceptable gift to the great man. With the same object, a sculptor was commissioned for a bust, but by ill hap painter and sculptor, on their respective errands, met at the door, when the latter took lofty leave at finding he was not the sole artist employed. Two years later the Emperor arrived again in Italy. He came by way of Friuli, and reached Mantua on November 6. Not an hour had passed before he was looking at the Duke's treasures—his costly suits of armour, his pictures, and among them Titian's portrait of the Duke. He would have his own portrait by that man! And the very next day Gonzaga wrote for Titian. But though he went at once to the beautiful maid, he was not so ready to wait upon the mean-visaged master of Europe, and wrote to say he would meet him at Bologna. There and then Emperor and artist met for the first time, and Titian, during the sittings that followed, talked much of the fine things of his at Ferrara; perhaps it was a bait by Alfonso himself, who, like Gonzaga, was anxious to win favour at any price. Anyway, both Emperor and secretary were fired to obtain what they could of the 'fine things,' and after much manœuvring some three of the choicest were sent away from Ferrara never to return.

From this time Charles seems to have kept his word that he would sit to none but Titian, and he sent for him whenever he could. All accounts suggest the courtly dignified manners of the painter. Vasari says, 'he crushed all his rivals by his knowledge of the world in converse with gentlemen.' We can easily believe it; his portrait has the air of such an one, and probably it was not simply admiration for his art which led the Emperor to create Titian a Count of the Lateran, a Count Palatine, a Knight of the Golden Spur, and with right of entrance at Court. The noble manners of the man made such honours fitting, and with the qualities of mind they indicate, no doubt helped to render him the great portrait painter of his day—or any day.

For the secret of this fine art consists in a sympathetic apprehension of character and circumstance, together with a high poetic faculty in the rendering. Titian, however elaborate his obeisances, was at ease with these great personages, and seized at once the historical significance of his subject. Every great figure is set before us as in the centre of his fame, and his portrait becomes a chapter of history. If in the dignity of these works something may be due to that gravity of demeanour which, as Sir Charles Eastlake points out, was cultivated as a sign of high breeding at that day, more we think belonged to Titian's conception of the senator, the general, the prelate, the prince, and there was an epic grandeur in his conception. Velasquez followed closely in his steps; Vandyke at a greater distance, for he thought too much of the velvet and the frill; Reynolds reached the Titian height more nearly; Gainsborough? No. With all his exquisite charm, he surely failed in this historical imagination: his lords and ladies are too like Dresden china.

But to return to Charles V. The picture of this Bologna date has perished—only the first sketch remains. Next he painted him in gala dress, 'against the deep rich green of a fall of tapestry.' Years afterwards he painted the portrait

which more than any other illustrates our remarks; it is that grand wreck which hangs now at Madrid —'Charles on horseback as he rode to the Field of Mühlberg.' From gloom to gloom he rides—an implacable fate, like one of the dread horsemen of the Apocalypse; his cold eye is fixed upon his enemy, his armour shines with one lurid flash, a dull low light in the sky, and the gleam of distant water answering to it. Here is Titian's historical imagination at its height, and the skill with which inherent poverty of feature and figure is disguised is astonishing. Titian seems generally to have produced these wonderful portraits from a roughly-modelled sketch of perhaps a single sitting, and he had a curious facility in putting upon canvas lifelike portraits of people whom he had never seen. We have mentioned the two deceased Doges, and soon after his first Bologna portrait of Charles he twice painted, with only a medal to help him, his rival Francis I. Here he rightly divined the gallant air so conspicuously absent in the Emperor, while the technical ability which could model and flush with colour a face out of hard metal, testifies to that realising power so distinctive of the highest art. Difficulties in chronology about Titian's portraits are solved by this discovery; given the most living portrait, and it may have been painted years after its subject had gone to dust. The vivid presentments of the Empress, wife of Charles V., of the Queen of Cyprus, so often repeated, of Savorgnano, one of the heroes of his youth, were all of this sort.

Such portrait painting was very lucrative; it took him on his weak side, and he was so drawn away from more important works that about this time his reputation was seriously threatened. In the space of five years, it was averred, he had produced only three or four 'pictures,' but nearly forty portraits, and the dissatisfaction favoured the entrance of a formidable rival in Pordenone. Since the days of Bellini, Giorgione, and Palma, the last of whom died in 1528, Titian had known no such thing. Lotto, Salvoldo, Bonifaccio, and for a time Paris Bordone, had shared at a humble distance Venetian patronage with the great master; but now came the man who had ten years before competed with him for the Peter Martyr, and since, though not in Venice, won great fame by his frescos. He came, too, when the Signoria were getting much irritated at Titian's long neglect of his battle-piece, begun twenty-five years before for the Hall of Great Council. Titian might be Knight of the Empire, but he was also a servant of theirs, and in June 1537, they abruptly deprived him of his salary—nay, actually required him to refund the amount already received! and, to crown all, appointed Pordenone to paint in the panel adjoining that so long assigned to Titian. Pordenone, accustomed to fierce brawls, professed to be in fear of what his rival might do to him, and worked with a sword by his side; but the only thing Titian did to him was immediately to complete his own magnificent work.

Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael had each designed a battle-piece, and it behoved Titian to enter that field. His subject must have been near his heart, for it was a battle which had been fought within a couple of miles of his father's house. We have referred to it already. Early in 1508, Maximilian had seized Cadore, and the Venetians lost no time in despatching D'Alviano with a colleague in Giorgio Cornaro, brother of the Queen of Cyprus, to repel the invasion. By an ably managed detour, the Venetian forces reached the Boite, in rear of the Germans,

in the dusk of a snowy day, crossed the deep ravine by a bridge, till lately spanning the Boite at the same spot, and appeared in the morning within sight of the garrison of the castle. These promptly drew out to meet them, but after a short and desperate struggle were completely defeated. Here was Titian's subject. He does not depict any one moment of the action, but tells, as it were, the whole history of the affair.[4] In the centre of the picture, and in the middle distance, is the bridge; on the right bank a general is arming, trumpeters and drummers sounding, knights in full panoply slowly advancing towards the bridge, which is unoccupied till close upon the left bank, where the charge begins, a charge of mailed horsemen; and then, in a cataract of confusion, down the left bank and into the stream, fall the struggling, the wounded, the dying and the dead —some of the latter already stripped and cold. In the midst of the headlong rout a soldier, thrust through with a lance and falling from his horse, is a finely imagined figure, and a terrified girl clinging to a rock in the foreground contrasts in colour and emotion with a pallid corpse. The picture perished by fire during the last years of Titian, and our only materials for judging of it, besides several descriptions, are a poor contemporary engraving by Fontana; a spirited drawing reputed to be Titian's own original design; a study by Rubens of the principal group on the left; and a sketch in colour at the Uffizi, supposed, like the drawing with which it curiously coincides in points where it differs from the print, to be also by Titian.[5]

[4] Our authors appear to be a little inconsistent here. In one passage they say, as above, 'That he paints the action in its various phases and general character as if all its parts were visible from one spot;' elsewhere they speak of the moment chosen as that when the battle joined 'at the first house in Valle.' The point bears upon the position of the bridge. If Titian meant to tell the whole story of the battle, which I think is clear, then the Boite bridge, crossed the night before, comes in as a feature necessary to be introduced, and thus I viewed it in the identification (*Cadore*, p. 119), which Messrs. C. and C. question. That to which they give the preference could have had nothing to do at any time with the action, and appears to have never been other than a wooden bridge over an unimportant though picturesque chasm. The Boite bridge was of stone, as in the picture, and its age may be inferred from its falling down a few years ago. It stood, too, though sunk out of sight, in the same relation with the field, the castle, and Mount Zucco, as Titian's bridge. But if holding to the bridge, I must acknowledge a correction as to the lions on the Venetian banner. With Ridolfi, I called them 'the lions of St. Mark.' It is now pointed out that they were the cognizance of the Cornari; while again, the general whom, with others, I had supposed to be Alviano, is shown to be most likely, and for curious reasons, Cornaro.

[5] I may be allowed perhaps a word upon the drawing, now in my possession, since our authors seem to regard its Titian origin with some mistrust. It agrees with the colour sketch of the Uffizi in being nearly square, whereas Fontana represents an oblong picture, with a group of knights, unimportant as regards the subject, filling up the extra space, and looking like additions. This square shape was rather a favourite with Titian, as witness his 'Venus Worship,' and 'The Bacchanal at Madrid.' In such pictures, too, he was in the habit of putting a principal figure close up to one side, and here the general is so placed. Then there are various emendations in a different ink, upon which no copyist would have ventured, and several curious differences. An Albanian horseman, altered in Fontana to a common soldier, heads the charge in his queer streaming garments, and the falling horseman differs in the turn of the head from Fontana, from the Uffizi sketch, and from a chalk study attributed to Titian. But the most interesting variation is a change in the entire cast of light and shade. The composition, divided by the ravine, takes the shape of a V. Now in the drawing the centre of this is light, while in the coloured sketch it is as distinctly dark, throwing the two chief groups broadly into light. A white horse is actually altered into a black one to effect this. These and other points suggest that the drawing might have been taken up after a lapse of time and remodelled, and there was, we know, an interval of twenty-five years between the commencement and the finishing of the picture. Surely all this says much for the genuineness of the drawing?

This was Titian's sole attempt at a great historical composition, and throughout it is thoroughly Titianesque. Without the powerful drawing of Buonarotti, or the classical correctness of Raphael, it is abundantly more interesting and lifelike. He takes, adapting them to his purpose, the actual features of the scene, the castle flaming on its height, a burning house (mentioned, like the girl, in narratives of the battle), the ravine, the bridge, a storm of rain, and lightning in the distance. He shows the men in armour as they lived (with the singular exception of the German side); he gives a portrait of the general; he mingles dead and dying in a hideous and almost indistinguishable mass which is fearfully true.

The following year, 1539, was marked by another picture of commanding size, and which fortunately remains to justify its reputation. The vast canvas of the 'Presentation in the Temple' gradually displays itself as the visitor paces one of the long galleries of the Accademia at Venice. Titian had to make room for two door-ways in its original site, and, to accommodate one of them, filled half his composition with a flight of steps, but he has made them subservient to a grand effect, as the high priest stands at the top to receive the simple Child-Virgin ascending alone, while a noble group, mostly Venetian senators, observe her from below. These form the gorgeous part of the picture; larger than life they are so real seen from a distance, that they might turn and look at the advancing stranger. Above their heads rise mingling with the clouds the dolomites of Cadore, for among palaces and pageants he must needs have the vista of his mountain land.

Thus was Titian's grasp showing itself even larger and more powerful with age; thus was he raising Venice to the height of pictorial fame, while yet he had never seen Rome; he was still a provincial, and he was now between sixty and seventy! But the time was at hand. In 1542, he painted at Venice, Ranuccio, a youthful member of the Farnese family, and the following year was the guest of Cardinal Farnese, grandson of Paul III., at Bologna, and travelled with the splendid cavalcade that accompanied the Pope when he met the Emperor near Parma. Soon after, at Bologna, he produced that magnificent portrait of Paul, which was to rival Raphael's Leo, which would pass under the searching glance of Michelangelo, and which was to introduce him to the Roman world. No wonder that it should be, as our authors describe it, one of 'the most remarkable creations of a period in which all that Titian did was grand and imposing;' and most refreshing it is to know that amidst all the wreckage that has befallen Titian's works, this, in the Museum at Naples, shines perfectly preserved in its original splendour.

It was at last through a succession of intrigues—part of the rivalry between Pope and Emperor—that Titian in 1545 was got to Rome. He was accompanied by his son Orazio; an escort of seven riders, provided by the Duke of Urbino, took him the last part of the way, and the Belvedere was prepared for his reception. Vasari was appointed to show him the wonders of Rome—the antiques, which especially astonished him—the tapestries of Raphael, the 'Stanze,' where Del Piombo was also his companion; and one day the painter of the Last Judgment made him a call! He writes delighted to Aretino, and wishes he had come twenty years before; and Aretino writes in reply: 'I long for your return, that I may hear what you think of the antiques, and how far you consider them to surpass the works of Michelangelo. I

want to know how far Buonarotti approaches or surpasses Raphael as a painter, and to talk with you of Bramante's Church of St. Peter.' He ends with 'remember not to lose yourself in contemplation of the Last Judgment at the Sistine, lest you should be kept all the winter from the company of Sansovino and myself.'

More than the winter was spent in Rome, and one chief result was the 'Danae of Naples,' a very profitable thing, for replicas were ordered right and left. It is curious to contemplate this as having been painted under the roof of a Pope, and for one of his family. What is there in it of Buonarotti, or of Raphael? No, Titian is Titian still; perhaps a little more care in the drawing is observable, but it is absolute breathing nature, of the Roman rather than of the Venetian type, while a subtle but unmistakeable suggestion of evil betrays the atmosphere of a place even more corrupt than Venice, Ferrara, or Mantua.

Titian returned by way of Florence — where Duke Cosimo, benighted man, actually declined to sit to him—and we may believe reached, with much satisfaction, his quiet home, shady garden, mountain prospect, and Aretino's talk, often, as we know, not so much amiss. There his daughter Lavinia was growing up in sweet and modest beauty, and becoming a frequent subject for her father's pencil—waving her fan of a summer's afternoon, as in the Dresden picture, or lifting a basket of fruit above her head, as in that of Berlin. Who that has seen that charming face can forget it? Who can fail to note the purity of this girl of the lagoons, brought up under the care of her aunt from Cadore? Who cannot understand her father's delight in depicting this 'absolute mistress of his soul,' as he once wrote of her? He was not so happy in all his family. Pomponio, the priest, was every way a disgrace, and his father's unceasing petitions for a benefice while he was yet a lad, and his flatteries and intrigues for years on behalf of this dissolute son among ecclesiastical and other potentates, are sad to read. But Titian lived when bishops, dukes, and kings were all greedy alike.

He knew where to make a handsome present of a picture, but haggled much about his prices with corporations, secular or sacred, and not, perhaps, without reason. On every journey to Cadore he passed through Serravalle, and at this time he painted, and had long litigation over, an altar-piece for its church. Few travellers suspect, as they approach that picturesque little town, climbing with fragments of walls and towers up the hills on either side, that within its inconspicuous 'duomo' is hidden one of the finest works of Titian. Our authors do not scruple to say that it 'marked a step in advance of all the master's previous works.' We should hardly go so far, but it is a picture worthy to rank with the 'Assumption,' which it somewhat resembles. The Virgin in glory is surrounded by the same lovely cherub world, while below stand, not the whole apostolic group, but St. Peter and St. Andrew only, two magnificent figures, 'powerful as Michelangelo,' say our present authorities. But there is a more definite reminiscence of his Roman visit. Beneath the cloud-borne Virgin lies a distant mountain lake, where he has introduced the two boats and the familiar figures, slightly altered, of Raphael's 'Miraculous Draught.' Titian, or one of his assistants, must have sketched them from the tapestry. That no engraving or photograph of this grand work exists is surprising.

The 'Supper at Emmaus' (Cadore, not Jerusalem, in the distance), and more 'Venuses,' one, now at Florence, and another (with an

organ)[6] at Madrid, belong to this period. In these, to our mind, inferior taste marks the sacred and profane alike.

Let us pass on to a notable event, a journey more remarkable than that to Rome, for it was across the Alps, into the great mystic Nibelungen land—the region of Dürer's 'Melancholia'—into the midst of the raging conflicts of Protestant and Catholic. Titian, at seventy-one, obeyed the summons of Charles V., and with humble apology to his papal patrons, and travelling, we may note, by Ceneda and Cadore, joined the Imperial Court at Augsburg. Here he painted that portrait of Charles riding to battle of which we have spoken; Mühlberg had happened only the year before, and horse and all were here to be immortalised by the great Venetian. His portraits, at this time, had they been preserved, would have set before us all the great notabilities of the Empire—King Ferdinand, the Queen of Hungary, Maurice of Saxony, Cardinal Granvelle, the Duke of Alva, and the captive Elector, in the black armour he wore at Mühlberg. The pictures almost all perished at the burning of the Pardo in Madrid. A second portrait, however, of Charles, equally illustrative of the man and of the day, remains at Munich. Titian can paint a 'Melancholy' after his sort, and it is an Emperor sitting soured and silent in a corner.

On his return, Titian stayed a while at Innsbruck to paint the three children of Ferdinand, and in October, late enough, crossed the mountains homeward. Was it then he was caught, as the story goes, in the snow at St. Lucia, near Caprile, and had to stay a fortnight with the 'Parroco'? It would lie in his way from the Brenner to Cadore.

Two years later, 1550, he was at Augsburg again, having in the meanwhile been to Milan to pay his respects to the ominous Philip of Spain, whom he was sent for to paint—a large full-length now at Madrid. How this and others differing only in dress were produced by aid of a single vigorous sketch is one of the curious details unearthed by our authors. Another interest belongs to the portrait, since it was this that helped to betray the heart of Mary Tudor,—the Queen of Hungary, who sent it, requesting that it should be 'seen at a fitting distance, Titian's pictures not bearing to be looked at too closely.' Yet another business of Titian's at Augsburg has its pathetic side. Charles wished for a picture of himself as a penitent, with all the saints interceding for him before the Majesty of Heaven; a picture to take with him to the lonely convent of Yuste, and upon which in the end his dying eyes were fixed. Titian stayed all the winter at Augsburg, where, he writes, 'We are all dying of cold,' and sat himself to the painstaking but soulless Cranach before returning to Venice, which he only reached in August. His sister Orsa was now dead; the young Lavinia, shortly to be married and to live at Serravalle, was mistress of his household; Pomponio was still draining him of money; and Orazio working faithfully at his side, the head of a sort of art factory. However importunate about his payments and pensions—and truly the latter were more often promised than paid—he seems to have been no niggard at home, and could entertain royally; keeping at this time much company, perhaps all the more because of a curious affection which at seventy-five he could not understand. He complained to a surgeon that, 'if one day eager to paint, he was unable the

[6] Titian, among his other delights, had bought an organ for his house, and liked perhaps to paint its portrait.

next to do anything but idle;' some people, he said, 'assigned it to the conjunction of certain planets.' The doctor preferred to think that 'the variations depended upon the inner heat or coldness of the body.'

But he was yet to do great works—great in size certainly—such as the 'Trinity,' now at Madrid, and the 'Fede' at Venice; but we begin to recognise a skilled and rapid hand employed upon commissions, rather than the spontaneity of great art; nay, too often there is a look of the workshop, and of the superintendence of Orazio. A noble exception, however, was the 'Martyrdom of St. Lawrence,' of about 1558, remarkable as a night effect, and though now, from decay of colour and bad lighting, nearly invisible in its place at the Gesuiti in Venice, showing superb composition, chiaroscuro, and unusual accuracy of drawing; never, write our authors, 'did he make nearer approach to the grand art of the Florentines.' But the sensual Philip was now too potent with him, and picture after picture was dispatched to Brussels or Madrid—mythological 'poesies,' with plenty of women in them, and Venuses alternating with Magdalens. Yet one of these subjects, the Venus del Pardo of the Louvre, is a splendid effort of the old painter's genius. The perfect mastery of composition, the fresh enjoyment of nature in the lovely sub-Alpine landscape, are there as in his best days, but he does not care to spend time upon elaborate and solid finish. Many of these later pictures are indeed more like magnificent sketches. A single coat of pigment is made to serve instead of the repeated and thoroughly compacted layers of an earlier time, and effect is produced by rapid glazings, smudges with the thumb, or notches with the butt end of the brush. Yet what could be done in this way let the 'St. Jerome' in the Brera tell! And it was the demand as much as age that caused this clever scamping work; some weakness or other generally gets the upper hand in a man as years advance, and with Titian it was the accumulation of wealth. Philip's envoy, with cynical coarseness, writes from Venice, in 1564, when Titian was eighty-seven, 'Though he is old, he works, and can still work, and if there were but money forthcoming, we should get more out of him than we could expect from his age, seeing that for the sake of earning he went from hence to Brescia to look at the place in which he has to set certain pictures just ordered of him.'

Yes, he could still work, the wonderful, indomitable old man—work, when bereft of all his old friends, Aretino, Sansovino, and even his dear daughter Lavinia. When over ninety, an unfinished picture of his could strike Tintoretto as 'a noble model of what a picture should be;' it was a Christ crowned with thorns, and is now at Munich. In the ninety-ninth year of his age he wrote to Philip, praying 'that he might be enabled by His Majesty's bounty to support as it deserves the title of Cavaliere.' That is his last extant letter. His last picture, so far as can be known, is more worthy of him; it is a Pietà—the Saviour in death—grand in arrangement, powerful though rough in execution. We must seek it reverently in the Academy at Venice, and read this inscription:

Quod Titianus inchoatum reliquit
Palma reverenter absolvit
Deoq. dicavit opus.

It was the younger Palma, but it is pleasant to see a name recalling Titian's earliest days. He intended the picture for the Frari, and thither, dead of the plague, he was carried at a time of terror and confusion, but not without honour; and there he rests, in the solemn gloom of that church which half a century before he had illuminated with one of the noblest trophies of his genius.

JOSEPH GILBERT.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH POETRY.[1]

ENGLISH residents in France are apt to wonder at the never-ending supply of new works displayed by the booksellers; for they note curiously that our French neighbours seldom, under any circumstances whatever, buy a book. Rigidly economical in all things except, perhaps, *la toilette* and *la cuisine*, book-buying is a luxury only indulged in by collectors and men of letters. The multitude is not, as with us, a reading multitude who spend annually a certain sum, insignificant though it may be, upon library subscriptions or the purchase of books; everybody dines, that is to say, everybody sits down to a well-cooked, varied, and, relatively-speaking, costly dinner—everybody dresses well, and everybody patronises the play. But except in Paris, roughly speaking, nobody reads. Yet the fact that poetry is a tenderly cherished plant on French soil is evinced by the avidity with which all classes will flock to hear public readings in contemporary poetry — *soirées littéraires*—as they are called, and also by the exquisitely printed little editions of contemporary poets, Coppée, Sully Prudhomme, for instance, and others. A purchasing public there must exist somewhere or these volumes could never be undertaken, and this mysterious public certainly does not exist out of Paris.

A French audience likes a mixture of grave and gay, and these same *soirées littéraires* give a fair approximation of the position held by new writers whose names are comparatively unknown here, and which are yet held in wide esteem at home. No programme of such selected verse would now be thought complete without a song of Nadaud, the Gascon Béranger; but who reads Nadaud in England? whilst the names of his younger fellow-poets are only familiar to a few persistent readers of contemporary French literature. Nevertheless, we can no more afford to neglect the new school of writers than that of Béranger, Victor Hugo, and Lamartine; for in the one as well as the other, we find the natural outgrowth of the modern French mind, an outgrowth, on the whole, robust and promising.

There can be no doubt that the Franco-German war has had a purifying influence on imaginative literature of the higher kind; and that a wholesome corrective of Alfred de Musset and Baudelaire is to be found in some of their successors— men whose laurels have been won within the last few years, and whose future may be said to lie in their own hands. Nothing, for instance, strikes a reader of Coppée's poetry more than the intense patriotism pervading it. We feel the intense suffering he has gone through, the almost crushing despair which for a time has taken possession of him, the supreme effort made before he could hope in his country and countrymen again. It is not to be wondered at that his passionate verse finds a ready echo in the hearts of the French people, and that his dramatic pieces have obtained speedy popularity. With Coppée—in some respects the most typical of modern French poets—we

[1] François Coppée, *Poésies*, Lemerre, Paris, 1876; *Théâtre*, ditto. Sully Prudhomme, *Poésies*, Lemerre, Paris, 1876. Gustave Nadaud, *Chansons*, E. Plon, Paris, 8th ed., 1876; *Chansons Inédites; Chansons Nouvelles.*

will begin. His works have already come under notice in England, and some have just been translated into German by the well-known poet Emanuel Geibel. Although the poet is still young, his writings are tolerably numerous; and, from the collection before us, we can only select a few examples.

Coppée at once lays a hold upon us by his great earnestness. He indulges—what French poet does not?—in amatory verses after the Anacreontic style; he is occasionally sentimental as well as love-sick, but the prevailing characteristic running through his works is certainly that of earnestness, and a deep sympathy with the world in which he lives—a world of vanities and vices, it may be, yet not without aspirations after better things. He writes in exquisitely musical language; he finds his inspiration in the present rather than the past; he sees Nature with the eye of a true poet. No wonder, therefore, that whatever Coppée writes is worth reading, especially by those who wish to attain a just appreciation of French thought and French literature in the present day. His realism, a realism of the most poetic kind, may be understood by a perusal of two poems in his first published volume, namely *Angélus* and *La Grève des Forgerons*; the first rather a long poem, the second quite short, both of them realistic in the true sense of the word. Let us begin with *Angélus*. The scene of the story is laid by the sea, and in a few deliciously poetic and smooth flowing lines, we have the key-note to the whole poem.

In a little village built in rocks that overlook the southern sea, live two good old men bound together by long companionship and mutually shared services for the common weal; namely, the parish priest and his friend and servant, formerly a soldier, now the parish clerk and grave-digger. They lead the purest, simplest, most pious lives, yet, as old age creeps upon them, find the days long and the seasons weary. Why is it so? Because they are alone, because there is no ray of youth to brighten their home, because they are without the gladdening presence of children. One dismal winter evening after the Angelus had sounded, the two returning to the parsonage found an infant child lying on the threshold of the church. The little godsend, for so, after the first moment of surprise and emotion, they regarded it, was named Angelus on the spot, and straightway they carried it home. 'God has sent us a mighty pretty gift,' cried the old soldier; who, however, did not venture to touch the infant when it awoke, but preferred to leave the delicate business of undressing to the curé. This scene is charmingly described. With trembling fingers and his heart beating as it had not done since the first time of consecrating the Host, the good old priest began his task; tenderly taking off the child's tattered garments, 'almost astonished to find it without wings!'

The orphan thus strangely mothered on that November evening, throve, and the once quiet and melancholy presbytère was metamorphosed by his presence. His protectors lavished tenderness upon him, were foolishly anxious about him, but they could not give him what he wanted more than food and sunshine, namely, a mother's love and the fellowship of other children. Having been made the associate of old people from his infancy (and herein Coppée shows a true insight into child nature), the boy felt ill at ease with companions of his own age and preferred to play by himself. What was passing in his mind during those pensive rambles on the sea-shore, they could not tell, and they contented themselves with the affection

he displayed for them, not noticing his wan, thoughtful look. If he seemed unusually ailing they attributed it to some passing childish malady, and blindly busied themselves with plans for his future. One brilliant moonlit night when the waves rippled musically on the gleaming shore, the two talked of this whilst the child drowsed, as they thought, beside them. The curé declared that Angelus should not be reared for the Church. A priest's life was too full of privation and peril; no, the boy should be saved from so laborious and sorely tempted an existence. His companion, for his part, protested against making the child a soldier. When they had both done, Angelus smiling gravely confessed that he had been awake all the time, and that he had himself long made up his mind what he should be.

Je veux être marin sur la mer. Ces volumes m'ont
Parlé de pays au ciel toujours clément,
Aux arbres toujours verts, pleins d'oiseaux magnifiques,
Où l'on allait porté par les flots pacifiques—
Je veux partir pour ces pays délicieux;
Ce ciel gris m'est fatal. Quand je ferme les yeux
Tout prend la couleur d'or du soleil dans me rêves,
Et les vagues au loin murmurant sur les grèves
Me disent—car j'entends des mots dans leurs rumeurs—
'Viens avec nous et fuis ces climats où tu meurs.' . . .

Pères, j'ai maintenant un rêve singulier;
Est-ce un rêve? Prenez mes deux mains dans les vôtres.
Les astres dans la mer, les uns après les autres,
Sont tous tombés, tombés; et dans le ciel en deuil . . . .
Il n'en reste qu'un. Vous devez le connaître,
Celui-là, car il brille au haut de ma fenêtre
Le soir, et je le vois de mon cher petit lit,
Et c'est le seul qui reste au ciel. Mais il pâlit;
Il a l'air aussi d'être attiré par le gouffre.
On dirait qu'il s'éteint et l'on dirait qu'il souffre.
Regardez; le voilà qui file, qui s'enfuit.
Il est tombé! J'ai froid! j'ai peur! . . . Et c'est la nuit!

'I will be a sailor,' he said, 'and visit those countries of which I have read in books, lands where the skies are ever blue, the trees are always green, and birds of wondrous plumage haunt the forest. When I close my eyes, I see everything gold-coloured; and the waves as they ripple on the sands whisper to me, Come away.' But the enticing whispers of the sea were the biddings of death not life, and whilst the tide beat monotonously against the rocky shore, he was gradually nearing the haven of eternal repose. 'I have had the strangest dream,' he said, after a pause, 'or is it a dream? The heavens are in mourning, one by one the stars have dropped into the sea, and only my own little star, the star that shines upon me in my bed, is left. But it grows paler and paler. It is disappearing too. It has fallen into the waves like the others. I am cold, I am terrified. It is night.'

He died and the curé and the grave-digger were again left alone, with a weight of sadness on their hearts that approached despair. The village folks grew almost afraid of the two solitary figures who wended their way from the church to the presbytère after vespers, the melancholy *Angelus* sounding through the darkness, 'long, sad, solemn, as their own despair.'

We cannot help thinking that Coppée, in this early poem, has set himself to pourtray that melancholy side of French life embodied in the French rural clergy and the widespread charity administered by the Church. All motherless, fatherless, helpless humanity, with very few exceptions, is under the care of the priests and the nuns—excellent men and women, it may be—but being, by virtue of their condition, debarred from the experiences of domestic life, totally unfitted for their responsibilities. This fact begins to

be realised by French mothers and fathers, and it is quite possible that Coppée—whose range of sympathies and knowledge of life are large—may have put into poetic form some true incident that has come under his notice. Looked at in this way, the poem before us has peculiar interest. What resident in a French country village has not felt deep compassion at the sight of just such lonely figures as Coppée describes—an aged priest accompanied by a parish sexton, bent and old as himself, returning to their lonely home after service? And the joyless faces of the long strings of orphan children, marshalled out for their weekly walk under the care of nuns and priests, affect a stranger no less painfully.

Very different in form and colour is the vigorous little poem called *La Grève des Forgerons.* An old blacksmith charged with murder tells his story to his judges. This he does briefly, and the picture put before us has a Rembrandt vitality and power, which give Coppée a high place among the realistic writers of the day. The blacksmiths were on strike. The winter was a hard one, and they had struck because their wages did not suffice to keep body and soul together. The old man now at the bar on a charge of murder resisted the importunities of his fellow-workmen as long as he could, but at last gave way and saw himself with his aged wife and two orphan grandchildren *en grève*, that is—on the verge of starvation. He could not steal, and describes how with hunger staring him in the face, and, indeed, already gnawing within, he used to walk about the streets desperately; always returning to find something more of his little household effects carried to the Mont de Piété to buy bread. At last, one evening his wife tells him that their only remaining mattress has been refused there as worthless. They have no longer any means of buying a bit of bread for the children. This decides him to act. He goes straight to the cabaret, where he finds his companions drinking, and fiercely asks them for permission to return to the forge. For himself, he says, he cares little, he is ready to die like a dog in the streets, but with regard to his wife and the orphans it is another matter. One of the younger men calls him coward when he makes known his request, and at that word, his blood boils within him. 'Since you do not grant me leave to go back to the forge,' he says, 'be it so; my wife and the children must die of hunger; but I swear that you shall answer for this. We will have it out like *bourgeois*.' They fight, the weapon chosen being the blacksmith's hammer, and the old man deals his insulter a death-blow. He then gives himself up to the police; leaving behind him his hat, the only thing he possesses to buy a last morsel of bread for his wife and grandchildren.

This poem, probably founded on fact, is exceedingly vigorous, and stamps Coppée as a writer of great sincerity and power, of passionate sympathy, moreover, with the age in which he is cast. *Pâle enfant du vieux Paris*, as he calls himself, he wanders about the streets and boulevards of the adored city, finding often in nocturnal promenades the inspirations other poets seek in an ideal world and a buried past. When we turn to his dramatic works, these characteristics are more apparent still.

So closely indeed does Coppée associate himself with the spirit of his age, in other words, with the sins, sorrows, mundane pleasures, and spiritual aspirations of Paris, that he offends taste by virtue of excessive realism. Yet his plays, or *drames en vers*, are popular in France, and have been represented by leading artistes. All are note-

worthy for their elegant diction, graceful fancy and poetic form. It will only be necessary here to describe one or two. We will begin with the piece entitled *Deux Douleurs.* Here the action is confined to two women, the third *rôle* being that of an old servant, who has little to do with the story. A country girl in Brittany, named Berthe, betrothed long ago to a poet, living in Paris, and neglected by him, has come to the city on hearing of his death—we know already on what quest. She is determined to find out what it is that has stood in the way of her love and hopes; for whose sake she has been left to pine away in the country, losing alike her youth and her beauty, wasting herself with secret despair. She goes to the rooms of her betrothed, and whilst apostrophising his books, pen, and writing-table, there enters by a side door another woman, whom instinct tells her is her rival. Then a powerful scene ensues between the pious, simple Breton girl and the woman of the world—a wife, moreover, who has hitherto kept her guilty passion from her husband. Berthe says—

Il a trahi, vous seule égarant sa raison!
Ainsi nous vieillerions filles dans nos provinces,
Faisant rire les sots de nos robes trop minces
Et de nos mantelets aux vieux rubans passés,
Nous fiant aux sermens anciens des fiancés,
Et dans l'église allant, devant les bonnes Vierges,
Brûler dévotement pour eux de petits cierges,
Et nous nous cacherions pour sangloter tout bas,
Attendant le billet si cher qui ne vient pas!
Et l'on nous laisserait à la fin sans nouvelles;
Nos miroirs nous diraient qu'on n'est pas toujours belle!
Et regardant grandir les enfants tous petits
Jadis, quand nos amis oublieux sont partis,
Nous gagnerions la lente et la pénible science
De l'abnégation et de la patience!

'He has betrayed me,—you, and you alone, leading his reason astray! Thus it is we country girls grow old, making fools laugh at our dresses no longer in the fashion, our mantles with ribbons of last year; whilst we, believing always in the vows of our betrothed, devoutly burn our tapers for him before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, hiding ourselves to weep in secret, always looking for the beloved letter which never comes! And we are left to the last without news, our glasses telling us some day that our beauty has faded! We see the children grow up who were infants when our false one departed, and thus we learn, slowly and painfully, the lesson of renunciation and patience.'

The *dénoûment* is what might be expected. Berthe at last promises forgiveness, and the two agree to meet at the dead man's tomb to set the seal on this reconciliation. All this is very Parisian and very painful. Yet the realism of *L'Abandonnée* shocks us more still. Here the *motif* is as simple as the other—the story of Faust and Gretchen to begin with, and the ghastliest scene imaginable by way of a *dénoûment.* The Faust of the story, now a renowned, flourishing physician, about to marry an heiress, finds in the hospital the girl he had deceived and abandoned twelve years before. She is dying; after their recognition she dies in his presence, and sceptic though he is, he turns round to the priest present in an agony of remorse and despair:

Ah, c'est toi, prêtre. Eh bien,
Ecoute. Cette femme avait le cœur chrétien
Et son dernier soupir a parlé d'espérance,
Et moi, qui suis le seul auteur de sa souffrance—
Oui, moi, qui l'ai réduite à mourir dans ce lieu—
Je viens te demander, prêtre, s'il est un Dieu,
Qui, lorsque le remords aura puni le crime,
Laissera le bourreau jugé par sa victime;
Je viens te demander s'il est un paradis
Où les élus pourront absoudre les maudits,
Où seront pardonnés, au-delà de la tombe,
Et pour l'éternité, l'aigle par la colombe,
Le tigre par l'agneau, les méchants par les bons;

Je viens te demander cela, prêtre : réponds ;
Car le bourreau, c'est moi ; la victime, c'est elle !

And the priest replies—

Il est un Dieu, mon fils, et l'âme est immortelle.

'Listen,' he says. 'This woman possessed the heart of a Christian, and with her last breath spoke of hope; and I—I, who am the cause of her dying here; I, the sole author of all her misery, I ask you, priest, is there indeed a God? I ask you, is there a paradise, where, for all eternity, the elect can pardon the accursed; the dove, the eagle; the lamb, the tiger; the angelic, the base—answer me, for I am the murderer, she is the victim! The priest answers, solemnly raising his hand to heaven, 'My son, there is a God, and the soul is immortal.'

The guilty man falls on his knees before the body of his victim, the priest raises his hands to heaven, and the curtain drops!

Les deux Douleurs was acted for the first time at the Théâtre Français in April 1870, Mdlle. Agar taking the first rôle; *L'Abandonnée* at the Gymnase in November 1871. It may appear astounding that such terrible realism should be permitted on the stage, but we must remember how strong is the French craving for excitement, no matter of what kind; and how in imaginative literature, as well as art, the horrible is found side by side with the beautiful. Half the pictures on the walls of the Salon are made up of bloodshed and battle, death agonies, wounds, and contortions. Some of the best writers of fiction are infected by the contagion, and Coppée no more than the rest of his countrymen has been able to escape the influences under which his taste has been formed. Some of his writings are entirely free from this defect — for instance, *Fais ce que dois: Épisode dramatique*, based on a patriotic theme, and acted at the Odéon soon after the termination of the war; also *Les Passants*, a dainty little trifle; and with these might be mentioned others, to be commended to all lovers of French literature of the lighter kind. There can be no doubt that his writings give evidence of a healthier feeling for dramatic art than that called forth under the Empire. Thoroughly French, he is, moreover, only to be appreciated by those who have real sympathy with our neighbours and some insight into their hopes, aspirations, and ways of thought.

Sully Prudhomme is a poet of quite another stamp. Inclined to metaphysics and philosophy, he does not, like Coppée, content himself with powerful or gracious realisations of human life and passion of the day, but goes deeper still, searching into those mysteries which have perplexed the wise and the dreamer from all time, exploring the regions of thought rather than the varied phases of social existence. Life to Sully Prudhomme means thought, art, intellectual aspiration and endeavour, and the problems he sets himself to solve are those of intellect, not of passion, of soul, not of sense. He strives after the inner meaning of outward things, to solve the primeval riddles of existence. Like Coppée, he shows a complete mastery of his native language, and his verse is always musical to the ear. In the little volume before us, *Stances et Poèmes*, 1865–1866, are several poems bearing evidence of youth and inexperience, but many are full of vigour and originality, notably *Le Lion* and *La Parole*.

The first poem may worthily be compared to Victor Hugo's superb episode *Les Lions* in *La Légende des Siècles*. The two should be read together. Sully Prudhomme de-

scribes the king of the forest—called by Victor Hugo 'le grand rêveur solitaire de l'ombre'—rousing himself after his long sleep throughout the burning African day. He shows him stepping forth into the night, his brilliant eyes peering into the depths of the forest as he goes. The crescent moon, the splendour of the stars, fill him with rapture. His gait is that of a sage; he walks with mystery, like a priest of night.

La nuit dans le désert vient à pas lents s'asseoir,
Avec sa robe d'ombre et son bandeau d'étoiles . . . .
L'herbe fume et l'Asie est comme un encensoir:
C'est l'heure du Lion. Sur les brûlantes pierres,
Et sous un jour pesant aux rayons irrités,
Il a dormi. C'est l'heure; il ouvre les paupières,
Se dresse en soupirant, les ongles écartés,
Et va; ses grands yeux clairs dans les ténèbres plongent,
. . . . le croissant de la lune
L'étonne, la splendeur des astres le remplit.
Son allure est d'un sage; il marche avec mystère,
Comme un prêtre des nuits.

After familiarising us with the forest life of the desert king, the poet transports us across the seas, and we encounter him in captivity, spell-bound by that once unknown power—the human eye. That terrible eye transfixes him like a weapon, and no less of a mystery and a dread are the iron bars of his prison. What is this strange substance that his hitherto invincible teeth cannot break? The poem finishes with an eloquent appeal from nature to man. 'Take all that I offer,' she says, 'but torture not. Pain is the dispensation of God.'

La Parole is a short poem, containing many fine thoughts. After a noble panegyric of human speech the poet indulges in a dream which should surely nowhere meet with so ardent a response as in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. When wars and civil commotions have ceased from the face of the earth, he writes thus—

O divine Eloquence! alors tu n'auras plus
Pour image la mer aux éternels reflux;
Tu prendras pour symbole une source féconde,
Un fleuve large et pur, le flot de la Gironde,
Qui, donnant son murmure aux lèvres qui l'ont bu,
Trempe au cœur des enfans l'amour et la vertu,
Et comme l'eau descend des cimes aux vallées,
En charriant l'argile et les pierres salées,
Et sans niveler l'herbe et les chênes entre eux,
Les baigner également d'un torrent savoureux,
Ainsi dans les cités, à travers les campagnes,
Tu répandras ce baume épanché des montagnes.

'Then, O Divine Eloquence! shalt thou have for symbol, not the unchanging ocean tide, but a river large-flowing and clear, steeping the hearts of all who drink, in love and virtue; and as a torrent descending from the mountain-tops to the valleys, clearing away impurities and obstacles, and refreshing everything it comes near, so shall Eloquence descend alike upon the cities and the fields.' He adds:

Les mots sont souverains,
Quand bondit Mirabeau, lesquels sont le plus craints,
Ou des mots ou des rois?

It will be seen from this brief notice that Sully Prudhomme is a poet of noble aspirations, a man of real genius, who turns to pure and manly sources of inspiration. We look with some interest for his forthcoming poem, the subject of which is afforded by Darwin's *Theory of Evolution.* The present brief notice cannot deal, of course, with all that is most characteristic of this writer.

When we come to Nadaud, the joyous Gascon singer, we must take our subject more leisurely. How many hundreds of songs—witty, popular love-ditties, drinking songs, people's songs—has Gustave Nadaud written? Perhaps he himself hardly knows, though wherever the

traveller wanders throughout his beloved France he will find them in the mouths of his countrymen. Never was poet happier—as poet—than Nadaud. Eminently a Frenchman, he has written everyone of his hundreds of songs for Frenchmen, Parisian and provincial, aristocrat and *bourgeois*, rich and poor, as the case may be, and everyone has found an echo. Béranger is hardly better known or more loved, and Nadaud's popularity may be gathered from the numerous editions of his works which have already appeared, and continue to appear. Besides the handsome volume containing his portrait and his earliest collected songs, numerous small volumes have been published; 'l'nn plus joli que l'autre,' as our French neighbours say; all fresh, gay, witty, and youthful. The sight of such a library emanating from a single brain takes one's breath away, but here all has the ring of the true metal. The fertile writer never for a moment seems to have spent his forces, and never for a moment wearies his reader. Such boundless versatility and vivaciousness fascinate us at once, although we are not Gascon and not even French.

Nor is Nadaud's exuberance of imagination less astounding than his extraordinary mastery of rhythm and melody. He is as happy in form as in subject, and plays with words as dexterously, and often perilously, as a conjuror with dancing plates. The theme of his verse is as varied as the shape in which he moulds it; and only to study the works of this light-hearted singer is to realise the wondrous pliability, grace, and geniality of the French language, also the brilliance, versatility, and rapidity of the French mind. Turning over the pleasant pages of these volumes, we smile at a happy touch here, a witticism there, sparkling thoughts everywhere, and gradually cease to wonder at the unexampled way in which the French nation bear unexampled misfortune. The genius of the people is a genius that must bask in sunshine or remain hidden, and even to make merry over national follies and ill-luck is to them preferable to not making merry at all. Certainly, this kind of temperament is so directly opposed to our insular one, that half the charm of living with our neighbours on the other side of La Manche must be attributed to the sense of contrast.

Nadaud's Gascon songs are delicious; let us take, for instance, the well-known *Carcassonne*. We are all more or less like the aged peasant, the burden of whose grievance was, 'I have never seen Carcassonne!' Some may have one longing, some another; we have each our Carcassonne, the acmè of longing and desire never to be attained, and which, if attained, would inevitably fall short of expectation.

CARCASSONNE.

'Je me fais vieux, j'ai soixante ans,
J'ai travaillé toute ma vie,
Sans avoir pendant tout ce temps
Pu satisfaire mon envie.
Je vois bien qu'il n'est ici-bas
De bonheur complet pour personne:
Mon vœu ne s'accomplira pas;
Je n'ai jamais vu Carcassonne!

'On voit la ville de là-haut,
Derrière les montagnes bleues,
Mais pour y parvenir il faut,
Il faut faire cinq grandes lieues;
En faire autant pour revenir.
Ah! si la vendange était bonne!
Le raisin ne veut pas jaunir.
Je ne verrai pas Carcassonne!

'On dit qu'on y voit tous les jours.
Ni plus ni moins que les dimanches,
Des gens s'en aller sur le cours
En habits neufs, en robes blanches.
On dit qu'on y voit des châteaux
Grands comme ceux de Babylone,
Un évêque et deux généraux.
Je ne connais pas Carcassonne!

'Le vicaire a cent fois raison;
C'est des imprudents que nous sommes;
Il dirait dans son oraison
Que l'ambition perd les hommes.
Si je pouvais trouver pourtant
Deux jours à la fin d'automne,
Mon Dieu, que je mourrai content
Après avoir vu Carcassonne!

'Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! pardonnez-moi,
Si ma prière vous offense;
On voit toujours plus haut que soi,
En vieillesse comme en enfance.
Ma femme avec mon fils Aignan
A voyagé jusqu'à Narbonne;
Mon filleul a vu Perpignan,
Et je n'ai pas vu Carcassonne!'

Ainsi chantait, près de Limoux,
Un paysan courbé par l'âge.
Je lui dis, 'Ami, levez-vous:
Nous allons faire le voyage.'
Nous partîmes le lendemain.
Mais (que le bon Dieu lui pardonne!)
Il mourut à moitié chemin.
Il n'a jamais vu Carcassonne!

'I am getting old,' sings a Gascon peasant; 'I have worked hard all my life; but I have never yet been able to do what I want. I see well enough there is no perfect happiness for anyone in this world; my wish is not accomplished. I have never seen Carcassonne! The town is seen from a distance behind the blue mountains yonder, but to arrive there you have to make a journey of five long leagues, and the same to get back again. Ah! if only the vintage were good. But the grapes won't ripen. I shall never see Carcassonne! They tell me you see there every day, nor more nor less than on a Sunday, people walking in the squares in new clothes and white dresses, castles large as those of Babylon, a bishop, and two generals to boot. I have never seen Carcassonne! The vicar is right a hundred times over. We have no sense, any of us. He said in his sermon that it is ambition that ruins mankind.

'Nevertheless, if I could find two days to spare at the close of the autumn. Heavens! I should die easy if I had only seen Carcassonne! My God! forgive me if my prayer displeases Thee! We are always looking too high, alike in youth and old age. My wife and my son Aignan have travelled to Narbonne! my son-in-law has seen Perpignan; and I have never seen Carcassonne.' 'Thus sang an old peasant bent with age,' adds the poet. 'I said to him, "Friend, let us make the journey together." We set out next day, but—the Lord have mercy on his soul—he died half-way. He never saw Carcassonne!'

La Garonne is another quaint and humorous peasant song, exceedingly popular in France. In this, no less than in the foregoing, he playfully and wittily illustrates a common, and in some respects commendable, frailty of the simple, the untravelled, and the unsophisticated—namely, that profound belief in their own especial little corner of the beloved *patrie*, that intense love of every natural feature of the especial country they have known since childhood. We are all tolerably familiar with the weakness which has its root in ardent if narrow-minded patriotism, but in its intensity it is only to be seen among our French neighbours, especially the peasants. To the Breton there is no country in the world like *la petite Bretagne*, to the Gascon, no province half so beautiful as Gascony, no river in the world to be compared to La Garonne. This is how a Gascon peasant sings its praises:

Si la Garonne avait voulu,
Lanturlu!
Quand elle sortit de sa source,
Diriger autrement sa course,
Et vers le Midi s'épancher,
Qui donc eût pu l'en empêcher?
Tranchant vallon, plaine et montagne,
Si la Garonne avait voulu,
Lanturlu!
Elle allait arroser l'Espagne.

Si la Garonne avait voulu,
Lanturlu!
Pousser au Nord sa marche errante,
Elle aurait coupé la Charente,
Coupé la Loire aux bords fleuris,
Coupé la Seine dans Paris,
Et moitié verte, moitié blanche,
Si la Garonne avait voulu,
Lanturlu!
Elle se jetait dans la Manche!

Si la Garonne avait voulu,
Lanturlu!
Elle aurait pu boire la Saône,

Boire le Rhin après le Rhône ;
De là, se dirigeant vers l'Est,
Absorber le Danube à Pesth,
Et puis, ivre à force de boire,
Si la Garonne avait voulu,
Lanturlu !
Elle aurait grossi la mer Noire.

Si la Garonne avait voulu,
Lanturlu !
Elle aurait pu dans sa furie,
Pénétrer jusqu'en Sibérie,
Passer l'Oural et le Volga,
Traverser tout le Kamschatka,
Et d'Atlas déchargeant l'épaule,
Si la Garonne avait voulu,
Lanturlu !
Elle aurait dégelé le Pôle.

La Garonne n'a pas voulu,
Lanturlu !
Humilier les autres fleuves ;
Seulement, pour faire ses preuves,
Elle arrondit son petit lot:
Ayant pris le Tarn et le Lot,
Elle confisqua la Dordogne ;
La Garonne n'a pas voulu,
Lanturlu !
Quitter le pays de Gascogne !

The effect of this poem recited to a French audience is magical, so naïvely is the climax arrived at, so happily is given in a line the mingled vanity, patriotism, and boastfulness of your true, old-fashioned Gascon peasant. Nadaud has written nothing more charming or more popular than this little song.

Nadaud's poetry is, however, a mirror in which the follies and vanities of every phase of modern French life are reflected. He satirises the petty rivalry of préfet and mayor, the heartlessness of the Parisian beauty, the calculating spirit of the bourgeois, the narrow-mindedness of country life, the frailties of all classes, the shortcomings of statesmen and governments. In a little poem called the *Secret of Happiness*, he tells us that he knows one way, and one only of living felicitously and long ; he invites us to follow him to a country villa, attractive from its modesty, where the aspect of everything shows that ennui is unknown within its precincts. There the true *verve gauloise* is found ; there host and guest play at whist in wet weather and at bowls in fine, losing their temper over neither. They talk learnedly, under the shadow of the trees, they read old authors as well as new, the time is spent in discussing all kinds of subjects, earnestly, yet amicably. Do you ask the secret of this harmony—it is told in five words. *Here we don't talk politics.* A maxim by the way, which would greatly add to the agreeableness of French society if adhered to generally. We in England can with difficulty realize the passionate vehemence put into every circumstance of daily life by the introduction of political bias. To talk of politics in France indeed is to render conversation always dangerous and often impossible.

Thus gaily Nadaud inculcates his social and moral lessons, never lingering too long on the same strain, never talking unwholesome truths without a smile. A charming poet, a pleasant moralist, an ever youthful and even joyous fellow guest at the banquet of life, he sits down alike with rich and poor, wise and simple, and makes himself welcome to all. He is just as much at home in the cottage of the Gascon peasant as in the boudoir of a duchess, behind the shopman's counter, in the moonlit woods. Always making rhymes, never rhyming unmusically, always on the alert to rail at human weakness, never unkindly, he says :—

Il faut sous un refrain frivole
Cacher une leçon,
Charme, élève, console,
Et vole, vole, vole.

And seeing the quality of his songs and the character of the vast audience to which they are addressed, no wonder they are taking their place beside those of Béranger in the hearts of the French people.

M. B.-E.

QUARTER SESSIONS UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH.

FROM ORIGINAL RECORDS.

By A. H. A. Hamilton.

THE King was dead, the Parliament was fading away, and the sword was now the lord of England. But Quarter Sessions continued to be held as usual, and the Court issued its orders on the usual subjects, though the number of justices in attendance appears at first to have been very small, and on one occasion did not exceed five.

At Easter 1649 we hear of a collection made on a thanksgiving day appointed 'for a victory over the Irish rebels obtained by the Lord Inchiquin.' That nobleman was fond of fighting on any side, and was so unfortunate as to take the King's part just before Cromwell landed in Ireland.

On the same occasion an order was made to restrain the conversion of barley into malt, 'forasmuch as by reason of the extremity of winter it is much to be feared that there will be a scarcity of corn at harvest, and that God will punish our excess and abuse of His creatures by the want of them, the poor everywhere complaining of their necessities, and all sober people abhorring the multitude of ale-houses, and protesting against the unreasonable quantity of barley turned into malt, which is wantonly and wickedly spent in such houses.'

At Midsummer and Michaelmas the chief business, as we may well believe, was the arrangement of the pensions to be allotted to the 'maymed souldiers.' They were not excessively liberal, and rarely exceeded 40*s.* a year. Some unfortunate men were dismissed with a gratuity of only 5*s.* Widows were sometimes allowed a small gratuity, never a pension. Thirty-two poor widows, 'whose husbands were slain in the Parliament's service in defence of Plymouth,' were to receive 20*s.* a piece, but the ordinary allowance was no more than half that sum. The widow of a captain killed in action received 40*s.*, 'and she to trouble the Court noe more.' It is mentioned that 'Walter Yolland, a faithful soldier of the Commonwealth, was starved to death in the prison at Lydford by the inhumane dealing of the enemy.' Altogether the rates for this purpose were double what they had been before 1648.

The King's name had been retained in matters of public business as long as he was alive. But it was now necessary to alter the style of the Government, and we find that recognisances were said to be due 'Custodibus Libertatis Angliæ Auctoritate Parliamenti.' Soon afterwards the English language was adopted in legal documents, and thenceforth we hear of 'the Keepers of the Liberties of England by Authority of Parliament.' The sentences on prisoners, the conditions of recognisances, and other similar entries, are for the first time written in English. Even the familiar '*posse comitatus*' becomes 'the power of the county,' and the bills of indictment are endorsed by the Grand Jury, 'wee know not,' instead of *Ignoramus*.

The first English Commission of the Peace that I have met with bears date the 9th day of March 1651, and commences thus:

The Keepers of the Liberty of England by Authority of Parliament to William Lenthall, Speaker of Parliament and Master of the Rolls, Oliver Cromwell, Captaine Generall of the Armies, Bulstrode White-

locke, Richard Keble, John Lisle, Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, John Bradshawe, Chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaster and Chief Justice of Chester, Algernon Earl of Northumberland, William Earl of Salisbury, Henry Rolle, Chief Justice of the *Upper* Bench, John Wylde, Chiefe Baron of the *Publique* Exchequer, Robert Nicholas, one of the Justices of the Upper Bench, Edmond Prideaux, Attorney Generall of the Commonwealth.

These official personages amount to twelve, and then follow the names of sixty-eight baronets, knights, and esquires, mostly of well-known county families. It is evident that there was very little of the modern democratic ideal about this revolution. Any nobleman or gentleman who was believed to be not ill-affected to the new government was included in the Commission; and we meet with the familiar names which have been seldom absent from Devonshire Commissions of the Peace—Drakes and Rolles, Davies, Yonges, and Fortescues, Poles, Quickes, Dukes, Carews, Coplestons and Woollcombes. With these are joined 'John Disbrowe and Phillipp Skippon,' and one or two others who may have belonged to the army. 'The said Edmond Prideaux' is assigned as 'Keeper of the Rolles of the Peace' in the said county.

A Commission dated September 26, 1653, begins, 'The Keepers of the Liberty, &c., to Oliver Cromwell, Captaine Generall,' &c., Mr. William Lenthall having evidently become of much less importance than formerly. And under date of March 4, 1653, we have a Commission commencing thus—

Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the Domynions thereto belonging.

The dates might puzzle a reader unacquainted with the fact that the English year then began on March 25, and that March 4 was therefore six months later than the September of the same year.

'The Keepers of the Liberty' and Mr. William Lenthall had their turn again in the Commission of July 8, 1659. On that occasion 'John Desbrowe' was appointed Keeper of the Rolls in the county of Devon.

The squires who acted as justices under the Commonwealth appear to have been obliged to 'sue out their pardons' at the Restoration, and no doubt had to pay heavily for them. One of these pardons is preserved in the family of John Quicke, Esq., of Newton St. Cyres. It is headed by a finely-engraved portrait of Charles II.

We should require the records of assizes, and also of the proceedings of the major-generals commanding the districts, to form a complete idea of the administration of justice under the Puritan Government. But the glimpses we get of it in the Sessions-books are curious enough, and enable us to see something of the state of the country in what the cavalier-poet called

Those gospel-walking times
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.

The laws against swearing were strictly enforced, and with the largest possible interpretation against the accused. We are reminded of the reproof that Sir Walter Scott put into the mouth of Cromwell—'What can it avail thee to practise a profanity so horrible to the ears of others, and which brings no emolument to him who uses it?' Every oath was counted. For a single oath the fine was 6*s.* 8*d.*, but the charge was reduced to 3*s.* 4*d.* each 'on taking a quantity.' Humfrey Trevett, for swearing ten oaths, was committed till he pay 33*s.* 4*d.* to the poor of Harford. John Huishe, of Cheriton, was convicted for swearing twenty-two oaths and two curses at one time, and four oaths and one curse at another time. Of course, the greater number of these cases were disposed of at Petty Sessions,

without being sent for trial. One justice returned the names of ten persons whom he had convicted of swearing since the previous sessions.

We are not left without examples of what was considered swearing in those days. Wm. Hearding, of Chittlehampton, for saying two several times in Court 'Upon my life,' was adjudged to be within the act of swearing, for which he paid 6*s.* 8*d.* Thomas Butland was fined for swearing 'On my troth.' Gilbert Northcott had to pay 3*s.* 4*d.* for saying 'Upon my life.' Thomas Courtis was fined for swearing in Court 'God is my witness,' and 'I speak in the presence of God.' Christopher Gill, being reproved by Mr. Nathaniel Durant, clerk, 'for having used the oath, God's Life, in discourse,' went and informed against the minister himself for swearing!

Words appear to have been considered of great importance at this time. The Cavaliers, beaten in the field, seem to have sought the small consolation of abusing the Government, and annoying the ministers who had been intruded into the parish churches. The ladies occasionally distinguished themselves in this way. Mrs. Hawkins, the wife of a clergyman who had probably been 'sequestered for delinquency,' and Alice Brooke, single woman, were to be apprehended 'for their lewd behaviour and scandalous conversation,' and also 'for certain heretical and damnable opinions by them vented and maintained to the great dishonour of Almighty God, the reproach of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the offence of all good Christians.'

Agnes Davie said that Mr. Hopkins, minister of Sandford, 'went up into the pulpett with God in his mouth and the devill in his heart;' and, worse still, that Mrs. Hopkins 'was a Leger in Gorin's Troope,' whatever that may have been. Goring's troop, if I remember right, was the corps of 'child-eaters' to which Captain Wildrake belonged.

William Langdon, of Brixham, was so unfortunate as to get into collision with two of the learned professions. He was convicted for saying, 'The divell take such a sheppard, and the lawer too!'

We are shocked to learn that, though the committee of the county had placed Mr. Edward Hunt, 'a godly and able minister,' in the church of Ashcombe, to preach there, and also to receive the tithes, duties, and profits belonging thereunto, 'yet the churchwardens and other disaffected persons of the said parish, in contempt of authority, do keep away the key of the said parish church, and do constantly disturb and interrupt him in the exercise of his ministerial function.'

At Diptford, Thomas Hingston and Nicholas Bastard 'do most unjustly detain the church Bible from Mr. Walplate, the minister there, and will not permit him to make use thereof in the congregation.' At Widworthy, John Hutchins was said to have 'embezelled the carpett of the pulpitt.'

At Loddiswell the vicarage was forcibly entered and the minister turned out. Something of the same kind happened at Inwardleigh, where Hugh Northleigh, Silvanus Hurst, and Alexander Luke 'into the said church with the appurtenances with force and arms did enter, and him, the said Thomas Bridgman, out of the same with a strong hand did disseize, eject, and expel,' and 'him so expelled and ejected with a strong hand and with might, power, and force did keep out,' &c. Even so Nehemiah Holdenough complained, 'I was forcibly expelled from my own pulpit, even as a man should have been thrust out of his own house, by an alien and an intruder, a wolf, who was not at the trouble even to put on sheep's clothing.'

At Berry Pomeroy. Andrew Curtis was committed for abusing Mr. Randall, minister, in the church, and for saying that 'hee did preach lyes and errors whereby to bring men to the divell.' In fact, these cases of disturbing ministers were very numerous throughout the county.

Nor were the lay authorities much more popular. Robert Worth was fined 100*l.* for seditious words, and put in the pillory for an hour 'with a paper in his hat.' Similar sentences were by no means uncommon. An order for 'keeping watch and ward,' in 1651, declares that 'by reason of the late distractions in this Commonwealth it is observed that, among other inconveniences that have happened, the number of sturdy beggars, rogues, and wandering idle persons is greatly increased; and although there have been excellent good laws made for the punishment of them, yet by the remissness of some inferior officers they have not been duly executed, so that *such vermin do every swarm*, not only to the terror of honest and well affected people, but to the great dishonour of the nation. And now *many persons disaffected to the present Government* do secretly meet together to disturb the peace of this Commonwealth,' &c.

It may be worth while to quote one or two proceedings for speaking slanderous words. The 'Keepers of the Liberties' evidently allowed none to be taken. Here is the indictment against William Worth, of Tavistock, tailor, who,

Being a dangerous and seditious man, evil affected unto, and disliking the Governors and Government established in this Commonwealth of England, and intending to vilify and to bring into hatred and contempt with the people of this Commonwealth the Parliament of England now sitting at Westminster, on June 20, 1652, having conference and discourse with one Richard Kingdon of and concerning the people of the Scottish nation, maliciously, advisedly, and seditiously, these seditious, malicious, and dangerous words with a loud voice did utter and speak, viz., that he (the said William Worth meaning) did hope to have a King again (of England meaning), and that he (the said William Worth also meaning) should have the carrying of the Roundheaded Rogues to gaol. In great contempt of the Parliament and the members there sitting, and to the great damage of the people of this Commonwealth, and to the evil example of others in the like kind offending.

He was fined 10*l.*, and pilloried for one hour.

Still better is the following indictment for speaking slanderous words against the Parliament. It may be considered a gem of legal composition:

Devonshire.—The jurors for the Keepers of the Liberty of England by authority of Parliament do present upon their oaths that Hillary Renell of Oakhampton in the county aforesaid, *Tayler*, being a dangerous and seditious person, not only imagining, devising, and maliciously and seditiously intending the peace, tranquillity, and felicity of the good people of this Commonwealth and free State of England to disturb, but also to move, stir up, and raise discord, rebellion, and insurrection amongst the good people of England aforesaid, and the honest, godly, and religious persons then assembled in Parliament at Westminster, the then supreme authority of this nation, with the people aforesaid to cause to be in little regard and esteem, and their just and right actions in contempt, disgrace, hatred, and disdain with the said people of England to bring, the 28th day of March, 1653, at Oakhampton aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, having certain speech with one Robert Sprage, He the said Hillary Reynell, then and there of his devilish mind and wicked imagination these malicious, horrible, and seditious words following, falsely, seditiously, maliciously, advisedly, and directly, then and there spoke, published, and with a loud voice uttered (that is to say) I (meaning him the said Hillary Reynell) will approve that there are none but blood-thirsty and murderous and treacherous rogues that bears power now in putting the King to death (the aforesaid honest, godly, and religious persons then assembled in Parliament, the then supreme authority aforesaid meaning) who had lately by the laws of England caused Charles Stuart, late King of England (whom the said Hillary Reynell then meant) to suffer death as a traitor, To the evil and dangerous example of all others

in the like case offending and against the public peace.

(Endorsed.)

Witness—Robert Sprage, sworn.

This bill is true.

The commonest cases tried at Quarter Sessions during the Commonwealth related to those sins which most legislators have been unwilling to rank among crimes punishable by law. I have seen literally hundreds of such indictments of this period. The offences in question were no doubt punished in the time of Elizabeth, at least occasionally, but the law seems to have lapsed into desuetude under the Stuarts. Under the Puritan rule it was revived with a vengeance. The authorities seem to have taken an austere delight in raking up all the arrears of the past years of laxer morality. An order was made in Devonshire that every woman who had ever had an illegitimate child should be committed for trial, unless she had been previously punished. Married women were actually indicted for misconduct with their own husbands before marriage. The sentence was sometimes 'to be whipt,' as in the preceding century, but it was more generally three months' imprisonment, and to find sureties for good behaviour. At a single sessions there were twenty-two such cases.

Breaches of the Seventh Commandment were treated as capital crimes, and were not tried at sessions. The calendars of the assizes are not entered in the books, but we find persons committed on such charges, and orders respecting the disposal of children whose mothers had been executed. Advocates of women's rights may have their opinions confirmed by observing that the law was executed with gross partiality. Probably less than five per cent. of the indictments on these subjects were directed against individuals of the male sex.

If we deduct these cases, the calendars of Sessions appear short, but we do not know how many cases may have been disposed of by the Judges of Assize, or by the Major-Generals. In January 1653–4 the witnesses are first spoken of as being 'on behalf of his Highness the Lord Protector.' In July following Thomas Nynoe was sentenced to remain until he paid 500*l.* 'for a fyne for speaking trayterous words against the Lord Protector.' And in the next year Mellony Farye (a woman) was fined 5*l.* for the same offence.

In 1656 John Huishe was committed to the assizes for saying that my Lord Protector was a rogue, and that he 'did hope to live so long to see him hanged or burnt very shortly.' He was admitted to bail, himself in 1,000*l.*, and two sureties in 500*l.* each! I suppose there can be little doubt that this was the father-in-law of Cromwell's mutinous Adjutant-General Allen, who was arrested by Captain Unton Crook and the High Sheriff 'at his father-in-law Mr. Huish's house in Devonshire' in January 1655.[1]

In October 1658 one William Bowles, constable of Tavistock, was dismissed from his office and bound over to the assizes for saying since the death of Oliver Lord Protector that he was now free of his office, and that it was against his conscience to act for this Protector, *being he was a Cavelleire*, and farther said that he did believe or hope he should shortly act as a constable under another Government. He probably got his wish, for the next year (1659) was the one in which Mr. Pepys's friend boasted that he had managed to serve eight different Governments.

[1] *Carlyle's Cromwell*, ii. 315.

'Sabbath-breaking,' we need hardly remark, was severely punished under the Commonwealth. Persons were sent for trial for travelling with a horse on the Lord's Day, for 'shooteing in a gunne on the Lord's Day,' for 'prophaning the Sabbath and beating of ye said Thomas Tanner on ye last Lord's Day,' for 'not frequenting the ordenances, and driveing of horses on the Lord's Day.'

'Unlawful meetings at cockmatches' were of course repressed with a strong hand. The Court was shocked by being informed that 'certaine daies called Revell daies are yet observed in diverse parishes, which hath beene heretofore the unhappy occasion of much profanenes and wickednes in letting out the corruptions of men into all manner of disorder, as drunkennes, swearing, fighting, and playing at games expressly against the Word of God and contrary to the statute.' The constables were straitly charged to 'forbid all meetings and concurse of people wheather strangers or others in publike or private houses,' and to bring all offenders before the justices, 'to bee dealt withall according to their demeritts.'

The game laws were by no means repealed by the Parliament. An order to all constables was issued by the 'Keepers of the Liberty of England,' reciting the penalty of 20*s.* imposed 'by law for spoyling and distroying of every feasant, partridge, hare, mallard, pigeon, and such like games with any guns, netts, crosbowes, or other instruments or engyns, and alsoe for spoyling and distroying of every egg of phesant and partridge, and likewise for killing and distroying of hares with harepipes, cords, or other engyns.' And likewise the sum of 40*s.* was imposed on any person keeping greyhounds or 'setting doggs,' except such as had an estate of inheritance of 10*l.* per annum, or an estate for life of 30*l.* yearly, or the value of 200*l.* in goods or chattels. 'Nevertheless,' the order goes on to say, 'of late yeares the severall games above menconed have beene more excessively spoyled and distroyed then hath beene in former tymes, especially by the vulgar sort of people and men of small worth imploying most parte of their tyme in taking the said games, thereby bringing themselves the rather to poverty.' And the constables were enjoined to arrest such offenders without warrant.

Democracy, as I remarked before, did not gain much by the Puritan Revolution. The doctrines then called levelling, in modern language socialist or communistic, never attained any considerable power. It was a hundred and forty years before the volcanic force of Sansculottism, as Mr. Carlyle would say, emerged from the abysses. The working classes were probably worse off under the Commonwealth than at any other time. I have met with an original table of the rates of wages settled by the Justices at Exeter, on April 4, 1654. They show only a small advance on those current in the reign of Elizabeth, sixty years before.[2] When we consider the diminution in the purchasing power of money which had certainly taken place, it cannot be doubted that such rates must have caused much suffering. The wages of masons, carpenters, and others employed in the building trade were actually the same as those fixed in 1594.

Omitting some superfluous verbiage, the following are the rates of wages voted by the Justices in 1654.

1. No bailiff of husbandry, hind, or miller to take above 4*l.* a year and livery, or 8*s.* 4*d.* instead.

[2] See *Quarter Sessions under Queen Elizabeth*, in *Fraser's Magazine* for June, 1876.

2. No common men servants of husbandry from the age of 16 to 20 to take above 40*s.* a year, and above the age of 20 not above 53*s.* 4*d.*

3. No woman servant under 14 to take any wages but meat, drink, and clothes. From 14 to 18 not above 16*s.* and livery, or 6*s.* 8*d.* instead. From 18 to 30 not above 23*s.* 4*d.* and livery, or 6*s.* 8*d.*

4. Husbandry labourers.—From Allhallowtide until Candlemas not above 3*d.* a day, with meat and drink, and the rest of the year not above 4*d.* Without meat and drink, not above 10*d.* a day. When mowing corn and grass, they might have 6*d.* a day with meat and drink, or 12*d.* a day without.

5. Women 'labouring at hay,' not above 2*d.* a day with meat and drink, or 6*d.* without. In corn harvest 4*d.* or 8*d.* At other work 2*d.* or 5*d.*

6. 'Master carpenters,' masons, plumbers, &c., having servants or apprentices, and able to take charge of the work, not above 6*d.* a day, with meat and drink, or 12*d.* without.

7. 'All labourers at husbandry at task as they can agree.'

8. Other masons, carpenters, &c., not above 5*d.* a day with meat and drink, or 11*d.* without. Apprentices and boys not above 2*d.* or 6*d.*

9. A pair of sawyers not above 12*d.* or 2*s.*

10. Weavers 2½*d.* or 8*d.* a day.

11. Spinsters not above 6*d.* *by the week* with meat and drink, or 16*d.* without.

12. All weavers and spinsters (if by the Greate) as they can agree.

In 1657 an order was made that all 'masterless persons should take masters within one month.'

Certain butchers, cordwainers, and others were indicted for 'exercizing or using an art, mistery, or manuall occupation, not having byn brought upp in the same by the space of seaven whole yeares at the least as an apprentice.'

The restrictions on building were continued, and one man was fined 58*l.* for erecting a cottage without a licence.

Religious toleration was, of course, at this time considered impossible by all 'practical men.' Cromwell declared in Ireland that the Mass would never be permitted in any dominions under the power of the Parliament of England. But it does not seem clear at first why the zeal of the Puritans should have been particularly directed to the persecution of Quakers. Perhaps the 'Levellers,' or Communists, were included under that denomination. An order of September 1656, against rogues and vagabonds, goes on to say:

> And now lately divers other persons styled by the name of *Quakers*, disaffected to the present Government, do wander up and down the country, and scatter seditious books and papers to the deluding of many weak people, undermining the fundamentals of religion, denying the Scriptures to be the word of God, and the godly ministers of England to be the true ministers of the gospel, so as many heresies and blasphemies are by them vented and broached abroad, to the great dishonour of Almighty God and grief of all pious and religious people, and to the disturbance of the peace of the Commonwealth.

It was therefore ordered that all constables should cause good watches and wards to be kept for the apprehending of all beggars, rogues, vagabonds, wandering, idle, and suspicious persons, 'and that they likewise apprehend all such persons as travel under the notion or name of *Quakers* without a lawful certificate testifying from whence he came and whither he is travelling, or shall have or do scatter, publish, or own any such seditious books or papers as aforesaid, or shall interrupt or disturb any minister in the congregation or otherwise.' And all such persons, together with such books and papers, were to be brought before some Justice of the Peace to be dealt with according to law.

A similar order respecting Quakers was issued in October 1658, at the beginning of the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell. And all Quakers' books found in the gaol were to be burnt, especially those in the custody of Thomas Courtis, a Quaker, and now a prisoner. This was probably the same Thomas Courtis who was convicted of swearing, a curious offence for a Quaker. What he said was merely 'God is my witness,' which he probably considered something very different from an oath.

We get the titles of two Quaker books in an examination apparently of a lady of fortune. Mary Erberie, being arrested with Joane Ingrum, her servant, and John Browne, whose name seems appropriate for a footman, said that she was going to Launceston to visit some prisoners there, and that 'shee owneth those people that are by the world scornefully called Quakers.' She also admitted having two books, one intituled 'To all that would know ye way to the Kingdome, &c.,' and the other 'Certaine papers wch is ye word of the Lord, as was moved from the Lord by his servants to several places and persons, that they maie bee left without excuse, and God maie bee cleare when hee judges, and justified in his judgements.'

I have not met with many of the curious Scriptural names supposed to be characteristic of this period. No Stand fast on High Stringer, or Kill Sin Pimple, appears in Devonshire. Abigail, Rhoda, Sampson, 'Precilla,' do not seem very extraordinary. Now and then we notice Elnathan, Archelaus, Mephibosheth, Sarepta, 'Belshazer,' John Baptista, and so forth. 'Pentecost' was a name before the Civil War, and Christopher, Bartholomew, Christian, were always common. Armonell, Petronell, Wilmot (female), Hannibal, Scipio, Sibilla, Melior, are not Biblical. The name 'Alpha' was probably given on the principle on which Mr. Bumble named the foundlings in the workhouse, and 'Elevant Stoodley' was no doubt a nickname. 'Iago' seems to have been not very uncommon as a surname. 'Brute' was an unpleasant English form of Brutus. 'Welthian' and 'Damerne' were Christian names of women. Their derivation is a riddle which I give up.

An instance of the Protector's assumption of more than regal power occurs in connection with the Castle of Exeter. The Assizes and Sessions for the county had been held there for generations, and the Justices had laid out large sums in erecting within it 'houses, places, and seats of judicature.' But in 1655 they had to appoint Colonel Robert Shapcote 'to attend Generall Disbrowe for the obtayning of a grant of the said Castle of Exon, and the said howses and places of Judicature from his highnes the Lord Protector, to and for the use of this county, according to his highnes gratious promise in that behalfe.'

General Disbrowe, otherwise Desborough, was the major-general commanding the western district.

At last there came a time when the Justices of Devon thought themselves called upon again to come to the front in public affairs. The great Protector had been laid among his royal predecessors in the chapel of Henry the Seventh. His son had succeeded him as quietly as a Prince of Wales generally succeeds his father, but within few days he had passed away, neither in anger, nor in battle. The times were out of joint. It seemed almost certain that the country would become a prey to anarchy and confusion, and the eyes of all men were turned to him upon whom the weight and fate of England appeared to hang—the Devonshire gentleman who held the command of the Army of the North.

Many years had passed since old Sir Thomas Monk (or Mouncke, as the Clerk of the Peace delighted to write his name), of Potheridge, in North Devon, having kept his house too open to his friends, found himself compelled to keep it shut against his creditors. Being summoned to attend the King on his visit to Devonshire in 1625, he applied to the under-sheriff for immunity from arrest on that occasion. That functionary was, perhaps, one of those described by the Privy Council of James as 'bred in nothing but in craft, extortion, and corruption.' At any rate the request was granted, and the knight proceeded to Exeter, where he was taken by the bailiffs, and lodged in the debtors' ward. He had left at home his younger son George, a lad of seventeen, waiting for his commission in the army. This energetic young gentleman, hearing of the breach of faith of which his father had been the victim, rode straight to Exeter, caught the under-sheriff in the Castle, and caned him publicly in a way which would probably have been described in one of his own indictments as 'verberavit, vulneravit, et male-tractavit, ita quod de vitâ maxime desperabat.' How he got away from the javelin-men, hue and cry, *posse comitatus*, or whatever force the man of law could dispose of, does not appear. Had he been caught he would no doubt have had to stand in the pillory with a paper in his hat signifying 'This is the fellow that beat the under-sheriff.' It may be feared that his conduct was avenged on his father, for poor Sir Thomas appears to have died in the sheriff's prison two years afterwards. Certain it is that George Monk quitted Devonshire, joined the army at the Isle of Rhé, and soon learned to conduct himself with equal bravery and greater discretion. From that time he saw whatever service was to be seen, in the Low Countries, in Northumberland against the Scots, in Ireland against the rebels. The commencement of the Civil War found him in command of a regiment, but he had the luck to be taken prisoner by Fairfax, and kept in captivity until the end of the war in England. Towards the end of 1646 he took the Covenant, joined the army of the Parliament, and served with the highest distinction in Ireland and Scotland. He was not so gifted as some of the 'warlike saints' in expounding Scripture or spouting politics, but probably he was not less valued by his chief. The great general and statesman of 1650 was himself very far removed from the fanatical Captain Cromwell of 1642, and could appreciate a trusty officer who knew perfectly how to do his duty, and also how to hold his tongue. In the words of Mr. Carlyle, Monk is 'a taciturn man; speaks little; thinks more or less; does whatever is doable here and elsewhere.'

After the pacification of Scotland, Monk obtained the command of a fleet, with which he succeeded in beating the great Admiral Van Tromp. And now, in 1659, having held for five years the chief command in Scotland, he was marching south with a well-disciplined army of 8,000 veterans, to bear his part in the settlement of the Commonwealth.

The gentlemen of Devon, seeing that one of themselves had risen so high, thought it a good opportunity to impress their opinions on the authorities. They forwarded the following address 'to the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esq., Speaker of the Parliament,' by the hands of Mr. Bampfield, who had been member for Exeter, and Speaker of Richard Cromwell's House of Commons:

We, the gentry of the county of Devon, finding ourselves without a regular Govern-

ment (after your last interruption) designed a public meeting to consult remedies, and which we could not so conveniently effect till this week of our general Quarter Sessions at *Exon*, where we found divers of the inhabitants groaning under high oppressions, and a general defect of trade, to the utter ruin of many, and fear of the like to others, which is as visible to the whole *County*, that occasioned such disorders as were no small trouble and disturbance to us, which, by God's blessing upon our endeavours, were soon suppressed and quieted without blood; and though we find, since our first purposes, an alteration in the state of affairs, by your re-establishment at the helm of Government, yet conceive that we are but in part redressed of our grievances, and that the chief expedient will be the recalling all those members who were secluded in 1648, and sat before the first force upon the Parliament, and also by filling up vacant places, and all to be admitted without any oath, or engagement previous to their entrance, for which things, if you please to take a speedy course, we shall defend you against all opposers and future interruption, with our lives and fortunes, for the accomplishment whereof we shall use all lawful means, which we humbly conceive may best conduce to the peace and safety of the nation.

A similar letter, or a copy of this one, was sent to General Monk. It reached him while he was on his way from Scotland. Whether he had at this time determined to play the part of a king-maker, or whether he was more inclined to the part that Cromwell played before him, or to the part that Washington played long afterwards, no man can tell. He was now a very different character from the impulsive boy who caned the under-sheriff. He was impenetrable as William the Silent of Orange, or President Grant of America. Probably he had no fixed determination at all, and was calmly watching the course of public opinion. What is most certain is that he had no intention of having his hand forced by the Justices of Devon, though he paid them the compliment of answering their address. He wrote to them from Leicester, on January 21, 1660, the curious letter which may be read in Harris's *Charles II.*, in which he argued against their proposals, and pointed out the danger that the secluded members might attempt to restore the Monarchy. He reminded them that many vested interests had sprung up since the war; that, in ecclesiastical matters, the Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, and other sectaries, had acquired rights which they could not be expected to relinquish; that, in civil affairs, the estates of the King, Queen, bishops, and deans and chapters had been sold, resold, settled on marriages, &c. He showed that a King would be bound to overturn these arrangements, both civil and spiritual, and that therefore the attempt to restore Monarchy would certainly produce a fresh war, in which all these interests, and, above all, the army, would be decidedly in favour of the Republic. It was, therefore, his opinion that such a government 'in the way of a commonwealth' should be established as might be comprehensive of all interests both spiritual and civil, 'to the glory of God, and the weal and peace of the whole.'

Yet it seems by no means impossible that this demonstration made by his native county may have had some effect in influencing the resolution of the general, especially if, as we are assured, it was the original precedent which was shortly followed by most of the counties and boroughs.

Monk was elected to the Convention Parliament as Knight of the Shire for Devon, his colleague being Sir John Northcote, a lineal ancestor of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The events that resulted belong to general history. All that concerns our story is that the younger son of an embarrassed squire, who fled from his home in sore danger of a prosecution, returned to it at last as Duke of Albemarle and Lord-Lieutenant of his native county.

A NORTHERN *HAMLET.*

ALMOST every picturesque legend is told and re-told, in various ways and in different languages, till at length some man of genius, to whom it is peculiarly sympathetic, takes it and tells it supremely well; from which time it becomes his alone—his version remains *the* one, and all others, looked upon now as mere tentative efforts, drop into obscurity, often without even a struggle to stand against their more powerful rival. To take the most notorious example, how Marlowe's and all other *Fausts* have disappeared before the greatest, in spite of Charles Lamb's half-hearted protest. And Lytton's *King Arthur*, and Blackmore's, and other treatments of the subject on which Milton longed to try his hand—where are they beside Tennyson's? [1]

As a rule, when a subject has been thus entirely identified in literature with one name, there is no further attempt to make use of it; but, strangely enough, there *is* a modern *Hamlet*, and one by a poet of established, and in his own country of the highest, fame. The greatest of Danish poets has ventured (though indeed with a disclaimer of all idea of rivalry) to meet the greatest of Englishmen on his own ground—to dramatise again the story which has been made into the most famous of all plays. This meeting of Shakespeare and Oehlenschläger is of so great interest that it seems strange that (to the best of our belief) no Englishman has yet drawn attention to it; it is not easy to recall its parallel, except indeed in Voltaire's famous attempt to show how Shakespeare ought to have written *Othello*—result, the so-called masterpiece *Zaïre*.

We need not compare the English *Hamlet* with the Danish *Amleth*; the former is so universally known that a sketch of the latter will enable all our readers to make the comparison for themselves. That they may see how much each author took from the original legend, we must give this, as it is told by Saxo Grammaticus, in brief outline; but, as it has of late years been pretty thoroughly popularised, our outline shall be very brief. Shakespeare, as most people know, took the story from the version of Belleforest; and there are few more noticeable things in the history of genius than the way in which the little kernel of universal human interest in this rude tale of barbarous horrors struck the reflective fancy of the poet. His keen eye saw the immense dramatic strength of the position of the nephew who had to revenge a murdered father, a dishonoured mother; he was attracted by the waywardness of intellect which assumed madness to conceal its schemes of revenge, long brooded over: he, there can be little doubt, put himself in Hamlet's place, and worked out the result on a delicate and comprehensive intellect of the strain of a rough and bloody necessity.

How totally he metamorphosed the original story we need hardly say; he took, indeed, only the situation we have just mentioned, and one or two hints of incident, to be developed with enormous power and imagination. Here is the legend (from which Belleforest varies

[1] Though indeed one might say, truly enough, Where would they have been in any case?

but little) as it is given by Oehlenschläger in his collection of the stories of the famous ancient sagas:

In the time of King Rörik there died Gervendel, Under-King of Jutland; and Rörik crowned his two sons, Hardenvel and Fengo, in their father's stead. Hardenvel went forth on voyages as a viking, brought King Rörik great booty, and wooed his daughter Gyrithe. He married her, and became by her the father of Amleth. But Fengo, being envious, secretly murdered his brother, and took in marriage his wife.

When Amleth was grown up, the remembrance of his father's murder affrighted him, and to secure his own life he made both his deeds and his words to appear as though he were half-witted. All his sayings and answers were foolish and ridiculous. All his actions seemed like those of a buffoon. He behaved more like a goblin than a man. Sometimes he sat by the fire, in the ashes, and swept the coals backwards and forwards. Sometimes he made wooden hooks, and burnt them hard in the fire. When they asked him what he was making, he answered, 'I am sharpening a spear to avenge my father's death.' Many, who watched his actions closely, suspected that he was not so witless as he seemed, but hid much more wisdom beneath a shrewd simplicity and cunning madness. They resolved to worm out his secret by means of a fair woman, who should lure him on to love and confidential talk.

In two words we may say that a friend warned him, and he was not entrapped. It is noticeable that this young girl, the first faint foreshadowing of Ophelia, had been brought up with Amleth, and that in the end she refused to betray him. *A propos* of this matter are given several specimens of Amleth's mad sayings and doings, which are certainly very like those of a village 'softy.' Thus, he sat his horse backwards, his face turned towards its tail—which was, says the chronicler naïvely, 'a wonderful sight to see.' Going into a wood, he met a wolf. 'Asking what it was, he was answered, "A young colt." He replied, "Of such colts Fengo has but few in his stable," a saying which those who wished to believe that his madness was merely assumed ingeniously twisted into a vague threat against the King.'

Soon they came to the shore, where lay the rudder of a stranded boat. They said to him, 'Here is a great knife;' to which he answered that 'it must be a fine ham for which such a knife was needed.' Then they pointed out to him the sand on the sea-shore, and bade him notice that beautiful white meal. He replied, 'It is ground by wind-mills and the white foam of the sea's billows.'

These answers are the foundation of the subtle and brilliant scene between Hamlet and Polonius (Act II., scene 2). Into what our next quotation developed most people know.

One of Fengo's friends counselled him to conceal a man in the chamber, when Amleth was talking alone with his mother, to play the spy upon him; and this friend offered himself as the spy. When Amleth was next alone with Gyrithe, he feared that they might ensnare him. First he ran round as was his wont, flapping his arms like wings and crowing like a cock. Then he leapt upon a bundle of straw, where the spy lay hidden, and when he found something hard there, pierced it with his sword. Thereon he drew the body from beneath the straw, cut it into pieces, and cast it to the swine. He then turned to his mother, and said, 'Thou shameless woman! who dost embrace thy husband's murderer, and love him who made thine only son fatherless. So do the brute beasts live, that have neither reason nor soul. Thou shalt see that it is not without cause that I make me mad. He who spared not his own brother will not be merciful to the son. My father's death day and night lies heavy on my heart. Were but the opportunity to revenge him granted me! But great subtlety is needed to secure the foul murderer. Weep not for my madness! If you must grieve, grieve rather for your own shame and infamy!' With such sharp words he turned his mother's wickedness into penitence and fear.

This speech (which, by the way, Belleforest lengthens into a harangue of half a dozen pages) is one of the two chief instances in which Oehlenschläger departs from the text more widely than Shakespeare; as will be seen, he omits it entirely, and with it Amleth's curt reply when asked where the spy was: 'The swine have eaten him.' Which, as the chronicler remarks, was true.

Fengo would fain have put Amleth to death, but he dared not, because of Gyrithe and her father. He therefore sent him to the King of Bretland (England). When Amleth was about to start, he bade his mother, when a year and a day had passed, to say that she had received tidings of his death, and to hang the hall with curtains, as it were for a funeral feast. At that time would he surely return. To Bretland followed him two companions, with staves inscribed with runes, which asked as a boon of the King of Bretland that he should cause Amleth to be slain. One night on the voyage Amleth found these staves, and altered the runes thereon to a request from Fengo that the British King should hang his two companions, and give Amleth his daughter in marriage.

Amleth's adventures in England we need not follow, as neither Shakespeare nor Oehlenschläger permitted him to go there; suffice it that he won a great reputation for wisdom by telling unsavoury truths about the morals and manners of the King and his family. After marrying the princess, and remaining a year in England, he returned to the Court of Fengo (clothed, for no very obvious reason, in rags), and found the hall hung with black, and his own funeral feast going on, merry as an Irish wake.

Then Amleth set himself to wait upon the guests, to make them more drunk. But he kept drawing his sword and sharpening it, which the guests could not endure: so they drove a nail right through scabbard and sword. He filled their cups so often that they all sank senseless from their seats. Then Amleth unfastened all the curtains and tapestry, wherewith the hall was hung, and let them fall over the guests, fastening them down with the hooks he had made in his childhood, so that none could escape. He then set fire to the house, and the whole palace was burnt down; but Amleth ran quickly to the chamber whither the King had been conveyed, sleeping, by his followers [overcome by the libations of the funeral feast, one may assume], and taking his sword from the wall, hung his own [whose condition will be remembered] in its place. Then he awaked him, crying, 'Fengo! thy trusty servants are burnt to ashes; and here is Amleth, with his hooks, come to avenge his father's death!' Fengo sprang up, but as he snatched up the useless sword Amleth struck him dead with his own.

This ends the adventures of the Amleth of the Third Book of Saxo Grammaticus; those narrated in the Fourth are so utterly different that their hero would seem to have been another person, and neither Shakespeare nor Oehlenschläger has in any way noticed them. Amleth commits bigamy, marrying the Queen of Scotland, and has to encounter his lawful father-in-law in consequence. Afterwards come battles, fought very often with more cunning than valour, plots and counterplots; in the end Amleth is killed in battle, and, strangely enough, his widow (the Scotch one) marries his slayer—history thus repeating itself more quickly than usual.

How absolutely Shakespeare has freed himself from all control of this old legend—how entirely his tragedy differs from it in character, incident, and persons—we only point out now because it was this difference which induced Oehlenschläger to give us a Danish version of the national saga. He is far from finding fault with the English *Hamlet*—he is proud that his country has furnished the first suggestion of the immortal work—but he wishes still to protest against the acceptance of Shakespeare's Hamlet as a true portrait of the Danish hero, a reproduction of the Amleth of Saxo Grammaticus. 'Shakespeare,' he says, in the preface to his play, 'took a tradition culled from history, and treated it freely after his own mind. His Hamlet is a sensitive, philosophic young prince, a Protestant' (this is a little doubtful —'the Ghost' was unquestionably in purgatory), 'who had studied at Wittenberg; a thoughtful, romantic sentimentalism formed the basis of his character—lofty and beautiful, no doubt, but by no means the heroic spirit.' The consciousness of his want of power to avenge his

father's death brings him, Oehlenschläger thinks, to despair, and makes a youth, otherwise formed to love, despise himself and all mankind as weak and wretched. 'So sway his thoughts and feelings in a poetic twilight of partly assumed, partly real insanity; and it is in the delineation of this state that the poet has shown his great genius.'

But the young hero of the Danish legend was no such half-hearted character as this: our forefathers felt that the true viking must have at once strength of heart, of mind, and of body, as many beautiful poems of the Northern mythology may show us. That the cleverness of the heroes of that early time, when faith in the gods was beginning to fade before the purer light of Christianity, might sometimes be carried so far as to remind one of the quality dignified by the same name by Americans of a much later date, Oehlenschläger does not deny; but he defends the cunning of Amleth, and thinks that his figure, not justly portrayed by other singers, ought not to be absent from the gallery of historic portraits—Axel and Valborg, Hagbarth and Signe, Staerkodder, and many others—thrown open, much earlier in the poet's life, to his countrymen.

It is only fair to the Danish tragedian to repeat that he himself avowed that it was 'far from his intention to cope with the immortal Shakespeare.' As he says in a letter dated just before the production of the play in 1846, 'not only does my tragedy differ from his in that he, like Von Tyboe, puts the H at the beginning, and I, like Stygotius, at the end, but the pieces are in composition and character *entirely* different. I have already,' he goes on, 'had the pleasure of learning that many competent judges think well of my *Amleth*.'

And it deserved to be thought well of. Its author had an unusually difficult task; Shakespeare's treatment of the subject must have been continually present to his mind, forestalling other methods, and hindering the easy play of invention, yet always to be entirely avoided; but he nevertheless succeeded in producing, not indeed a great tragedy (nor, properly speaking, a tragedy at all), but a bright and animated romantic play—wonderfully fresh and spontaneous, as the King of Denmark noticed in a letter to its author, for the work of a man drawing so near to the end of his labours. Following the original story more closely, in many ways, than Shakespeare, it is yet in no way fettered by it. Important incidents and characters are added without the slightest hesitation; and in almost every case in which the legend is over rough, or is otherwise unfitted for dramatic treatment, the poet's instinct has kept him from adhering to it. There is no possible comparison between this play and Shakespeare's; but we think that a description that may show the differences between them will interest English students.

Oehlenschläger's tragedy is, to begin with, not half so long as Shakespeare's, though it is in five acts, each of them, except the fourth, arranged in three scenes—evidently with an eye to the stage-carpenter's requirements. There are about a dozen characters (including counterparts, more or less exact, of Claudius, Gertrude, Horatio, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern); and it is noticeable that those of their names which are not to be found in the original story are mostly taken from the list of the early Danish kings—as Humble (whose surname Skiald—'the bard'—occurs also in this last), Rörik, and Hugleik; with Hadding, who, if not absolutely King of Denmark, was one of the most famous of Danish vikings.

Characteristically, the play opens in a fisher's hut on the sea-shore. The most noticeable feature in

Danish literature is the constant influence of the dark Northern sea; and its presence here seems at once to strike a keynote entirely different from that of the English *Hamlet*. The Danish prince, in the Danish play, has just been shipwrecked, after a roving expedition of a year and a half; a fisher-wife has given him rough sailor garments in place of his own drenched clothes, and, just after the curtain rises, leaves him as she sees approaching Humble Skiald—Amleth's bosom friend, who had, as is usual on the stage, taken a hut exactly opposite the spot where his prince was shipwrecked. Humble tells Amleth that he alone has escaped the wreck, and then immediately, their first greetings hardly over, breaks to him the news of his father's death and his mother's second marriage, with the rumour (entirely believed by Humble) that Fengo, Amleth's uncle, foully poisoned Hardenvil, whose throne he now possesses. Amleth vows vengeance, but declares that, instead of endeavouring at once to gather together a host which shall thrust Fengo from his throne, he will first go alone to the Court, lull the King's suspicions by his simulated folly, and make sure for himself that his uncle is his father's murderer.

Coming as this scene does at the very beginning of the play, not in any way led up to, nor strengthened by any exhibition of marked character, its effect cannot of course be very great; but its compression, and that of the next scene, give great vigour and briskness of action to the first act, which is clogged only by the heaviness of the metre—unrhymed Alexandrines (iambic hexameters), surely of all species of verse the least fitted for dramatic dialogue. Animated, however, as this act upon the whole is, one cannot help remembering the wonderful crescendo of suspicion and revelation which fills Act I. of *Hamlet*—the whole of which is devoted to the portion of the plot here filling only this first short scene of dialogue.

The second scene of the first act takes place in the palace. Fengo is alone, still troubled by the memory of his sin, and trying to defend himself against his own conscience. To him Geruthe comes, careworn and restless; entirely innocent as she is of all knowledge of Hardenvil's murder,[2] vague and terrible suspicions are beginning to haunt her. After a series of epigrammatic questions and replies (in the manner of the Greek tragedians) she tells the chief cause of her uneasiness. In the hall by her chamber there stands in a recess the figure of Hardenvil,[3] stuffed with hemp and tow, and fully accoutred in the dead warrior's armour, helmet, shield, and sword. 'Long had he stood there peacefully,' she says, rather quaintly; but for the last three nights she has beheld him in the moonlight step swiftly from his place, and, approaching her chamber door, show her in his outstretched hand a little golden cup. It is not the common rumour she has heard—that she would put aside—but in this there is 'something more than natural,' and she implores Fengo to swear to her as a man, as a soldier, that he is guiltless of his brother's death.

With a villain's superstitious cunning, Fengo does not answer with a direct lie; his evasion does not satisfy her, but she turns from the subject to ask wearily where Amleth is—why Amleth does not come back—almost suspicious,

[2] And (unlike Gertrude) of any sin preceding it which might have led Fengo to its commission.

[3] This figure, which plays an important part in the story, may have been unconsciously suggested by the fact that in *Hamlet* the Queen has her first husband's full-length portrait on the wall.

perhaps, that in his case too there has been foul play. Her husband replies—after such flourish as his nature wills—that in all probability the youth's voyage will soon be over; he is waited for daily; and with this hope Geruthe tries to satisfy herself. To them comes Vifil, the King's confidant—a bolder villain, one sees easily, than his master—and the Queen at once turns to go. Fengo asks how his trusted courtier offends her. She answers, with his face: it is like no honest man's. Ungallantly, her husband replies that none of us get better-looking as we grow older.

'Thyself, so late a rose, still fresh at harvest time'—
'Now in the east wind withered!'

she answers bitterly.

Only thorns remain
Upon the desolate stalk that haunts thee spectre-like.
Well! to the spectre soon this spectre shall return.
Meanwhile the hollow shape that for Hardenvil stands,
When the moon's light lulls life to sleep, awakes to life
And tells to me the truth thou seek'st in vain to hide!

With this she leaves them. The King laments the fading of the beauty for which he loved her a year ago, and again tries to palliate the crime by which he won her. Then he turns to anticipations of Amleth's return, suggesting, with a folly equal to his villany, a plan for thrusting him into the sea as he is landing. This Vifil scornfully puts aside with the remarks that, in the first place, Amleth can swim, and, in the second, he has already arrived at the palace-gates, in mean attire, followed 'like a drunken man' by a crowd—mad, and consequently harmless.

And Amleth enters wildly, still in the fisher's dress, his hair disordered, and a large green bough in his hand. Men and women follow him, with cheers and a hearty welcome home; but he does not heed them. He is looking at his bough, which he has plucked, he says, to keep away the swarm of bees that follows him. He is a clipped eagle, that has been transformed by a malicious Trold into the pitiful form of man—he, who lately sailed among the clouds and rested on the lofty cliffs, to whom as he flew the whole earth belonged. From his eyrie in the far north he screamed the signals for the storms, he blew the gales himself; with his claws he scraped the snow together on the mountain-top, he rolled it down in mighty heaps that smothered town and castle. Then on a bright day of summer he flew far away to the torrid desert, where the lions beneath him leaping on the sands appeared like mites. He found many fair maids in foreign lands, but, like their fiery sun, they did not please him; the flowers were overladen with rich and oppressive scents—he loved better the sweet violets of Denmark, and her tender moonlight: for of the moonlight she spun golden hair, and painted the eyes of maidens with the violet's hue.

Sigrid, the niece of Vifil, is present; she has been brought up with Amleth, and loves him. He goes to her, and taking her by the chin, says suddenly—

Ha! I should know thee; but of these latter days my memory has grown weak.

Vifil. My brother's daughter, Sigrid,—dost thou not remember her?

Amleth. Such pretty song-birds have no kinship with the horned owl.

Fengo. Thou know'st this lady, though, dost thou not, Amleth? (*As Geruthe approaches.*)

Amleth. Right well—she is a widow.

One cannot help thinking of Hamlet's 'Excellent well' to Polonius.

Fengo. Now my wife.

Amleth (*gazing on her*). She bears not Hardenvil's golden ring on her hand; soon shall she bear rings of lead around her eyes!

Geruthe. Sweet son, come to my heart!

Amleth (*avoiding her*). *Hast thou one!*

Then he speaks again of his helpless manhood, poor substitute for the lost power of the eagle; he compels Fengo to look him in the eyes—though his have lost their old keen mastery—and tell him where his father is. Then, after a few words, being told that he speaks over-wisely for a fool, he replies, in very Shakespearian phrase, 'O Lord, sir! Wisdom is often best spoken by fools. See you: first I sought the living; now would the dead be sought—Hardenvil's grave. And the runes on his headstone are written and finished—is't not true, King Fengo?' Not yet: they shall be soon. 'Aye—soon!' says Amleth, laughing. 'I have learnt your stone-mason's trade, too! Here is my chisel, that I will hew the runes withal!' And he draws his sword, crying to the people, 'Come now, ye bees! Come, drove of oxen! Will ye not follow me? To the King's grave!' All are with him—to the King's grave! 'But slowly, slowly, children dear! For ye know well that no clipped eagle can fly fast.' Then savagely and swiftly he says to Humble, as he rushes out, 'He is my father's murderer, and I have him!'

Fengo and Vifil, left alone, show that they suspect some hidden motive for Amleth's apparent madness—Fengo in this scene rather inconsistently displaying more foresight than Vifil—and then we follow to the barrow (*Gravhöien*) whither Amleth has led the crowd, that loves him as it loved his father. He bids the mason who is carving an inscription on Hardenvil's gravestone desist. It is almost finished, and Amleth reads with a bitter laugh the words

To King Hardenvil Fengo raised this stone.

How clearly posterity can read the story here—how fully will it know the buried man, and the man who built his monument!

To King Hardenvil Fengo raised this stone!

What need of another word?

Yet Amleth asks for Humble, who used to be—if his wandering mind may be trusted—a bard, in the old days. He shall sing to the people a lay of the life and death of Hardenvil, that they may know, and that posterity may learn, things unspoken of on this lying gravestone.

To King Hardenvil Fengo raised this stone!

He spurns it savagely with his foot, and bursts out, in undisguised fury—

Nay, nay, by Thor! Too brief is this life's story.
I am a mason, as but now I told you—
Yea, and a bard! Hardenvil's epitaph
Shall in deep runes be carved on the cold stone
That lies heart-deep in yonder scoundrel's breast;
So you but help me, friends! Now, hands to the work!
Our chisel's to be sharpened!

And the act ends, as the people cheer and follow him.

That the play opens brightly and effectively, with rapid and interesting action, cannot be denied. Amleth's madness is of course more straightforwardly and simply poetic than that of Shakespeare's wayward and cynical prince, though we think some lines that we have quoted very like bits of the dialogues with Polonius and the Queen; perhaps the resemblance was unavoidable. The method, however, is in these few replies, like that of Shakespeare; while the burst into a rhapsody of sheer descriptive poetry ('When as an eagle I flew aloft, the whole world was mine,' &c.) is absolutely its opposite, for Hamlet, beginning with bitterness and startling home-truths, is led quite unconsciously to the grand burst, 'What a piece of work is man,' in which he 'lets himself go' without restraint, enjoying the free outpour of feeling, and probably knowing that to the dull minds of his companions it will be but a fresh proof of madness.

In the second act we find Sigrid (the Ophelia of the play), with her

old nurse Gunhild, in a hall whose large doors are opened upon an orchard. The moon shines through the trees, and the girl and the old woman chat pleasantly in alternate rhyme.

How still it is! No smallest wind
Sets the sweet leaflets shaking!

Gunhild.

But well I know night's shadows find
My Sigrid's heart a-quaking!
My fault it is. Poor pretty child!
It shames me now, my folly.
I won, with elfin legends wild,
Thy soul to melancholy.
I see thee sit and listen still—
Delightful terror sways thee.
But, when the tale is o'er, thy will
Scarce from thy seat can raise thee.

Sigrid.

Yes, thou art right. A child I was:
Now womanhood is nearer,
And as one's sixteenth June doth pass
One's mind grows stronger, clearer.

And although her nurse smiles at the wisdom of sixteen, Sigrid declares that her childish fears and superstitions are past, that she will be a heroine, worthy of her descent from a line of heroes. Before the night is over, she intends to seek the lonely heath, where in the moonlight the hares are leaping, and to ask aid and counsel of Gyda the witch, who sits like a corpse in her hut, and can summon spirits to help all who offer her the gold and jewels that she loves. Sigrid will give her a costly gem, if in return she will heal Amleth, who did not know his old playfellow, his sister who loves him more than many brothers! Gunhild's remonstrances are vain, and she is forced unwillingly to follow her young mistress out into the night.

Then we are in a wood, in the clear moonshine. Amleth, led away like a madman by the light of the moon, has wandered from the Court with Humble—it would not have been over safe to pass the night beneath Fengo's roof. A peasant whom Humble can trust will furnish the Prince with a horse, and he will ride to the ferry, cross to Funen, and there obtain the aid of Erik. Hadding, underlord of Vensyssel, might also help, but he owes his appointment to Fengo, and is not to be trusted.

They see two figures approaching, and hide as Sigrid and Gunhild pass by, the old woman weary and frightened, the girl excited and resolute. Amleth, who has just been speaking of his love, determines to follow and protect her. He is astonished and almost shocked to find that she is seeking the hut of the witch who is suspected to have helped in Hardenvil's murder. If his faith in Sigrid is shaken, he says, there will be no more for him but to avenge his father's death, and himself to die.

We enter then the witch's hut, where Gyda is sitting with Thrym, her 'son's son's son,' as the primitive Danish phrase calls him. Perched on her wooden stool, she discourses to him in alliterative verse.

Times enough I,
Thrym, have told thee
Oldest legends
Of thy lineage.
Sturdy warriors
Art thou sprung from,
Sons of Jötun,
Black elves' brethren.

What time Odin
Vanquished Ymer,
Giants died
In Trolds' blood drowning.
Yet the ship saved
From Berggelmer
Trolds, to-day
Not all o'erpassed.

Mid the mountains
Distant kinsmen
Hide in hollow
Cliff-hewn caverns.
On the heath here
Lived there longtime,
Feared of all, my
Mother's mother.

Yet though Jutland
Cliffs can show not,
Rocks reach far
Beneath her borders.

On the heath here,
Sunk 'neath sandbanks,
Stony summits
Lie low-hidden.

Thou, of dearest
Son the grandson,
Hear and heed
My mind's last message.
But an oath thou
First must swear me,
My command in
Faith to follow!

Thrym swears it, by that ancestral blood in which the giants were drowned; and Gyda shows him her golden treasures, dearest of all things to the heart of the Trold. She sets upon the board a beaker, best of all the gifts men have given her: it was her reward for helping Fengo in the murder of his brother. When she is no longer living, all these things must be buried with her, deep in the earth, that they may return to the Trolds, her forefathers: this is the oath which she is again imposing upon Thrym, when, like a giant known to our childhood, she 'smells the blood of man,' and, dismissing the boy, welcomes across her threshold Sigrid and Gunhild.

After a moment's fear, the girl summons courage to speak, and to offer her golden gift, which is greedily accepted. Gyda promises to grant her boon, whatever it be—to free her from a hated husband, or to poison a rival, as, a year ago, to win a beaker of gold, she deprived a king at once of life and wife and crown. Eagerly, with a hungering after sin, she presses her evil services upon the girl; but, when she finds that it is to do good she is needed, turns upon her with astounded scorn, and, declaring her unfettered powers of ill and her entire incapacity for good, heaps countless epithets of scorn upon the trembling child, and is driving her furiously from her hut, when Amleth appears at its threshold, his helmet on his head and a drawn sword in his hand.

Gyda breaks out in raving terror:

Utgardeloké! Ha! What dost thou send me here?
Hardenvil's ghost! Him knew I from the olden time—
From days of youth. Why comest thou thus to frighten me,
A youth again? From hell how hast thou broken loose
To sport with Gyda's fear? Dost crave again the gold
That first was thine, wherewith thy brother bought thy death?
Take back thy beaker, then! Away! Full well I feel
That I am old—this terror fills with ice my blood,
And, like a sharp wind, blows the marrow through my bones!

Amleth takes the beaker, and as he threatens her with his sword (though with a word of contemptuous pardon) she dies of fright. Sigrid, terrified at first, finds soon that Amleth's wandering wits are restored, and he, having overheard her confession of love, amid all the horrors of the dead witch's hut tenderly clasps the maiden to his breast.

So ends the second act, and so, alas! ends, to all intents and purposes, the part played by Sigrid in the story. Shakespeare does not thus throw away his charming heroines — Ophelia, Desdemona, Cordelia, all have important work to do at or near the end of the tragedies in which they appear. We cannot without a regret see the delightful Sigrid of Act II. fade into the shadowy sketch of Acts III. and V.

The third act is chiefly occupied with the endeavours of Rörik and Hugleik (Rosencrantz and Guildenstern) to discover whether Amleth is really mad. They ask him the questions already quoted about the rudder and the sand on the shore, to which he replies with a wit perhaps rather too primitive and childlike for a modern audience; and, after he has thoroughly puzzled them, the act ends with the scene in which Vifil, hidden in the suit of Hardenvil's armour which stands

by the Queen's chamber-door, overhears the interview between Amleth and his mother, and is slain, having betrayed himself by an involuntary exclamation when the Prince brought out Gyda's golden beaker. As Amleth is convinced of his mother's blamelessness, and seems anxious to soothe rather than to reproach her, the long scene between them which Belleforest suggested to Shakespeare is omitted. Immediately after Vifil's death and Amleth's cry of 'A mouse in the straw![4] Didst hear it squeak?' the King and his guards rush in; the pretext for the arrest of Amleth is too good to be lost, and he is seized and bound. Here occurs the strongest scene in the act, and Oehlenschläger has a situation which was impossible in Shakespeare's treatment of the story. Before all the Court, Amleth denounces his father's murderer in the most direct and vehement language: all listen in terrified silence, and Fengo does not attempt to answer. When at length Amleth is led out to prison, Geruthe declares her bitter shame, her belief in her husband's villany, and, as she weeping leaves the hall, vows that her life depends upon her son's, and cannot endure a moment after his death. Then Fengo, secretly rejoiced that Amleth has got rid of the two accomplices who knew so much — Vifil and Gyda — gives Hugleik and Rörik charge to take the prisoner (under pretence of aiding his escape) to Hadding, who will know how to dispose of him satisfactorily.

Thus ends an act which is, except in its last strong position, not a very interesting one. Its successor introduces us to Hadding's castle, whither Amleth is being led, secretly followed, it is hinted, by Humble and a troop of faithful friends. The gloomy Viking is seated in his hall, with jar and drinking-horn alone but for his thrall Glum, who stands beside him with folded hands.

Hadding is a powerfully-drawn and not altogether an unsympathetic character. He will have no associates. He has only been raised to his present rank a twelvemonth, and he fears that in the brotherhood of revelry men would forget the respect due to him as underlord; besides, the talk of these home-bred squires has little interest for one whose life has passed in freebooting descents upon the coasts of Denmark, Norway, England; whose delight has been in the crossing of spears and the clashing of vessels, with whom to see a town and to burn a town were the same thought. He can talk peacefully and civilly to his thrall, because—as he tells him in so many words—a thrall is a watch-dog, a being without intellect, half-way between something and nothing; but all other men he treats with curt and savage insolence.

The venerable priest Thorald comes to ask him to join in the morrow's harvest-feast to Freyr, but he contemptuously declines, saying, in words whose like has since been heard often enough, that he disbelieves in Valhalla's gods, and, as he does not force his faith on other people, desires to be left alone himself. Thorald goes indignantly, and messengers from King Fengo are announced. Rörik and others bring in Amleth, whose fearless manner and talk of his roving life at once make a friend of Hadding. The guests are sent to dine in another chamber, and their host is left to decipher the runes inscribed on a staff which Fengo has sent him. Being as ignorant as most sea-robbers of his day, Hadding sends for the priest to read to him this secret writing: but Thorald declares that he cannot

[4] The armour had been stuffed with straw until Vifil concealed himself in it.

decipher it—though he blames Fengo's scholarship, not his own—and hurries away in obvious perturbation.

Their dinner over, Amleth, Rörik, and Hugleik return, and a most effective and admirable stage-scene follows, which we will render as closely as we can, only substituting ordinary blank verse for the heavy Alexandrines of the original:

Amleth. Thanks for a good meal! It has strengthened me.
Hadding (*to Hugleik*). I cannot read the runic staff you brought.
Amleth. A runic staff? I knew he had one with him!
Hadding. How could you know it?
Amleth. I knew Fengo's hate.
Hadding (*impatiently*). We cannot read your runes, my priest and I.
Amleth (*quietly*). Give me the staff, then.
Hadding. You? But if there's aught
You must not see?
Amleth (*laughing*). So much the more I'd wish
To see it.
Hadding. Aye—but if you read not truly?
Amleth. Choose, then, a reader you can better trust.
Hadding (*giving him the staff*). Read!
Amleth (*reading it*). 'If my friendship you would keep, your kingdom
Would hold, hang Amleth on the nearest gallows,
Soon as you have him, secretly and surely!
Let all men think he died in 's bed, and send
Home with a stately funeral his corse,
In all the honour that becomes a prince.'
(*Quietly gives back the staff.*)
See, my stepfather cares for me most fatherlike,
Even after death.
Hadding. What? That was in the runes?
Amleth (*smiling*). Think you, that I would lie myself to death?
Hadding. You take this as a pleasant jest, my lad?
Amleth. Why, true; in earnest Fengo scarce dare make
Hadding his hangman.
Hadding (*gloomily*). Paha! A name is nothing.
'Hang him!' I have thralls enough would do it for me.
Amleth. I doubt it not; but would you give the word?
Hadding (*after a moment's silence*).
You've placed me awkwardly enough, I tell you.
You are a goodly youth—I like you well.
That you care nought for death, make sport of it—
That's brave: but, Amleth, see how I am placed.
I owe my sovereignty, my power, to Fengo;
If I obey him not, our friendship's broken—
So looks he elsewhere for an under-lord.
Amleth. I like your openness. True, there's a thing
That men call honour, faith, nobility—
But 'tis a phantom: you'd think nought of it.
Hadding (*gloomily*). I've little care for phantoms.
Amleth. Let them go!
Nor will we hold to goblins in the cellar,
Nor rats and mice, that each man's house infest,
Nor mites, that one can scarcely tell from cheese—
And scarce from selfishness: though here, methinks,
Selfishness' maggot is more like to help me
With thee, than honour.
Hadding. How should that be?
Amleth. Hear,
And trust me. Fengo's kingdom is disturbed,
And soon 'twill be a question, who shall reign there,
Amleth or Fengo.
Hadding. But—if you are hanged?
Amleth. Then will my murder be avenged, and thou
Shalt surely ride on Hagbarth's ghastly horse!

Hadding is sorely perplexed, and one really does not know which way the scale is going to turn, when half a dozen thralls rush hastily in, dragging with them Humble Skiald, his arms bound behind his back. They tell how he, with his followers, tried to creep unseen into the castle, to rescue the prisoner sent by Fengo; but 'the foolish bird fell easily into the trap,' and the door was locked upon it. A thrall sounded the horn, and Hadding's retainers at once obeyed the summons and made prisoners of Humble and his men.

Hadding turns furiously upon Amleth, believing that it was only the knowledge that succour was at

hand which had given him courage. Like a wolf and a thief, he and Humble shall hang side by side on the gallows! With manly sorrow Amleth asks pardon of his friend for the death to which he has brought him; but the bard—'more an antique Roman than a Dane'—does not fear to look Fate in the eyes, and the two heroes are ready to meet the inevitable calmly.

But suddenly a shout of warriors rings through the hall. Hadding seizes his helmet; but Thorald the priest enters swiftly at the head of a body of armed warriors, and surrounds him and his guards. Will he attend to-morrow's feast to Freyr? Thorald asks; and when Hadding answers 'No; and no thrall shall force me!' strikes him dead with his hammer—a human sacrifice to the gods he has defied.

The priest, to whom Amleth is well known by fame, has of course read the runes, and hastened to bring his warriors to the rescue. They promise to march against Fengo; but Amleth desires—wishing to make sure of meeting the King hand to hand, and himself avenging his father's death—that he may be placed in his coffin, and carried back to the Court with all funereal pomp, as though Fengo's will had been done. Then he kneels to Thorald, who blesses him, touching him on the temples with his sacred hammer; while Humble Skiald, with one hand resting on the Prince's shoulder and the other stretched to heaven, sings to Thor a hymn of prayer for victory.

So closes in triumph this strong and stirring act; and the end of the play is not far off. The fifth act contains only three short scenes, the first corresponding to the prayer of Claudius in *Hamlet* ('Oh! my offence is rank,' &c.), the second an idyllic scene of lamentation over the lost son and lover, the last a brisk and energetic ending of the drama.

Fengo, in the first scene, is not absolutely repentant; but he hopes that now, Amleth being dead, and both the witnesses of his crime (Gyda and Vifil) also removed, he may live uprightly and well, and keep without further evil-doing the crown so evilly won. But his uneasy conscience fills the chamber with ghostly voices, with nameless horrors, and, as at the close of the scene one hears the funeral chant of Amleth approaching, one feels that even were he really dead there would be little peace for the murderous king.

That he is dead both Geruthe and Sigrid believe; they are sitting in the Queen's chamber, with the wreaths they have woven to lay upon the hero's grave. His mother and his betrothed lament him, chanting their sorrows in long, ballad-like verses;[5] their bitterest grief is over, one imagines, for there is no passion in their complaint, only a quiet, tender melancholy. But to them comes Humble Skiald, and gradually, while the approaching *Gravmelodi* is again heard, he breaks to them the news that Amleth is not dead, but that, when the black hangings of the hall of mourning fall, he will leap from his coffin, 'like the sun when it breaks through the dark thunder-sky.'

They go in trembling hope to the great hall: the black hangings have not fallen yet, and amid sounds of woe Amleth's coffin is borne in, followed by the priest and his warriors. When it has been placed in the midst, and the music ceases, Fengo enters, and standing by the bier, speaks long and with hypocritical sorrow of the loved one they have lost. Suddenly, at a sign from Humble, a blast of trumpets interrupts him; he angrily asks who has dared to break in upon the lamenta-

[5] The metre is that of Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, but unrhymed.

tion of a king. Humble answers 'I!' and when Fengo orders his servants to arrest the bard, he is met with a universal shout of 'No!' Humble denounces him as the murderer of Hardenvil and his son, but he replies that he did not kill Amleth; and, to prove the truth of these words, the young prince, forcing open the lid of his coffin, leaps out in complete armour, with helmet, sword, and shield. The hangings fall from the walls, the trumpets again burst forth in exultation, and all the warriors draw their swords.

Brought at last to bay, Fengo, conscious of his superiority in bodily strength, challenges Amleth to prove his accusation by trial of battle; and Amleth, against the advice of Humble, consents. The mother binds a wreath on the son's helmet as he steps forward to fight her husband; and Sigrid places a flower, as his lady's token, in his helmet. Amleth sings a song of battle, and goes into the circle, formed by the warriors, in which he and Fengo are to fight: the trumpets sound, and when the circle opens again, Fengo is discovered dead upon the ground. An unearthly light shines upon Amleth; it is the radiance of his father's spirit, now avenged and at rest; and, amid festal music and rejoicing, he clasps to his breast his mother and his bride.

So ends the play: perhaps too happily for such a story. There is no need to criticise it; all readers can make the inevitable comparisons for themselves. Of course Oehlenschläger has given the spirit of the time in which the plot is laid, as Shakespeare did not attempt to do: one may notice especially that Amleth never has the least objection to killing the King, nor a moment's hesitation or scruple. It is perhaps worth while also to point out that the stain on Geruthe's character is entirely removed (her father, we are told, urged her marriage with Fengo—who, by-the-by, resembled Hardenvil in face, instead of being his exact opposite), and that Amleth's rather unscrupulous conduct in the matter of the two false friends (Rosencrantz and Guildenstern) is omitted.

Finally, one may say that Oehlenschläger's is a bright and effective stage-play,[6] and, though well and poetically written, perhaps not very much more; yet Shakespeare's, the student's richest treasury, is even upon the stage far more effective, its interest is far more thoroughly sustained. Taking a subject so subtle as the hesitations and wavering of an over-refined intellect, our great artist took care to strengthen it for the common audience by the use of every possible effective stage-device, by a constant succession of fresh and interesting incident, and the introduction of an unusual number of striking scenes—those with the Ghost, the play scene, the killing of Polonius, Ophelia's madness and death, the scene in the churchyard, and the final fight and tremendous tragic catastrophe.

Once more we say, there can be no sort of comparison between the two plays; but it is interesting to notice the different treatment of the same subject by a simple, straightforward, objective poet, and by the greatest of literary creators, the profoundest mental analyst, the most original genius the world has ever known. EDWARD ROSE.

[6] He has himself told us that it was acted with great success; the first performance took place at Copenhagen on his sixty-seventh birthday.

UNEQUAL AGRICULTURE.

By the Author of 'The Future of Farming.'

In the way of sheer, downright force few effects of machinery are more striking than a steam-ploughing engine dragging the shares across a wide expanse of stiff clay. The huge engines used in our ironclad vessels work with a graceful ease which deceives the eye; the ponderous cranks revolve so smoothly, and shine so brightly with oil and polish, that the mind is apt to underrate the work performed. But these ploughing engines stand out solitary and apart from other machinery, and their shape itself suggests crude force, such force as may have existed in the mastodon or other unwieldy monster of the prehistoric ages. The broad wheels sink into the earth under the pressure; the steam hissing from the escape valves is carried by the breeze through the hawthorn hedge, hiding the red berries with a strange, unwonted cloud; the thick dark-brown smoke, rising from the funnel as the stoker casts its food of coal into the fiery mouth of the beast, falls again and floats heavily over the yellow stubble, smothering and driving away the partridges and hares. There is a smell of oil, and cotton waste, and gas, and steam, and smoke, which overcomes the fresh, sweet odour of the earth and green things after a shower. Stray lumps of coal crush the delicate pimpernel and creeping convolvulus. A shrill, short scream rushes forth and echoes back from an adjacent rick—puff! the fly-wheel revolves, and the drum underneath tightens its hold upon the wire rope. Across yonder a curious, shapeless thing, with a man riding upon it, comes jerking forward, tearing its way through stubble and clay, dragging its iron teeth with sheer strength deep through the solid earth. The thick wire rope stretches and strains as if it would snap and curl up like a tortured snake; the engine pants loudly and quick; the plough now glides forward, now pauses, and, as it were, eats its way through a tougher place, then glides again, and presently there is a pause, and behold the long furrow with the upturned subsoil is completed. A brief pause, and back it travels again, this time drawn from the other side, where a twin monster puffs and pants and belches smoke, while the one that has done its work uncoils its metal sinews. When the furrows run up and down a slope, the savage force, the fierce remorseless energy of the engine pulling the plough upwards, gives an idea of power which cannot but impress the mind.

This is what is going on upon one side of the hedge. These engines cost as much as the fee-simple of a small farm; they consume expensive coal, and water that on the hills has to be brought long distances; they require skilled workmen to attend to them, and they do the work with a thoroughness which leaves little to be desired. Each puff and pant echoing from the ricks, each shrill whistle rolling along from hill to hill, proclaims as loudly as iron and steel can shout, 'Progress! Onwards!' Now step through this gap in the hedge and see what is going on in the next field.

It is a smaller ground, of irregular shape and uneven surface. Steam ploughs mean *plains* rather than fields—broad, square expanses of land without awkward corners—and as level as possible, with mounds that may have been tumuli worked down, rising places smoothed away, old ditch-like drains filled up, and fairly good roads. This field

may be triangular or some indescribable figure, with narrow corners where the high hedges come close together, with deep furrows to carry away the water, rising here and sinking there into curious hollows, entered by a narrow gateway leading from a muddy lane where the ruts are a foot deep. The plough is at work here also, such a plough as was used when the Corn Laws were in existence, chiefly made of wood—yes, actually wood, in this age of iron—bound and strengthened with metal, but principally made from the tree, the tree which furnishes the African savage at this day with the crooked branch with which to scratch the earth, which furnished the ancient agriculturists of the Nile valley with their primitive implements. It is drawn by dull, patient oxen, plodding onwards now just as they were depicted upon the tombs and temples, the graves and worshipping places of races who had their being three thousand years ago. Think of the suns that have shone since then; of the summers and the bronzed grain waving in the wind, of the human teeth that have ground that grain, and are now hidden in the abyss of earth; yet still the oxen plod on, like slow Time itself, here this day in our land of steam and telegraph. Are not these striking pictures, remarkable contrasts? On the one side steam, on the other the oxen of the Egyptians, only a few thorn-bushes between dividing the nineteenth century B.C. from the nineteenth century A.D. After these oxen follows an aged man, slow like themselves, sowing the seed. A basket is at his side; from which at every stride, regular as machinery, he takes a handful of that corn round which so many mysteries have gathered from the time of Ceres to the hallowed words of the great Teacher, taking His parable from the sower. He throws it with a peculiar *steady* jerk, so to say, and the grains, impelled with the exact force and skill, which can only be attained by long practice, scatter in an even shower. Listen: on the other side of the hedge the rattle of the complicated drill resounds as it drops the seed in regular rows—and, perhaps, manures it at the same time—so that the plants can be easily thinned out, or the weeds removed, after the magical influence of the despised clods has brought on the miracle of vegetation.

These are not extreme and isolated instances; no one will need to walk far afield to witness similar contrasts. There is a medium between the two—a third class—an intermediate agriculture. The pride of this farm is in its horses, its teams of magnificent animals, sleek and glossy of skin, which the carters spend hours in feeding, lest they should lose their appetites—more hours than ever they spend in feeding their own children. These noble creatures, whose walk is power and whose step is strength, work a few hours daily, stopping early in the afternoon, taking also an ample margin for lunch. They pull the plough also like the oxen; but it is a modern implement, of iron, light, and with all the latest improvements. It is typical of the system itself—half and half—neither the old oxen nor the new steam, but midway, a compromise. The fields are small and irregular in shape; but the hedges are cut, and the mounds partially grubbed and reduced to the thinnest of banks, the trees thrown, and some draining done. Some improvements have been adopted, others have been omitted.

Upon those broad acres where the steam plough was at work, what tons of artificial manure, superphosphate, and guano, liquid and solid, have been sown by the progressive tenant! Lavishly and yet judiciously, not once only, but many times, have the fertilising elements been restored to the soil, and more than restored, added to it, till the earth itself has grown richer and

stronger. The scarifier and the deep plough have turned up the subsoil and exposed the hard, stiff under clods to the crumbling action of the air and the mysterious influence of light. Never before since Nature deposited those earthy atoms there in the slow process of some geological change has the sunshine fallen on them, or their latent power been called forth. Well-made and judiciously laid drains carry away the flow of water from the winter rains and floods—no longer does there remain a species of reservoir at a certain depth, chilling the tender roots of the plants as they strike downwards, lowering the entire temperature of the field. Mounds have been levelled, good roads laid down, nothing left undone that can facilitate operations or aid in the production of strong succulent vegetation. Large flocks of well-fed sheep, folded on the corn lands, assist the artificial manure, and perhaps even surpass it. When at last the plant comes to maturity and turns colour under the scorching sun, behold a wide-spreading ocean of wheat, an English gold-field, a veritable Yellow Sea, bowing in waves before the southern breeze, a sight full of peaceful poetry. The stalk is tall and strong, good in colour, fit for all purposes. The ear is full, large; the increase is truly a hundred-fold. Or it may be roots. By these means the progressive agriculturist has produced a crop of swedes or mangolds which in individual size and collective weight per acre would seem to an old-fashioned farmer perfectly fabulous. Now, here are many great benefits. First, the tenant himself reaps his reward, and justly adds to his private store. Next, the property of the landlord is improved and increases in value. The labourer gets better house accommodation, gardens, and higher wages. The country at large is supplied with finer qualities and greater quantities of food; and those who are engaged in trade and manufactures, and even in commerce, feel an increased vitality in their various occupations.

On the other side of the hedge, where the oxen were at plough, the earth is forced to be self-supporting—to restore to itself how it can the elements carried away in wheat and straw and root. Except a few ill-fed sheep, except some small quantities of manure from the cattle-yards, no human aid, so to say, reaches the much-abused soil. A crop of green mustard is sometimes ploughed in to decompose and fertilise, but as it had to be grown first the advantage is doubtful. The one object is to spend as little as possible upon the soil, and to get as much out of it as may be. Granted that in numbers of cases no trickery be practised, that the old rotation of crops is honestly followed, and no evil meant: yet even then, in course of time, a soil just scratched on the surface, never fairly manured, and always in use, must of necessity deteriorate. Then, when such an effect is too patent to be any longer overlooked, when the decline of the produce begins to alarm him, the farmer, perhaps, buys a few cwt. of artificial manure and frugally scatters it abroad. This causes 'a flash in the pan;' it acts as a momentary stimulus; it is like endeavouring to repair a worn-out constitution with doses of strong cordial: there springs up a vigorous vegetation one year, and the next the earth is more exhausted than before. Soils cannot be made highly fertile all at once even by superphosphate; it is the inability to discern this fact which leads many to still argue in the face of experience that artificial manures are of no avail. The slow oxen, the lumbering wooden plough, the equally lumbering heavy waggon, the primitive bush-harrow, made simply of a bush cut down and dragged at a horse's tail—these are symbols of a standstill policy ut-

terly at variance with the times. Then this man loudly complains that things are not as they used to be—that wheat is so low in price it will not yield any profit, that labour is so high and everything so dear; and truly it is easy to conceive that the present age, with its competition and eagerness to advance, must really press very seriously upon him.

Most persons have been interested enough, however little connected with agriculture, to at least once in their lives walk round an agricultural show, and to express their astonishment at the size and rotundity of the cattle exhibited. How easy, judging from such a passing view of the finest products of the country centred in one spot, to go away with the idea that under every hawthorn hedge a prize bullock of enormous girth is peacefully grazing. Should the same person ever go across country, through gaps and over brooks, taking an Asmodeus-like glance into every field, how marvellously would he find that he had been deceived! He might travel miles, and fly over scores of fields, and find no such animals, nor anything approaching to them. By making enquiries he would perhaps discover in most districts one spot where something of the kind could be seen—an oasis in the midst of a desert. On the farm he would see a long range of handsome outhouses, tiled or slated, with comfortable stalls and every means of removing litter and manure, tanks for liquid manure, skilled attendants busy in feeding, in preparing food, storehouses full of cake. A steam engine in one of the sheds—perhaps a portable engine, used also for threshing—drives the machinery which slices up or pulps roots, cuts up chaff, pumps up water, and performs a score of other useful functions. The yards are dry, well-paved, and clean; everything smells clean; there are no foul heaps of decaying matter breeding loathsome things and fungi; yet nothing is wasted, not even the rain that falls upon the slates and drops from the eaves. The stock within are worthy to compare with those magnificent beasts seen at the show: it is from these places that the prize animals are drawn; it is here that the beef which makes England famous is fattened; it is from here that splendid creatures are sent abroad to America or the colonies, to improve the breed in those distant countries. Now step forth again over the hedge, down yonder in the meadows.

This is a cow-pen, one of the old-fashioned style; in the dairy and pasture counties you may find them by hundreds still. It is pitched by the side of a tall hedge, or in an angle of two hedges, which themselves form two walls of the enclosure. The third is the cow-house and shedding itself; the fourth is made of willow rods. These rods are placed upright, confined between horizontal poles; and when new this simple contrivance is not wholly to be despised; but when the rods decay, as they do quickly, then gaps are formed, through which the rain and sleet and bitter wind penetrate with ease. Inside this willow paling is a lower hedge, so to say, two feet distant from the other, made of willow work twisted—like a continuous hurdle. Into this rude manger, when the yard is full of cattle, the fodder is thrown. Here and there about the yard also stand cumbrous cribs for fodder, at which two cows can feed at once. In one corner there is a small pond, muddy, stagnant, covered with duckweed, perhaps reached by a steep, 'pitched' descent, slippery, and difficult for the cattle to get down. They foul the very water they drink. The cow-house, as it is called, is really merely adapted for one or two cows at a time, at the period of calving—dark, narrow, awkward. The skilling, or open house where the cows lie and chew the cud in winter, is built of boards or slabs at

the back, and in front supported upon oaken posts standing on stones. The roof is of thatch, green with moss: in wet weather the water drips steadily from the eaves, making one long gutter. In the eaves the wrens make their nests in the spring, and roost there in winter. The floor here is hard certainly, and dry; the yard itself is a sea of muck. Never properly stoned or pitched, and without a drain, the loose stones cannot keep the mud down, and it works up under the hoofs of the cattle in a filthy mass. Over this there is litter and manure a foot deep; or, if the fogger does clean up the manure, he leaves it in great heaps scattered about, and on the huge dunghill just outside the yard he will show you a fine crop of mushrooms cunningly hidden under a light layer of litter. It is his boast that the cow-pen was built in the three sevens; on one ancient beam, worm-eaten and cracked, there may perhaps be seen the inscription '1777' cut deep into the wood. Over all, at the back of the cow-pen, stands a row of tall elm-trees, dripping in wet weather upon the thatch, in the autumn showering their yellow leaves into the hay, in a gale dropping dead branches into the yard. The tenant seems to think even this shelter effeminate, and speaks regretfully of the old hardy breed which stood all weathers, and wanted no more cover than was afforded by a hawthorn bush. From here a few calves find their way to the butcher, and towards Christmas one or two moderately fat beasts.

Near by lives a dairy farmer, who, without going to the length of the famous stock-breeder whose stalls are the pride of the district, yet fills his meadows with a handsome herd of productive shorthorns, giving splendid results in butter, milk, and cheese, and who sends to the market a succession of nimals which, if not equal to the gantic prize beasts, are nevertheless valuable to the consumer. This tenant does good work, both for himself and for the labourers, the landlord and the country. His meadows are a sight in themselves to the experienced eye, well drained, great double mounds thinned out, but the supply of wood not quite destroyed —not a rush, a 'bullpoll,' a thistle, or a 'rattle,' those yellow pests of mowing grass, to be seen. They have been weeded out as carefully as the arable farmer weeds his plants. Where broad deep furrows used to breed those aquatic grasses which the cattle left, drains have been put in and soil thrown over till the level was brought up to the rest of the field. The manure carts have evidently been at work here, perhaps the liquid manure tank also, and some artificial aid in places where required, both of seed and manure. The number of stock kept is the fullest tale the land will bear, and he does not hesitate to help the hay with cake in the fattening stalls. For there are stalls, not so elaborately furnished as those of the famous stock-breeder, but comfortable, clean, and healthy. Nothing is wasted here either. So far as practicable the fields have been enlarged by throwing two or three smaller enclosures together. He does not require so much machinery as the great arable farmer, but here are mowing machines, hay-making machines, horse rakes, chain harrows, chaff-cutters, light carts instead of heavy waggons —every labour-saving appliance. Without any noise or puff this man is doing good work, and silently reaping his reward. Glance for a moment at an adjacent field; it is an old 'leaze' or ground not mown, but used for grazing. It has the appearance of a desert, a wilderness. The high, thick hedges encroach upon the land; the ditches are quite arched over by the brambles and briars which trail out far into the grass. Broad deep furrows are full of tough, grey

aquatic grass, 'bullpolls,' and short brown rushes; in winter they are so many small brooks. Tall bennets from last year and thistles abound—half the growth is useless for cattle; in autumn the air here is white with the clouds of thistle-down. It is a tolerably large field, but the meadows held by the same tenant are small, with double mounds and trees, rows of spreading oaks and tall elms; these meadows run up into the strangest nooks and corners. Sometimes, where they follow the course of a brook which winds and turns, actually an area equal to about half the available field is occupied by the hedges. Into this brook the liquid sewage from the cow-pens filtrates, or, worse still, accumulates in a hollow, making a pond, disgusting to look at, but which liquid, if properly applied, is worth almost its weight in gold. The very gateways of the fields in winter are a Slough of Despond, where the wheels sink in up to the axles, and in summer great ruts jolt the loads almost off the waggons.

Where the steam plough is kept, where first-class stock are bred, there the labourer is well housed, and his complaints are few and faint. There cottages with decent and even really capital accommodation for the families spring up, and are provided with extensive gardens. It is not easy, in the absence of statistics, to compare the difference in the amount of money put in circulation by these contrasted farms, but it must be something extraordinary. First comes the capital expenditure upon machinery—ploughs, engines, drills, what not—then the annual expenditure upon labour, which, despite the employment of machinery, is as great or greater upon a progressive farm as upon one conducted on the stagnant principle. Add to this the cost of artificial manures, of cake and feeding stuffs, &c., and the total will be something very heavy. Now, all this expenditure, this circulation of coin, means not only gain to the individual, but gain to the country at large. Whenever in a town a great manufactory is opened and gives employment to several hundred hands, at the same time increasing the production of a valuable material, the profit—the *outside* profit, so to say—is as great to others as to the proprietors. But these half-cultivated lands, these tons upon tons of wasted manure, these broad hedges and weed-grown fields, represent upon the other hand an equal loss. The labouring classes in the rural districts are eager for more work. They may popularly be supposed to look with suspicion upon change, but such an idea is a mistaken one. They anxiously wait the approach of such works as new railways or extensions of old ones in the hope of additional employment. Work is their gold mine, and the best mine of all. The capitalist, therefore, who sets himself to improve his holding is the very man they most desire to see. What scope is there for work upon a stagnant dairy farm of one hundred and fifty acres? A couple of foggers and milkers, a hedger and ditcher, two or three women at times, and there is the end. And such work!—mere animal labour, leading to so little result. The effect of constant, of lifelong application in such labour cannot but be deteriorating to the mind. The master himself must feel the dull routine. The steam plough teaches the labourer who works near it something; the sight must react upon him, utterly opposed as it is to all the traditions of the past. The enterprise of the master must convey some small spirit of energy into the mind of the man. Where the cottages are built of wattle and daub, low and thatched—mere sheds, in fact—where the gardens are small and the allotments, if any, far distant, and where the men wear a sullen, apathetic

look, be sure the agriculture of the district is at a low ebb.

Are not these few pictures sufficient to show beyond a cavil that the agriculture of this country exhibits the strangest inequalities? Anyone who chooses can verify the facts stated, and may perhaps discover more curious anomalies still. The spirit of science is undoubtedly abroad in the homes of the English farmers, and immense are the strides that have been taken; but still greater is the work that remains to be done. Suppose anyone had a garden, and carefully manured, and dug over and over again, and raked, and broke up all the larger clods, and well watered one particular section of it, leaving all the rest to follow the dictates of wild nature, could he possibly expect the same amount of produce from those portions which, practically speaking, took care of themselves? Here are men of intellect and energy employing every possible means to develop the latent powers of the soil, and producing extraordinary results in grain and meat. Here also are others who, in so far as circumstances permit, follow in their footsteps. But there remains a large area in the great garden of England which, practically speaking, takes care of itself. The grass grows, the seed sprouts and germinates, very much how they may, with little or no aid from man. It does not require much penetration to arrive at the obvious conclusion that the yield does not nearly approach the possible production. Neither in meat nor corn is the tale equal to what it well might be. All due allowance must be made for barren soils of sand or chalk with thinnest layers of earth; yet then there is an enormous area, where the soil is good and fertile, not properly productive. It would be extremely unfair to cast the blame wholly upon the tenants. They have achieved wonders in the last twenty years; they have made gigantic efforts and bestirred themselves right manfully. But a man may wander over his farm and note with discontented eye the many things he would like to do—the drains he would like to lay down, the manure he would like to spread abroad, the new stalls he would gladly build, the machine he so much wants—and then, shrugging his shoulders, reflect that he has not got the capital to do it with. Almost to a man they are sincerely desirous of progress: those who cannot follow in great things do in little. Science and invention have done almost all that they can be expected to do; chemistry and research have supplied powerful fertilisers. Machinery has been made to do work which at first sight seems incapable of being carried on by wheels and cranks. Science and invention may rest awhile: what is wanted is the universal application of their improvements by the aid of more capital. We want the great garden equally highly cultivated everywhere.[1]

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

[1] [But a few of us would then prefer to go away and live in some country not yet brought to such a pitch of perfection.—ED.]

BRITISH TRADE.

No. IX. CANADA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

TWO things strike one at the very outset regarding the English Colonial Empire—its newness and its rapid expansion. Three hundred years ago England did not possess one of her present numerous colonies. Her greatest offshoot of all —now the United States—was not in any part peopled by Englishmen before the beginning of the seventeenth century, and, except the small colony of Newfoundland, no territory held under the British Crown to-day was ours so early as the old State of Virginia. We did not begin to lay our grasp on the French possessions in Canada till 1623, and it was not long anterior to that date that adventurers from Virginia first wrenched the peninsula of Nova Scotia from the same colonisers. And we may say that all the colonies which are now inhabited by English-speaking people began their career as self-governed States only, as it were, yesterday. The Dominion of Canada was only organised in 1869, and can hardly be said to be yet complete. Compared with the extended sway of the Romans over Gaul, Spain, and Britain, of the Phœnicians in Carthage, or of the Spaniards themselves, under one guise or another, in South America, the dominion of England is, indeed, a thing of yesterday, and this should not be forgotten in speaking of the success of our efforts at colonisation. In many respects that success has yet to be proved.

The success, so far as rapidity of growth in the population is concerned, has, however, been very great. Before 1845 it may be said that none of the colonies were of great promise. Canada languished beside her prosperous independent neighbour. New South Wales—then including Victoria and Queensland—was a feeble settlement, still troubled by the old importations of criminals from the mother country, from which she had been but just relieved; and the Cape of Good Hope was almost Dutch in its European population and its absence of enterprise. The total English population of the whole of our foreign possessions, including the Crown colonies so-called, such as Jamaica and the other West Indian possessions, did not, in 1850, exceed 2,000,000. Only Canada and the United States, previous to 1845, attracted anything like a steady stream of emigrants, and it was small compared to the rush which broke out after the Irish Famine in 1847. That, and the gold discoveries in Australia and California, led to an exodus, which was at its highest in 1852, when nearly 369,000 people left our shores, and the flow has never but once or twice fallen below 100,000 a year since—the average being from 150,000 to 200,000. Of this great emigration British North America has received latterly a much less portion than it did when there was no attraction in the Southern hemisphere, but the numbers going to Australia and New Zealand have, with the exception of the six years 1867 to 1872, been uniformly very considerable. Altogether, since 1845, at least 6,000,000 British-born people have left the mother country for the colonies and the United States; and, besides these, there have been large emigrations of Dutch, Germans, Norsemen, Italians, and French, many of whom have settled permanently in the British colonies, and are becoming absorbed in the Anglo-Saxon race. From all these causes, and in spite of occasional

return waves of immigration, due to temporary pauses in the headlong pace at which the colonies have developed themselves into communities and states, with a great trade of their own, the English population of British North America has risen to nearly 3,000,000, that of Australia and New Zealand to about 2,100,000, and the English and Dutch population of South Africa to more than 250,000. We may say that the population of most of these colonies has at least quadrupled in thirty years, and in some cases it is now tenfold what it was in 1845. This is a most remarkable fact, and, in estimating what our colonies are or may become, must be constantly borne in mind. They are, indeed, creatures of a generation.

There is another general observation which I should like to make here, and it is this. Nearly all the colonies which are of any importance, and on which Englishmen can live and multiply more or less as in their native land, have been formerly in the possession of another European Power.[1] As a mere instance of the backwardness of the English as geographical discoverers, or ocean marauders in the Middle Ages, this would be a remarkable fact, but that view of the subject does not concern us. Of more interest is the effect which this previous occupation is likely to have on the future of those colonies which, like Canada and the Cape, still contain a large population descended from the original conquerors of the territories. In a lesser degree the same question would, of course, be interesting as regards the Crown colonies of Jamaica, Mauritius, and the settlements on the north-east coast of Central America, taken from the Spaniards, French, and Dutch, but I do not intend to deal with these at any length. They are not colonies in any true sense of the word, but merely territories held for gain in regions where, as a rule, the English race could not permanently settle and propagate itself. Their trade is, therefore, entirely what we make it, and their condition also. But in our great colonies it is altogether different. They live and grow, and found institutions, which must exercise a most important influence on the future of the world, as well as of our mere trade prosperity, and we must consequently examine this race element amongst others which come before us in dealing with them.

The most important questions which we have to determine, however, affect the material progress and well-being of the colonies. We have to see how their populations live, how their trade is developed, and in what it consists; and also to endeavour to value the character of their institutions, the wisdom of their commercial policy, and their wealth. For example, at the very threshold of the subject, we find that one characteristic common to all the colonies is debt. Their growth in population has in some cases hardly kept pace with the accumulation of their public burdens, and obviously this debt element must have produced the same results in their case that we have found it doing in the case of foreign

[1] It may be useful to call to mind the history of our acquisition of these possessions by a brief enumeration of them. The chief sufferer by our habits of appropriation has been France, from whom we have taken Canada, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Louisiana, Mauritius, and the small settlements of Dominica, Grenada, St. Lucia, Tobago, and St. Vincent. Besides portions of the United States which became English-governed, either before or since their independence, we have taken from Spain: Jamaica, Trinidad, Honduras, and Gibraltar. Holland has given us the Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon, and Guiana. Portugal alone amongst the sea-faring countries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who were large owners of territories in various parts of the world has escaped without paying tribute except in India.

nations. The questions which meet us on the threshold of our enquiry into colonial progress and prosperity are therefore many and complicated, and must make one very cautious in the use of the language of unlimited enthusiasm and panegyric which is so common. Beginning now with Canada, I will endeavour to indicate the salient features of the situation of our leading colonies on the lines thus laid down with impartiality, and as comprehensively as the narrow limits of my space will permit.

The modern Dominion of Canada embraces, as everyone knows, a number of provinces which were formerly separate colonies.[2] In some respects portions of the united country are highly favoured, and in time may rise to be important portions of a great nation; but there can be no question that the situation of the Dominion as a whole is, in the meantime, not satisfactory. Numerous drawbacks are to be met with, of which not the least is the manner in which the blundering and heedlessness of the English Government has caused its inhabitants to be cooped up almost entirely in the bleak north in such a fashion that the best province of all—that of Ontario—is at the mercy of the United States for a considerable portion of the year. If the reader will take a map of North America he will see this at once. By reason of the manner in which the boundary line, running from the sea to its interior, is carried northward from the St. Croix River to the St. John's River an immense tract of territory is taken away from Eastern Canada, and the whole of the western part of the Dominion is thereby shut up in winter by ice and snow. This boundary was not settled till 1842, and by its settlement on the present lines Canada has undoubtedly been most seriously injured.[3] Owing to the manner in which Canada is squeezed up on the east side, for example, the Intercolonial Railway has been driven northwards through a comparatively useless and waste territory, causing not merely an enormous increase in the mileage, but an almost complete stoppage of business during five months of the year. Had the boundary originally intended been settled on, this line might have run straight across a fertile country, open all the year round from Quebec or Montreal to St. John's, or even to Portland, and the trade of Western Canada might thus have been kept as independent as the country itself wishes to be considered. Now, however, as I have said, the west is cut off from the east, and the traffic of Ontario benefits the United States more than the eastern provinces of the Dominion. The coal of Nova Scotia is placed 200 miles farther from Montreal by railway than it need have been, and that province is also by this means thrown, as it were, into the arms of the American Union, which promises to be its best market. Great ports and large trading centres on the coast of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia

[2] The present Dominion of Canada was formed in 1867 out of the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and New Brunswick, and the new district of British Columbia. On the cession of the Hudson's Bay territory to the Dominion in 1870 part of the northern territory was erected into the province of Manitoba and incorporated with the Dominion. Newfoundland is still under an entirely separate organisation. Although united under one central Parliament, consisting of several Houses of Representatives, each province has still a separate legislature and separate internal administration. The franchise is on a different footing as to property qualifications in different provinces, and only New Brunswick appears to have the ballot.

[3] For a clear account of this boundary bungle, see *The History of the Intercolonial Railway*, by Stanford Fleming, published last year.

are thus, to my thinking, rendered impossible; while the magnificent waterway of the St. Lawrence is in the open season of much less use to the Dominion and the cities on its banks than it would have been had no United States railways tapped the traffic of Western Canada at Buffalo and Detroit, and, by offering a cheap comparatively short direct route to the sea, drawn the trade away to the south-east. No railway system which Canada could now construct would ever be able to remedy the mischief that has been done, and the trade battle which she tries to wage in her existing condition is beyond question an utterly hopeless one.

I dwell on this point at the outset, because it appears to me to concern vitally the whole future of the Dominion. The hearts of the people will in time go the way of their interests, and the union so recently formed between the various provinces may be broken one of these days by the secession of Ontario to the United States. For, unhappily, the chill which intercourse between the parts has received is further aggravated by miscellaneous causes, all tending to separate the east from the west. First of these we may place the fact that the large province of Quebec (formerly Lower Canada), which interposes between Ontario and the maritime provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, is inhabited by a poverty-stricken and unenterprising French population. We have in that territory more than a million of people, chiefly French Canadians, who live still for the most part in the primitive superstitions of three centuries ago—a people who have not been moved by the tide of civilisation and material progress surging around them, who with a railway running past their doors, as it were, refuse to use it, and creep along in the ways of their fathers. These, therefore, form a na barrier between the east and west which makes free intercou between the purely English pa of the Confederation very diffic which prevents community of interests from being realised, a generally tends to complete mischief that the boundary mi dle began. Add to this that soil and wealth-producing capabilities of Quebec province about the poorest in all the Un and that it is overladen with de at the instance of reckless specu lators who appear to have brib its legislature, and we have reason enough for doubting whether the different parts of the Dominion are likely long to cohere. What was necessary to give the country chance of becoming homogeneous was, in short, the northern portion of Maine, handed over to the States in 1842, where a race of Anglo-Saxon and German settlers might have grown up to unite the east and centre.

Passing to the west coast, we find still more serious difficulties in the way of the development of a great State, and there also the mischief has in part been done by the stupidity of English officials who surrendered without necessity or warrant vast regions of magnificent country to the United States. The superficial area of British North America has never been accurately ascertained, but on the map it looks to be about the same as that of the United States, and probably is somewhat larger. The physical condition of the two countries is, however, altogether different; and while almost the whole of the United States territory is habitable, and capable of sustaining a population as large as that of China, the greater part of the Dominion is a forbidding land of frost and snow, whose brief summer is barely sufficient to permit a scattered Indian popula-

tion and a few Hudson's Bay trappers to find the means of subsistence. There is indeed a possibility that settlers from Europe may reclaim portions of the central and western territories of Canada, and some of the valleys of Manitoba are capable of cultivation, in a certain fashion. Possibly also the introduction of a vigorous race and the reclamation of the land might have a favourable influence on climate, driving the zone of frost farther north. But at present the prospect of any such change is remote indeed. Canada is shut up, separated into isolated communities all winter, and the free intercommunion which would enable all the parts to grow into a great whole is utterly destroyed. To have conquered the icy north she ought to have had more of the south and west of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Oregon. All the magnificent territory which we flung away to the Union, from first to last, should have been hers, and then, westward as well as eastward, there would have been a basis upon which a mighty empire might have been reared. British Columbia would not then have been a miserable settlement cooped up between a lonely sea and forbidding mountains, vainly hoping that a railway across the trackless continent will unite it with the east, and set it free from all its troubles. With the Southern States now called Oregon and Washington uniting it with more favoured lands south- and east-ward between the south-western shore of Lake Superior and California there might have been scope for its growth, since there could have been ready intercourse through magnificent lands, capable of being quickly peopled. Instead of God-forsaken groups of struggling settlers dotted here and there over the vast area of the Dominion, numbering altogether not a tenth of the population of the United States, there might have been a powerful confederation capable of taking its place amongst the leading nations of the world. It is useless to regret these 'might-have-beens' now. I only allude to them in order to illustrate the more forcibly what I consider the initial, and I fear all-powerful, difficulties which stand in the way of Canadian progress. The Dominion is to me a hopeless congeries of provinces which have little community of interest, and the best parts of it can only have their full development when united to the greater Union of the South, or to the northern half of it. We have tried to make a united whole of what we by our own folly everlastingly divided, but there could be no task more hopeless than that which seeks to produce a single State from provinces like Nova Scotia and Quebec, Ontario, British Columbia, and Manitoba.

The worst of all this blundering is that it continues to be so expensive. We have spent millions upon millions of money on Canada, chiefly in a vain endeavour to accomplish the impossible, and Canada appears to have been deluded by these spendings into a belief that we should succeed. She has got her Parliament, her Vice-King, her Ministers of State, and her huge debt, and complacently calls herself a new empire—the brightest jewel in the English crown. 'Loyalty' is, in fact, the one article in which Canada repays the English people for their lavish endeavours to overcome the follies of the past, and when one talks of the probable dismemberment of the Dominion, this loyalty is always flung in one's teeth. 'Look how enthusiastic Canada is for the Queen and the old country; *she* will never revolt.' This is the purest nonsense, to my mind, and Canadian loyalty is a very mercenary affair. Let the country once get into the depths whither it has

been hastening under our leadership, and let the various provinces begin to feel their individual burdens—as they only can do when British money ceases to flow in—and we shall then see what this loyalty means. Will it hold Ontario when Ontario is in dread of having to pay the debts of Quebec or any one province when the burden of imperial taxation becomes over heavy? I doubt it; nay, I more than doubt—I utterly disbelieve it.

We must take this geographical question, then, as a cardinal factor of the problem in dealing with Canadian progress. At the very outset it reveals to us how very mistaken that 'progress' has, in many cases, been in its aims. The legislators of the Dominion have sought to accomplish the impossible. Take, for example, the Canadian Pacific Railway scheme, and judge it by the dry facts of the situation. Conceive what a railway means—what it needs to maintain it in order—and imagine a line built across vast plains, through almost impassable mountains, along the greater part of whose track there would not be 10,000 inhabitants; which would be subject in winter to enormous falls of snow and intense and destructive frosts, that would not only stop all traffic probably, but necessitate constant repairs; and having realised in this fashion how very mad the scheme is, ask yourself why it was conceived; why England came forward with a guarantee for part of its cost, buoying up British Columbians with visions of the good the line was to do them, till, not getting the promised boon, they threaten to secede from the federation. Who can avoid the conclusion that the whole scheme is a wild attempt to retrieve the past—to try and bind together lands irrevocably separated with a band of iron, we having lost for ever the opportunity of uniting them by filling first a fertile southern continent with a numerous and thriving population of Englishmen. The provinces thus separated may thrive after a fashion, but there can be no united nation built up by such means. For all that this railway is being pushed on with, and last year the Government of the Dominion spent $2,390,000 on its construction and survey. As many as 681 miles of the line are now definitely located, and 227 of these are contracted for. It appears that the intention is to penetrate into British Columbia by the Yellow Head Pass and the gorges of the Fraser River, where portions of the line are also surveyed. Here the engineering difficulties are enormous, and will involve quite incalculable expense, so that the chance of the road ever becoming other than a burden on the Dominion would be remote even were conditions as to trade more favourable than they are ever likely to be. As things are the line will be in ruins probably within five years of the date of its completion, and it may yet be the instrument which will rend the Dominion asunder. Trade it cannot produce, for the line will be 2,000 miles long, reckoning from the head of Lake Superior only; and what can British Columbia produce that will bear a land carriage of 4,000 miles if carried to the east coast, or of nearly 3,000 if transhipped at Quebec?

The improvements which have been carried out in the Dominion already are almost all financial failures. The Grand Trunk Railway, for example, is in a state of utter bankruptcy, and has very little prospect of ever being anything else. It may pay ultimately on one or two more millions of capital than it does now, though that is rather doubtful; but it does not seem to me to have any chance of ever becoming a great 'through' road. Along its eastern half it has little or no local traffic; and, although it leases a road down to

Portland, in Maine, it must always be beaten by the railways of the States, which are much shorter, in any competition for the traffic of the west. Almost equally disastrous is the history of the Intercolonial Railway likely to be. It has been built by the Government with money partly guaranteed by England. It is another part of the iron bond of union, and is a failure for its primary object, whatever it may come to do for New Brunswick alone. What with Government business paid for out of loans, and the mails, it has a share of traffic now which the condition of the country and its route prove to be of a quite misleading kind.

But perhaps the most signal example of the loss and ruin which has been the result of all Canadian efforts at material development is afforded by the history of the Great Western of Canada Railway. Formerly this line carried large dividends and was very prosperous. Not content with this, Canadian speculators—of whom there are many—backed, it is said, from New York, built an opposition road, which was almost at once seized upon by Vanderbilt of the New York Central, and forthwith the Great Western was ruined. Its prosperity had been based, not upon Canadian traffic pure and simple, but the traffic connection with the Great New York line; and when that was taken away the collapse was almost instantaneous. Thus the only prosperous public undertaking which Canada had almost was prosperous through foreign help; and the Canadians themselves made haste to destroy this prosperity. Such is their patriotism. Whether a union of this bankrupt line with the bankrupt Grand Trunk would mend matters now is doubtful; but that is, at all events, the only remedy left for English investors to dream about.

The truth of the matter is, that Canada has neither population nor trade of a kind capable of sustaining great railways. The trade consists mostly of lumber, corn, and flour, none of which can bear heavy overland freights. Nova Scotia possesses minerals, and exports a good deal; but it is so favourably situated for water carriage that it has little need of railways. The inland provinces of Canada have also good water carriage all summer; and it so much better fitted for the kind of raw produce which they have to move that the railways would get beaten for a portion of the year, even were there no short overland carriage through the States to the sea. Then the population of Canada is not only thin—the Dominion altogether containing little more than 4,000,000 souls—scattered in unequal groups over territory larger than all Europe, thickest and poorest in Quebec provinces; more scattered, but richer, in Ontario, Nova Scotia, and the other eastern provinces; and this population does not travel extensively. But were it to be rushing about continually, it would not be able to keep the present railway system in a flourishing state.[4]

In respect to the heavy outlay

[4] Canada possesses altogether nearly 6,000 miles of railway; but some of the lines are not in operation yet, or have been closed, so that actually there are not more than about 5,000 miles which can be described as earning anything. The Grand Trunk Company owns, leases and works about 1,390 miles, the Great Western Company about 797, and the Intercolonial system represents 844. Not one of these corporations yield a nett revenue of 1 per cent. on their capital, and many of the branch lines do not earn their working expenses. The total capital involved is, in round figures, about $300,000,000, or say 60,000,000*l.*, of which nearly $50,000,000, or say 10,000,000*l.* has been contributed by the Dominion Provincial and Municipal Governments. Of course, much of this capital has been issued at a serious discount, so that the actual cash spent has not been so much as this represents. That is of little consequence, however, in judging of the

which Canada has incurred on railways, therefore, I think there has been a huge blunder. The credit of the colony has been strained to breaking for a very inadequate gain. A certain amount of progress has no doubt been made, population has increased, and trade has extended; but in no instance has the progress at all justified the pace at which the colony has gone ahead with its railways—a pace which has been the ruin of thousands. The Dominion debt, for public works of all kinds, has I fear been incurred with almost equal recklessness. In the matter of debt, indeed, Canada is not peculiarly or pre-eminently a sinner, for all our colonies have plunged more or less recklessly into it; but her powers of expansion are, in my opinion, so small that she stands in more danger from her burden than any other colony, except perhaps New Zealand. Exclusive of the provincial and municipal requirements, the Dominion Government alone requires a payment of from 5*l.* to 6*l.* per family every year in the shape of taxes,[5] and has now to face a deficit. These taxes represent well nigh a month's labour to the working man—a most serious drawback on prosperity. Thus, although the total may seem a small one, compared with the burdens which we shall find that some of the Australian colonies have taken upon themselves, it is for Canada a very heavy item. And it is not all; every province has its own budget, and in some of them it is very heavy. Quebec, for instance, is crushingly overladen; and yet it rushes into fresh loans for railways, projected by speculators for their own profit merely, with a levity which strikes one with positive amazement. What the actual individual burden of imperial and local taxation, taken together, in Canada may be per head, I have not been able to ascertain with exactness, because the accounts of the various provinces are not regularly obtainable; but, as near as I can estimate, I should say that, speaking moderately, it is not less than 3*l.* per head. The country has, in short, been forced and overdriven to a degree in all directions, and will now suffer from it severely. A false step was taken when the Dominion assumed the debts of all the provinces that joined it without restricting them from borrowing again on their own account, and we now find burdens increasing on all hands, municipalities being steeped in debt with the rest. In the aggregate I estimate the liabilities of this sort which Canada bears at about 30,000,000*l.* to 35,000,000*l.* besides the debt of the railway corporations. The present debts of the Provincial Governments of Canada incurred in England amount to nearly 3,000,000*l.*, and the four cities —Montreal, Ottowa, Toronto, and Quebec—have borrowed here about 2,500,000*l.* Their united population is not more than 250,000. These figures may seem tedious, but they suffice to give a better idea of the position of Canada than a very long argument. Everywhere we find debt. The whole fabric of the State hangs upon it, and the pettiest municipality in the country thinks itself hardly constituted unless it can boast of an issue of bonds. The result of all this of

results of investment in these railways. We find then that in 1875 the actual nett earnings on this capital were just $3,700,000 or little more than 1 per cent. Last year the yield was less, and it could not well be otherwise with declining traffic and keen competition. The whole system carried in the twelve months about a fifth of the number of passengers carried by the English Midland Company.

[5] Budget speech of the Hon. R. T. Cartwright in the Canadian House of Commons, February 1876.

course is, that the country lies under burdens which we at home here, patient, as we are, would groan under, and which must, I fear, prove before long a great deal too much for Canada.

For a time, of course, trade has been inflated by the inflow of money, and there is no doubt but that some of this inflation may prove to be permanent gain, but the danger of all such movements is, that they put trade upon a false basis, which sooner or later gives way and causes widespread ruin. It becomes a thing resting on credit and bolstered by credit, instead of a solid fabric well grounded on national wants, and expansive by reason of the growth of these wants. The primitive character of the industries which such a country as Canada possesses, and its almost complete dependence on good harvests, make an ample margin of solid resources absolutely necessary when reverses come; but she has practically left herself with none. Moreover, as I have often insisted, feverish progress always tends to defeat itself. Fresh taxes have to be imposed; which hinder trade. Protectionist theories find currency in order to give plausible justification for these taxes, and so matters go on till irreparable mischief is done to the real advancement of the community. At present the import taxes of Canada are light, compared with those of the United States, but they are distinctly protectionist, nevertheless.[6] We in consequence hear a good deal of the necessity of developing native manufactures, of the excellence of Canadian cloth, its cheapness compared with English and so forth, as if it were a real gain for such a country, needing, as it does, every energy to battle with climatic difficulties, and win bread and clothing from the soil, to turn itself into a woollen factory. The result so far of the effort of Canada to force business, and of the blown-out credit on which her trade is based, is pretty clearly set forth in the following extracts from Messrs. Dun, Barlow & Co.'s excellent summary of Canadian trade outlook for the present year:

While the failures in the year just closed are over two hundred less in number than in 1875, with a decrease of three millions of dollars in liabilities, both number and amount continue to be exceptionally large, especially as compared with the preceding years. In 1873 the number of those who failed in Canada in proportion to the number engaged in business was one in every 47. In 1875 there was a failure to every 28 names reported in business; while in 1876 there is one failure to every 32. In the United States in 1873 the number was one in every 108; in 1875 one in every 83; and in 1876 the number is one in every 69. The average liabilities in Canada for 1875 was $14,656; and in 1876 the amount varied only very slightly, being $14,767. The results of the year's business do not encourage the belief that the conditions of trade in the Dominion have much improved. The number of traders who have added to their capital is comparatively few; those who have held their own are to be congratulated; while those who have diminished their surplus are not inconsiderable. The disease from which the commercial body politic has been suffering for the past three years has, it is hoped, well nigh spent itself. But the signs of improvement, which it was thought the past year would bring, have not been fulfilled. Had we been favored with good crops of agricultural produce in the year just past, a great

[6] The Canadian tariff is not in itself a heavy one, many articles of manufacture paying no more than 5 per cent. *ad valorem*, and never more than 25 per cent., while the free list is pretty extensive. The duty on cotton, woollen, and silk goods is 17½ per cent. *ad valorem*, and on iron 5 per cent. There is, indeed, strong complaint on the part of some classes of Canadians that the duties are so low, and only the other week a strenuous effort was made in the Canadian Parliament to get them raised further than the Government desired. Exigencies of the exchequer have compelled the Finance Minister to augment several duties, but the languishing manufacturing interests are not nearly enough protected yet in the eyes of those who are engaged in them and ambitious of rivalling other countries in the production of clothes and machinery.

stride would have been taken toward the return of prosperity. But in this, the fine promise of the first half of the year was unfulfilled, and notwithstanding lessened imports, restricted sales, and reduced indebtedness, the improvement which all these would help to create, is without effect, because the amount of wealth produced in the last year is far below that of the average of years. Seldom in the history of the country was a good crop of cereals more needed: rarely has the failure in the crop been more general. The manufactures of the Dominion, which in late years have assumed a growing importance, are struggling against a variety of adverse conditions, the chief of which is the competition from the United States. The decline in values in greater proportion to that of gold in that country, in the early part of the year, and the lessened home demand in the face of enormous productive power, have caused competition from this quarter to be unusually severe, against which Canadian manufacturers have deemed themselves insufficiently protected. But all these unfavorable symptoms of disturbed trade—whether the result of poor crops, limited lumber demand, or depressed manufactures—all indicate no organic trouble, but are temporary in their character, and time alone is essential to a recovery. Farmers, though the crops of 1876 were a failure, were never so wealthy as a class. While many of them may not have the ready money at hand to promptly pay the yearly account for supplies furnished by their country merchant, they nevertheless are in a much improved condition as compared with former years. A much larger area of land is in a higher state of cultivation, and they are in possession of facilities, in the shape of implements with which to economically and rapidly perform work that years ago was not near as well accomplished with much greater expenditure of time and labor. The developments of large areas of country, under the influences of local railways, has been most remarkable, and throughout the Western Province the increased purchasing and debt paying power amongst the vast majority of consumers is undoubted. It is safe to say that no country in the world possesses a population more industrious, economical, thrifty, and prosperous, than the farmers of Canada. Then, with regard to the lumber interest, the present depression can at worst only be temporary, while it has even compensating advantages that the future will disclose. This particular asset in the nation's wealth is gaining in value with a rapidity hardly dreamed of, and the realisation of which is only a question of time. So scarce has accessible and marketable lumber become, that it is alleged that plots of land, now cleared farms, with all appliances, are really less valuable than if the trees stood in undisturbed majesty thereon. Even certain towns in former lumbering districts would bring less than if the land they occupy were covered with pine forests. Overproduction has cheapened this great staple, and the waste of years may well be atoned for by a few years of cessation and depression. Nothing will eventually be lost by this delay in realisation; indeed, the yearly gain in value of this valuable product will more than compensate for what appears to be loss and disaster at the moment. . . . The failures in Canada in the last two years number nearly four thousand, which, occurring among fifty thousand traders, is a proportion indicative of something radically wrong in the trade of a rich country. At this rate, in ten years, every second business man in Canada may succumb! The gross liabilities of failed estates during the two years are over fifty millions of dollars, a sum barely equalled by the entire exports of grain in that period! Of this fifty millions, at least thirty millions have been irrevocably lost, and when this amount is divided among the limited number of first hands which comprise the merchants, manufacturers, and bankers, the marvel is that they have stood these calamities with so few signs of distress. It is time to adopt some policy that will lessen these disasters. A lessened number of traders, and a higher standard of credit, are the first essentials. Active and available capital, instead of real estate, should be the basis of credit, in addition to capacity already developed and character already tested. Credit based mainly on real estate is a delusion and a snare, for it is not capital available but locked up.

These extracts give a curiously chequered picture, the 'lights' of which I am disposed to only partially approve. No doubt the farmers in Canada, just as in the Western States of the neighbouring Union, have been prosperous, and are comparatively rich, but they are not so all over the country. It is only in Ontario where farming is at present, and in bad times even a good occupation. Elsewhere the wealth is not nearly so apparent, and even in Ontario the farming is carried on to an enormous extent on money borrowed from land mortgage companies. And as to the general trade of the country, nothing could

apparently exceed the reckless speculativeness of its character. Every man almost has gone into business on the neck-or-nothing basis, and the result is failures, losses, and almost every conceivable mischief. The bigness of purpose which characterises the trader is indeed a marked feature in the history of all our colonies, and one great cause of their frequent recklessness in getting into debt seems to me to be unquestionably the inflated ideas which the possession of enormous tracts of country has engendered. The mind expands before infinite possibilities; the man feels that he has room, and he straightway launches forth into the most imprudent courses possible.

As with the individual, so with the State. It has been intoxicated by its wealth in real estate, and much of the wild efforts at development and progress which have marked the history of our colonies in the last generation are due to the free manner in which they felt at liberty to trade on this presumed wealth, to mortgage it, to sell it outright, or to give it away in slices large enough sometimes for the wants of a moderately large nation. The land of all the colonies theoretically belongs to the Crown, and has been by it handed over to the communities as they took to themselves parliaments, and became self-governing, and this land these communities have all dealt with in the most reckless fashion possible. I shall have to notice this in connection with every colony, but a brief detail of the habits of unthrift common to them all, though subject to minor variations, may, if given here, save a good deal of repetition. The rational and simplest way of dealing with vast territories owned by a state, would be to lease them for, to begin with, a nominal rent to tenants for purposes of reclamation, the State retaining the fee simple and power to revise rents at stated periods of, say, thirty years. By such a course every one of our great colonies would, in course of time, have become possessed of a splendid revenue, which might have taken the place of all other forms of taxation, and the incidence of which would never have been seriously felt, for the increase of rent would probably have fallen far short of the real increment in the value of the land. This simple plan did not, unhappily, suit the colonists. Their ideas were framed on the familiar lines of English feudalism, and it was impossible to dissociate their minds, therefore, from the notion that the state or community was a big landlord who had a lot of spare ground to sell; so instead of leasing the land, all haste was made to dispose of it outright, at any price it would fetch. Nay, the State would almost give it away, rather than that it should not be got rid of, and in many cases good land has actually cost the colony something considerable to put tenants upon it, rather than realised any substantial sum. A good deal of land is always selling, however, at one price or other, and according to the briskness of immigration is the nominal amount which the State annually pockets under this head.

In Canada, the provincial governments draw the major portion of their revenues—other than the imperial subsidy—from the land sales which are conducted, to some extent, on the principle of an English building society—failure to pay instalments involving foreclosure. There is also a certain amount of land leased, of course, and there are royalties exacted from mines, but on the whole take away the proceeds of sales pure and simple, every province in Canada would have been in distress ten years ago. And very soon trouble from want of means is certain to come upon them all, for emigration is not working at all satisfactorily. People go to

Canada, indeed, but they do not stay there as a rule, and the demand for land is, in consequence, insignificant. Moreover, with the recklessness of spendthrifts who thought of nothing but the pleasures of the hour, large tracts have been passed over to land mortgage companies, who reap the benefit of such demand as there is, and not the Government.

It is the uniform custom of all the colonies to treat the money obtained from land sales as revenue, in the ordinary sense of the term. Our colonies, in fact, do with the proceeds of the land sales precisely what an Englishman at home would be guilty of if he sold off his estate acre by acre, and spent the proceeds as income. But the vastness of the territories to be sold, and the apparent endlessness of the income which their sale would produce, have blinded people to the true nature of this proceeding, and in the meantime colonial legislatures have been tempted to go heavily into debt because their resources looked so fabulous. There could be no more dangerous mistake, at all events in the case of Canada, who has decidedly outrun her tether, and in doing so is compelled to levy taxes which seriously detract from the value of the land unsold, and retard its sale, which hamper her foreign trade, and reduce her to unthrifty ways of making ends meet. Canada may pull through it all, and, in one way or other, become prosperous, but it will be at a fearful cost. At the very moment when I write, a mercantile convulsion is staring her in the face. The Hon. Mr. Cartwright, in his budget speech delivered last February, dwelt with great force on the evident spread of wealth which had taken place in Canada during the last few years, and adduced, in evidence, the increased deposits in the banks. It would seem that these have swollen enormously, notwithstanding the mercantile depression and the general state of debt into which Government and people have fallen. A curious commentary on this pleasant picture is afforded by the rapid fall which has lately taken place in all Canadian bank shares—a fall induced by the feeling that many of their assets were not solid, that much of the credit given—which has helped, of course, to swell the total of the 'deposits' at times—has been a source of loss, and that there is danger of a sudden collapse of the whole fabric. Canada may pull through, but till her windy inflations of false credit are all swept away, she must live in daily dread of a tempest of ruin.

In the meantime her foreign trade is not flourishing in proportion to the demands of the country, but such as it is England derives, or she has derived, great benefit from it. Canada supplies us with quantities of timber to the value of from five to six millions sterling a year, with nearly a million and a half's worth of the various kinds of grains and flour, besides a considerable supply of bacon, butter, lard, and other animal products. Her fisheries, especially those of the unabsorbed province of Newfoundland, are also of considerable service to us, and might be more, both to us and to Canada, but for the inroads of United States fishing-boats on Canadian waters. Canada, like all our colonies, in short, supplies us with a certain amount of food at a comparatively cheap rate, and a good deal of raw produce, which are just the things we most want. In turn she gets from us all kinds of manufactures which it is for our benefit to sell. The total annual yield of her fisheries alone is, I believe, about 3,000,000*l.*, most of which goes to the United States; but the trade of the Dominion is, in the main, English, so far as the exports are concerned. The imports are not so much drawn

from English sources, however, and it is rather in buying cheap from Canada than in selling dear to her that England prospers. She does not allow us even the privilege of being her sole ocean carrier, for her own shipping is considerable, and, although for the most part engaged in lake, river, and canal traffic, it also carries on the bulk of the business done with the United States, outside which and ourselves Canada has but little trade.

Canadian trade figures have for long given unmistakeable signs that her business on the whole was not following its natural course. Canada has been importing beyond her means year after year, or at all events much beyond her exporting capacity, and no doubt she has been able to do so by reason of the money which we have so freely lent her. A new raw unopened country can have no margin to trade upon in this fashion except by borrowing, and it follows therefore that, so far as our business with Canada has been based on money lent, it has been unsound, and must be reduced. Since 1873 a process of reduction has been going on, but the limit is, I am persuaded, not yet reached, especially as the exporting capacity of the Dominion has, at the same time, been on the decline.[7] What the healthy basis may be it would be hard, in view of the facts I have indicated, to predict. So many things are against Canada, her debt, her disjointedness and isolation, her raw undeveloped condition, the difficulty of keeping population in the wintry north,—Manitoba has but 12,000 to 14,000 inhabitants, most of them either trappers or Indians.[8] All these obstacles stand in her way, and not a few besides these. The customs barrier set up against her by the United States has also, no doubt, prevented any healthy expansion of her trade in that direction, and the accumu-

[7] The following official table gives at a glance the export and import trade of the Dominion for the past nine years. It will be seen that the imports uniformly much exceed the exports, a most dangerous and unhealthy occurrence for a new country. The figures do not include the returns of British Columbia, which are quite insignificant, as in the case of such an out-of-the-world territory is to be expected:—

Fiscal Years ending June 30	Total Exports	Total Imports
1868	57,567,888	73,459,644
1869	60,474,781	70,415,165
1870	73,573,490	74,814,339
1871	74,173,618	96,098,981
1872	82,689,663	111,430,527
1873	80,789,922	128,011,282
1874	89,351,928	128,213,582
1875	77,886,283	123,070,283
1876	80,299,834	95,056,532

[8] The inhabitants of the new province of Manitoba are mostly half-bred Indians, the descendants of French and Scotch fathers and Indian mothers, and form a race of varying qualities, amongst which industry does not prominently figure. The extremes of heat and cold to which the climate of Central British America is subject, the pest of flies which infest it during its brief summer, and the exceeding difficulty experienced in establishing communications between it and the outer world, must all tend to make it difficult to people with emigrants from Europe. At present it is an almost inaccessible region from Canada, and can only be got at through the States, by which it naturally tends therefore to be absorbed. Indeed, the priest-incited rebellion amongst the French Canadians and half-breeds in the district, which led to the Red River Expedition of 1870, sought a colourable excuse in a professed desire of the malcontents to join the American Union. No railway can open up this region for many a day to come through Canadian territory. It is madness to think of it.

lated disasters of a forced and unprofitable business has yet to fall upon her. 'Canada is on the gravel,' is a cant saying of her admirers, meaning that she has reached the very foundation of her trade, and cannot sink further, but no dream could be more delusive. Canadian trade has to sink a long way yet before the gravel is reached, and, in common with the rest of the North American continent, it will have to pass through a fire which it is but ill able to endure. 'The farmers are wealthy' is another favourite saying, which affords much comfort to many who do not stop to ask how they have become so. These persons forget that bolstered credit, inflated prices, borrowed money, and hectic industries, all tend to raise the cost of living, and that by this farmers profit while the prosperity is being sapped to the core. Wait till the tide has well turned, and then we shall see what the wealth of the farmer means. He stands to be ruined by a big crop. What Canada has most of —beef, pork, corn, wood, and wool— the United States has a great deal of herself, and what the United States seeks to supply in the shape of manufactures Canada wants to make at home. There is hence no good scope for a large development of reciprocal trade between these two countries at present, least of all a good outlook for the farmer in the event of a splendid harvest. The truth is also, that both the States and Canada have gone on the foolish plan of practically limiting the farming class during the time of seeming manufacturing prosperity. Railroad finances and company speculation, anything but honest tillage of the soil, has become the occupation of a large part of the population, which has thus been drawn into fields of labour which yield no permanent subsistence. By-and-by, when the country becomes crowded with numbers of these people in need of bread, the present farmers may have to face the double danger of low prices and over-competition. And should this same reaction take place, as is probable, in other lands, we shall have the spectacle presented to the world of an agricultural population in many countries temporarily greatly in excess of human necessities, fighting with each other for a market.

At present the trade of Canada appears to me destined to decline further, and considerably, even supposing the Government and the banks are together able to stave off the day of reckoning. So many other countries are competing with her for the supply of corn, that she is being distanced in the race; and the heavy demands for her pine, which of late years have done something to balance the account, is not likely to continue. Exceptional influences have been at work in England entailing an enormous consumption of timber, but these are passing away. Besides, the administration of the Canadian forest has been of a piece with her other wastefulness. There has been little or no fresh planting, little careful nursing, and it therefore becomes year by year more difficult to get the timber to market in some districts. There has been a belief current that the cleared land would be at once wanted for corn, and it has been left barren. For this mistake, also, Canada will now pay. The wants of the world have not nearly come up to the level of her ambition, and she will have to sink again into the quiet plodding ways which characterised her before English statesmen egged on her vanity to ape the neighbouring empire. This is not a very satisfactory summing up of the position of this old English settlement, or group of settlements, and I wish heartily that I could make it more cheerful, but the facts are too many for me. Canada has gone ahead

far too fast; her prosperity has been a delusion, and her reckoning will be heavy. It may rend the new-fangled Dominion to pieces, and will, at all events, seriously disturb the gushing flow of its rather blatant loyalty. England has herself much to blame for this state of affairs, alike by the manner in which she has neglected Canadian interests in the past, and by the foolish measures which she has taken to try and retrieve her errors. There might have been a grand colonial empire in the north acting as a stimulating rival to, and a healthy check on the overgrown agglomeration of states in the south, but that can never be now. We have spent one way or another nigh 100,000,000*l.* of good English money to prove that it is impossible.

Taken according to population and wealth, Cape Colony, to which we shall now turn, is by no means next to Canada in importance amongst English colonies. New South Wales and Victoria at least are far more wealthy and fully more valuable; and had I been bound to go by order of wealth I should have taken these now. But not being thus bound, I cannot pass by the Cape. Our settlements there and in Natal are important enough to call for some detailed notice, and at present, when a momentous political question is agitating the whole of the settlements, English and Dutch, a review of the position ought to be peculiarly interesting, since I cannot deal with their economies without taking note of their political condition. What strikes one at the outset is that most of our dependencies in South Africa have not been peopled in the first instance with Englishmen. As in Canada, the French were before us, so at the Cape the Dutch held possession for 150 years before the country passed into our hands, and to this day the majority of the European inhabitants of the colony are of Dutch descent. In some places the people are nearly all Dutch, just as the French in Lower Canada or Quebec almost exclude every other race. From the earliest time of our possession of the Cape this difference in race between the governors and the governed has given us a great deal of trouble, and coupled with the constant bickerings and wars with the native tribes of Kaffirs, Bushmen, and Hottentots, has led to the gradual extension of British territory northward until, exclusive of the Dutch inland states, but including Natal, the Cape Colonies now embrace a territory considerably larger than France or Germany. This territory is very diversely endowed, some of it being nearly uninhabitable, and a great part of the inland portions of it being as yet fit for little except pasturing; but on the other hand there are near the coast and in the river valleys splendid tracts of country capable of the highest agricultural development, and adapted for the cultivation of every description of semi-tropical product, of fruits and vines, which latter can be carried to high perfection. The wines of the Cape are full of promise as articles of European consumption, and might be better known now in this country than they are, did not the 2*s.* 6*d.* duty levied here on wines with 26 degrees of alcohol and upwards hinder their importation. With a larger European population there is thus nothing to hinder the South African settlements from becoming most thriving communities, having the possibility before them of growing into a nation. As it is, many districts which in former years were considered waste and almost barren have been brought into a promising state of fertility, and have proved capable of sustaining large flocks of cattle and sheep. At the present time the quantity and value of wool exported from South Africa to the mother country are greater than from any other part of the world,

except the Australian colonies. 'Cape wool' is an important factor in our trade, therefore, and the south-western town of Port Elizabeth has through the expansion of this trade become an important centre of business The flocks of sheep which the Cape and Natal possess exceed those of Canada by some eight millions, including African sheep; and year by year their general trade increases as well as their revenue. In 1870 the revenue of Cape Colony only amounted to but 735,000*l.*, in 1875 it had risen to 1,015,000*l.* The least prosperous of our South African possessions is Natal, which has somehow never become a favourite resort of emigrants, in spite of its natural advantages. It requires to discover diamonds or gold in order to obtain the raw material which it wants to subdue the land. Yet Natal is not quite standing still. Its exports were smaller last year than they have been since 1873, but they were three times as much as in 1867, and her total trade is now about 1,700,000*l.* a year, which is not amiss for some 20,000 Europeans or less, and a total population of little over 300,000, mostly Zulus. Natal has, of course, borrowed money—no British colony could live otherwise—but it has not yet betrayed any wild extravagance; and, could it only get Europeans of a good stamp to emigrate to its unoccupied lands, might in time become one of the most flourishing provinces of the dreamt-about South African Confederation. Its soil is capable of producing sugar of good quality, and will also grow coffee and cotton, although the frequent rains rather hinder the successful cultivation of the latter. For a long time Cape Colony itself was most wretchedly provided with population, but the diamond discoveries in the territory of the half-breeds—to Griqua Land West and the Orange Free State—and of gold in the Transvaal have given a little fillip to immigration. The population is still, however, very sparse, and were it not that a certain amount of labour is got out of the natives, particularly in the inland districts, there would be little or no progress made. Behm and Wagner, in their admirable compilation already cited,[9] estimate the total population of British South Africa at 1,339,000, of which 720,984 fall to Cape Colony proper, including British Kaffraria. Cape Colony had, however, only 236,783 inhabitants of European origin. All the rest were either Kaffirs, Hottentots, or other native races, except about 11,000 Malays. And throughout South Africa this state of things is the same. The Transvaal Republic has a population of about a quarter of a million, of which only some 50,000 to 60,000 are whites, mainly Dutch. These are important figures to bear in mind in judging of the position of this extensive country. They reveal to us at the very outset how much our vaunted success as colonists has here also to be proved. South Africa is, as yet, a nation only in embryo. Not only that, but it is a nation in which the British element amongst the whites is rather in a minority. So much so that in the event of a confederation of the various states and provinces into a South African Republic, where all provinces would have equal rights, it is open to question whether the English influence would remain paramount in the country. I am inclined to think that it would not, and therefore do not feel disposed to accord that unmeasured praise to the federation policy of Lord Carnarvon which it is customary to give. Mr. Molteno, the Cape Prime Minister, at the time of

[9] *Die Bevölkerung der Erde*: No. 49 of Petermann's *Mittheilungen*.

the agitation started by his Lordship, appears to me to have had sound reasons for doubting whether the states and provinces were yet ripe for such federation. Before it takes place, as it probably will some day —in fact, as I write, news has come that President Burgers, of the Transvaal Republic, has advocated its reunion with the British dominion, and that only a minority of intractable Boers appear to be bitterly opposed to it—there ought to be a larger influx of English settlers, so as to secure the due preponderance to the English tongue and English ideas in the future administration of the country. It should never be forgotten, as Mr. Froude has so forcibly pointed out in his memorandum to Lord Carnarvon on this subject,[10] that the Dutch have not many reasons for loving us. Throughout our connexion with the colony we have subjected them to many injustices, some inflicted wantonly, some in ignorance. The unlucky Boers have been held up to the reprobation of English sectaries as monsters of cruelty to the natives, and under the force of gusts of missionary zeal we have often done them, there can be no question, grievous wrong. So little have they relished our rule, therefore, that for a time they may be said to have become almost nomadic, wandering northward and eastward to escape from us, until, at length, we forced them, in a measure, to constitute themselves into two free republics in the very heart of South Africa, shut out from the sea, surrounded by natives, many of them hostile, and capable of giving unpleasant effect to their hostility, and all of them treacherous and thievish.

By thus driving the Dutch outside the pale of English dominion, we, as it were, confessed our inability to govern them, and we certainly helped to increase their abhorrence of us. This isolation has also tended to sink them in ignorance, and to produce many complications on their frontiers, although they have governed themselves and their surrounding natives in many respects much better than we anticipated. Their disputes with these have plunged them into debt, however, and their trade isolation has left them little opportunity of growing richer so as to be able to bear their increased burdens. Thus, altogether the quarter of a century or so of their existence has been a time of decadence and gradual approach towards almost helpless subjection to the bolder among the native races. And thus we are, in self-defence, compelled again to step in.

Once independent in name, our injustice to these Dutch might have been considered at an end, but it was nothing of the kind. We have hampered their dealings with the natives, not yet at all events capable of being anything but subject and governed; and we have annexed territory to which we had no right directly it became, by the discovery of diamonds upon it, a worthy object of cupidity. To my mind, then, there can be no doubt that the Dutchmen have been right in many of the disputes they have had with us. We have maligned them and abused them, not once or twice, but dozens of times. If they get control of the Cape by their voting power, therefore, there is fair reason for supposing that they may seek to cast off all allegiance to England; and the true way, the only way open to us, to prevent this is to encourage Englishmen and Scotchmen to emigrate to this overlooked but splendid South African territory. There is room for millions where there are thousands in that land, and the more go-ahead qualities of the English would form an admirable set-off as well as

[10] *Vide* Correspondence on South African Affairs, *Commons Papers*, No. 1399, 1876.

stimulus to the steady, quiet, slow, and unprogressive Dutch. At the same time the granting of self-governing institutions would nearly put an end to the chances of renewed irritation between the races over the wrongs which the conquered had to suffer from the conquerors. This would be especially the case were the races well mixed by a strong infusion of English-speaking people into the South African and Orange River States. There has been no greater mistake in our South African policy than our ostracism of the Dutch, only we need not cap that mistake by rushing now to the opposite extreme.

But there is another reason for the strong encouragement of emigration to the Cape to be found in the remarkable stability of some of the African races in the presence of the stronger European. As the figures show us, South Africa may be said to swarm with natives where the European is absolute master. The Bechuanos and Hottentots form his servants and the Kaffirs his dangerous, treacherous, and often openly hostile neighbours. Without a large supply of European settlers there seems to be danger that those already there may prove unable to hold thorough control over these confused native elements. Natal and British Kaffraria, the Dutch Free States, and our own more northern settlements, are all threatened more or less seriously by this race difficulty, which is aggravated rather than lessened by the numerous mixed breeds which the loose habits of the European immigrants have called into being. And while all these difficulties beset our possessions in South Africa we can hardly call them a great possession or cite them as a sample of successful British colonisation. Territorially, South Africa is great, and its natural resources are magnificent, but we have not yet stamped it with the genius of self-development and made its people the fathers of a mighty nation.

The need of the Cape to my mind, therefore, is not at present federation, but emigrants, and I cannot but regret that so much is done to puff up some of our other possessions while the Cape is comparatively neglected. If the Government would only encourage the transplanting of farmers, from this country oppressed with rack rents and the competition of cheap producing lands, where landlords and game laws flourish not, it would do infinitely more good than by preaching peace, unity, and concord amongst sections of communities not yet ready for that gospel. The race difficulty may be made an insurmountable one by the premature enunciation of this evangel, whereas, left to work its way to a natural solution, it may lead to the creation of a nation possessed of admirable unity and great qualities. The French, German, Portuguese, Dutch, and English elements which are to be found amongst the people ought to be capable of producing this result, and of making South Africa one of the greatest monuments of English aggression and race vitality the world will have. But there must be less management from home, more latitude allowed to Governors in dealing with natives—always a fruitful source of trouble and strife—and far more sincere endeavours made to get the colony peopled. However grand in the abstract or profitable in the concrete a pastoral life may be, it is none the less a primitive one, and no colony can become a great nation which does not cease to be merely pastoral. Nay, more, under modern conditions a good part of the apparent prosperity of such a community is waste. The best is not made of the land; it is not husbanded or tilled, hardly cleared, only wan-

dered over with tame flocks substituted for wild beasts, and its substance eaten up.

Since we have possessed South Africa it has grown, but the growth has been more in size than anything else, and it has cost us many miserable wars with miserable barbarous tribes, some of which a more uniformly stern policy might have mercifully prevented. The recent prosperity of European countries, and especially of England, has, however, reacted favourably on the trade of the Cape, and it has fortunately escaped in some measure the 'progress' fever which has swept over nearly every other colony. It was not till 1872 that self-government in its present basis was finally settled for the Cape and Natal, and before that date South Africa stumbled on in the hands of Governors more or less busy with the inland Boers and the everlasting Kaffir or Bushmen disputes, making the Imperial Government pay what it could. Since the Government became possessed of the taxing powers, however, there has been a considerable advance made in more respects than one, and the Cape, like our other possessions, now borrows freely. The position is still very favourable compared with most of those, and the aims she has are thoroughly practical and good. The increase of her revenue also amply justifies so far the outlay of the money.[11] At the same time it appears to me that without more population it is dangerous even for the Cape to push the borrowing system much further. There is a great deal of what I may call superstition about the value of railways and costly public works to a new country. They are not alike valuable to different countries, and before pushing them far eastward or northward in South Africa it should be well considered whether good waggon-roads would not do instead. The experience of the United States is so far decidedly against the profitableness of expensively-made railways far inland in a sparsely-peopled agricultural country, and few of the States of the Union are now more thinly peopled than the inland districts at the Cape. The raw produce of such territories cannot bear remunerative freights; in short, and until there is a varied and heavy trade both ways, the less expensive roads, with their bullock waggons, are undoubtedly the best.[12] Roads the Cape unquestionably needs, for it has no navigable rivers; but railways, except in one or two directions, inland for short distances, would only prove a wasteful folly. There is no town in South Africa possessed of 10,000 European inhabitants, except the capital; and, without inhabitants of a kind given to movement, how can railways pay? At present the railway pro-

[11] The trade of the Cape has made very satisfactory progress, as well as that of Natal. According to an official document lately issued along with the prospectus of the last instalment of the Cape debt, the average annual exports for the five years ended 1870 was 2,332,000*l.*, and for the five years ended 1875, 4,012,000*l.* The exports of 1875 alone amounted to 4,088,000*l.* Equally remarkable has been the growth of the imports, which, of course, latterly betray the usual effect of borrowed money—the figures for 1875, for instance, showing an excess of about 1,500,000*l.* over the exports. The total trade of South Africa, outward and inward, is estimated at about 15,000,000*l.* to 17,000,000*l.*, the greater part of which is carried on between the Settlements and the United Kingdom. The trade of Holland with her old possessions is and has always been extremely insignificant.

[12] These bullock waggons seem to me to be a peculiarly valuable institution. They are of great capacity and strength, and travel at the rate of from twelve to twenty miles a-day, according to the nature of the road. For removing the produce of the far interior and supplying the wants of farmers, there could not be a better medium in the present state of South African Settlements.

jects of the Cape are, as I think, very ambitious, though modest compared with those of Canada, which run over certain almost unpeopled districts with a network reminding one of the labyrinth around Clapham Junction. There is a line from Cape Town to the north-westward *viâ* Wellington and Worcester to Beaufort, near the Neueveldt hills, a distance over two hundred miles, and lines that start from Port Elizabeth and Port Alfred running to Graaf Reynet, and Cradock, *viâ* Uitenhage and Graham's Town; while yet another system proposes to penetrate towards the Orange River from East London. To some extent this plan of running lines for certain distances inland, from good seaports may, as I have said, be justified, but these projects undoubtedly carry them too far. The western system, from Cape Town, ought to stop at Worcester, one hundred and twenty-two miles inland; and the 'Midland' from Port Elizabeth should rest at Uitenhage, unless the 'North-Western,' also from the same port, were dropped, when the line might be carried to Graham's Town. Probably this extension would not pay directly any more than the Western to Worcester, but it would involve no serious loss such as will be sure to fall on the colony if lines are to be pushed inland beyond the limits of towns and paying trade.

It must not be forgotten that there is not the least likelihood of South Africa developing manufactures of its own. So far as has yet been discovered there are no rich stores of coal or iron to form the basis of such manufactures. But we invariably find that when once a new country has got railways, it betrays a craving for mills and looms and all the paraphernalia of production. It finds, of course, that these railways are expensive to maintain, and wants to create traffic for them. If the Cape gets into this position, and has not the means to sustain it, it will be temporarily ruined, and the best way to keep out of it is to be modest, to encourage agricultural settlers, to be content with good roads and old fashioned bullock waggons, and to study to keep the taxes low.

For not only has the lack of population to be taken into account, but also the nature of the produce which, in the case of South Africa, consists, and must consist, almost entirely of articles of food and raw materials of manufactures. These, in the present developed stage of many parts of the world whence competition comes, can afford little for land carriage. The herds of cattle or sheep, for example, which may be in the far interior of South Africa, are more cheaply driven towards the coast alive than they could be carried by railway, and their hides and fleeces do not require to be hurried to the coast in forty-eight hours to catch the mail boat home at a given date. Conceive, also, the strange absurdity of running a train across a plain through ostrich farms, where there would be only bundles of feathers to transport sufficient in a year perhaps to furnish loads for a dozen or so of ordinary drays, and one can then realise what railways in the interior of Africa may mean. Her products are all of the crude kind, such as copper ore, feathers, hides, ivory, wool and hair, except a little prepared fruit and wine, and her imports need be in no hurry to get inland, consisting as they do for the most part of articles of food and clothing, such as wheat and rice—for the Cape does not grow even enough corn for its own wants—cotton and woollen manufactures, and so on, all of which the people do not require express trains to take to their doors.

Again, our South African colonies have a magnificent coast line, and

the provinces already most occupied lie nearest the coast, so that, at the very most all that can at present be wanted to open up the country is short lines of railway inland from the handiest port of shipment. I dwell on this because I think South Africa, but recently emancipated from Imperial control, has shown a rather dangerous tendency to go ahead in this direction. Its debt was under 1,500,000*l.* in 1869, including that of Natal, and the total is now nearly 6,000,000*l.*, including the Cape Loan recently issued. This growth is due principally to the Public Works Department, and cannot be too carefully watched. South Africa may have a great future before it if it abstain from mortgaging its chances. At the same time it has to be admitted that the trade and revenues of the Cape have shown quite an extraordinary expansion of late years. Every year since 1871 there has been a surplus of revenue over expenditure, although the expenditure has been steadily growing. In 1875 this surplus reached 588,142*l.*, the total revenue being 1,602,918*l.*, and the expenditure 1,014,776*l.* A great part of this balance has been devoted to public works, as it fairly and legitimately might be. It must not be forgotten, however, that one considerable portion of the so-called revenue is not that at all, but capital, as I have already explained, and that the prosperity is so far only the result of an alienation of future State resources in the shape of land sold. The land sales and land rents produced together some 700,000*l.* of the total revenue of 1875, or nearly one-half. The rentals are, of course, most legitimate sources of income, but not so the proceeds of sales, which ought to be treated as capital; and I think no better argument in favour of a State's chariness in parting with rights over the land could well be adduced than the prices at which much of the soil is alienated. Land can be bought often at a shilling an acre, and in the Transvaal has been sold as low as sixpence an acre, the Government surrendering all rights, except a small quit rent, which in a few years' time bears no adequate proportion whatever to the value of the soil, yet which cannot be increased. The prosperity of the Cape finances on this head ought not, therefore, to be made too much of, nor as immigrants flow in must her financiers be deluded by the show of wealth which this policy invariably produces. That they will alter this policy so as to secure to the State some portion of the increment of land value is more than can be expected.

As to the indications which the customs receipts give of growing prosperity there is much more satisfaction to be expressed. No doubt, the loans which the Cape Government has raised of late years have swollen the imports till they exceed the exports in value, and the customs receipts have been thereby increased; but, that granted, the trade of the colony has, no doubt, made very satisfactory progress; and it is a trade which has benefited Great Britain almost exclusively. Our merchants have been the factors for Cape wool, and our ships have brought it to Europe. For the most part, also, the diamonds, gold, copper, ostrich feathers, wine, and other products which it is able to export have all gone to swell the totals of the trade which passes through English hands, and the bills representing which are finally settled in London. So with the imports of the Cape and Natal, they consist mostly of British manufactures, and as the prosperity of these settlements increases, and their European population multiplies, the demand for these is sure to increase, for the reason I have already given—they cannot manufacture for themselves. At present

the Cape appears to be buying too much, and extending her credit rather deeply, but should she cease to borrow, and at the same time carefully limit the issues of paper currency by her banks, the trade account will very soon adjust itself. Her enormous exports of diamonds have, in recent years, no doubt helped the inflation too, and must be taken account of. It is said that the Great Kimberley Mine alone has furnished some 12,000,000*l.* worth of these stones, the sale of which in Europe added enormously to the buying power of the colony. Good while it lasted, this wealth is however only temporary, and should not be used to build a debt upon.

As the tariff is light both at the Cape and at Natal, there is practically little to hinder the natural development of trade with the mother country, and now that two magnificent lines of steamers run regularly to most South African ports, we may reasonably hope to see a steady growth of the business between these and England. The Cape and Natal have not yet entered the competition either as a source of meat supply, or as a corn grower, but there is no reason in the world why they should not do both. They are as favourably placed almost as America, and more so than the Australian colonies, and only want small capitalists as farmers and exporters to begin the work. Looking, indeed, at the natural advantages which these small African settlements possess—at their favourable climate, their rich tracts of soil, their immense plains capable of fertilisation if judiciously tilled and planted with trees; their mineral wealth in the mines, ores, and possibly in coal, their splendid harbours, and their central position—I should say that they give infinitely more promise of future greatness than Canada.

But, I repeat, they must not be left empty. We cannot have a continual feud in progress between the inland Boers and the natives, nor the lives and property of settlers, Dutch and English, even occasionally at the mercy of these ruthless savages. The country must be fostered, emigration encouraged and stimulated, and the dream of universal federation and peace given up just for the present. If the Dutch settlers are to be brought back within the range of British rule they must be made to understand that it is British rule and not the government of the Parliament at Cape Town; that in return for protection they must submit to have certain privileges curtailed for a time. This need imply no injustice, but it would hardly be fair to the rest of the colonists to allow the suffrages of the Dutch, many of whom hate England cordially, to embarrass or even to thwart English intentions and an English policy. Fortunately, the English settler has already penetrated in considerable numbers into both the Orange State and the Transvaal, and the process of assimilation is already on foot. Out of the mixed races which are thus fusing in Africa I think we may hope to see come a nation possessed of many high qualities. It will not be just yet, however. In the present, I fear, South Africa, like other lands, will disappoint us. There will be no violent expansion, no great rush of prosperity. There may be rather an appearance of reaction and a time of dull business.

A. J. W.

STUDIES IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

I. LOMONOSOFF.

LERMONTOFF, in one of his stories, has aptly compared his country to Eryslan Lazarevitch, the hero of an old Russian legend, who, having lain for thirty long years helplessly entranced in a deep slumber, from which none could arouse him, was suddenly brought to life by a wizard's potent charm, and endowed with such miraculous strength that all were filled with awe and wonder at his deeds of prowess. By this ancient myth he figures the resuscitation of Russia under Peter the Great. And, whatever we may think of the private character of this sovereign—and recent historians have been ungenerously severe in their appreciation of his savage heroism—it is impossible to deny the beneficial influence of his administration on Russian civilisation. He was the first to destroy the barriers that had so long isolated Russia from the rest of Europe. By summoning foreigners to aid him in the reorganisation of his empire, he brought his people into contact with new ideas, and made them participators in the progress and refinement of the West. The violent opposition which his reforms had to encounter proves how the prejudices and ignorance of the preceding eight centuries had become deeply rooted among the mass of the people, though the success which finally attended them shows none the less clearly that there were those whose aspirations towards a more advanced state of civilisation needed but a strong and wise ruler to guide them aright. It is difficult to conceive the low condition of ignorance and barbarism in which the whole of Russian society was sunk at the time when Peter commenced his reforms. A contemporary writer informs us that scholars were obliged to study in secret and by night, lest their devotion to letters should excite the hostility of the common people.[1] 'Devilish heresies' was the fierce epithet which even educated men like Kriezanitch[2] launched against the study of physical science. It was only gradually that the people could be persuaded to throw off their old habits, the heritage of barbarism, and adopt the customs of modern refinement. The beard and caphtan, which for centuries had been guarded with a religious feeling as the national costume,[3] were during the first years of Peter's reign discontinued among the higher and middle classes of Russian society, and this was but the index of deeper changes; women were relieved from their condition of inferiority and admitted to the rights of citizenship; foreign literatures began to be studied and imitated; the discoveries of science were, under the skilled guidance of teachers from abroad, converted to home uses and necessities. As a natural result, the Russian people became divided into two parties. The one, desirous to secure for them-

[1] Quoted by Mielukoff, *Outlines of the History of Russian Poetry*, p. 68.

[2] A Catholic priest (1617–1678), and, like so many of his order, a violent opponent of science. The principal works of this writer are polemical, and have long lost whatever interest they once possessed. But his *Russian Empire in the Second Half of the Seventeenth Century* is valuable for the light it throws on the social life of the Russian people at that period.

[3] There is an old Russian proverb to this effect: 'Man is made in God's image: witness his beard.'

selves the advantages of a civilisation from which they had hitherto been excluded, eagerly seconded the efforts of the Government to impress a new life upon the nation. The other as eagerly availed itself of the ignorance and prejudices of the lower orders to withstand every attempt at reform as an irreligious and revolutionary assault on customs which the traditions of ages had rendered sacred and binding.

These two elements, as we might expect, are fully represented in the literature of this period. Those writers who had been brought under the influence of European thought and European ideas were led to borrow their style and subjects from foreign sources, and adopted the rhetorical form then cultivated in France. Beyond the language in which they are written, their works have little or nothing that is national about them. It is the contrary with the other school of writers. These, sharing in the discontent of the young generation at the obstacles which the development of the national mind experienced at the hands of the retrograde party, gave vent to their dissatisfaction in the form of satire, and found ample materials for its expression in descriptions of home life. All the modern writers of Russia may be classed under one or the other of these two schools; of which the first was found by Lomonosoff, the second by Kantemier.

Michael Vasielivitch Lomonosoff was born in the year 1711 at Denisovka, a small village lying on the shores of the White Sea. His father, a poor fisherman, was unable to give his son any instruction; and what little learning he received he owed entirely to the care of his mother, the daughter of a country priest. He himself has told us that the only library at his disposal consisted of an old Psalter, a Russian Grammar, and a Manual of Arithmetic; and these three books, to use his own expression, formed the gates through which he entered the Temple of Knowledge. In his tenth year he began to accompany his father in different fishing excursions; and the rough toils and deprivations of his early life doubtless contributed to strengthen that indomitable force of will natural to his character, and which subsequently proved of such good service in his long and obstinate war against the ignorance and superstitions of his fellow-countrymen. Most of his earlier compositions—as, for example, *Evening Meditations on the Aurora Borealis*—bear traces of the observing mind with which the youth noted the leading phenomena in the wild, savage scenery of his northern home. In the meantime the few books at his disposal had been got by heart; no teachers or instructors could be found in the neighbourhood to guide or to counsel him; frequent were the scoldings and chastisements in which his father vented his displeasure at the 'dawdling bookworm;' and all this while the boy's thirst for knowledge had been growing with his years, till at last he resolved on the bold step of running away to Moscow, where, as the good village priest had told him, he could alone hope to learn Latin. In the depth of the winter of 1728 a train of carts belonging to a trader in fish set out from Archangel, and Lomonosoff, then sixteen years old, got engaged as carter, and began his long journey of nearly a thousand miles. The fish-trader proved a true friend to Lomonosoff, and placed him at St. Saviour's School in Moscow, on the understanding that he worked for him in the evenings. In spite of his poverty—for his whole income did not amount to more than ninepence a week—and in spite of the rude jests of his schoolmates at the ill-dressed,

half-starved 'big booby of twenty who wanted to learn Latin,' he soon mastered what little the priests could teach him, and became their best and most promising pupil. The hours devoted to recreation were generally spent by him in the well-furnished school library; and he would seem to have been particularly attracted by writings of the old Russian chroniclers, and by the works of St. Basil, whom he later eulogised as 'the light of religion and philosophy.'

At the advice of his Latin master, he migrated in 1734 to the Academy at Kieff, with the intention of studying the natural sciences. But the instruction given there was of the meagrest and sorriest kind, a blind acquiescence in the dogmas of the Church being made paramount to the truths of science; and Lomonosoff, disappointed in his expectations, returned to Moscow. Scarcely had he re-entered his old school, when the Petersburg Academy of Science placed twelve scholarships at the disposal of its authorities, and Lomonosoff was elected to one of them. These scholarships were founded with the express aim of promoting the study of physics, and the successful candidates were to be furnished with means for pursuing their studies in the best foreign universities. Accordingly, Lomonosoff and two other pupils, Vienogradoff and Reizer, were sent to Marburg, where for three years they attended the lectures of Christian Wolff; after which they travelled in Holland, England, and Saxony, in order to obtain a fuller and more practical knowledge of chemistry. During his three years' residence in Marburg, Lomonosoff did not fail to make himself well acquainted with the language and literature of Germany, and at the same time became intimate with several of her then most eminent writers. The unfortunate Günther—who, like Lomonosoff, had in his youth run away from home that he might embrace in freedom the career of poet—was then in the full height of his short-lived popularity; and his once famous, now forgotten, ode in celebration of the peace concluded between Austria and Turkey in 1718 suggested to the young Russian the original idea of his first poem, *The Capture of Khotin.*

In 1740 Lomonosoff married Elizabeth Tsilch, daughter of the Marburg tailor at whose house he was lodging. His married life, however, owing to constant irregularities in the payment of the sum set apart by the Petersburg Academy for the maintenance of its scholars abroad, was much embittered by straitened circumstances, and he soon became seriously involved in debt. In the desire to forget his domestic troubles, he now first contracted those habits of intemperance to which he was for the rest of his life a slave. Several of his creditors threatened him with imprisonment; to avoid which he was compelled to abandon his wife and infant daughter, and to fly to Russia. On the road he fell into the hands of some Prussian recruiters, who persuaded him to enlist; a step he soon repented, and, escaping their clutches, finally reached Petersburg in the summer of 1741.

The numerous testimonials and recommendatory letters, all of them couched in the most flattering language, which Lomonosoff brought with him from Germany, compelled the authorities of the Academy, in spite of their unwillingness to employ anyone who was not a German, to find him some occupation; and he was first engaged to put into order the mineralogical cabinet of their museum, then appointed Chemical Lector, and in 1745 was elected Professor of Chemistry and Physics. This office he held till the year of his death, but was much troubled

and hindered in the discharge of his duties by the intrigues of Müller, Taubert, and others of his German colleagues, who were jealous of his success. His fiery and passionate character little fitted him to contend against the cooler and more plausible tactics of his enemies; and the violence with which he resented their interference frequently got him into trouble with the Government, and once led to his being placed under arrest for six months. Thanks, however, to his untiring labours in the most varied branches of learning, he at last succeeded in stilling the virulence of his noisiest opponents, and won to himself the favour of the most eminent and enlightened thinkers of his century. The celebrated mathematician Euler, criticising the *Inaugural Address* delivered by Lomonosoff before the Academy, declared him 'to possess a peculiarly rare genius for the discovery of physical and chemical phenomena;' the University of Stockholm conferred upon him an honorary degree; Orloff, Schuvaloff, and Vorontseff were to be counted among his best and surest friends; and the Empress Catherine more than once honoured him with a visit, in proof of the just pride she took in the hard-earned fame of her illustrious subject. One of his last acts was to submit to Count Orloff an elaborate plan for founding a university at Petersburg; but circumstances prevented the design being then carried into execution. He died somewhat suddenly in the year 1765, aged 54, animated to the last moment of his life with a desire to promote and encourage all that tended to the civilisation of the Russian people, and haunted even on his death-bed with the fear lest, through any failing of his own, the durability of his work should have been marred. 'I await death with calmness,' he said to one of his friends a few hours before he breathed his last, 'but regret that it has not been granted to me to finish the work I began for the good of my country, the advancement of science, and the honour of the Academy.'

The works of Lomonosoff are numerous, and embrace nearly every province of contemporary art and science. In this respect he was a true son of his age; the writers of the eighteenth century, in imitation of Voltaire, aiming at universality, and rarely, if ever, contenting themselves with the study of any one particular subject. They accordingly include a number of odes and lyrical poems: tractates on the theory of language and versification; essays on electricity, chemistry, botany, and metallurgy; various orations pronounced on different public occasions; two tragedies; the fragments of a projected history of Russia, and the commencement of an epic intended to celebrate the glories of his favourite hero, Peter the Great. In all of them we are struck with the force and perspicacity, in many of them with the originality, of his genius; and, if some of his scientific hypotheses have been invalidated by later investigations, the errors into which he fell must be ascribed rather to the imperfect knowledge of his age than to any fault inherent in the method he pursued. What that method was he himself has explained in a passage that proves how well he has seized the true scientific spirit: 'The best way to study the indications of nature is to form our theory by observation, and to correct our observation by means of the theory.'[4]

The title of poet, in the stricter signification of the word, can scarcely be given to Lomonosoff. His lyrics are not artistic but professional compositions, written me-

[4] Quoted by Professor Grot, *Sketch of Lomonosoff as an Academician*, p. 28.

chanically and never spontaneously; nor does the 'Parnassian flame,' with which he professes to be 'consumed,' give them either warmth or life. For he was more of a rhetorician than a poet; with him there was no such thing as inspiration, and he wrote oftener from the head than from the heart. 'In the poetry of Lomonosoff,' writes Poushkin, 'there is neither feeling nor imagination. His odes, written in imitation of German versifiers long ago forgotten even in Germany, are dull and inflated. His influence on our literature has been prejudicial, and we are still suffering from it. Bombast, affectation, a departure from simplicity and truth, an absence of all originality and nationality—these are the qualities bequeathed to us by Lomonosoff, who himself set no great value on his poetical compositions, but thought far more highly of his chemical and scientific treatises.'[5] The criticism is far too sweeping to be altogether true; it fails entirely to recognise the beneficial influence which Lomonosoff undoubtedly exercised on the literary language of his country, and at the same time ignores one important point on which later and more discriminating critics have insisted in reviewing Lomonosoff's long and varied labours. It is true that the ode on *The Capture of Khotin* is an avowed imitation of Günther's ode, and that it is composed, like all Lomonosoff's lyrical pieces, in strictest conformity with the canons of versification laid down in Boileau's *L'Art Poétique*. But it is impossible to compare it with the German without perceiving that the resemblance consists only in the form and in the kindredness of subject; nor can we fail to observe that Lomonosoff has better preserved a uniform loftiness of style, by keeping his ode free from those inequalities of language and trivialities of description that disfigure the verses of Günther.'[6] And it is the form given to his ode which doubtless secured for it the favour and approval of his contemporaries. With its publication dates the commencement of a new epoch in the history of Russian poetry. The dull, heavy syllabic versification employed by Polotsky, Sylvester Madviedoff, and their immediate successors was exchanged for a metre whose prosodial accentuation gave a pleasing and regular variation to the verse, rendering it both graceful and easy. The greater portion of Lomonosoff's poetry is made up of similar odes, written either in honour of Catherine II. or in celebration of some national event. They must therefore be judged with a leniency due to compositions made to order in an age where the laureate's batch of verses was as necessary as illuminations and fireworks to the full celebration of an imperial holiday. One hundred roubles was the poet's recognised fee; and, in case the unfortunate bard was behindhand with his tribute, one hundred stripes was the no less certain penalty.[7] The ode *On the Accession of Catherine II.* has been much praised by Russian critics, and may be regarded as a favourable specimen of Lomonosoff's poetical powers, though the fulsome epithets addressed to the Empress, however natural to a writer of the eighteenth century, cannot but jar strangely on more modern ears. At the same time, as we might expect from a man of Lomonosoff's blunt, rough character, there is a tone of frank-

[5] *Poushkin's Works*, edited by Annenkoff, vi. 81.

[6] Professor Grot, *Sketch of Lomonosoff as an Academician*, p. 11.

[7] At least such was the fate of Tredyakoffsky (1703-1769), a poor poet, but an excellent writer on Russian prosody.

ness in the loyalty which makes up for its occasional servility; and, if for no other reason, the two following stanzas deserve to be quoted:

Hearken, ye rulers of the earth,
And all ye who wield authority:
To violate the sacred laws,
Through insolence of might, refrain ye;
And despise not your subjects,
But correct their vices
With wisdom, clemency, and care;
Join kindness to justice;
Observe the rights of your people:
And God shall protect you and your house.

How blessed is that monarch
Who knows how to govern the Russians!
He shall be named illustrious by men,
And hold all hearts within his hand.
Thee do we reckon thus fortunate,
O Goddess, in whom we recognise,
In thy single self, all moral excellencies—
Generosity, faith, justice,
And penetration joined with firmness,
And a true, heroic soul.

But Lomonosoff writes best when the subject is didactic—when the reason more than the imagination is the source of his inspiration—as in his *Epistle on the Uses of Glass*, which is the first, and still ranks as the best, of didactic poems in the Russian language;[8] or where he is able, while describing some phenomenon in nature, to exhibit in rhyme his knowledge of science. It is then that his verse glows with some share of lyrical fire; and his *Hymn to the Morning* has won even from Belinsky, the uncompromising foe to pseudoclassicism, the confession that 'Lomonosoff was a man possessing an undoubted talent for poetry; and in his odes, besides bright though rare flashes of true poetry, we have whole stanzas that seem to have been written but ten years ago.'[9]

And now the beauteous globe of light
Darts its rays to cheer the earth,
And God's works stand forth distinct and clear;
Be glad, my soul, with joyous praise,
And, filled with wonder at its countless beams,
Confess how great is its Divine Creator.

Were it but given to mortal man
Thus high to soar,
And with his feeble sight to gaze
Long and close on its dazzling glories,
Then, and only then, should all the realms
Of that ever-burning ocean be revealed.

These fiery billows raging strive,
But ever in vain, to reach some confine;
These flaming whirlwinds writhe
In bootless wrestle through long ages;
These rocks, like water, seethe,
And burning ruins in torrents fall.

These mighty globes of fire
Are in Thy sight but as a spark!
How numerous are the lustrous lamps
Lighted by Thee, their Sovereign Creator,
To illumine us in our daily work—
The work Thou hast ordained for us!

The fields, hills, seas, and woods
Throw off the darkness of the night,
And disclose to our enraptured gaze
The fresh-created beauty of the morn,
As all the earth declares
The greatness of Thy hand Divine.

The light of day shines only
On the outward surface of the earth;
But Thine eye searches to the depth within,
And there is no limit to its ken;
In the light of Thine eye
Is the source of joy to every creature.

Creator, into my darkened soul
Shed the rays of Thy wisdom;
And what is pleasing in Thy sight
Make to grow and flourish within me;
And ever let Thy lowly creature
Praise Thee, his immortal King.

Whatever may be the merits of Lomonosoff as a lyrical poet, as dramatist he possesses none at all. Towards the conclusion of September 1750 the following paper was officially laid by the President before the Council of the Academy: 'Her Imperial Majesty has been pleased personally to command me to instruct Professors Tredyakoffsky and Lomonosoff to compose each a tragedy, and to inform the Council of this Her Royal wish.'[10] There is a genuine touch of despotic

[8] Galachoff, *History of Russian Literature*, i. 343.
[9] *Collected Works*, ii. 238.
[10] Professor Grot, *Sketch of Lomonosoff as an Academician*, p. 32.

absolutism in this curious ukase, in which the sovereign orders her poets to manufacture each a tragedy, just as she would order the Court upholsterer to provide her by a certain date with some new fancy article of furniture. But they knew too well that such commands were not to be trifled with; and Lomonosoff took care to have his tragedy, *Tamira and Selim*, ready by the end of the year, which was followed in the autumn of 1851 by another, entitled *Demophont*. Dull to read, they must have been unbearably dull on the stage. Now and then we come across lines that bear a faint resemblance to poetry; but these invariably occur in some descriptive passage, which is as much as to say, the tragedies of Lomonosoff are best where the tragic element disappears altogether. Equally uninteresting are the two books of his unfinished epic, *Peter the Great*, a close but unsuccessful imitation of Virgil's *Æneid*. Of course it opens with the consecrated formula 'I sing,' and with a fulsome invocation to the reigning sovereign, whose 'first law is love to her subjects,' and whose rule is declared to be 'gentler than the soft spring.' In the first book Peter is shipwrecked in the same way as Æneas in the older poem; and the story of Troy told to Dido in the second book has its parallel in the Tsar's narrative to the Prior of Solovetsk Monastery of the mutiny which broke out among his guards shortly after his return from his travels abroad. There is something so grotesque in the introduction of old mythology into modern history, and in the idea of Neptune and Peter playing parts in one and the same poem, that we are almost tempted to believe, with Belinsky,[11] that Lomonosoff's own good sense prevented his completing what the critic justly calls 'an ill-considered *tour de force*.'

As has been said before, science was the source of Lomonosoff's poetical inspiration, and it is in science that he achieved his greatest triumphs. He eulogises Peter as 'having instructed us in science, and himself become great through science.' In an ode dedicated to the Empress Elizabeth he dwells upon the uses of chemistry, astronomy, and mechanics, by the study of which 'a new life' had been given to Russia; and, though it does not come within the scope of the present paper to notice in detail the numerous prose writings in which Lomonosoff discusses scientific and philosophical questions, there are one or two points connected with them which it would be wrong to pass over in silence.

His *Discourse on the Origin of Light* opens with words that are sufficiently striking, if we remember the time and the country in which they were spoken: 'The study of physics is difficult, but at the same time it is pleasant, useful, and sacred.' This one sentence thoroughly characterises the man, who, with his wonted boldness, at the very outset of his scientific enquiries threw down a challenge to those—and they constituted the large majority of his fellow-countrymen—who questioned, or still oftener denied, the advantages of any such investigations. But he was not content, like Kantemier, his great contemporary, with denouncing from his professional chair the crass ignorance of the multitude; for he carried his denunciations into practical effect by consecrating his whole life to the studies whose utility he advocated, and by grudging no sacrifice of money or time to apply his discoveries to the public good;[12] and

[11] *Collected Works*, viii. 108.
[12] Galachoff, *History of Russian Literature*, i. 351.

not seldom his disinterested zeal encouraged him to pursue labours from which no immediately beneficial results could be expected, but from which he hoped, rather than anticipated, some general advantage might accrue in the future. In this, to use his own words, he 'imitated those gold-explorers, who, in spite of all adverse probabilities, are still buoyed up by hope—a hope that does not always fail to be realised.'

But Lomonosoff was not satisfied with exposing and ridiculing the ignorant; he attacked with equal fearlessness a far more dangerous enemy to the truths of science—the narrow-minded theologian, who declaims against the discoveries of modern thinkers as being prejudicial to the sacred interests of religion. In all ages and in all countries philosophers have been exposed to these commonplace and stock accusations of atheism and materialism, which are invariably brought against them when their teaching cannot be controverted by argument. But this, as has been already hinted, was peculiarly the case in Russia during the first half of the eighteenth century. Whole pages might easily be filled with specimens of the invectives—usually distinguished more by vigour of language than force of logic, which frightened ecclesiastics, who would not or could not perceive that to oppose childish superstitions is not to attack religion—hurled against any departure from Biblical fables and traditions. Such men are declared by Lomonosoff to be 'quarrellers planting discord between Nature, the daughter of God, and the Church, the bride of Christ;' whilst he affirms with no less emphasis that 'the man who thinks he can learn astronomy or chemistry from his Psalter is no more a true theologian, than he is a true mathematician who imagines that with his compass he can measure the Divine Will.' Science, then, from Lomonosoff's point of view, should never be regarded as antagonistic to faith, and in this he was the follower of Wolff, his tutor at Marburg; on the contrary, true science will always be the elucidator and ally of true religion. 'The more the mind apprehends of nature,' are his words, 'the more clearly will it discern the omnipotence, the majesty, and the clemency of the Creator. Science and faith are sisters, the offspring of one mighty parent; nor can there ever arise dissension between the two.' Without doubt all this will seem to many of us to be cheap truisms; but, to appreciate aright the worth of such statements, we must remember that they were both novel and bold to all save a few enlightened among the audience to whom they were originally addressed.

The influence of Lomonosoff as poet on Russian literature was considerable, though we no longer recognise in him, as did his contemporaries, 'the eagle soaring in the clouds;' but it is as scientific writer that he exercised the greater influence. He gave a new life to the language and a new tendency to the thought of his country; and we cannot better sum up the services he rendered its literature than in the words of Aksakoff, his ablest and best biographer: 'All that we have accomplished, are accomplishing, or shall accomplish, may be traced up to Lomonosoff, as the one true source of our new literary activity.'

II. KANTEMIER.

The reforms inaugurated by Peter the Great suffered not only from the avowed antagonists of any change in the national life, but were, perhaps, still more retarded by the injudicious advocacy of men who were unable to comprehend their full significance and bearing. The former were chiefly to be found

among the *Rascolniks*;[13] the latter among the upper classes of society. Owing to the vicious lives led by the majority of the priesthood, the Church was gradually losing her hold on the more devout portion of the peasantry, who, in their discontent with the false or rather no-teaching of the State clergy, went over to the ranks of the separatists. Their opposition to the orthodox faith was characterised by more zeal than prudence. They clung with childish awe to everything that was ancient, deprecated as unpatriotic any change in political or social life, and 'hated the foreigner simply because he was a foreigner.'[14] These extravagances, happily, neutralised the force of their hostility to the introduction of Western civilisation into Russia. But the affected enthusiasm with which foreign ideas and customs were received by a large number of the nobility proved a more serious danger to the successful issue of the new movement. They copied the dress, the jargon, and the fashions of France, spoke French among themselves with greater purity than they did their own language, and imagined that they had made good their claims to belong to *le grand monde* by ceasing to be Russians. Like Ivan in Von Viezin's comedy of *The Brigadier*, 'in the body they might, perchance, have the misfortune to be Russian born, but in spirit at least they belonged to the glorious kingdom of France.' Their absurdities naturally brought ridicule upon the party in whose triumphs they pretended to be interested; and it needed all the wisdom of its responsible leaders to win, by their moderation and prudence, the sympathies of the nation at large.

These two elements in Russian society, at once ludicrous and dangerous to the progress of civilisation, form the constant theme of contemporary satire. They are frequently exposed in the sermons and other works of Theophanes Prokopovitch, as well as in the Interludes which at the beginning of the eighteenth century constituted the principal dramatic amusement of the people; but their most bitter and severest castigator was Antiochus Kantemier, whose life and writings form the subject of the present paper.

Antiochus, the fourth son of Demetrius Kantemier, Hospodar of Bulgaria, was born at Constantinople in the year 1708. His father, who won considerable fame in the Turkish war, and became a Russian subject after peace had been concluded at the Pruth, was a man of high attainments, spoke no less than eight languages, and wrote a work on Mohammedan law, which secured to its author the special favour of Peter the Great. As we might expect, every care was paid to the education of his children; and when he died the whole of his property was bequeathed to Antiochus, because of all his sons he had best distinguished himself at his books. The fortunate heir, who was brought up in the same seminary at Moscow as Lomonosoff, first came into public note, whilst still a youth, through the composition of three satires, which, though not printed, were widely circulated among the numerous literary friends of the writer. It was a time when the Government was only too glad to press into its service those who by their talents were able to assist it in carrying out its extensive and arduous reforms. Accordingly, in

[13] *Rascolnik* signifies a schismatic, but is generally applied to those separatists, or old-believers, who adhere to the use of the mass-books and rituals such as they were before their revision by the Patriarch Nicon (1605–1681), which revision was formally sanctioned by a Church Council held in the year 1666.

[14] See Theophanes Prokopovitch's *Guide to the Clergy*, published in 1721. Its author was Archbishop of Novgorod.

1731, Kantemier was attached to the Russian Embassy in London. He would seem to have been favourably impressed by what he saw of English society, and in a letter to his friend the Archbishop he declares England to be 'the most civilised and enlightened of European nations.' Eight years later he was removed to Paris in the quality of ambassador; but in both capitals he led an extremely quiet and regular life, spending most of his leisure time either in study or in the genial society of men like Hartley, Bolingbroke, or Montesquieu. It was now that he wrote his six other satires. His sedentary habits naturally confirmed a weakness of the chest from which he had always suffered, and before long his health became so completely shattered that he was obliged to demand permission from his Government to retire for a while to Italy. But it was then too late; the doctor forbade his removal; his sufferings became daily more and more acute, and in 1744 he died in a foreign land at the early age of thirty-five. In accordance with his last wish, his body was transported to Russia, and laid near the grave of his parents in the Greek Monastery at Moscow.

In spite of his foreign birth and continued residence abroad, Kantemier's satires are thoroughly national, and present a faithful picture of contemporary Russian life and manners. Whether we consider their intrinsic merits, or the circumstances which gave them birth, the place which they occupy in the history of Russian literature is equally important and worthy of note. They are, to use Belinsky's happy simile,[15] the firstfruits of the hard and for a time thankless labours of genius on an uncultivated field, that had hitherto produced nothing but weeds and wild flowers. The language of his adopted country was rude, unpolished, and rough: its literature a mere jumble of scholastic tractates, dull chronicles, and peasant songs. Kantemier, in his earliest satire, written ten years before Lomonosoff's ode on *The Capture of Khotin*, essayed to give that language a literary form, and to render it fit for the expression of ideas belonging to a civilisation with which Russia for the first time was being brought into contact. The syllabic metre employed in his nine satires, the archaisms with which they abound, and the generally involved construction of his sentences prove that what Lomonosoff accomplished fully Kantemier accomplished but in part, and justify us in regarding the former, rather than the latter, as the real founder of Russian literature. At the same time one characteristic in which Kantemier is superior to Lomonosoff is the actuality of his poems. They are all but entirely free from those rhetorical tricks of style which at the time he wrote, and long afterwards, were considered to be the necessary accompaniments of poetry. It is true that he imitated, and at times translated, the more telling bits in the satires of Horace, Juvenal, and Boileau; but he never failed to accommodate these imitations and translations to the necessities of Russian life. The vices he attacks are not the vices of an earlier and past civilisation, but those which stained the society of his own age and country. Many of his verses have long passed into proverbs among the Russian peasantry, as, 'You may cure the drunkard, but never the fool;' and such is the stamp of their originality that his satires, within a few years after his death, were translated into French, as supplying the best material for making foreigners

[15] *Collected Works*, xii. 70.

acquainted with the habits and customs of Russian society. It was this vigorous and bold adaptation of classical satire to actual life that induced his contemporaries to apply to him the title of 'corniger vates,'[16] and to regard him as one of the principal instruments in carrying out those social reforms by which the whole being of the nation was radically changed.

The first satire is known under the two different titles of *The Blasphemers of Knowledge* and *To my Mind.* The latter is evidently borrowed from Boileau's *A son Esprit*, to which satire that by Kantemier bears a striking resemblance throughout. It is directed against the obscurantists, and its aim is to bring into ridicule that love of ignorance which constituted the chief social evil of the epoch. The four personages who are brought upon the scene are types of those who, in their conduct or in their creed, opposed the study of science. Thus we have the devotee Crichton, the nobleman Sylvanus, the rake Luke, and the dandy Medorus. Their dislike to learning is based on the old complaint that it puts no money into the purse:

They all cry out, 'In studying science there is no profit:
While heads are crammed with learning, the hands are empty.'

This is the common ground on which they all four meet, though each has his special cause of dislike to the new-fangled system of education:

Crichton, with rosary in hand, sighs and groans,
And, with bitter tears, the pious soul implores us
To look and see what ill seeds has science sown among us:
Our children, once so gentle and so submissive,
As they followed the steps of their fathers and lowly worshipped God,
Receiving in fear as truths what they did not understand,
Now, to the injury of the Church, read forsooth the Bible;
Argue, insist on knowing the why and wherefore of everything,
Place but little faith in the teaching of consecrated priests,
No longer buy wax tapers, no longer know which are fast days,
Descant loudly against the wealth and power of the Church,
Affirming that they who have renounced the world and all its pleasures
Have no need of worldly goods or temporal estates.

The nobleman looks back with regret to the golden age, when eating and drinking were held to be the sole duties of the aristocracy, ignorant drudgery the sole privilege of the peasant:

Learning, he argues, only makes us starve;
In olden times we knew no Latin, it is true,
But lived in easier cheer than now we live,
And, boors though we were, we had our garners full:
We now learn Latin, but we lose our corn.

The rake deplores the decline of 'true friendship' and the decadence of jollity as the necessary results of poring over books; whilst the dandy complains that so much paper is nowadays employed in printing and writing that scarce enough remains wherewith to curl his locks, and declares he would rather have 'one pound of genuine Parisian powder,' a well-fitting boot 'of Yegor's make,' or one of 'Rex's coats,'[17] than a whole library of Senecas, Ciceros, and Virgils.

In the second satire, *On the Envy and Pride of Vicious Noblemen*, we have a gloomy but truthful picture of the license which then stained the manners of the upper classes in Russia. It is written in the form of a dialogue; and characteristic names are given to the two interlocutors, the scholar being named Philaret, or Lover of Virtue; and the nobleman Eugenius, or

[16] Galachoff, *History of Russian Literature*, i. 320.
[17] Yegor and Rex were then the fashionable bootmaker and tailor of Moscow.

Well-born. Poor Eugenius, whose only excuse for coming into the world at all would seem to be that he was the twentieth descendant of a duke, is severely lectured upon the vanity of titles in a style which recalls to English readers the famous diatribes of Jack Cade:

Adam was born no nobleman, but one son's lot
Was to till the field, the other's to tend the flocks;
And those whom Noah saved in the ark were, like himself,
Plain tillers of the soil, scarce famous for their manners.
From them we all descend, though some indeed
Left plough and scythe some years before the rest.

The greater portion of the satire is devoted to an animated attack upon the dandy, who has just returned from a six months' tour on the Continent. He has learned nothing in his travels that can be useful either to himself or his country, but has only brought back with him a taste for 'cards, wine, and new dishes:' the great aim of his life and the one desire of his soul being, that his toilet should be correct and unexceptionable:

The cock has crowed, the morning dawned, the rays of the sun
Already light the mountain-tops: 'tis the hour when his sires
Were wont to lead out their troops to drill; but he, beneath brocaded quilt,
Is gulfed body and soul in softest down,
And sunk in heaviest sleep: the day must finish half its course,
Ere he will yawn or ope his eyes, but only to doze again,
And wile away another hour, daintily awaiting
The refreshing draught from India or from China brought.
His first step from bed is to the neighbouring glass,
Where, with deep solicitude and anxious toil,
Having first put on a wrapper worthy to grace a beauty's shoulder,
He parts with nicest care hair from hair—
These to form a superb toupet on the forehead smooth,
These to curl carelessly down the ruddy cheeks
And to flow at their sweet will in locks, these to be caught up
And cunningly padded on the head. Lost in wonder at such art,
All his fellows enviously admire, and he, the new Narcissus,
With greedy eye gloats on his own beauty. To squeeze the feet
Into the tight boots next the poor servant sweats;
But he's avenged; his master's foppery will cost at least two corns.
At length, with many a stamp, the feet are caged in the well-chalked boots;
And then he dons the rich caphtan, worth a whole estate.

The third satire, *On the Human Passions*, is a description, in the form of a letter to Prokopovitch, of the principal vices to which men are subject. As is usual with Kantemier, he does not lose himself in vague generalities applicable to all ages and all nations, but almost exclusively confines himself to the portraiture of those vices which most obtained in his own time and country. Then, as now, drunkenness was the curse of Russian provincial life, and the sketch he gives of a country town he visited on a certain holiday is unhappily no less true in our own days than when it was first written:

I came to your town once on a holiday:
There at the very gates I found, fast asleep or dead,
A boor with gun beside him; for, as I later learned,
He was stationed here to guard the city gates:
None yet had dined, nor had the sun yet made
One half his journey, but still the streets
Were blocked with sprawling bodies. At first, and for a time,
I thought the plague was with you; but there was no stench,
And I saw that the rest took no care to shun
The bodies, which lay there all prostrate,
Hands all abroad, heads heavy, faces flushed,
Feet powerless to support them—in a word, dead drunk.

The fourth satire, *To my Muse*, opens with a prayer to the Goddess

of Song to abandon men to their ill desires, and cease attempting their reform by the exposure of their crimes; since the satirist, by his castigation of evil, has only brought upon himself a bad name, and gained the hatred of his neighbours. He accordingly enters on a eulogy of folly and ignorance; but soon breaks off under the influence of a better feeling, and consoles himself with the thought that the blame of the foolish and the vicious is the highest praise and the best reward that can crown the work of a true and honest man.

In the fifth satire, *On Human Wickedness*, the errors of mankind are sharply ridiculed in the form of a dialogue between one Periergon and a satyr. Every third year the god Pan sends a troop of satyrs into different quarters of the world, that upon their return he may be well informed of the acts, manners, and customs of the human race. The satyr who was sent to the city where Periergon lives is so disgusted with the vices of its inhabitants, that he cannot stay out the appointed time, but returns home a year earlier. On his way back he falls in with Periergon, to whom he relates what he has seen, and condemns the idleness, drunkenness, and gross sycophancy which prevail among its people. The lines in which he lashes the tribe of Fortune-worshippers are very happily expressed:

But yesterday Macarus was in the eyes of all a ninny,
Scarce fit to fell a tree or to drag a water-cart;
Many a derisive story was told of his stupidity,
And each in blackest colours portrayed his want of honesty.
But now that Fortune has smiled on Macarus
And made him her favourite, he has become
The bosom-friend of every honest, high-placed, prudent citizen;
All with envy now admire his wondrous talents,
And prophesy what services our empire may expect
From a man who in a twinkling can reform all civic ills.
Verily, it is well for us that God has made such men!

In the portraits with which Kantemier has enriched his satire critics have not been slow to recognise certain historical celebrities; and Menschikoff, Dolgorouky, and Ostermann are made to figure under the names of Chiron, Ksenon, and Menandor. To a foreign reader like myself the sketches appear somewhat insipid; but more competent authorities, who may be supposed to be better acquainted with the details of Russian history at this period, assure us that 'they are true and impartially drawn, free from prejudice or party spirit.'[18]

Passing over the sixth satire, *On True Happiness*—a collection of philosophical commonplaces, borrowed for the most part from Horace—we come to the seventh, which is, I think, the most noteworthy of the whole series, and which, Belinsky declares, 'has not even now lost its value, but deserves to be printed in letters of gold.'[19] It is entitled *A Letter to Prince Trubetskoy*, and gives us an insight into Kantemier's opinions regarding the reforms of Peter the Great, and his views as to the mode in which they could be best carried out and developed. He urges with considerable force the influence which education has on the character. Like Locke, many of whose opinions as expressed in the *Essay on Education* are here reproduced, he believes that men are made what they are by the intellectual training they have undergone, and declares that much

[18] Mielukoff, *Outlines of the History of Russian Poetry*, p. 87.
[19] *Collected Works*, xii. 66.

of what we are accustomed to attribute to natural disposition ought properly to be assigned to school discipline. 'All that surrounds the child aids to create its morals.' In opposition to those who assert that 'by the experiences of life we learn all that is necessary,' he argues that 'it is not the number of years spent in active life that makes man wise, but the number of subjects he has mastered by hard study previous to his entrance into the world of business.' Old people, we are told, who have had little or no schooling, will know nothing more than what meets the eye; but the youth who has studied science is rather vaguely promised to be thereby made 'conversant with the cause and essence of things.' It is not necessary to enquire into the soundness of this assertion; but the enunciation of such opinions, even when most unphilosophical, could, at the time when Kantemier wrote, only proceed from a writer who was considerably in advance of his contemporaries. And Kantemier was no mere *littérateur*, but a thinker and a man of sound scholarship. The earnestness with which he set himself the task of raising the then low standard of learning in Russia is evidenced in many of his writings, but nowhere more strongly than in this seventh satire. He almost ceases to be a satirist as in a serious didactic tone he points out the advantages of a scientific training. It may not be the liveliest of his poems, but it certainly is the one which exercised most influence on the struggle then being waged by the enlightened portion of his countrymen against the reactionary ideas of the conservative party.

The eighth satire, *On Shameless Impudence*, aptly eulogises the superior advantages which self-assurance and an indifference to the interests of others give to man over his more worthy but diffident neighbour. It is a lesson on which satirists, from the days of Kantemier down to our own Thackeray, have not failed to insist, and the experience of most will afford full evidence of its truth.

In the last satire, *To the Sun*, Kantemier draws a portrait of the *Rascolnik*, similar to that which we find in many of the Interludes. The 'pious cant' of the peasant who has scarce wit enough to guide his plough; the debasing superstitions of the candidate for holy orders; the hypocrisy of the Dissenting tradesman, 'who will to-day prostrate himself to the earth before some sacred image, and to-morrow will be in prison for having cheated the Excise;' the crass imbecility of the books which alone find favour among the separatists, to the exclusion of 'the new literature'—these make up the formidable list of accusations which the satirist brings against the sectarians. The 'sun,' to which he dedicates his verse, is of course Peter the Great, beneath whose fostering rule learning and civilisation could alone hope to bear the fruits of prosperity and contentment.

It is as satirist that Kantemier is still remembered. His other writings, made up for the most part of translations and school compositions, are seldom consulted and still seldomer read. The real import of his satires consists in their historical relation. They are thoroughly national living pictures of Russian manners at the time of their composition. It is in this nationality that their true, perhaps their only, value resides.

C. E. Turner.

ON MODERN AUTOMATISM.[1]

By Francis William Newman.

GREATLY different as are the two writers whom we have grouped together—Thomas Penyngton Kirkman, F.R.S., and Dr. James Martineau—they are allies in a common cause. Mr. Kirkman is generally satisfied if he can hold up his confident adversary to contempt as knowing nothing; for he is Socratic in his irony and in his subtle banter, which is at times uproarious; yet a real earnestness underlies all, even when we cannot be certain what he positively holds. Dr. Martineau, it need hardly be said of one so well known, is everywhere striving to establish truth, and never indulges in humour or Socratic dissimulation. Both are stirred up by the boastful and insolent materialistic science, which assumes to trample out moral responsibility and the very idea of guilt, as well as penitence and religion, as an old woman's fable. It is somewhat arduous to comment on this controversy; yet the attempt shall be made.

'What is Materialism?' it may be asked. Some writers, whom the public call Materialists, resent the title as insulting; though it may be used quite innocently, as merely descriptive. Mr. Kirkman denies matter to exist, or rather insists that we have no proof of its existence: he seems to charge fallacy on the assumption, and mischiefs very difficult to understand. That we may not be thought to be injurious, we must premise that there are two widely different kinds of Materialists, the practical and the theoretic. By the practical is meant the class of immoral men who prefer the flesh to the spirit, things of sense to things apprehended by the mind; men either sensual, or mercenary, worldly, ambitious, reckless of high thought. It is the evil savour from such characters which makes the theoretic materialist dislike the epithet. Of course it is to be expected that men who desire to indulge baser propensities will gladly shelter themselves under any pretence of philosophy. The evil tendency of a theory must not be overlooked; but we do not here concern ourselves with depraved persons. We speak solely of theoretic materialism, which is notoriously compatible in an individual with pure morals and noble aims, even if in the herd of mankind the theory gravitate towards baseness.

The great majority both of the thoughtless and of the thoughtful have always taken for granted that both Matter and Spirit exist, and that they are very diverse; the one inactive, the other active. Mind and Body are both intimately known to us, and we habitually contrast them. Bodies we call *matter*, and Mind we call *spirit*. Now if any one theoretically resolve all mind into matter, we entitle him a materialist. But a paradox follows. If some one, as Berkeley, resolve matter into spirit, does he not differ from the materialist in nomenclature only? Call both existences matter, or call both spirit; this is but a difference of phraseology, if the theorists believe that the two existences are but one,

[1] *Philosophy without Assumptions*, by Thomas Penyngton Kirkman, M.A., F.R.S. Longmans, 1876.

'Modern Materialism:' Two Articles in the *Contemporary Review* of February and March 1876, by the Rev. Dr. James Martineau.

Human Interests, by Samuel Sainsbury. Tinsley Brothers, 1877.

and that each passes into the other. This obvious and simple remark shows that we do not get to the bottom of the controversy by the statement thus far made: there is certainly something beyond, which clears up the paradox. It is this. The Materialist, regarding matter as incapable of initiating action, attributes a like inactivity to spirit, *because* he thinks he can resolve it into matter. Thus he represents us as mere machines, which are acted upon by forces from without; and treats it as delusion, if we suppose that we have any power of choice, such as moralists assume as an axiom; nay, without which all moral epithets are a blunder and a puerility. This is the real sting of materialism. *Automatist* may therefore be a better name than Materialist. When any one from the side of Berkeley resolves matter into spirit, he is sure to reserve a firm distinction of the spirits which have will and choice, from the spiritual existences in which these powers, if latent, are as it were congealed; just, in fact, as we all distinguish the spirit of a man from the spirit of an ox or a tiger, while we do not call the latter material. Thus the theoretic materialism which we regard as offensive and unendurable, is that which represents us as driven by an omnipotent Fate, and helpless slaves of desire. This doctrine fundamentally and evidently lays the axe to the root of morals; and, if it could be made a national faith, would assuredly ruin the generation of children reared under its influence. It is against this monstrosity that the heart of mankind makes its protest, when it nauseates and rejects materialism.

Dr. James Martineau has again and again pointed at the cardinal error of these materialists by the utterance, which is almost an axiom: 'Never will you learn the properties of the higher by observation of the lower; never will you learn the complex by ever so profound a study of the simple.' The infatuation of reasoners in this respect is truly wonderful. Their credulity seems always fresh. They produce their fallacy as a new discovery which is to evangelise the world. While I am writing, an elegant little book comes to me by the post from (I suppose) a very well-meaning gentleman, a perfect stranger to me, Mr. Samuel Sainsbury; who, writing on *Human Interests*, and meaning to confute atheism (!), assumes that 'every power, mental and physical, every aspiration, . . . has moved *in automatic* sequence:' also, he reasons, 'the *conduct* of the elephant and of the tiger depend on their *structure*; so therefore does that of man.' This is advanced as novel and instructive, and as the germ of vast social improvement. We must (forsooth) abandon the idea that man has any Will that can initiate action; we must abolish the idea of Guilt; we must train men (in servitude?), as we train dogs and monkeys; then Virtue and Happiness will abound. Such is the doctrine seriously advanced, with touching simplicity and philanthropy. Forethought for the poorer and wise education every one approves—in theory at least; but must we for this degrade them—and ourselves—into automata?

Mankind are so obstinate and stupid, in the opinion of automatists, that they persist in believing that they have power to initiate action—a power which they call Will. Mr. S. Sainsbury chimes in with the old chorus, that to believe in an initiating Will, is to believe in *effects without a cause*. [Mr. Kirkman traces this argument to Dr. Priestley as the originator.] Why! it is precisely these Automatists who do not believe at all in a cause, nor therefore in effects. They believe only in sequences,

and deny all initiation of action, which is the highest idea involved in the word Cause. They pretend to found knowledge on Experience; yet they throw away with scorn the first and universal experience—that which teaches each of us his own existence. We are not long in the world, before each learns by experience, at once, that he is an individual (*Ego*) and that there is a universe outside of him. The Ego of each is nothing but a conscious Power and Will. This experience from within gives us the idea of Power; and when we speak of a Cause, we mean a Power. To allege that each Ego is itself directly or indirectly a product of Divine Power, is impertinent in this connection; for it is certain that the Ego is earlier known to us than any Divine Power. *Logically*, the Ego stands first; logically, God is derivative, and only after-known. Our first certainties are the Ego or Will-Power and a contrasted Universe. The logic which seeks to explode our belief in Will by a complex of later reasoning, is as imbecile as if one were by elaborate geometry to scold down the geometrical axioms. Happily there is not the slightest danger that men pretending to philosophy will ever convince the mass of mankind that they are automata. Since our first certainty is that we have Power and Will, we are much more likely to treat the philosophers as lunatics. Assuredly if the false philosophy infect young people with the idea that they are necessarily slaves of desire, and that self-control is a delusion, they may in limited circles produce deplorable results. The just fear of this sometimes causes in parents and teachers an indignation which the philosopher calls bigotry; much as the scamp who carries lighted combustibles in a room strewed with explosive powder objects to be hooted at. While we deny that the just animosity of wise fear is to be called Bigotry, we are aware that it is only by solid argument that the periodically renewed mania of Automatism can be repressed.

Mr. Kirkman brings out into full importance the fact that Will-Force is our first certainty, our essential foundation. He also justly lays great stress on the immense distinction between the propositions *I am* and *Thou art*, alleging that his opponents stealthily assume the latter under cover of the former. Each of us knows his own existence directly, but my knowledge of other men's existence is inferential; and the argument by which I infer mind in other men necessarily requires the same assumptions by which we infer mind to be active in the great universe. I see actions which in me would proceed from design; hence I infer design in others: or I see fitnesses which suggest design, and thus infer mind. *Space* is of course learned by us in learning an outer universe. *Time* is learned by conscious memory. As Mr. Kirkman puts it (p. 13), 'I am, and I know that I am, the conscious thinker of a moment ago;' which is modified (p. 14) into 'I am, and I know that I am, in *Time*.'

Space and Time being to each the earliest facts of Experience, simultaneously with learning that he exists, Mr. Kirkman, who is a diligent reader of all metaphysics, not excluding Kant, feels that he has a right to deride Kant for asserting that 'Time and Space are, in themselves and out of us, nothing real at all, but only *forms* of our intuitions' (p. 95). On this Mr. Kirkman comments as follows (p. 96): 'It amounts just to this: "Space is in itself *unreal*, because it is only the *real* defined space of our *real* intuitions." With that mortar and shell Kant blew Time and Space out of creation! The philosophers who wear [weave?] these

cobwebs in their brains are welcome to the remark, that I cannot understand it.' To the present writer Mr. Kirkman's declaration that he cannot understand what Kant means by denying that Space and Time are exterior to us, and calling them 'forms of our intuitions,' is an agreeable avowal. To deride Kant when one cannot understand him, demands both perseverance in reading him and no small courage. But Kant is little concerned in our present argument of Automatism; and we may drop him, with his favourite abstractions. Mr. Kirkman discards the doctrine of the Mills that we have an especial *muscular sense*, but insists on an important distinction between our active and our passive consciousness. Thus, if the temperature in which our body is be suddenly changed, we are aware of it: this is passive consciousness. But if we make an effort and are conscious of it, we know that we are putting forth Will-Force. To evade this fact (as Mr. Kirkman thinks, p. 65) Mr. J. S. Mill refers our knowledge of external resistance to our 'muscular sense.' No one, except in upholding a hypothesis, could deny that we have direct experience of Will. Dr. Martineau is in full accord that herein is the nucleus of our contest for morals and for religion against the Automatists.

Dr. Martineau's first essay is on *Atomic* Materialism, or virtually on Matter; his second, on *Dynamic* Materialism, or on Force. He insists that the scientists whom he is opposing have no right to the terms Force, Power, at all; for their argument wholly avoids the idea, treating of sequences only. They set forth the *Order* of nature, a grand and noble study; which nevertheless, as science, knows only masses and movements, of which it studies the laws—that is, the process and the rules by which they can be defined. It cannot see Force. Indeed Physical science totally shuts out all consideration of the only forces which we actually know—those of our own minds. Against all direct study of these forces the Materialists scold, using the word *metaphysics* as one of reproach; and undertake to teach us the secrets of the human mind by their materialistic observations. Herbert Spencer studies nervous matter in order to learn about the human will. Dr. Martineau warmly admires physical science, but he deprecates its usurping authority over realms which are not its own; and cordially agrees with Mr. Kirkman, indeed with Sir John Herschel, that only the consciousness of Effort and Will gives us any idea of force. He fearlessly justifies the extension of this principle (an extension natural and perhaps universal in all simple nations) to the great forces of the Universe; and alleges, not only that according to *primâ facie* evidence every great force, as that of gravitation, is the act of some High Will, but that no philosophy can improve the theory. With Anaxagoras he maintains that Mind or Spirit is the only known force to animate the world of matter.

Newton did but develop the *law* of gravitation, i.e. the rule by which you may calculate it: but after him it seems that many must have thought uniformity of action to disprove Mind, and they fell on to the idea of inanimate or blind force imparted, once for all, to matter by the will of the Deity. Perhaps this widely received opinion differs from Dr. Martineau's doctrine of a perpetually acting Divine Will in phraseology only, except that it implies a definite point of time at which the force was imparted to Matter. Men who were trained in the doctrine of the schoolmen, as afterwards Hutchinson and his followers, objected as fatal to the new doctrine of gravitation, that it supposed Matter *to act in places where*

it is not. The objection is futile, if directed against those who teach that gravitation is a Divine force; but is decisive against one who disavows spiritual energy pervading the universe. In the latter case the monstrosity is ever on the increase, if physical science succeed in blending Gravitation, Repulsion, and Cohesion (at different distances) into the energy of every atom. The cleverness of the atoms in adhering to work in obedience to *arbitrary constants* becomes a just topic of banter. Newton, as a truly religious man, did but bow before the inscrutable mystery of the forces, when he began to discover their law; and this surely is what we must all do. It is not pretended that we *explain* cosmical movements by alleging Divine energy. God is not a 'hypothesis' which we invent to explode mystery—a purpose which Mr. Herbert Spencer very gratuitously imputes to believers in God;—but when we have direct experience of no force but Will, it is natural to ascribe superior forces to a superior Will; and when a thousand phenomena have correspondences which suggest adaptation, mankind believes in a superior Mind which has adapted them—just as each of us believes in the mind of his fellow-man, though he cannot see or touch it. The wisest and most religious of the moderns does not seem to make any improvement or fundamental change in the Hebrew and Greek idea of a Spirit everywhere pervading the brute masses which we call Matter, so long as we confine ourselves to cosmical phenomena and cosmical theory, as distinct from personal religion.

But Mr. Kirkman is so eager in his attack on Matter, that some notice of it ought here to be taken. With deference to so wide a reader and so acute a man, the opinion shall be ventured that he wastes his force, and does not understand the posture of mind which insists on a belief in Matter. When Plato desired to inculcate the belief of abstractions in no conjunction with things concrete; or, as the Greeks put a single case, to believe in Whiteness though nothing were White; Aristotle advanced as a refutation, what he regarded as certain fact, that whatever has Whiteness has necessarily other qualities beside Whiteness. We in preference may state the objection to Plato thus: We cannot even imagine Adjectives except in connection with Substantives, nor understand an Abstract noun except as expressing the property of a Concrete noun. Thus if we hear talk of Force, Power, Potency (words really equivalent), it implies something that is Forcible, Powerful, Potent. It is in some sense a fraud of the English language, to convert abstract into concrete by superadding the article A, An. Thus it has been ingeniously observed, that an English boy is apt to translate 'This is *a* serious consideration, into the Latin 'Hæc est seria consideratio,' instead of 'Hoc est serio considerandum.' From inobservance of the indefinite article he unawares passes from the concrete to the abstract, and makes absurd Latin, though both the separate words and the syntax are correct. Just so, when a mathematician passes from Force to '*A* force,' he persuades himself perhaps that he makes no change, and fancies that Force stands alone and unsupported in 'A force.' *Force* is abstract, and can only exist in something that is Forcible; what the something is, we perhaps neither know nor care; but we call it Matter. '*A* force' can mean nothing but 'A something forcible;' we cannot get rid of the concrete. To speak for others is arduous; but the present writer can confidently avow for himself that he is totally unable to imagine an abstract without a concrete. Wisdom, Power, Virtue, if no Wise,

Powerful, Virtuous persons are imagined, are empty, idle, terms. Mr. Kirkman does not merely taunt his opponent with inability to 'find' matter—which might be a mere form of exposing want of proof on the part of men who talk high of demonstration—but he seems to discern some lurking evil, some germ of atheism, in believing matter to exist; though it does not appear to have any such tendency in Dr. Martineau, who is not deficient in sensitiveness on this head. But besides, Mr. Kirkman does not see the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of conceiving Motion in a Force which is defined by two things—Geometrical position of its centre, and Force directed towards or from that centre. For we cannot recognise any identity in it when the geometrical centre is changed. If two material atoms A, B, animated by certain forces, exchange places, we can still recognise the identity of A when its centre is found where that of B was; and conversely. But if the atoms (so called) have no matter at all, and the force exerted is not the same force in successive times, but only force guided by an unchanging law (a supposition which we cannot avoid), there is no continuous identity, and the idea of motion vanishes. A mathematician dealing with this subject of course finds nothing in mere matter to calculate from, except its *mass* or amount. How Mr. Kirkman gets rid of this is not at all clear. He alleges, indeed, that the resistance to motion experienced when we try to push a weight along a horizontal table is due *solely* to friction. No doubt it is due *chiefly* to friction; but if friction could be totally removed, a greater mass would require greater force to move it. We cannot get rid of the *inertia*, which the common mind regards as the characteristic of Matter. *Inertia* surely cannot be resolved into Force. It seems therefore regrettable, that Mr. Kirkman has so launched out on this topic.

Dr. Martineau, arguing against Mr. Kirkman's opponents, employs substantially the same arguments as are here used against Mr. Kirkman. He calls such doctrine 'dynamic idealism,' and while admitting that the theory is convenient for mathematical physics, rejects it as philosophically untenable;—because, first, an atom must exist *per se* if it is to be invested with power; next, the conception of motion is not provided for, if there be no entity to move. Attraction, Repulsion, Motion, present to us words that arouse no thought, if there be nothing that attracts, repels, moves.

Dr. Martineau lays more stress than the Theistic argument requires on the fact that his opponents have not been able to complete their imaginary construction of the universe from homogeneous molecules. Classical readers will remember that Lucretius needed angular and hooked atoms as well as round ones for his theory. Modern chemistry is far enough off from the simplicity towards which every man of science is bound to strive. But since it would be surely no triumph to Atheism, no defeat of Theism, if science were to succeed in dispensing with heterogeneous molecules, such argument is to be deprecated as would suggest a shout of triumph from the Atheists every time that a new step forward towards a simpler theory was made. Dr. Martineau is too profoundly convinced that Metaphysics and Religion are outside the domain and potency of physical science, to have the smallest jealousy of its real advance. Few practical ministers of religion have studied physics more eagerly than he, or more admiringly.

His two essays were elicited by an attack made by Professor Tyndall on a lecture which he delivered to theological students. This lec-

ture was directed against thorough-going materialists, not against Professor Tyndall; whose ambiguous position and manifest inconsistency were deplored by the real materialists, while Theists rejoiced that he refused to go all lengths against the foundations of religion. In attributing *life* to matter, he really renounced materialism. For this reason Mr. Kirkman might have spared or softened some of his severity. Professor Tyndall, supposing himself the object of Dr. Martineau's attack, unwisely responded in a way that laid him open to very effective reply. On his own ground of Physics he is so highly esteemed, that he had been tempted to think he was equally competent to lay down the law in Metaphysics. Yet there is abundant proof in the history of even mathematical science, how very difficult is its metaphysical side, and that mere mathematical power does not at all imply a high ability to go back to real first principles. However, in any case we may rejoice that these two essays, so instructive and so forcible, have been drawn out from Dr. Martineau. It is to be hoped that they will be published in a separate volume. His definition of CAUSE is very notable, as 'that which changes the undetermined into the determinate.' In every act of Will we see this clearly; as when we deliberate which hand we shall raise, and settle the doubt by raising the left hand rather than the right. This does but show out visibly the nature of Moral Choice. That which Automatists are pleased to call 'Effect without a Cause,' is, on the contrary, the acting of a real cause, the *only* cause directly known to us —the human Will.

On the objections to Free Will which some extreme Calvinists make, a few words may be here in place. They tell us that God is the sole cause; that His will is necessarily always done, even when we sin against Him (a difficult combination of thought); that a sinner has an enslaved will, not a free will. Moreover, those who do not take up quite so hardy a theory, yet insist that our actions, being foreseen by the Deity, cannot possibly be free. If any part of them were indeterminate, He could not foresee them. Foresight implies that they are already determined.—To this it might be sufficient to reply, that if the thing not yet determined at one o'clock becomes determinate at two o'clock, we do not change the state of things at either date by supposing a Divine mind which can behold, as from a distance, each stage of the process simultaneously. But if any one cannot understand this reply, or insist on dogmatising about God as the sole cause (an argument which, if harshly pressed, annihilates human responsibility, and, wholly crushing the basis of morals and of religion, of course leaves nothing for Calvinism), he drives us to insist that we know more about ourselves than about the Divine power or the Divine knowledge; that our first and most certain knowledge is our possession of POWER TO CHOOSE; on which morality is built: therefore any religion which can anyhow make pretensions must concede this before it deserves reception. Fundamental truth must not be renounced to please a preacher of religion, any more than to please an Atheist.

Mr. Kirkman concerning the Will attacks Herbert Spencer, and concerning Causation makes J. Stuart Mill his target. It is deplorable that a man who has talents so high for Physics as Mr. Spencer, should have a monomania for exploding all the first and most certain knowledge of every human being by arguments spun out to great length; arguments to which one has always this reply, that the conclusion is contrary to fact and common sense. But as this mania is at least thirty years old, it is probably incurable. Mr. Kirkman selects for

his protest a long passage from the *Psychology*, § 219, in which Mr. Spencer maintains that our Ego or Conscious Self is merely 'a group of *psychical* states constituting an impulse,' and that this, which he calls our *psychical* Self at the moment, is distinct from our *physical* Self; and that the psychical states alone determine action. Mr. Kirkman is at the pains of commenting minutely on a long tissue of unproved dogmatism, or, as he calls it, 'unscientific pudding.'

Apparently Mr. Spencer asserts that the Body is our permanent *physical* Self, which of course is passive, and that what is commonly called the Soul, or by him the *psychical* Self, changes from moment to moment, and is nothing but a fleeting group of 'psychical states' which (now and then) 'constitute an impulse.' If so, he is maintaining that his Soul has no coherence or identity in successive times; that it is an 'illusion' to suppose that the Soul is the Ego; thus nothing but the Body is Herbert Spencer. Does he suppose that the use of Greek words, physical, psychical, strengthen his argument? Perhaps they conveniently throw dust into some people's eyes, and sound very grand and wise. Yet it is hard to imagine the intellect which could accept such statements. It may be fair to quote Mr. Spencer's initial assertion against the freedom of the Will. He says, § 219: 'That every one is at liberty to do what he desires to do (supposing there are no external hindrances) all admit: though *people of confused ideas* commonly suppose this to be the thing denied'—by those who with Mr. Spencer deny freedom of the Will. Observe the insolence with which he commences his argument. He cannot think he refutes his opponents (who are the human race) by selecting from them *those of confused ideas* as alone deserving to be confuted; evidently, therefore, he accounts them *all* to be 'people of confused ideas.' And concerning them he begins by a most gratuitous imputation—as though such a man as Dr. Martineau supposed J. S. Mill and Herbert Spencer to deny that when a man desires a thing attainable, he has freedom of of will to do it! For myself I can say, such an interpretation of their doctrine never came into my head. He proceeds to assert: 'But that *every one is at liberty to desire or not to desire* (which is the REAL proposition involved in the dogma of Free Will) is negatived, &c. . . .' But again he is totally wrong as to fact. Who ever imagined that at Will we can desire agony? *Desire* has no proper and necessary place in the argument. We do not claim Freedom to *desire*, but Freedom to *act*. I have no desire to put my left foot forward rather than my right, nor my right rather than my left. Which I shall put before the other, is a future event wholly indeterminate; when suddenly, by an act of Free Will, I determine which. Desire *may* be implicated, but is an accident of the affair, unless the word Desire be illegitimately extended to include every active principle. Such extension of terms is the grand organ of confusion with this whole school; as Epicureans call eagerness to solve a mathematical problem 'desire of pleasure.' But when two desires contend in the mind—as the desire of solving a problem and the desire of rest—we (the 'men of confused ideas') say, that the Will decides *which* desire shall prevail; *which* impulse shall be more potent. Mr. Herbert Spencer alleges that we have no such power of decision; and thinks to disprove it by denying the identity of the human soul from one hour to another, assuming (it would seem) that desires have a fixed unalterable force, over which the man has no control. This is the nucleus of practical immorality, and a fundamental subversion of all responsibility for action. Against

this folly and perversity collective humanity votes, not one nation or tribe going with the Automatists.

In the attempt to expel all idea of Force from the word Cause, Mr. J. S. Mill has in the last forty years been pre-eminent. But Dr. Brown the metaphysician was the leader, at least in this island. More than fifty years ago Oxford heard this voice from distant Edinburgh: A Cause *means* only an Antecedent!! The reply came at once from many mouths: 'We grant that in physical mathematics Antecedents alone can appear in the argument; yet when we say, the rays of the Sun *cause* heat, we mean more than that they *precede* heat; we mean that they are *efficacious* of heat; and if you reply that we *ought* not to mean this, you have to prove that we are wrong, and not merely assert that we mean nothing more, which we deny.' The argument remains just the same to this day. If Professor Clifford and others choose to extirpate the word Cause from physical researches, they may gain as much perhaps as those who decline to call the Sun fiery or luminous, substituting for these epithets 'a focus of radiation.' But no such change of phraseology in physical science can have any logical weight to unteach us the reality of causation, so long as we are conscious of being men who have freedom to act, and not being helpless machines, the sport of forces external to Self.

Some of Mr. Kirkman's comments on J. S. Mill in the question of Causes, deserve to be here reproduced, § 142, p. 231.

I protest against the employment of two words to express the sense which essentially belongs to one. An *efficient cause*[1] is a silly tautology; because an *inefficient cause*, which is a true cause, is a contradiction in terms. The distinction between *efficient causes* and *physical causes*, of which Mr. J. S. Mill finds it convenient to avail himself, is unscientific and misleading. In fact, there are no physical causes known to accurate science which are not efficient.' § 143. In § 2 (of Mill's *Logic*) we read: 'The notion of Cause being the root of the whole theory of Induction, it is indispensable that this idea should at the very outset of our enquiry be, with the utmost practical degree of precision, fixed and determined.' Again: 'I premise then, that when I speak of the Cause of any phenomenon, I do *not* mean a Cause which is not itself a phenomenon.'[2] 'The only notion of a cause which the theory of Induction requires, is *such a notion as can be gained from experience*.' That is, I fancy, if any man in Mr. Mill's company had desired to find a cause for the manifestation of seeming intelligence and will presented by him, he was forbidden by the theory of induction to assign as cause a *conscious mind* in Mr. Mill; for that is no phenomenon, nor can the notion of consciousness *not my own* be gained by experience. Again: 'The invariable antecedent is termed the Cause; the invariable consequent the Effect.' Had Mr. Mill never heard of the force of gravitation, which is nowhere either a *phenomenon* nor an *antecedent* to the phenomenal effect, whether that effect be motion or repose? What right has Mr. Mill to define the invariable antecedent as the cause? Cause is a term that science cannot spare and cannot replace. The Science of the finite cannot hope to go deeper in nature than to find the cause, the requisite and sufficient condition. She is content if she can accurately assign the force or sum of forces in Time, Space, and Number, to which the phenomena are due. For this great study she must have the use of the terms Cause and Causes, which stand neither for antecedents nor for phenomena. From the jewelled zone of venerable Philosophy Mr. Mill filches the most precious of her seals, that grand old gem, the Cause. This was deliberate philosophical felony, not indeed for vulgar lust or greed, but for scientific imposture. Enormous mischief has been done, and is now doing, by the sophistries of Mr. Mill and his school. The efforts which sham philosophy has made to degrade such terms as Cause and Will and Power and Law have been, among the young and half-learned, but too successful; and after the publication of Mill's *Three Essays on Religion*, which are just as well meant and well reasoned as this bungling

[1] Did not the tautology arise in contrast to the wrongful scholastic phrase, *Final Cause*? Bentham insisted that the latter absurd expression ought to be replaced by *The End in View*: qy. The Purpose? the Design?

[2] This is a guarded protest against calling God the cause of anything.

chapter on Causation, one can have no delicacy in assigning the true aim of this disgraceful word-robbery. It was, to root out of logic and science the notion of a veritable Cause of the Cosmos, and it has culminated in the outpouring of scorn upon the belief of a conscious Author and Upholder of the Universe, the all-perfect God and Father of us all, which stains the morbid pages of these three essays.

Mr. Kirkman does not call the chapter on Causation *bungling* without adding his proof, § 146. Mr. J. S. Mill is struggling to get rid of Dr. Reid's objection, that if a Cause means merely an Antecedent, Night is the cause of Day, and Day of Night. Mr. Mill has defined the law of Causation to be 'the truth that invariability of succession is found by *observation* to obtain between every fact in nature, and some other fact which has preceded it.' This distinctly applies to Day and Night, Night and Day; yet, in order to wriggle out of his dilemma, Mr. Mill says: 'When we define the cause of a thing to be the antecedent which it invariably follows, we do not use the phrase as exactly synonymous with the antecedent which it has invariably followed *in our past experience.*' Thus he renounces Experience, and the 'observation' insisted on in his definition! Common sense confuted him, and he had not honesty to confess it, but gives a new definition fourteen pages later: 'We may define the Cause of a phenomenon to be the antecedent or the concurrence of antecedents on which it is *invariably* and *unconditionally* consequent; or, instead of *unconditionally*, we may say, subject to no other than negative conditions.' 'A choice is offered us in the definition (says Mr. Kirkman) with embarrassing liberality;' and lest we be puzzled about negative conditions, Mr. Mill further adds: 'The negative conditions of any phenomenon, a special enumeration of which would generally be rather prolix, may be all summed up under one head, namely, the absence of preventing or counteracting *Causes.*' Thus Mr. Mill, undertaking to define Cause, has to use the word Causes in his definition! 'The Cause of a phenomenon is the antecedent or concurrence of antecedents on which it is consequent invariably, and subject only to the absence of preventing or counteracting Causes.' How very lucid, from a philosopher who is undertaking to set all the world right in their blunders about Causation and Free Will! After all, this definition clearly makes out Night to be the Cause of Day, until counteracting Causes can be alleged.

Mr. Kirkman is justified in high ridicule of this triumphant Logic. He avows that, after this, Mr. Mill might boast,

> Jamque opus exegi, quod non Jovis ira nec ignes,
> Nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas.

The lesson to us is, that the ablest man only makes himself absurd, when he espouses a thoroughly bad and rotten cause, against the general sense of mankind.

NOTE ON THE ARTICLE IN THE APRIL NUMBER CONCERNING LIQUOR LICENSING.

By the Writer.

A copy of Mr. Joseph Cowen's Bill for Licensing Boards has been sent to me, and in it I cannot find definite mention of compensating publicans or others when licenses are not renewed. Mr. Cowen, in a published paper foreshadowing his Bill, avowed that such compensation was a lamentable necessity. (I write by memory.) Thus I wrongfully concluded that a scheme for compensation would enter his Bill. I shall be glad to be quite sure that it does not, and am sorry to have made a statement erroneous or doubtful.

F. W. Newman.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1877.

THE WAR IN ASIA:

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST CAMPAIGN.

By J. C. McCoan.

FOR the third time in less than half a century, the hereditary feud between Russian and Turk has again flamed into war, and, although the renewed conflict is yet hardly a month old, history is already repeating itself in the Armenian campaign. The old familiar names of Gumri, Kuruk-déré, Hadji-velikeui, Subatan, Bayazid, Ardahan, Erzeroum, and Batoum, reappear in the telegrams, as if the dramas of 1828–9 and 1854–5 were being played over again, with merely a new 'cast' and some trifling changes in the plot. Thus the duel of 1828–9, which cost the Porte a heavy money indemnity and the loss of territory in both Europe and Asia, was opened by Paskevitch and his fellow-generals making an almost simultaneous dash from Gumri (Alexandropol) on Akhaltsik, Kars, and Bayazid, all three of which—as also Erzeroum a few months later—they captured after several skirmishes and one considerable battle, retaining ultimately the first as a permanent spoil of the war. In 1853–4, nearly similar movements occurred, with the variance only of Batoum on the coast taking the place of the conquered Akhaltsik as an objective point; and now again, the same still coveted port, Kars, and Bayazid, are in turn rapidly attacked, and Erzeroum again threatened. Those who care to trace the historic parallel will find in Colonel Chesney's graphic record[1] abundant information as to the first limb of the trilogy. Grouping together some personal reminiscences, the present paper will endeavour to recall the chief incidents of the second, and so to suggest materials for a probable forecast of the *dénoûment* of the third—on which the curtain has now risen.

The war of 1854–6 greatly popularised Eastern geography, but since then a new generation has arisen which did not profit by those practical lessons, and it may therefore be said that Trebizond, the chief port of Armenia, at which I landed in the spring of the former year, lies far up towards the south-eastern corner of the Black Sea, along the base of one of the last spurs of the Anti-Taurus. I had left England with the wild purpose of joining Schamyl in Daghestan—then nearly a *terra incognita* to Europeans—but on reaching Constantinople was convinced by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe that the adventure was impracticable, as an impassable Russian cordon lined the whole coast from Anapa down to Shevketil (Fort St. Nicholas), and thence inland to Akhaltsik and Gumri. My only

[1] *The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of* 1828–29.

chance, his lordship advised, was to join the army at Kars, which, if successful in the coming campaign, would penetrate into Georgia and effect a junction with the great Murid chief. Accordingly, furnished with letters to Zarif Mustapha Pasha, the commander of the Kars army, and General Guyon, then chief of his staff, I reached the old Pontic capital—then and still a pretty and rather thriving town of some 35,000 inhabitants—after a three-and-a-half days' steam-run from the Bosphorus. Trebizond derives its chief importance from being the main entrepôt of the Persian trade with Europe; but since the opening of the Poti-Tiflis railway much of this has been diverted to the Georgian route, and the commercial activity of the place has suffered accordingly. It is still, however, the natural emporium for the whole of Upper Armenia, from Kars eastwards to Diarbekir on the west; and the completion, a few years ago, of a fairly good road to Erzeroum has developed local trade that largely compensates for the partial loss of the Persian traffic. The harbour consists of two small ports east and west of a projecting spit of land, neither of which affords good shelter in bad weather, during which large vessels are obliged to run for refuge to the roadstead of Platana, seven miles to the west. The once considerable fortifications of the town were already, in 1854, only picturesque ruins, and are of no military value whatever.

Rumours of brigands being out in force on the track (as it then merely was) to Erzeroum compelled a delay of two or three days, as no *surrudjee* could be induced to risk the journey; but through the good offices of the Consul, and the still more potent influence of extra *backsheesh*, I at length found horses and a guide, and, accompanied by a well-armed servant, started on a splendid moonlit night on our hundred and sixty miles' ride. The route lies over the summit of the Boz-tepéh, the hill, or last mountain-spur, on the northern slope of which the town is built, and thence through the well-cultivated valley of Deirmen-deré on for a dozen or fifteen miles farther to Jevizlik, a village on the bank of a small stream, whence diverge the three routes—only one of which is practicable in winter—that lead through as many passes over the rugged range of the Kolat-dagh. We chose that to Ziganeh, and soon ascended into the midst of the grandest Alpine scenery, our path at one time winding like a goat's track along the edge of precipitous cliffs, at another dipping to the margin of a boulder-blocked torrent that, far below, rushed noisily through the gorge at their base. Although it was nearly mid-May, the snow still lay heavy on the higher peaks, but immediately below the line at which it ended dense forests of oak, beech, and pine clothed the mountain sides down to the bottom of the ravine; alternating with wild and desolate plateaux, on which low stunted evergreens and a species of yellow-flowered honeysuckle formed the only vegetation, except where cleared patches—surrounding picturesque clusters of châlet-like cabins—bloomed with thick crops of ripening wheat and maize. Beyond the ravine of Stavros-boghaz, the road again ascends and crosses the ridge of the Khouroush-dagh into the pretty vale of Gumush-khané, which abounds in the finest orchards and gardens. Formerly very productive silver mines—from which the hamlet takes its name—were worked in this neighbourhood, but, like most of the other native industries, they have been practically abandoned for many years. Up to this point we had

seen nothing of the rumoured brigands, and the courage of our *surrudjee*—whose belt bristled with a small armoury of murderous looking flint pistols and knives—found vent in Rustem-like vaunts of the example he would have made of a whole gang, if their ill fortune had only thrown them in our way. On the second afternoon out, however, I had ridden on some hundred yards ahead of our party, a few miles beyond Gumush-khané, on the ascent from that valley to the tableland of Baibourt, when, at a precipitous turn of the road, which a rock on the right narrowed to nearly half its width, my horse started and all but threw me over the naked body of a man that lay right across the path. The others soon came up, and at sight of the ghastly obstruction the brave *surrudjee* would have incontinently galloped back to Gumush-khané, but for the persuasive threats and pistol-play of my servant—who was, by the way, a very truculent visaged Cephaloniote, who had lived for some years in Constantinople and spoke Turkish well. He (the Greek) moved the still half-warm corpse—killed by a gunshot in the back—out of our way, and we rode at quickened pace to the next post-house, some half-dozen miles farther on, where the tragic incident was explained. The body was that of one of three Persians, who had slept in this *menzil-khané* the previous night, *en route* for Trebizond, and, on reaching the spot where we found it, had been fired on by brigands from behind the rock, with the result of one being killed and a second wounded. The latter and his untouched companion had managed to escape back to the post-house, and were there when we reached it. News of the outrage had already been sent on to Baibourt, and during the night a picquet of mounted police arrived, escorted by a portion of whom we and the Persians reached that town the following afternoon.

Baibourt, which was also one of the Russian prizes during the war of 1828, and must inevitably share the same fate if they now again occupy Erzeroum, is an unwalled town of some 6,000 inhabitants, on the bank of a small river called the Yorak. Its only remains of a fortification are the ruins of an old Genoese castle on the craggy summit of the hill along the base of which it lies, and which, if armed, would command the place. Thence we proceeded on the following morning, over the low range of the Coph-dagh, into the great undulating plain of Erzeroum, which we finally reached on the afternoon of the fifth day, with no further adventure than my narrow escape from a pitch off my runaway-horse into the western branch of the Euphrates, which, here called the Kara-sou, rises a few miles to the north-east, and passes within a couple of miles of the town.

Erzeroum lies at the extreme north-eastern side of the plain, about 7,000 feet above the sea, along the base of a low mountain range called the Palan-duker, which, though it completely commands the town and its neighbourhood, was not armed in 1854. Under the Byzantines, as under the Turks, the place has always been the chief bulwark of Armenia, and prior to the war of 1828, it was rather strongly fortified by an inner and outer wall, with square flanking towers and a deep ditch, but after its capture by Paskevitch in that year, most of these defences were destroyed, and have not since been rebuilt. Still, though thus practically open, from its situation it commands the main caravan-route from Persia to Constantinople, and has at all times been of great strategical importance and a prominent objective point to the invader.

It is the provincial capital of one of the great divisions of Asiatic Turkey, including the sanjaks of Erzeroum, Childir, Kars, Van, and Moush, with a total population of about 800,000—its own inhabitants numbering some 40,000, of whom three-fourths are Turks and most of the remainder Armenians, with a few Kurds and Jews. The town further suffered in 1859 from a severe earthquake, which destroyed nearly half of it—including the Pasha's palace, the barracks, most of the bazaar, several mosques and churches, and the houses of the English and Austrian consuls—with great loss of life. In May 1854 its only garrison consisted of a few battalions of infantry and a couple of batteries of artillery, nearly all the troops as they came in from the south and west being sent on to the front at Kars. As yet, however, the Russians had shown no signs of an advance in that direction, but were reported to be moving from Erivan on Bayazid, where Selim Pasha was strongly posted with 5,000 men. I decided, therefore, on making a *détour* to visit this old frontier fortress before proceeding to head-quarters; and accordingly, after a week's halt in Erzeroum, made the journey of a hundred and fifty miles in four days, through country much resembling that already traversed on the ride from Trebizond. The road, however, is better, and during the summer months the great plains of Pasan and Arisgird are quite practicable for wheeled vehicles. My travelling firman from the Porte procured me a ready welcome from both the civil governor and Selim, and I spent a fortnight pleasantly enough in exploring the neighbourhood—on the one side up to the Georgian border, almost within the shadow of the solitary and snow-capped Ararat, which lies close beyond, only fifteen miles from Bayazid, and on the other to that of Persia, at the point where caravans enter Turkey, five or six miles to the south-east.

Bayazid itself, with a population of about 6,000, mostly Kurds, is situated on the side of a rugged spur of the Alla-dagh, at the north-eastern extremity of that range, close by the point at which the three frontiers meet, and has consequently long been a place of both military and commercial importance. In 1854 the railway from Tiflis to the Black Sea had not diminished this by diverting much of the Persian traffic into that new channel, and it was still consequently the chief halting-place on the caravan road from Tabreez to Erzeroum and Trebizond. An important track also branches off from it to Van and the comparatively rich districts round its lake, most of whose exported produce in ordinary times passed this way and added to the commercial activity of the place. During my visit, however, fear of the Russian advance had driven this portion of the traffic into the more western route of Morush and the Bingoul-dagh, a part of which I subsequently traversed on my way into Persia through Van. Although the war was now many months old, but little had been done to strengthen the dilapidated fortifications, and it was evident to the most unmilitary eye that the place must at once yield to any force stronger than the defending column camped below the town. But as yet only a few Cossacks had skirmished across the border, exchanging pistol-shots with the picquets of bashi-bazouks, and as there seemed to be no immediate prospect of anything more serious, I resolved on pushing on to Kars—about a hundred miles nearly due north, but some twenty miles more by the winding mountainous road through Diadeen, Eutch-Kilissé, and Toprak-kalé, that terminates in the long descent of the Sovanli-dagh,

at the eastern base of which begins the great undulating plain that stretches away past Kars to the Georgian border, some twenty-three miles beyond. Late in the afternoon of the third day, we came in sight of the famous fortress, and a couple of hours later cantered into and through the camp of (at that time) about 30,000 men which flanked the road up through the plain to the town gates. We were allowed to pass unchallenged, but had hardly alighted in the dirty post-house when an orderly came to demand my name and business. I answered, saying that I had letters for the Muchir (commander-in-chief) and Khourschid Pasha (Guyon), but that I was too tired to present them before next morning. Half an hour later, as my Greek was dishing up a steaming meal of fried eggs and rye bread, a sergeant's guard entered and, disregarding all remonstrance, marched us both down to camp, where the production of my Stamboul vouchers at once set matters right, and procured me a share of Zarif Mustapha's excellent dinner of six or eight *plats*, Guyon being one of the other half-dozen guests present. As I purposed to remain with the army during the campaign, the Muchir gave me the brevet rank of *hakim* (doctor), and attached me, with that nominal grade, to the chief of the staff.

Twenty-two years ago the story of its famous siege familiarised European readers with the situation of Kars; but, as topographical memory based only on reading dims much in that time, a word or two in description of the place may not now be superfluous. It lies on the west side of the elevated plain which, as already said, stretches from the base of the Sovanli-dagh to the frontier, in the semi-circular bend made by the little river Kars-tchai as it issues from a narrow gorge of the Childir range in its course to join the Arpa-tchai, which, some twenty miles to the north-east, forms the boundary between Turkish Armenia and Georgia. The north-west side of the fortress is protected by a ledge of bold and naturally-scarped rocks, that rises abruptly from the right bank of the stream, and the other three sides by a massive stone wall flanked by square towers, which in 1854 still bore the marks left by Paskevitch's cannon during the short siege of 1828. The citadel, which stands on the ledge of rock mentioned, and dominates the town, is an old Genoese structure, perhaps the grandest relic of the energy and industry of those intrepid adventurers now to be found in the East. Although in 1854 (and still) in ruins, it was armed in 1828; but, the garrison having neglected to similarly occupy another old fort on an adjoining ridge called the Kara-dagh —which from the opposite side of a deep ravine, commands both the castle and town within musket-shot —Paskevitch seized this latter position, and in a week compelled a surrender of the place. In the former year, during my visit, Guyon erected several strong *tabias*, or earthworks, on the Kara-dagh, which General Williams subsequently extended, and so compelled Muravieff to turn his siege into a blockade. This ridge has now again been still more completely fortified, and not merely the *enceinte* but the suburbs which extend down into the plain on both sides of the river are, therefore, safe from a *coup de main* by any force the enemy can bring against the place.

I soon found that there was little more prospect of immediate action here than at Bayazid, the commander-in-chief fearing to advance, and being encouraged in his pusillanimity by a cabal of other Turks and renegade Poles, who,

jealous of Guyon, strenuously opposed his counsel to cross the frontier and attack Gumri—then much less strong than it was made a few weeks later. At this time, too, it was known that General Bebutoff, who commanded in the latter fortress, had only 20,000 men, a third of whom were Cossacks and Georgian Militia, while Baron Wrangel, with his right wing at Erivan, could only muster 8,000 of a similarly mixed force. As against these, Zarif Mustapha had under his general command nearly 30,000 in the camp before Kars, 4,000 bashi-bazouks under Ismail Pasha (General Kmety) on outpost duty along the frontier, 5,000 with Selim Pasha at Bayazid, 2,000 at Ardahan, forty miles off on the road to Batoum, and at the latter port the remains of a column of 13,000 under another Selim Pasha—who, venturing to attack the Russian right wing, 8,000 strong, under Andronikoff at Urzughetti on June 15, had been beaten with a loss of 2,000 killed, 3,000 wounded, and 15 guns. But, although thus numerically so much stronger than the enemy, Zarif had no taste for fighting, and was therefore easily persuaded to remain inactive. He had originally been a handsome barber's-boy, who, finding favour with Riaz Pasha, the notorious Minister of War, was taken into that dignitary's service; passed thence after a time into the army as a regimental clerk, was transferred next to the Commissariat, in which he managed to make money enough to buy further promotion; and, as his wealth increased, finally intrigued and bribed himself up to the civil governorship of Erzeroum, and thence, a few months before this time, to a *muchirlik* and the command of this army—without a single qualification for the post.

A week spent with Kmety at Subatan, fifteen miles out towards Gumri — during which we made a raid into Georgia, and, after a brush with a small party of Cossacks, returned laden with a rich spoil of poultry and sheep from the nearest village—a couple of reconnaissances with Guyon, and a visit to the remarkable ruins of Anni, relieved the dulness of the month that intervened before, on receipt of news that Bebutoff had crossed the Arpa-tchai, the army at length moved out to the village of Hadji-velikeui, eighteen miles from Kars, and within four of the border. A strong party of Arab irregulars from Baghdad and Mosul, and 3,000 *redifs* from Erzeroum, had in the meantime come up, and the whole force was now close on 40,000 strong, with an artillery of eighty guns. The enemy was encamped about six miles off, between two villages called Ingeh-deré and Kuruk-deré, with the Arpa-tchai in his rear, and a low conical hill in his front, with both flanks of his camp exposed. But still Zarif would not move[2]—till, on the 3rd of August, news was received from Bayazid of the defeat of Selim by General Wrangel with his whole

[2] I may here mention a rather rapid and fatiguing ride made back to Erzeroum during this interval of inaction. Late one night a courier reached the camp with a pressing summons from Mr. Brandt, then H.M. Consul at the latter city, urging me to hurry down at once, if I wished to see alive a friend who was to have accompanied me thence to the front, but had been detained by what was at first thought a trifling attack of fever. Accordingly, an hour after midnight we started for Kars, arrived there about 4 A.M., took post horses, and, changing these three or four times during the day, reached Erzeroum shortly after 6 P.M.—only to learn that poor B. had been buried three hours before. The whole distance was one hundred and twenty-six miles, nearly half of which was rough mountain road, over the Sovanli-dagh and other hills. After a day's rest, I returned just in time to witness the battle briefly described above.

force from Erivan, and of the advance of the latter on Kars with 7,000 men, while Selim had fled with the remains of his shattered column to Van. . Guyon at once advised an attack on Bebutoff before Wrangel could join him, with the view to next beating the latter in detail. This counsel could not be resisted, and accordingly it was decided to make a night march on the 4th, and attack the enemy's camp at dawn of the 5th. But Zarif, being told by his mollah that both the 4th and 5th were unlucky days—owing to a fatal conjunction of the Ram and Crab—resolved not to move till midnight of the latter day. On the 4th, however, Bebutoff had been informed by his spies that the Turks meditated a night retreat on Kars, and detached 8,000 of his force to surprise them in flank, while he himself assailed them in the rear. Guyon learned this on the 5th, and strenuously urged an advance that day, but the mollah's argument as to the Ram and Crab prevailed, and the Muchir held firm for the following morning. Accordingly, soon after midnight of the 5th, the leading columns of the first division—which formed the right wing, under Kerim Pasha—moved out of camp, followed closely by those of the second, under Vely Pasha, a few of whose battalions were to serve as a reserve, while the rest shared in the main assault with the whole of the first division. [A strong force of bashi-bazouks had been despatched some hours before to occupy the hill in front of the Russian camp, but, although this was done, they took no part in the subsequent battle.] The moon had already set, and in the darkness, before the march was an hour old, the whole force fell into confusion and disorder; infantry getting mixed up with artillery, and cavalry with both, in an almost inextricable jumble, as they floundered over the rut-broken plain. Torches were at length lighted, and, partial order having been restored, under their dim guidance the army, alternately marching and halting, crept on towards the enemy, till dawn permitted a remarshalling of the broken columns. But the same light revealed that, while the main body of the Turkish second division was nearly a couple of miles behind the first, the Russians were already awaiting us in order of battle, on admirably chosen ground some half-a-mile ahead, and in much greater strength than had been expected. This latter fact was afterwards thus explained: On the afternoon of the 5th, Bebutoff learned that, not Kars, but his own camp was the object of the intended movement, and thereupon hurriedly recalled the detached column which, together with Wrangel's force from Bayazid, had rejoined him after a forced march only a few hours before, raising his whole force now in the field to some 22,000 men and seventy guns. I had left the camp with Guyon, but soon lost him in the darkness, and when the general halt was ordered in the morning found myself in the extreme front with the artillery of the first division, commanded by Tahir Pasha, an officer who had been educated at Woolwich and spoke English. Guyon was behind re-arranging the disordered battalions of the second division, and I had no choice but to remain where I was. The first division now formed in line of battle, and, without waiting for the advance of the second, opened the duel—about 5 A.M.—by a shot from a gun laid by Tahir Pasha himself. The enemy speedily answered, and after a few trial rounds to get the range, the cannonade became general.

As a contribution towards explaining how one feels in going

under fire for the first time, I may here record a personal experience which, though, I believe, common enough under similar circumstances, is perhaps not familiar to non-combatant readers. This was my first exposure to either musketry or cannon shot, and 'I am free to confess' that, although in excellent health and well mounted and armed, as the moment of actual conflict approached I felt a growing sense of fear as much beyond the power of my will as the involuntary muscles, and which, as it culminated just before the first shot was fired, became positively physical in its intensity. A complex counter-feeling of half shame half pride kept me, however, from attempting escape, even if this had been practicable through the serried battalions behind. But hardly half a dozen shots had been exchanged before this emotion of terror abated as involuntarily as it had arisen, and in less than a quarter of an hour it was replaced by an exhilaration and sense of positive enjoyment which more than once during the day carried me through the thick of the *mêlée* with absolutely unruffled nerve. Afterwards, before Sebastopol, a friend, who still carries glorious scars of Alma and Inkermann, told me that at Sobraon, where he had received his own baptism of fire, he had passed through much the same process of sensation, and that he knew it to be, as I have said, common enough in the experience of others. Mere animal courage, therefore, after all, would seem to have less to do with the *moral* of those who feel it than is generally supposed.

From the first the Turks proved the better gunners, but as the second division still remained behind, the whole force of the Russian fire was concentrated on Kerim's regiments, on the left wing of which the minor conflict of musketry and sabre was being waged with, thus far, advantage to the Turks. As soon, however, as some Russian guns opened fire at this point in support of their wavering line, the Baghdad Arabs, who had fought well so long as they were opposed only to cavalry and infantry, broke and fled. The contagion speedily caught the regular lancers and dragoons, squadron after squadron of whom joined in the flight, till nearly the whole horse of the division had backed out of fire. But even before this, most of the superior officers of all arms except the artillery had similarly run, and for the last three hours of the action there was hardly a major, colonel, or brigadier of infantry or cavalry on the field. One after another I saw them scampering disgracefully to the rear, shouting *Allah! Allah!* till far out of range of both musket and cannon. On noticing the first signs of this panic, Guyon ordered the second division to advance to the support of Kerim, but Vely Pasha refused to move without an order from the Muchir, who was nowhere to be found. Nearly an hour later, Zarif galloped into sight bareheaded, breathless, and blanched with fear at having strayed within range of a Russian gun in another part of the field, where, having got separated from Tahir Pasha, I happened to be at the time, and witnessed his *bolt* ahead of his less powerfully mounted staff, two or three of whose saddles were emptied by the Russian grape. As soon as he had recovered sufficient nerve to give the necessary order, the second division advanced into action, but too late to retrieve the fortune of the day, nearly the whole of the first being already in full retreat, pursued by the Russian cavalry. With difficulty Guyon and Kmety succeeded in arresting the flight of four battalions of infantry, one regiment of lancers, and a battery

of artillery, and with these returned to the charge. But the cavalry soon again broke, and although the infantry and artillery fought well, they in turn yielded before the impetuous charges of the enemy's dragoons. The Russian general now threw his whole force on the Turkish second division, the cavalry and most of the regimental officers of which behaved no better than their fellows of the first, and, after an almost exclusively infantry and artillery fight of nearly six hours, the Turks finally gave way along their whole line, and fled in wild rout, leaving some 2,000 killed, 3,000 wounded, 2,500 prisoners, 15 guns, and 6 ammunition waggons on the field. Needless to say that I joined early in the flight—picking up, however, a wounded drummer-boy whose leg had been smashed by a cannon shot, and who cried piteously for help as I rode past where he lay; but already, before I regained the camp, about 2 P.M., a swarm of Kurds from the neighbouring hills were plundering it, and I had no choice but to abandon my few effects, and join in the general run to Kars, whither my Greek had already fled.

The limits of this sketch forbid more than mention of the scene that met the eye during that eighteen miles' ride. The whole plain from the battle-field westwards was dotted with stragglers, fleeing as fast as fatigue or wounds would let them towards the refuge of the walled town, or escaping as deserters to the hills on either side; while along the central route flowed a nearly unbroken stream of bashi-bazouks, infantry, cavalry, artillery, baggage mules, camels, and bullock carts packed with such of the wounded as could be hastily picked up on the field—all hurrying in clamorous disorder from the dreaded pursuit of the enemy's dragoons. At Kars itself the scene was, if possible, wilder still. Even before the battle was over, runaway bashi-bazouks had arrived and spread the news that the whole Turkish army had been destroyed, and that the Russians were in full march on the devoted town. When I reached it therefore about sunset, the gates had been closed equally against friend and foe, and crowds of the inhabitants (mostly women) lined the walls wailing and shouting as if a sack of the place had already begun. Out in the plain, on the old camping ground, the incoming mob of all arms was preparing for the night's bivouac, tentless and supperless, except where a crust of the previous day's bread-ration remained. An hour or two later the Muchir arrived, and I managed to enter the town through the gate opened to admit him and his staff. I found a shelter in my old quarters, but, like thousands of others, had to prolong my fast till the morrow. When a muster was then made, less than half the 40,000 who had marched out from Hadji-velikeui thirty hours before were found to be forthcoming—killed, wounded, and known prisoners accounting for about 8,000, and desertions for the remainder. Parties of bashi-bazouks were therefore sent out to scour the neighbouring country for these last, and within a week many hundreds were thus recovered. On the 7th and 8th scouts reported that the Russians had not moved from their camp, and all fear of their advance therefore gradually subsided. This failure to follow up their victory was afterwards sufficiently explained by the extent of their own losses, which—mainly caused by the splendid fire of the Turkish artillery—fully equalled those of Zarif's army. All chance, however, of a Turkish advance into Georgia was now at an end, and a day or two later I availed myself

of the escort sent with an aide-de-camp carrying the Muchir's despatches to return to Erzeroum and Trebizond, in hope of now being able to effect an entry into the Caucasus from the coast. Sufficient here to say that, on again reaching Trebizond, the Consul declared this to be still impossible, and that I then resolved to make the yet wilder attempt of smuggling myself through Georgia from Persia. With this view I returned to Erzeroum, and after a short halt journeyed on to Tabreez, by the southern route of Lake Van and the Kootoor pass, the usual road by Bayazid and Kilissé having been closed by the presence of the Russians.

At Erzeroum, the latest news from Kars was, that on August 17 Bebutoff had recrossed the frontier to Gumri, and that the campaign of 1854 was consequently at an end. Guyon had, however, succeeded in reorganising the demoralised rabble into some renewed semblance of an army, and when General Williams and his companions arrived a few weeks later, they found awaiting them most of the *matériel* with which the memorable siege was afterwards sustained. Both Zarif and Guyon, however, were recalled; but Kmety remained to earn fresh laurels, which were never awarded him; while others, who did not personally contribute a tenth of his share to the gallant resistance that only famine overcame, were covered with honours and substantial rewards. But so history is made.

From Erzeroum to Van the road is the same as that to Kars as far as Hassan-kalé (eighteen miles out), where it turns off to the south-east, and, passing through a deep ravine, ascends and crosses the range of the Bin-goul-dagh already mentioned, in the valley beyond which the Araxes is forded, at a point near where Xenophon and his Ten Thousand are supposed to have passed the stream. A long undulating valley of great fertility, and thickly studded with villages, is then traversed, till the eastern branch of the Euphrates—here called the Murad-tchai—is similarly forded near Melasghird, beyond which the route lies up and over the rugged range of the Sipan-dagh, from the top of which we first sighted the lake, lying far below in the centre of a magnificent plateau bounded on three sides by the grandest mountain scenery. We struck the lake at Aldijivas, a little town embosomed in the most luxuriant fruit gardens, which similarly fringe most of the winding coast-line round to Van. As the distance from Aldijivas to the latter by land is over sixty miles, I gladly accepted the civil offer of the Mudir to send us across in his boat, a rudely built craft of some ten tons, used for carrying produce between the two places. We embarked late in the evening, so as to reach Van on the following morning; but the wind having freshened a few hours later, the *reïs* insisted on running in for shelter under the lee of a small island, on the crown of which is a very old and picturesque Armenian monastery. Here we landed, but the monks professed to be keeping a fast of extra rigour, and refused all hospitality, or even to open their gate. Soon after sunrise, therefore, we again got under weigh, but our tub sailed so badly that it was late in the afternoon of the sixth day from Erzeroum before we crawled into the little creek, a couple of miles inland of which lies the town. Enough here to add, that, after a week's halt in Van, I proceeded into Persia, whence I found it impossible to get safely through Georgia, and after a couple of months' travel turned westwards by the Lake of

Oroomiah, through Kurdistan to Mosul, and thence finally across the top of the desert, in company of a party of the Shammar Arabs, to Diarbekir, Aleppo, and Alexandretta, regaining Constantinople late in February 1855.

Van itself is a town of some 15,000 inhabitants, mostly Armenians and Turks, with only a few Kurds. It lies clustered along the base of a lofty ridge of rock that rises sheer out of the plain, and is split by deep fissures into three parts, on each of which stands what was once, and might now again be made, a strong fortification. On the north side, three tiers of wall and bastions rendered an escalade in that direction impossible; while, on the south, the perpendicular face of the rock is naturally still less assailable. The town on this side is defended from the inroad of Kurdish banditti by a mud-and-stone wall of no military value. The rock, however, might be easily rendered impregnable, and as it is commanded by no other height its garrison could only be reduced by blockade. The strategic value of the place lies in the fact that it forms the junction point of what may be called the two great highways which here bifurcate—the one westwards through Moush and Kharpout into Asia Minor, and the other southwards to Mosul and the whole of the Tigris valley. Its occupation would also overlap and command the neighbouring Persian province of Azerbijan, the principal towns of which—Khoï and Tabreez—are respectively within an easy week's and ten days' march, with crude-brick walls for almost their only defence. If, therefore, an advance be contemplated in any of these directions, Van will inevitably share the fate of Bayazid.

A year later, after spending some months before Sebastopol, and witnessing the fall of that stronghold, I followed Omer Pasha on his expedition to Mingrelia and Georgia, with the view of relieving Kars, and then visited Batoum—the north-eastern angle of what may be called the Armenian Quadrilateral, and now again a principal objective point of the enemy's attack. The commander of a Turkish despatch-boat grudgingly gave me a passage from Trebizond, and on arriving I found the Admiral, Kaiserly Achmet Pasha, and his flagship in the harbour. He readily complied with my request for a general passage-order up or down the coast—a document which, as he could himself neither read nor write, was made out by his Armenian secretary, and led a week later to a rather amusing incident.

After a couple of days' halt at Batoum, I had gone on to Redout-kalé, where Omer Pasha then was, but, finding that an attack of fever and ague was likely to delay his advance into the interior, I resolved to proceed up the coast to Soukoum-kalé, where a small Turkish column had also been landed shortly before. While at breakfast on the second morning after my arrival, an orderly sergeant entered my quarters and brusquely said he had been sent by the admiral, who had just come in from Batoum, to demand back the order for a passage which I had received a week ago. Such a message naturally surprised me, but as without the document I should be absolutely helpless to get away from the coast, I refused to part with it, and sent back a not over-courteously worded answer to the Pasha in that sense. I had, however, hardly finished my meal before a lieutenant and a file of marines came up, and, on my again refusing to give up the paper, hustled me down to the jetty and on board the flag-ship, where I found Achmet parading the quarter-deck in a high state of excitement.

On seeing me he roared out, 'Give it to me; give it to me at once!' I replied by demanding an explanation of this indignity, and threatened him with a complaint to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, whose name at that time had nearly as many terrors for a Turk as that of the Sultan himself. He then calmed down and explained that 'That dog, and son of a dog—pointing to the trembling Armenian secretary—whose father's grave he (the Pasha) had defiled,' had given me, not merely a *teskéré* for a passage up or down the coast, but a positive order directing every Turkish commander it might be shown to, to place his ship at my disposal and convey me wherever I chose to take him—'even,' shouted the Admiral, 'into Sebastopol itself.' On receiving this explanation, I of course surrendered the blundering document and received in place of it a more carefully worded 'pass.' The error, it seems, had been discovered by the captain who brought me to Redout-kalé, and, on being apprised of it, Achmet himself started in pursuit to correct the mistake. I subsequently made a cruise with him up the coast, and found him an excellent good fellow, whose worst defect was a *strong* weakness for raki. He had risen from before the mast, and had the reputation of being a good sailor.

Batoum is the only good port in the Black Sea east of Samsoun, or, indeed, of Sinope—Trebizond, Poti, and Redout-kalé being open roadsteads (and, in the case of the latter two, unapproachable also through surf half the year round), while Soukoum-kalé—now again occupied by the Turks, and valuable only as a base of agitation among the disaffected mountain tribes—though offering safe anchorage, is unhealthy and, owing to numerous unbridged streams, very difficult of access from the interior. The harbour of Batoum, on the other hand, consists of a deep and well-sheltered estuary shut in on the east and south by a high mountainous ridge, and westwards by a lower range of hills, behind which the river Tchourouk-sou empties itself into the sea four miles to the westward. In 1855, the town, so-called, consisted of only a few miserable shanties, a mosque to match, and a tumble-down bazaar, on the unhealthy western shore of the bay; and although it was then, as still, the natural maritime outlet for the whole of north-eastern Armenia, a wretched mule-track, impassable during half the year, was its only communication with Ardahan and Kars. Since then, however, a fairly good road has been made, which now connects it with both, and the chain of heights that encloses the bay has been fortified by heavily armed redoubts that had no existence in 1855. Eastwards, a road also runs to Shevketil, on the Russian frontier; but west, along the coast to Trebizond, the route is still a mere track, passable only during the summer months.

Such, briefly sketched from personal recollection, are the chief points round which the interest of this new struggle between Crescent and Cross in Armenia will now again centre. At this early stage of the campaign, it would be premature to forecast results, but even the most unmilitary eye can already see that, as in 1828–9 and 1854–5, the odds of fortune are once more against the Turk—indeed, more heavily now than they were at any time during the two previous wars. In numbers, equipment, and organisation the Ottoman army of to-day is no doubt much superior to that of three-and-twenty years ago, the whole force at present distributed between Batoum, Ardahan, Kars, Erzeroum, and other minor

posts amounting to about 80,000 regulars, some 20,000 Circassians, Kurdish, and other bashi-bazouks, and a field artillery of 160 or 180 guns, against little more than half this total in 1854. But the generalship of Ahmed Mouktar seems thus far to be little, if at all, better than that of Abdi and Zarif; and—what is of at least equal importance—the central Treasury, which was comparatively full then, is empty now. On the other hand, in all three of the conditions mentioned, the Russian army of the Caucasus has relatively still more improved. In 1854, its entire strength did not exceed 40,000 men, with 70 or 80 guns; it is now estimated at an effective total of 130,000 regulars, with 336 guns, some 30,000 Cossacks and irregulars, and a reserve of two divisions already mobilised in the neighbouring military district of Kazan. Now again, the chief objective point—reached in 1828 but not in 1854—seems to be Erzeroum, which commands the whole of Upper Armenia and (much more directly than Van) the great trunk route into Asia Minor. On this, so far as the plan of this campaign has yet been disclosed, the Russians appear to be converging from Urzaghetti (beyond Batoum) on the left, Gumri in the centre, and Erivan on the right, from which three practicable roads lead respectively up the valley of the Tchourouk-sou, past Kars over the Sovanli-dagh, and from Bayazid through the easy pass of the Bin-goul, near Dahar, into the plain of Hassan-kalé. Defended as Batoum now is landwards, and secure of supplies by sea, it is not probable that any serious attack will at present be made upon it; the movement against it, therefore, with which the campaign opened was probably only a feint to mask the advance of the enemy's right wing up the Tchourouk valley, in concert with the centre and left columns which have simultaneously passed Kars and Bayazid—occupying the latter *en route*. This time it seems as if no attempt were to be made to reduce Kars, which will instead be masked by a force sufficient to blockade the town and prevent any action of its garrison against the rear of the main column advancing on Erzeroum. That the Turkish general so interprets the Russian tactics seems evident from his having fallen back from Kars to bar the way over the Sovanli-dagh by which this central advance must be made. But even if he should temporarily succeed in doing this, the approach of the wing-columns by roads that meet in his rear will compel him to close in on Erzeroum and measure his strength against the full force of the enemy there. Happily he has a choice of strong positions under shelter of the redoubts with which the heights behind the town have been recently armed, and if adequate reinforcements can be sent to him in time, either by way of Trebizond or from Asia Minor, the loss of the Armenian capital is not yet a foregone conclusion. If, on the other hand, the apathy, corruption, and blundering incapacity which led to the disasters of 1854–5 be now again repeated, the loss of the whole country, from Trebizond to the Zab, may be predicted as confidently as can be any unaccomplished event.

It needs no professional strategist to say what the effect of such an extension of Russian dominion would be. It would simply mean the potential command of all Asia Minor, of Syria and Egypt, and of both the Euphrates and Tigris Valleys to the Persian Gulf, with the nearly certain establishment of a great naval arsenal at Bushire, necessitating, as the least of its

consequences, our maintenance of a permanent Gulf fleet. Mr. Gladstone himself would hardly deny that such a development would very seriously affect 'British interests,' while doing little to benefit the suffering Christians of Philippopolis and Batak. Yet, if Erzeroum fall, the Turks themselves will be absolutely powerless to prevent this result. Kharpout, Diarbekir, Aleppo, Mosul, and Baghdad will all be at the mercy of the conqueror, to annex now if the present war last, or to spare till a convenient excuse be found for the next—and so not merely making an end of our 'alternative route' to India, but directly threatening the Suez Canal itself. I have not seen the suggestion yet offered, and there may, therefore, be nothing in it—that, while not necessarily committing us to an active share in the struggle, the despatch of a Sikh army corps from Bombay to Baghdad would be a sound measure of precaution, likely to wholesomely limit the area of this Armenian campaign, and legitimately gratify 30,000,000 of our Indian fellow subjects, who reverence the Caliph quite as much as Irish Catholics venerate the Pope. At any rate, whether we be drawn into the war or not, this is the only side from which we could effectively operate by land, as it is also the only one on which our interests are directly and seriously imperilled.

STUDIES IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

III. CATHERINE THE SECOND.

'WE claim, and herein consists our greatest glory, to live only for our people.' Thus writes Catherine in one of her State papers. Nor were these, like so many royal manifestoes, mere idle words. In her care to encourage purity of administration, to secure the liberties of her subjects, to promote education, and to protect the study of science, we recognise the zeal and wisdom with which she followed the example of Peter the Great. His attention had been principally directed to the material deficiencies of his empire; but when these, its first necessities, had been supplied, there still remained the higher and more intellectual wants of the people to be satisfied. 'Peter,' to quote the happy expression of a contemporary writer,[1] 'had given the Russians life; it was Catherine's task to endow that life with a soul.' Accordingly her reign, dating from 1763 to 1789, was marked by a long series of judicial and educational reforms, founded for the most part on the principles of contemporary French philosophers.

In 1767 *Royal Instructions* were issued, with the intention of their forming the basis of a new code of laws. They are, like all official documents in Russia, extremely voluminous, consisting of no less than 526 paragraphs. The consideration of the scheme was submitted to a committee of 562 deputies, chosen from the different provinces of the empire, and forming a kind of national parliament. Their labours extended over a period of five years, and it was not till 1774 that the new code became law. Catherine herself, in a letter to Voltaire, has explained the spirit of her legislative reform. 'These laws,' she writes, 'will be essentially tolerant; they will neither persecute, nor kill, nor burn anyone.' Many of the doctrines laid down in the *Instructions* had long been recognised and accepted in other countries, but they were new to Russia, and were promulgated at a time when tolerance and liberty more frequently formed the theme of college declamation than the aim of serious legislation. They are, for the most part, founded on Montesquieu, and several of the paragraphs are literal translations from the *Esprit des Lois*. Thus, in the fifth chapter, which treats of the rights of citizenship, the definition of liberty as 'the power to do what we may with justice desire, and the absence of any constraint to force us to do that which is unjust,' is taken nearly word for word from the eleventh book of Montesquieu's work.[2] The leading principle on which the new system of criminal law was based is pithily summed up in the maxim 'that it is better to prevent than to punish crime.' But, though Catherine owed much to foreign sources, she did not blindly borrow from others; and, remembering the peculiar dangers to which the administration of justice had always been exposed in Russia, shrewdly adapted the *Instructions* to the necessities of her age and country. So, in the tenth chapter, she urges that 'care must

[1] Sumarokoff, a tragedian and satirist, whose life and writings form the subject of the fourth of our studies.

[2] In the original French: 'La liberté ne peut consister qu'à pouvoir faire ce que l'on doit vouloir, et à n'être point contraint de faire ce qu'on ne doit pas vouloir.'

be taken that our people fear the law'—a wise truth to be found in every civilised code; but with a keen eye to the corruption that prevailed in high places, she adds—'and that they fear nothing else than the law.' It requires no great knowledge of what Russian courts of law were up to the late establishment of magistrates of the peace by the present Emperor, to convince us of the appropriateness of such a proviso, and to make us regret that the *Instructions* should so soon have fallen into neglect.

The aim of Catherine in her educational measures was, to employ her own expression, 'to create a new race of people.' She wisely looked upon an extended system of national education as the foundation of all other social reforms. The rights of citizenship could not be granted without injury to those on whom they were conferred, till the people had become sufficiently instructed to comprehend the nature of the duties which those privileges entailed. Above all, it was necessary to protest against the idea which, as was pointed out in an earlier paper, obtained among the upper classes of Russian society, that civilisation meant nothing more than the outward imitation of French manners. It is true, they had thrown off much of their old ignorance, but they had only adopted a new ignorance in this false and perverted refinement. Kantemier, in common with the majority of contemporary writers, had spoken out against the vices which necessarily co-existed with this superficial civilisation, and had shown wherein it must fail to make his countrymen useful or even loyal citizens. To these points Catherine accordingly turned her attention. Taking Locke for her instructor, she wished that education should be the development of the entire man, bodily, mental, and moral; but so developed, that the moral should occupy the first place. 'Unless we commence with instruction in morality, we do but flatter ourselves if we look for any good to result from all our teaching in science or in art.' It was on this principle that she proceeded to establish various educational institutions in the larger cities of her empire. At Moscow the House of Education was opened in 1763, and the Commercial School nine years later; whilst at St. Petersburg a large school for the sons of tradesmen was attached to the Academy of Arts in 1764, and in 1766 the Military Cadet Corps was founded.

Catherine was the author of several books intended for children, in which the theory of education is fully, though somewhat pedantically, developed. Of these, *The Story of Prince Chlorus* and *The Story of Prince Phœbus* are the best known. Both of the young princes are model boys, such as Miss Edgeworth was wont to choose for her favourite heroes. Chlorus, son of an early Russian Tsar, is carried off by a Kirghesian Khan, and, before he can regain his freedom, is required to find a rose without thorns. This rarity is intended to symbolise virtue. The youth is aided in his search by the good services of Felicia, the Khan's wife, who gives him for a companion her eldest son, Reason. Numerous are the difficulties that beset the adventurers, but their single-mindedness and perseverance overcome every danger, and the wished-for rose is at length discovered on the summit of a lofty and almost inaccessible rock. In the person of Phœbus we have the exemplar of a perfect prince, who in his youth lives in loving obedience to the wise instructions of his parents and tutors, and after his marriage ascends the throne and wins the loyal attachment of his subjects by his righteous and gentle rule. The fortunate youth

is richly endowed with every possible and a few impossible virtues; is good-hearted, manly, and truthful; will not lie even in jest; and engages one of his servants to remind him each day that 'he is but a mortal like others,' lest his heart should be filled with vain pride. There is an unreality in the character, which, we should think, cannot impose on the discernment of the most juvenile reader; and the whole story is conceived in that mawkishly moral style which at the time of its composition was considered to be the necessary staple of literature for the young. In spite, however, of its antiquated notions, it seems to be still read and admired, an edition having been published as recently as the year 1873.

In a letter written to Voltaire, Catherine speaks of her dramatic works as being weak in plot and ill-sustained in intrigue, but as natural and true in their characterisation. Nor is the eulogy, though it proceeds from the author herself, altogether undeserved. Any deficiencies they may exhibit as works of art are more than atoned for by the liveliness and judgment with which the manners of her epoch are portrayed. 'In the composition of my comedies,' she writes to Novikoff,[3] 'I have taken all my conceptions of character exclusively from my own country, and thus, without quitting home, have found in it alone materials for satire sufficiently abundant for a pen far more practised than I can ever hope to wield.' By thus abjuring the traditions of classicism, and by wisely confining the action of her comedies to her own age and land, she has increased rather than lessened their interest, and given us sketches of Russian life in the eighteenth century which for fidelity and completeness will bear comparison with the best productions of a Von Viezin.

The first published of her plays, *O Tempora*, bears on its title-page the ominous words, 'composed at Yarosloff during the terrible visitation of the plague,' and was written in 1772. The plot is extremely simple, and turns on the love of Milksop for Christina, the granddaughter of Mrs. Devout, whose opposition to a poor match is only overcome by the clever though rather stagy manœuvres of his friend Sharp. The merit of the piece resides in the delineation of its three leading characters: Mrs. Devout, Mrs. Marvel, and Mrs. Prattle. Their names, which I have replaced by English equivalents,[4] explain after the manner of old comedy their peculiar foibles: hypocrisy, superstition, and a love of gossip. Mrs. Devout must be admired as the most exemplary of women by all those who believe religion to consist in outward ceremonies, and who indulge in long prayers, thinking they shall be heard for their much speaking. 'She keeps the fast days strictly; goes to church every morning; takes care to place a taper before the image of her saint on each festival; will not touch a piece of meat all Lent; wears woollen dresses—but, you must know, it is from stinginess; and hates most heartily all who do not observe her rules of life.' Nothing but the miraculous will go down with Mrs. Marvel, who is especially indignant at the attempt made by modern thinkers to explain the government of the physical world by 'laws of nature.' 'Just so,' exclaims the old lady, as she makes the same complaint which theologians even in our own

[3] The editor of a weekly satirical journal, *The Sketcher*, which appeared from 1769 to 1774.

[4] In the original Russian: Khanskakina, Chudickhina, and Viestnikova.

country are still pleased to repeat, 'you believe in nothing now; nature is all in all with you.' But the happiest hit in the whole piece is the adroit manner in which Mrs. Devout turns her long prayers to her own profit. Though of a good family, she is overwhelmed with debts, and, accordingly, whenever a creditor is seen approaching, runs off to her private chapel, where of course she cannot be disturbed. Once, indeed, a well-timed bribe induced Martha, her maid, to proceed boldly to the chapel and announce the presence of the unwelcome visitor. 'Thou godless imp,' shrieked the religious lady as she threw at Martha's head her heavily bound prayer-book, 'couldst thou not choose a more fitting time? Must thou needs come, like Satan, to tempt me with earthly vanities at a moment when my thoughts are fixed on heavenly things, and raised above the grovelling cares of this world?' True to her mission as educational reformer, Catherine has made her comedy the vehicle of exposing the more prominent deficiencies in the then prevailing systems of instruction. To teach a woman even the most elementary branches of learning, was thought to be not only extravagant but injurious. 'What good is there,' asks Mrs. Marvel, 'in a girl knowing how to read and write? The less she knows, the less rubbish she will talk.' And the worthy does not fail to thank God that her mother made her promise never to take pen in hand. It was against this stolid worship of ignorance that Russian writers of the eighteenth century had to strive, and any sameness there may be in their satire must be attributed to the obstinacy with which the people clung to their old prejudices against 'the new learning,' and the reluctance with which they emerged from the dark ages of intellectual sloth.

But perhaps this ignorance, notwithstanding its grossness, was better than the fripperies which then passed current in the fashionable world as marks of high breeding and good manners. In *Mrs. Grumble's Birthday*, written in the same year as *O Tempora*, the affected habits and conversation of the educated classes are broadly caricatured. Both Olympia, who has just finished her schooling at an establishment where none but daughters of the best families are admitted, and Fierlyfyschkoff—which may perhaps be translated Weathercock—a type of the dandy of the last century, speak a jargon of their own, half French, half Russian, the use of which has by no means disappeared even in the present day. In the fourth scene of the first act, the latter pays a visit to Mrs. Grumble, and arriving late, according to his wont, expresses a fear to Priscilla, the pretty parlour-maid, and Anthony, the lackey, that he has kept the dinner party waiting.

Fierl. I fear I am a little late. Mrs. Grumble is already at dinner?

Prisc. Not yet, but they are just going to sit down to table.

Fierl. Truly, this house is admirably managed: one is never late. Admirable, *ma foi!* admirable! Come when you will, you are always in time.

Prisc. But what makes you so late? Where have you been? It is not business, I fancy, that has kept you?

Fierl. *Belle demande!* Where have I been? *A ma toilette*, my dove,[8] *à ma toilette.* Where else on earth could one have been at this early hour? Yesterday, I lost the whole night at cards. Then I went *me coucher* at six o'clock *après minuit*, got up at one, and have now such a *migraine* that I can scarcely tell you how ill I feel. Have you any *eau de Luce?* I fear I shall fall—I am so weak—hold me up.

[8] *Goloubka*, dove, is a term of affection constantly used by Russians in familiar conversation.

Prisc. Had you not better sit down? Here is a chair.

Fierl. Sit down there, and I so weak! At least, give me an easy-chair.

Prisc. Perhaps you would fancy a sofa; or shall I fetch a bed?

Fierl. *Ma foi!* I think you had better. Confoundedly stingy in *madame* not to have in each room at least one *chaise longue*. Can't die of fatigue here with anything like grace! *Ah, mon Dieu, quel temps, quels gens!*

Ant. How, die? Are you, then, really ill?

Prisc. Perhaps you have been too much shaken in the carriage.

Ant. So it would be much better for you to ride on horseback.

Fierl. (*falling back in his seat.*) What, I? I? *Mon Dieu!* I—to ride on horseback! The mere sight of a man riding fills me with alarm and surprise. How can people *hasarder* their necks, and trust their lives to a beast? *Cela est bien ignoble!* For my part, even when in a carriage, I never let them drive me over a bridge for fear of accident, but get out and cross on foot.

Prisc. I am only surprised that in this cold weather you venture out at all. Are you not afraid the air may ruin your complexion?

Fierl. True, the climate is detestable *pour nous autres*. But every night, before going to bed, I use the best French pomade. But (*looking at Priscilla*), ah, diable! ah, ah, ah! you, a young girl, ah, ah, ah! intelligent too, ah, ah, ah! in the service of a lady, ah, ah, ah! dressed in that simple way, *fi donc!* ah, ah, ah! a light cotton in this horrible weather!

Prisc. Well, what do you find ridiculous in my dress? I wear what is given me. We are not aristocrats, and no one will give us credit: the tradesmen know well enough that we cannot afford such rich dresses as you nobles wear.

Fierl. *Ma foi!* how *naïve* you are, my little dove! Do you think I ever pay tradesmen? Never, *mon cœur*, never, on my honour! I never did pay, never do pay, and never shall pay. Enough for them if they have the honour of writing our names in their greasy books. *D'ailleurs*, it never has been the custom in our family to pay debts. My dear father never settled a debt in his life, and he lived to a good old age, and I, like a dutiful son, follow his example.

This frivolity and indifference to all the serious purposes of life, which resulted in many cases in a sullen discontent with the efforts made by the Government to enlighten the people, is still more strongly exhibited in Mrs. Grumble herself. Foolish, vain, and fickle, she believes in any story, however absurd, provided only it be directed against the Government. Two rakes are anxious to secure the hands of her daughters, Olympia and Christina, in order to repair their shattered fortunes. To win the good opinion of the mother, they are never at a loss in inventing some marvellous tale, designed to expose the nefarious character of the Empress and her chief advisers. It is with this object that they persuade her, 'that in a few months a law will be promulgated forbidding any marriages for the space of ten years.' In despair lest her daughters should be left on her hands, she readily gives her consent, and is only anxious that the weddings should take place without delay. Of course, after the manner of comedies, all ends happily. The cheat is discovered, and the daughters are united to a worthy pair, whose love, for five mortal acts, has been thwarted in every possible way.

There is no occasion to notice at any length the remaining dramatic productions of Catherine. One of them, entitled *A Pretty Basketful of Linen*, is a translation, or rather adaptation, of Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The personages all bear Russian names, and our old friend Falstaff is transformed into Polcadoff, or Halftun. The aim of the piece is to satirise that inordinate love for everything French which then, as now, so widely prevailed among the upper classes of Russian society. Like Polcadoff, they live more abroad than they do at home, but their experiences of foreign life are mostly confined to acquaintanceships with actresses of undoubtful birth but very doubtful life, and the sole result of their travels is that they are able to introduce at all times and on

all occasions into their conversation references to how things are managed '*chez nous à Paris.*' Nor is this the only play in which Catherine has taken Shakespeare for her guide. The tragedy of *Rurick*, as its title-page distinctly informs us, is 'modelled on the historical plays of Shakespeare without observing the ordinary rules of the classical drama.' Critics have pointed out how close a resemblance there is between the sentiments put into the mouth of Rurick, and the maxims on education and government laid down by Catherine herself in the *Royal Instructions*. The main purpose of the piece is to glorify Rurick, Russia's first Grand Duke, to whom is ascribed all those virtues which were once supposed to be the inalienable attributes of kingship. Gostomysl, Prince of Novgorod, feeling that his days are drawing to a close and conscious of the perils that threaten the commonwealth, advises the elders of the people to choose Rurick, a Varangian chieftain, as his successor. This they do; but a few years later, Vadim, the late prince's grandson, heads a revolt against the new ruler, by whom he is first conquered, and then freely pardoned. But, spite of its wholesome morality, it must be confessed that the drama is dull; there is far too much sermonising and far too little action; and the excellencies of the hero are enforced with such persistency and at such great length, that we are almost tempted to wish that he had not been, on the stage at least, so faultless a character.

IV. SUMAROKOFF.

The drama in its earliest form, that of Mysteries, was introduced into Russia from Poland in the beginning of the twelfth century.[6] They were known under the name of Religious Dialogues, or simply as Histories, and were at first exclusively played in monasteries; nor is it till 1603 that we read of their being performed by students in the universities and public schools. The language in which they were written was either Polish or Latin. The earliest Latin Dialogue that has come down to our days is entitled *Adam*, and bears on its title-page the date of 1507: the earliest in Polish is, *The Life of the Saviour from His Entry into Jerusalem*, and was composed by a Dominican of Cracow in the year 1533. The latter describes the closing events in Christ's earthly career so minutely that it consists of 108 scenes, and no less than four days were required to act it. So far, the history of the early drama in Russia does not differ from that of other countries. But there was another class of dramatic representations peculiar to Russia, and which were as essentially popular as the Mysteries were ecclesiastical. These were exhibited in a kind of perambulating show, called *vertep*, and divided into three storeys; the first and third of which were occupied by the performing figures, the middle one being devoted to the machinery necessary to put the marionettes in motion. They formed the chief attraction at the large fairs held in the principal cities of the empire during the Christmas holidays, and the card figures consisted of the Virgin, Joseph, the Saviour, Angels, Shepherds, and the Magi. As might be expected from the time of year when the performances took place, the Nativity and the Massacre of the Innocents usually formed the subject of these plays. To represent the latter, a slight change was made in the characters. In addi-

[6] For this and other facts relating to the early drama in Russia, see Pekarsky's *Mysteries and the Ancient Theatre in Russia*; Tiechouravoff's *Origin of the Russian Theatre*; and Galachoff's *History of Russian Literature*.

tion to those enumerated above, there appeared on the stage Herod, Death in the shape of a skeleton, and the Devil, who came in at the end to carry off the soul of the godless monarch. Like the Mysteries, these plays were at first of a strictly religious character, and then gradually changed into rude satires on contemporary life and manners. In their earlier form, they were patronised by the clergy, who constantly lent their churches for these performances, but later they were strictly forbidden. The severest ecclesiastical prohibitions, however, were of no avail, and they continued to enjoy general popular favour till as late as the seventeenth century. Not that the Church ever neglected the drama as a means of educating the people. It had its three annual scenic festivities or *acts*. The first represented the delivery of the Three Children from the furnace of fire, and was played at Christmas both in Moscow and Novgorod; the second, dating from the fifteenth century, represented the entry of the Saviour into Jerusalem, and was performed on Palm Sunday; the third, played on Sunday in Carnival Week, was preceded by religious ceremonies of unusual solemnity and represented the final judgment.

But very few of these Mysteries have been preserved. Those that we possess are characterised by peculiarities which we remark in our English miracle-plays of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is a similar confusion of the terms tragedy and comedy in their titles, an equally profound indifference to chronology, and a like mixture of real with imaginary personages. Thus, the comedy of *Holofernes and Judith*, performed at Moscow in 1672, promises on its title-page to show 'how the empress Halafernes cut off the head of the emperor.' In the 'pitiful comedy' of *Adam and Eve*, printed at Kieff some two or three years later, it is only the prologue that is strictly concerned with the story of our first parents: the four acts, of which it is composed, being devoted to the exploits of Alexis Michaelovitch, and both Biblical and allegorical personages mingle freely with historical characters throughout the drama. Some of them were written with a polemical object. The author of *The Martyrdom of Stephen*, evidently a Catholic, thus divulges the intention with which his play was produced, when he tells us in the prologue that 'Peter was undeservedly deprived of his supremacy,' and further dilates on the 'juggling tricks' of Sophia, who, contrary to all justice, had 'usurped her brother's rights.'

It is, however, to the *vertep* that we trace the origin of the modern Russian theatre. As has been already remarked, these shows from about the middle of the seventeenth century began to lose their exclusively religious character, and in place of Biblical legends represented humorous scenes, in which the history and follies of the period were broadly caricatured. This latter form of drama corresponds to the English Interludes. Of those which have been preserved, the majority have at least one *rascolnik* among their personages, the opposition made by these sectarians to the reforms inaugurated by the Government affording an unfailing theme of satire. In one of them, the *rascolnik* laments the backslidings of an age, which had so far relapsed from the pure faith that 'even old believers began to wear short coats in lieu of the long flowing robe, and to shave their beards;' innovations sufficiently startling to justify the prediction that 'before long antichrist will appear on earth.' These references enable us to fix approximately the date of its composition, since in 1705 an imperial decree was issued, recommending and in

some cases commanding Government clerks to adopt the foreign mode of dress and to shave the beard. This edict provoked so much opposition, that a certain priest, named Rostovsky, was requested by the authorities to write a tract, *On the Image and Likeness of God in Man*, in which a number of learned arguments are adduced from the Bible and the Fathers to prove that the beard may be cut off without imperilling salvation or losing the marks of our heavenly origin.

As early as 1721, it was ordered that the students of all public seminaries 'should play comedies twice in the year.' Nor were these plays restricted to Mysteries or even Interludes, but included translations and adaptations from the works of foreign dramatists. Molière would seem to have been the favourite author. *Le Médecin malgré lui* and *Les précieuses Ridicules* were both played the same year at the Moscow Academy. Among the public schools, the Cadet Corps at St. Petersburg enjoyed a high reputation for the zeal with which its teachers promoted the study of the modern languages and literatures. These efforts were not lost upon the pupils, who formed among themselves an Amateur Literary Society, the members of which were accustomed to meet once a week and to read original compositions in prose and verse. There was one pupil whose papers were considered to be of such superior merit that they were submitted by the president of the society to the authorities of the Corps, and a selection from the best of them was published at the expense of the establishment. The name of this pupil was Alexander Sumarokoff, destined to become illustrious in the history of the literature of his country as 'the founder of the Russian theatre.'[7]

Alexander Petrovitch Sumarokoff was born at St. Petersburg in 1718, and entered the Cadet Corps in his fourteenth year. His ambition was naturally excited by the special marks of favour with which his first productions had been received at the Corps, and, on quitting school in 1740, he commenced writing for the stage, taking the plays of Racine and Voltaire as his models. The first result of his labours was a tragedy entitled *Khoreff*, which was played in 1747 by royal command at the palace in presence of the Empress Elisabeth. Among the audience was the son of a Yarosloff tradesman, named Volkoff. The performance produced such an effect upon him, that, on returning to his native town, he hired a coach-house, and, with the assistance of a few friends, gave a series of theatrical entertainments. The building was in truth but a sorry one; the pieces played of no literary value; the scenery most meagre in quantity and kind; the actors ill-trained provincial amateurs; but happily the audiences were too uncritical to notice these shortcomings, and the undertaking proved so successful that within a few years a regular theatre was built, and Volkoff appointed its director. In 1756 a theatre was opened at St. Petersburg, under the management of Sumarokoff, the principal actor being Volkoff, who is described by no mean authority as 'a man of good parts and liberal education.'[8] It is interesting to notice that among the plays produced were an adaptation of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* by Sumarokoff, in which the original is very closely followed, and a prose translation of

[7] The title is denied him by Galachoff and other critics on the plea that, before he commenced writing, religious plays were performed in the universities and public schools. But a national theatre, in the true sense of the word, cannot be said to have existed before the production of Sumarokoff's *Khoreff*.

[8] Quoted by Galachoff from Von Viezin, *History of Russian Literature*, i. 366.

Julius Cæsar by an unknown writer. Sumarokoff occupied the place of director till 1761; but, to judge from the complaints with which his letters to Schuvaloff and others are filled, the post was as laborious as it was thankless. On one occasion, for example, he piteously and comically remarks, 'Many a man has been made a drunkard by good fortune; will it be astonishing if I am driven to drink by my troubles?'[9] The majority, however, of his misfortunes must be attributed to his vain and domineering character, and to the exaggerated estimate he had formed of his own genius. Owing to the mean and petulant jealousy with which he regarded every one of his more eminent contemporaries, he was involved during his whole life in quarrels with all who ventured to dispute his supremacy in the world of letters. These quarrels were not seldom characterised by a brutality that shows to what a degree he was envious of any celebrity that did not fall to his own share. 'Thank God,' he exclaimed as he stood over the grave of Lomonosoff, 'the fool is quieted at last, and the cur will bark no more.' But, at least, Sumarokoff was impartial in his hatreds; for it would be difficult to mention the name of a single Russian writer of the period who was not at one time or another exposed to his abuse, and equally difficult to select one of his letters in which he does not complain of some one or some thing. He regarded himself as 'the Racine of the North,' and did not wish any plays but those of his own composition to be put on the stage of his theatre, and pestered the Court so terribly with his grumbling regrets about 'neglected genius,' that poor Catherine once exclaimed with more truth than politeness, 'The man is out of his mind, and will always be a conceited ass.' And though the verdict may be harsh, it is more than justified by the ludicrously extravagant praises which Sumarokoff was pleased to lavish on himself. 'Not alone in the drama,' he boastingly exclaims, 'but in every kind of poetry, I am the only author in all Russia;' and, together with some complimentary verses addressed to Catherine, he sent a letter, in which he complacently reminds her that 'the reign of Augustus has found its Horace.' Shortly after he had ceased to be director of the theatre, he removed to Moscow, where he composed his tragedy, *Demetrius the Pretender*, besides three comedies, which were intended to 'purify and reform the dissolute habits and crass ignorance' of that city. 'Alas! Moscow requires a hundred Molières, and I am alone,' purs the poor comedian. But to all such whimperings his patients might reasonably have replied, 'Physician, heal thyself.' For, tortured with the idea that his mighty genius was not duly appreciated, harassed by domestic troubles and the abandonment of her home by his wife, and seriously inconvenienced by a mass of heavy debts, Sumarokoff sought relief in deep potations, and his unwise and excessive intemperance no doubt accelerated his death, which took place in the year 1777.

Sumarokoff occupies the same position in the dramatic literature as Lomonosoff in the lyrical poetry of Russia. They were the first to accept the French classics as models of literary excellence; but whilst, as has been already remarked, in many of the odes of Lomonosoff we note the presence of poetical feeling, there is an utter absence of genuine inspiration in the tragedies of Sumarokoff. In spite of his

[9] The same complaint is repeated *ad nauseam* in his letters to Schuvaloff, which have recently been collected and edited by Professor Grot.

slavish observance of the three unities, and all those other laws by which the pseudo-classicists had reduced poetry to a mere mechanical art, his imitation is at the best but a surface one. No shackles could bind the free working of the genius of a Racine; but Sumarokoff, though he could reproduce the form, had none of the spirit of Racine. His tragedies represent one passion, never the whole character of man in all its manifestations; they describe a feeling, rather than show us human nature modified and influenced by the surrounding circumstances of individual life. As with Racine, love is the prevailing passion in the tragedies of the Russian dramatist. But whilst the love of Hermione has its subtle characteristics which distinguish and separate it from the love of Roxiana, however Sumarokoff may christen his heroines, they all love and express their love in one and the same stereotyped fashion. There is no individuality in their utterances; there is no reason, beyond the caprice of the poet, why the speeches of an Olga should not be assigned to an Osnielda. Racine has been often reproached with turning his Romans and Greeks into Frenchmen. We cannot accuse Sumarokoff of having transformed them into Russians. His characters belong to no nation and to no age. They have, it is true, Russian names, but there is nothing in their sentiments, their speech, or their actions which can be brought into harmony either with the time in which they lived or with the people whom they are supposed to represent. Beyond their names there is absolutely nothing Russian about them. The success which, with all their shortcomings, Sumarokoff's tragedies for a long time enjoyed, is due to the fact that, unlike those of Lomonosoff, they are not simply didactic, but abound with situations that can scarcely fail to produce an effect upon the stage. The true integrity of plot may not always be well sustained; but there is at least action and movement in his plays. Most of them have two or three 'farewell scenes,' which, according to Karamsin, formed Sumarokoff's strong point; and Catherine, in one of her letters to Voltaire, eulogises their tenderness and pathos.[10] Another reason for their former popularity is perhaps to be found in the thoroughness with which they reflect the ideas of the eighteenth century. Thus in *Demetrius the Pretender* we have a long diatribe against the abuses of the Papal power; whilst in another of his dramas, entitled *Mstieslaff*, the chief character is little more than the mouthpiece of Montesquieu, whose opinions on love, honour, and education are almost literally reproduced.

After what has been said, there can be no necessity to dwell in detail on each separate drama. They are extremely numerous, but are all marked by the same characteristics. Some of them, as *Khoreff*, *Demetrius the Pretender*, and *Mstieslaff*, profess to be historical tragedies; though, from the freedom the poet has employed in treating historical events, they scarcely deserve the name. In *Khoreff* we have the story of Kie, the reputed founder of Kieff, whose brother Khoreff falls in love with Osnielda, the captive daughter of Zavloch, governor of the city. His love is discovered; and Kie, fearful lest the charms of Osnielda should have overcome the patriotism of his brother, who is appointed to lead out a large force against her father, determines to put her to death. The resolve is barely executed when the sword of

[10] Galachoff, *History of Russian Literature*, i. 372.

the defeated rebel is brought to Kie by a herald from his brother. Khoreff, on hearing of the suspicions to which he had been exposed, and their cruel result, kills himself in despair. This conflict between love and duty, which constitutes the leading idea in *Khoreff*, is again represented, though under a different aspect, in the tragedy of *Semiera*. Oleg has wrested Kieff from the hands of Oscold, its reigning prince; and the dethroned monarch, having vainly attempted to recover his lost authority, is cast into prison and condemned to death. In the meantime, Rostislaff, Oleg's son, has become enamoured of Semiera, the daughter of Oscold, and, moved by her piteous prayers, determines to free her father. But when the liberated chieftain, at the head of those nobles who still remained faithful to his cause, marches against Oleg, the claims of patriotism and duty, for a while silenced by the voice of love, resume their sway, and it is Rostislaff who, by his daring and bravery, defeats the enemy and saves his father in the very thick of the bloody fight. It will be observed that here, as in many other places, Sumarokoff has borrowed from his favourite Voltaire, and there is a striking resemblance between the situation in which Rostislaff is placed and that which Tite occupies in Voltaire's *Brute*. Love—that is, the sentimental affectation which frequently usurps the name of love—forms the subject of *Demetrius the Pretender*. Demetrius has grown tired of his Polish wife, and fixes his affection on Ksenia, the daughter of Shouisky, one of his nobles; but the maiden's previous betrothal to a young Galician prince is a fatal hindrance to the accomplishment of his desires. Baffled in his attempts to turn her from her earlier love, the tyrant determines to vent his displeasure on Shouisky; and the latter, driven to extremities, foments an insurrection among the nobles. They are only too glad to seize any pretext for avenging the numberless wrongs they have had to endure under the cruel rule of the Pretender, and the revolt soon assumes such serious proportions that Demetrius, to avoid falling into the hands of his enemies, slays himself. After his wonted fashion, Sumarokoff has completely falsified history; and Demetrius—who in reality was a merciful and tolerant sovereign—is represented as a villain of the blackest dye. As an example of the melodramatic and bombastic style in which the whole tragedy is written, I may quote the soliloquy pronounced by the hero at the moment when he hears the revolted nobles thundering at the gates of his palace; many of the ideas in which, as the English reader will not fail to remark, are borrowed from Shakespeare's *Richard III.*:

The crown no more holds firmly on my head,
And the end of all my greatness is at hand.
Each moment I await the sudden change.
Oh, threatening walls of Kremlin palace,
Methinks, each hour I hear ye plead against me:
Malefactor! thou art our enemy and all the country's curse;
The citizens cry out, We have been despoiled by thee;
And the temples sob forth, We have been deluged with blood.
All the fair pleasaunces round Moscow lie waste,
And hell from its lowest depth has oped its mouth upon me.
I see the dreary steep that leads to Hades,
I see the tortured ghosts that people Tartarus,
I see and feel already the flames of Gehenna.
I gaze up to heaven, the blissful seats of Paradise,
Where good tsars rest, in all the beauty of nature,
And angels embathe them with the dew of Paradise.
But to me, the accursed, what hope remains?
There I shall be tortured, even as I am tortured here.
No longer a crowned monarch in his royal city,
But an outlawed criminal tormented in hell,

I now perish, even as my people have perished through me.
Flee, tyrant, flee! but whom to flee? myself:
For I see none other here but myself.
Flee! but whither? thou bearest thy hell about with thee.[11]
The assassin is upon thee, flee! but I am that assassin.
Thus do I fear myself and mine own shadow.
Vengeance! but on whom? myself: avenge myself!
I love myself; yet wherefore I love myself, I cannot say.
All things cry out against me:—plunderings, perverted judgments,
Each bloody crime, all with one voice cry upon me.
My life is a curse, my death a blessing, to every man.
How I envy the lot of the very poorest of my subjects!
For the beggar in his poverty will at times find rest,
While I upon a throne cannot find a moment's peace.
Be patient then, and vanquish, even as thou didst win thy throne by treachery;
Plague, and be plagued: live, and die, a tyrant.

The comedies of Sumarokoff—*The Usurer; The Guardian; Tressotinius, or the Pedant*, being the principal ones—never enjoyed the popularity which was for a time extended to his tragedies, and have long been forgotten. They are badly constructed, so far as plot is concerned, and are equally weak in characterisation; and the vices, against which they are directed, are not so much exposed in action as denounced in elaborate tirades. Not unfrequently, these tirades are couched in language that is more appropriate to invective than to satire: as, where he speaks of lawyers, his special object of aversion, as 'descendants of Ham,' and 'bosom friends of the Devil;' or where he declares that the only effect produced by the reforms of Peter on the nobility had been 'to change them from powdered men to powdered apes.' The vices which he mostly castigates are the same as those that had already provoked the satire of a Kantemier and a Catherine; but his gall is chiefly excited by the corruption which in his time generally prevailed among the judges. 'A corrupt judge,' he angrily exclaims, 'is worse than a thief, worse than the foulest of reptiles.' It required, however, a century of satirists before public opinion in Russia became sufficiently pronounced to compel the legislator to free the administration of justice from venal partiality, and to make the magistrate the just decider between right and wrong.

What Sumarokoff himself thought of his genius, and how highly he valued the services he claimed to have rendered to the development of dramatic art in Russia, we know. 'That which Athens once possessed, and Paris now possesses,' he writes with a calm assurance peculiar to himself, 'Russia now enjoys, thanks to my labours. That which Germany, spite of her many writers, has not yet obtained, a national drama, I alone have created in a country where the art of literature is only beginning to be understood, and whose language has only now acquired purity and polish.' Unfortunately, posterity has refused to endorse this extravagant eulogy, and has chosen rather to accept the severe but merited verdict of the greatest of Russian critics, and to regard Sumarokoff as 'a poor *littérateur*; a conceited, talentless versifier; a weak, contemptible thinker, utterly ignorant of the higher laws of art.'[12]

C. E. Turner.

St. Petersburg: *April* 1877.

[11] Compare Marlow's *Faust*:

'Where we are is hell;
And where hell is, there we must ever be.'

[12] Belinsky, *Collected Works*, i. 478.

BRITISH TRADE.

No. X. AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

IF the newness of colonies like Canada and the Cape strikes a student of English migrations, that of the Australian and New Zealand colonies must do so still more. As colonies in the modern acceptation of the term, not one of these is two generations old, and even as a penal settlement New South Wales —the mother colony, as it is fond of being styled—only dates from just ninety years ago. For a long time the magnificent continent now divided amongst five independent colonial establishments, as well as the neighbouring island of Tasmania, lay neglected in the fashion common with English Governments. Their only use in the estimation of these Governments was as a convenient place for the deportation of the home criminals, of whom our admirable civilisation furnished a substantial annual supply. Hence, for the first half-century of their existence the Australian settlements attracted few respectable inhabitants, and gave next to no sign of their future greatness and commercial activity. In 1825 fully one-third of the population of New South Wales was composed of convicts; and at the time of the first gold discoveries, in 1851, the entire inhabitants of that colony, which then comprised both Victoria and Queensland, did not number 200,000. So with the other settlements which now exist as independent colonies. Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, said to have been originally discovered by a Dutch navigator named Tasman in 1642, and which was subsequently visited by both French and English ships before England fastened on it as a convict prison, ranks next in age to New South Wales. Yet it had not 10,000 inhabitants in 1825, at which date Queensland, Western and South Australia, and New Zealand had not, one may say, been heard of. In short, a generation ago, or hardly, the entire English settlers in Australasia did not probably number more than 300,000, if so many, and to-day they exceed 2,000,000.

This is newness and expansion united in a fashion which the world has never seen before, and, taken in conjunction with the migrations from the mother-country to America, Africa, and Asia, offers food for much speculation. By what extraordinary force was the English race suddenly stimulated into an expansiveness which made it found nations, and, as it were, overrun the world almost within the space of at most two generations? Here we have lived for many centuries cooped up in great measure within these islands, increasing in numbers but slowly, and seeing other races distance us in the task of subduing the savage and solitary places of the earth, till suddenly in these latter days we have overflowed in all directions, and, outstripping every competitor, have planted English-speaking communities east and west and south. We have done this, too, without betraying any signs of exhaustion at home, but, on the contrary, with every fresh offshoot have increased in prosperity, wealth, and numbers beyond all precedent. This is a very remarkable fact, which is perhaps yet too intimately connected with our new modern life to be easily explained; but it must make us at least cautious in coming to hasty conclusions as to the future of most of these offshoots. We dare not affirm positively either that the force which led to their upspringing is spent, or that it will continue. It

is, however, unquestionably the fact that the peopling of Australia and New Zealand has had something in it akin to a spasmodic outburst. They were neglected, little visited, and barely delivered from their position as convict prisons, when the discoveries of gold in 1851, 1852, and 1865 brought a rush on one and another of the settlements which threatened to overwhelm their undeveloped and scanty resources. In the three years, 1853–55, about 180,000 persons were registered as having left the United Kingdom alone for Australasia, and up to 1876 they have flowed thither and to New Zealand in a diminished but still steady stream; the total emigration between 1853 and 1876 being set down at 804,272, or nearly one-third of the emigration to the United States during the same period, and 20 per cent. of the total exodus from the mother-country.[1] Each colony, as gold was found in it, drew a crowd also which was not English merely, but French and German and American, and by this means the raw material of future nations has been gathered together with extraordinary rapidity. Undoubtedly, but for this stimulus, the Australian colonies would not have yet been worth much to the mother-country, or very promising in themselves. But it is obvious that we must not treat this kind of thing as likely to recur. The novelty of gold-finding has died out for Australia and New Zealand, and the business of gold-mining has settled down into the humdrum affair of capitalists guiding organised labour and making what profit, or submitting to what loss, that labour yields. Gold-mining, in short, is in Australia much like lead-mining at home—a speculative affair, conducted on sober commercial principles. Not one-twentieth part of the crowds of people who raced to the 'diggings' five-and-twenty years ago, when gold was an all-potent allurement, made money or remained long at the work, but once there, they had to find the means of living, and they became squatters, farmers, cattle-keepers, bushmen, and thieves, as their nature or chance determined, doing on the whole an incalculable amount of good to the new countries in ways which were never dreamt of by them when they set out. The total yield of gold in Australia and New Zealand from the time of the discovery of the metal in Victoria till last year is estimated at about 247,000,000*l.*, independent of what may have been carried off privately; but that is a small sum compared with the wealth which has come of the flocks and herds and the corn which the soil of these colonies has been made to sustain and yield. At the present time Australia is richer in sheep, for example, than any other country in the world. The colony of New South Wales alone has within a third of the number of sheep possessed by the United States, and the wealth of all these colonies is in this respect prodigious.[2] Equally

[1] *Vide* Tables in Mr. Giffen's admirable Report on the papers relating to emigration for 1876.

[2] The handiest data for a comparison of the agricultural wealth of the colonies with European States and America are to be found in the *Agricultural Returns of Great Britain.* According to the tables appended to the number for 1876, the Australian colonies own altogether about 52,000,000 sheep, of which the New South Wales portion reaches about 25,000,000, or nearly one-half. New Zealand possesses nearly 12,000,000; so that altogether this group of English colonies has fully 64,000,000. This is a far larger number than any single European country possesses, Russia claiming to have only about 48,000,000, and France only 26,000,000, while Germany has only about 22,000,000. The United States, even, comes far behind with but 34,000,000. Of course, sheep are in a measure the peculiar objects of the Australian landholder's care, and a

remarkable has been their progress in the cultivation of the land, which enables nearly all the colonies to be now large exporters of grain, and I cannot, indeed, sum this matter up better than by quoting the glowing words of Mr. G. H. Reid, in his essay on New South Wales, published at Sydney last year. He says:

> If proofs of material progress are demanded, we can point to a population which rose in thirty years from 214,000 to 2,000,000 souls, or 834 per cent.; whilst during the same period the population of Canada and the United States increased by 660 and 126 per cent. We can point to a trade which rose in the same generation from less than 6,000,000*l.* to over 63,000,000*l.*, or 950 per cent.; whilst the wonderful increase in British trade was only 400 per cent., that of the United States 335 per cent., and that of Canada about 650 per cent.; and if told that Australian progress has seen its best days, we reply that the trade of Australasia rose from 63,000,000*l.* in 1871 to 87,000,000*l.* in 1874, an increase of 38 per cent. in three years. If we enquire further, we learn that upwards of 5,600,000 tons of shipping entered and cleared the ports of the colonies in 1874; that there are 70,000,000 head of live stock on our pastures, and nearly 5,000,000 acres of land under cultivation. There are 2,000 miles of railway open, and a far greater length in progress or projected. Upwards of 26,000 miles of telegraph, to which additions are being rapidly made, unite every part of the group with the rest of the world. The annual revenues of the several Governments approach 14,000,000*l.* sterling. The reader has only to contrast these facts with our sparse population to get a true idea of Australian progress.

This is a very striking picture, and a true one, and it proves very abundantly that those who came to dig for gold stayed to perform labour more permanently valuable. The gold nevertheless lay, in other ways than as a bait to draw human beings, at the bottom of this extraordinary prosperity. It gave a handful of men an unprecedented command over every civilising agency for years, such as no people but the Spaniards of Mexico and Peru have ever had. When the Australians could export six, eight, or ten millions a year of the precious metals, it needs no argument to prove that they must be able to buy everything necessary for the development of the soil in a profusion no other people ever enjoyed. It is no wonder, with that fact in view, that the Victorians alone estimate the value of the machinery and improvements which they employ in tilling the land at over 10,000,000*l.*; and, of course, England reaped at first nearly the whole benefit of this prodigious export of gold, not only because it was brought to her shores for the purpose of being sold to the highest bidder all over the world, but because the Australians, by their very wants, made it a most potent stimulant of her trade. They had no time, while suffering from the gold fever, to produce anything on the spot—everything was imported, ready made, from 'home;' and thus, almost from the first, the gain to English manufacturing interests was very great. The gold worked on the interchange of traffic

comparison made in other kinds of animals brings them out in a much less paramount position. Yet New South Wales, if taken by itself, bears the test in horses and cattle remarkably well, that colony having more than 3,000,000, or nearly as many as Italy with an almost fiftyfold larger population. Judged by population, indeed, it is astonishing that these colonies, taken altogether, raise so much 'meat,' for till within the last few years their cattle could be of little use to them except for sustaining an export trade in hides. Compared with other English colonies, the position of the Australian and New Zealand settlements is altogether paramount, Canada having fewer cattle and little more than a seventh of the number of sheep possessed by New South Wales alone, and the wealth of the Cape in this respect barely reaching that of New Zealand. Canada and the Cape excel the new colonies, however, in the extent of land under cultivation, as with their larger populations they ought to do.

between the new lands and England with all the potency of huge loans—everything was prosperous, everything progressive and buoyant, and on the whole there could be no prosperity more soundly based, less liable to suffer collapse. There is, however, a side to this picture of prosperity which we must not forget, because, without noticing it, the position and prospects of these settlements could not be justly estimated. Australia has prospered beyond all precedent as a whole; but all the colonies have not prospered alike, nor have they all dealt in the same wisdom with their seemingly exhaustless wealth. They did not all, indeed, enjoy a gold rush, and some of those that did appear to have had their heads turned by the possession of it a good deal further than their safety warrants, and others have rather unwisely sought, without it, to imitate the extreme rapidity with which their gold-owning neighbours have advanced from raw settlements to rich colonies, and from rich colonies to ambitious embryo States. We find a general indication of this in the rather heavy debt that some of them have contrived to heap up—an item not included in Mr. Reid's glowing summary. For all the colonies its aggregate at the present time is about from 60,000,000*l.* to 62,000,000*l.*, exclusive of the municipal and other local bonds which have been incurred. Even were this debt uniformly distributed, it would be a serious burden for a new region possessing only 2,000,000 inhabitants; but, as it is, some bear a lighter burden, some a heavier, and one or two of those that bear the heavier seem to me to be courting bankruptcy. New Zealand, for instance, has a debt of about 50*l.* per head of the population, and that of Queensland is over 40*l.*, and this in countries hardly yet capable of internal taxation is really enormous. No doubt, besides the gold vanity which acts on the former, and the emulating ardour spurring on the latter to rival its 'mother,' New South Wales—from whose apron-strings it parted so recently as 1859—the possession of so much land has had a baneful influence, as I have already noticed, in inducing this extravagant mortgaging of the future. But that makes it all the more serious, as we shall see.

But I must not pass an indiscriminate censure, nor, even in speaking of this debt, class it with those enormous piles of obligations which older countries have heaped together, either in wild extravagance or in wars, and for every conceivable iniquity. The very heaviest debt which any Australian colony bears has at least been incurred for a practical, useful purpose; and the 'per-head' test of a capacity to carry such debt ought not to be applied to them very rigidly. It may well be that communities composed almost exclusively of energetic members of the English race can afford to take on themselves burdens much heavier than the weak and nerveless French Canadians or the Kaffirs and Hottentots of the Cape and Natal. Soils differ too, and trade facilities, as well as mineral resources, so that, of necessity, one must examine the state of these colonies in some detail before endeavouring to form a judgment as to the prospects of their continued growth and prosperity. And I shall begin with New South Wales, not only because it is the oldest, and in some respects most prosperous of all the Australasian colonies, but because the lessons it affords are most valuable as helps towards an estimate of the position of the rest. Indeed I may say frankly, at once, that I am attracted to New South Wales because of its vigour, its wise fiscal economy, and its free trade.

For a long time after Victoria

found its gold it distanced the mother-colony altogether, but of late years the latter has drawn to the front, and in many respects it is now the most promising of all the offshoots of England. It has a population of some 620,000, and an enormous wealth in cattle and sheep, besides mines of gold, iron, copper, and coal, which contribute not a little to the general prosperity. It imports from the United Kingdom alone more than 6,000,000*l.* worth a year, chiefly in articles of clothing, hardware, and machinery, and its total trade outward and inward reached 27,000,000*l.* in 1875. The gross revenue last year amounted to more than 5,000,000*l.*, or fully 900,000*l.* in excess of that of 1875, and its public debt is only some 13,000,000*l.*—not three years' revenue. This dry enumeration might easily be filled up to great length, but the skeleton must suffice. It is enough to record that here we have a very thriving progressive community; and in my opinion New South Wales is so to no small extent because she has been wise enough to let her resources have tolerably free play. Her Customs duties—the taxes, that is, which almost alone are left for a young English colony to levy effectually—are, as a rule, remarkably light, except on some kinds of iron and some food grains; and it is the intention of the present Government to lighten them still further by the transfer of some fifteen articles to the free list, substituting in their stead an Excise on tobacco, which will probably yield a good deal more than the 20,000*l.* or so lost by the transfer.

Next to the tariff, New South Wales is, no doubt, prosperous through its splendid mineral resources, which enable it to take advantage of that tariff, and to become, in a measure, the manufacturing colony of Australasia. No better example of the value of free trade to the manufacturer could well be found than the progress which New South Wales is making in this direction.[3] Without doubt this progress tells upon our intercourse with this colony. New South Wales is so self-dependent that she does not need to buy from us so heavily as she would do were her system protectionist. It is estimated, for example, by Mr. Reid that New South Wales provides herself out of her own resources with 10,500,000*l.* out of a total demand amounting to 22,162,000*l.* for the mean population of the colony in 1870–74. That

[3] Mr. G. H. Reid gives a valuable table in his essay on New South Wales, showing the development of the manufacturing industries of that colony since 1855. I select one or two of the more important of these as an illustration of the text:

	1855	1864	1874
Agricultural implement works	—	—	45
Sugar works	—	1	67
Woollen cloth	5	5	8
Tanneries	60	94	114
Soap and candle	18	29	31
Distilleries and sugar refineries	3	16	55
Engineering works, foundries, &c.	15	108	158
Ship and boat builders	—	7	103
Shoe factories	—	—	50
Clothing factories	—	—	17
Coach and waggon factories	—	—	99

Besides these, there are of course many industries which are almost essentially local, and necessary wherever civilised populations gather, as well as those which arise directly out of the agricultural development of the colony, such as flour mills, saw mills, lime kilns, and wine presses, all of which show remarkable increase in numbers, and the wine presses especially, which have increased in ten years from one to 367.

is to say, calculating that in the years 1860 to 1864 the population required a certain quantity of imported goods, Mr. Reid estimates that as those requirements have in 1870–74 by so much fallen behind the increase in population, the home industries have made the difference good. I doubt whether this reasoning will hold water, because the state of the population is not now what it was ten years ago—there is probably a larger population of young in it now than then—but there is, no doubt, a certain amount of truth in the conclusion. We are not so much a necessity to New South Wales in many respects as we were ten or fifteen years ago, and her imports would be much less than they now are were she not compelled by the narrowness of her cultivated area to import nearly a million and a half's worth of flour and bread. In this respect also she is, according to Mr. Reid's tables, less dependent than she formerly has been; and it would probably be far more satisfactory for the trade of the mother-country with the colony were this dependence to disappear altogether. What New South Wales spends in bread must in her condition, to a certain extent, represent unthrift. As to her manufactures, however, we can well afford to witness the independence of this colony, seeing that her wealth is to a great extent still our wealth, and that it will probably continue to be so for many a day to come. The chief currents of her trade, as it were, will, through her banks, through English capital and shipping, and English dominance in Asia, continue in our hands, and we shall be partakers of her wealth however prosperous she may become—to the benefit of both countries, for it is meet that the hoardings of the old country should find fruitful employment in the new.

Distance must, moreover, check our supremacy as manufacturers of many articles, but it does not yet fight against us as sea-carriers, nor as cotton-spinners or weavers, to any appreciable extent. And it is a very healthy sign for the colony and for England that New South Wales continues to sell us much more than she buys, and thus year by year, out of her own resources, increases her capacity for trading into all parts of Asia with profit. The mutual advantages which Australia as a whole and India ought to reap from an interchange of their commodities cannot be yet estimated, and ought to exceed the most sanguine dreams. Of these advantages, as of others connected with Asiatic trade, New South Wales is certainly preparing to draw the principal share. And we must look at this broader feature of her trade in judging whether it will continue to be as beneficial to us as it has been. Directly, I believe, we shall year by year do a smaller export trade to this colony proportionate to her population, and may hold our own only in special branches of manufacture and in miscellaneous articles, such as can be bought here cheaper than they can be made there; but the general intercourse between the two countries seems to me bound to grow, as well as the profits which the mother-country will draw from the entire trade of the colony. As a Free-trader, possessed of all the natural advantages which go to make a flourishing seat of manufactures, New South Wales must progress, not only in supplying her own wants, but as an exporter of industrial products, and with every step which she takes in advance some branch of our home manufactures will be touched; but the situation in its general features offers, to my mind, ample compensations.

There is only one heavy shadow which I can see to the picture, and that is the danger which New South Wales is in of rushing into a great railway expenditure, which may inflate her trade with us for a time. On many sides her Government are pressed to do so, and there are projected extensions of her system, carrying the lines far inland beyond the limits of profitable traffic, which, if carried out too suddenly, may cause embarrassment. Although the stream of immigrants has not yet ceased to flow to Australia, as it has to the United States, the same causes would produce the same effects in the one case as in the other, and if taxation is made heavy and the finances become entangled, assuredly the stream will dry up. Yet population is the one great need of all these colonies, and not least of New South Wales, which has many millions of acres of splendid land lying desolate, or little better than desolate, and which has minerals of enormous value lying ready for the miner. At present the taxation of New South Wales is, one may say, next to nothing at all, because the land sales alone last year yielded nearly half the revenue, and in ordinary years land sales, land rents, and post-office and railway receipts yield about three-fourths of it.[4]

[4] The following extract from a letter of the *Times* Sydney correspondent, dated January 22, gives a very clear idea of the position of New South Wales finance:—'Our Treasurer is to make his Budget Speech this week; but the publication of the Revenue Returns for the past year has anticipated to some extent the glowing statement it will be his privilege to make. These Revenue Returns are not only unique in the history of this colony, but have never been paralleled in the history of any British community. Our population is not estimated at more than 620,000, and the gross revenue for the year was not less than 5,037,661*l.*, or at the rate of more than 8*l.* per head. The previous year was a prosperous one; yet that which is just concluded yielded the Government a net increase of not less than 911,358*l.*, or not far short of an increase of 30*s.* a head. We owe this financial prosperity almost exclusively to the rapid rate at which we are alienating our public estate. The greater part of our territory is held on pastoral leases, the rental having been determined by an official assessment, subject to arbitration in case of dispute. The customary estimate of the proper rental has been based mostly on the state of the wool-market a few years ago. The rapid improvement in that market has enabled the lessees to make unexpectedly large profits, and they find it to their interest to spend these surplus profits in the purchase of land, so as to turn their leaseholds into freeholds. The consequence is that the revenue from land sales alone last year was not far short of one-half of the gross revenue, and amounted to 2,345,240*l.* Adding to this the amount received from rentals and other sources, the receipts from the national estate alone amounted to more than one-half of the year's revenue, being not less than 2,772,990*l.* Our revenue from taxation, properly so called, is small compared with what we thus derive from the Government being a large landlord. The Customs yielded 1,011,872*l.*, and beyond this there is no taxation proper, except about 100,000*l.* from licences. The balance not accounted for by the receipts from land and taxation is furnished for the most part by the income from Government services, such as the railways, the telegraphs, and the post-offices. These services, however, are not intrinsically remunerative undertakings, and yield us no net revenue. On the contrary, they are carried on at present at a loss of about 250,000*l.* per annum—a loss which, of course, has to be made good from other sources of public income. Though the receipts from services appear in the general statement of gross revenue, they are more than counterbalanced by a set-off. The Government speculations in the department of internal communication do not really assist our revenue; on the contrary, they burden it. But the burden is one that is easily borne. So far from its provoking discontent, the Government is incessantly besieged for still more railways, more telegraphs, and more post-offices. With such an overflowing revenue, it is not wonderful that the Government spent very freely and managed to run through 3¾ millions. It also extinguished the National Debt to the extent of three-quarters of a million, and advanced a quarter of a million to the Public Works account. Yet at the close of the year the Treasurer had a credit balance of not less than 2,720,807*l.*—a handsome sum with which to commence a year that is expected to be as prosperous as its predecessor.

Now, as I have already repeatedly explained, the proceeds of sales of land ought not to be treated as revenue at all, but as capital, and if New South Wales will act sensibly, she will so treat it. Did the Legislature decide to spend on their public works every year only the amount netted by the land sales, it would afford ample means for extending railways and telegraphs as fast as they were wanted, and for improving harbours and making roads. Were this done, and the other expenditure all provided for out of revenue strictly so called—except the sinking funds on the existing loans—the position of the finances would be one of the soundest in the world, and in time the public works' revenues would yield the community some return for the enormous sacrifice it is making by parting with the soil in fee simple to squatters and farmers at a price which will probably look monstrously cheap ten years hence, as indeed it does in some districts already. The railways which New South Wales already possesses are yielding a respectable net return, and will by-and-by, no doubt, meet the charge on their capital debt; but there ought to be no capital to pay upon, except the savings of the community, and New South Wales will need to take heed that the enormous sales of land do not lead her into spendthrift ways and many subsequent difficulties.

A very good example of what the wholesale alienation of the soil may lead her into is furnished by her ambitious neighbour, Victoria, which is at this very time in the throes of something like a political revolution upon the land question. Victoria has indeed been much more extravagant than her elder sister in several respects; but the land policy is essentially the same in both, only the bad fiscal system of Victoria, and its larger population, are bringing its evils sooner to the surface. In all the Australian colonies, in fact, the alienation of land has been most reckless, and the system of renting huge tracts to 'squatters,' while reserving to farmers, or 'free selectors,' the liberty to pick out and buy any portions they please from the land so rented, has led to purchases of large tracts at low rates by capitalists who can do nothing with them except feed sheep and cattle and prevent these farmers or selectors from finding a foothold. Thus it has come about that, in Victoria especially, whole counties are held by single proprietors in fee simple, to the detriment not only of the land revenue, but of the colonial prosperity generally, and already the Victorians feel hemmed in.[5] They cry out that these huge estates must be broken up, and

[5] Some interesting details about the lands of Victoria are given in the last colonial blue book (part i., 1876) by the colonial Government statist, Mr. H. H. Hayter. He says that the colony is estimated to contain 36,000 square miles of rich light loamy soil and 12,000 square miles of rich black and chocolate-coloured soils, besides sandy tracts and grassy downs of large extent. Of the total area of the colony, estimated at 56,447,000 acres, about 16,000,000 were alienated in the end of 1874, of which 12,265,000 acres were occupied in 1875. Of these little more than a million were under cultivation. More than half the land suitable for settlements is said to be already sold. Out of the entire population of about 800,000, of which the colony consisted in 1875, only 38,500 were holders of land. This is a dangerously small proportion, and the fact that such enormous tracts are held uncultivated suggests many ominous reflections. The recent purchasers of land appear to have been in a majority of cases squatters, whose interest it is to keep genuine farmers off the ground. The percentage of cultivated to occupied is hence less now than in 1872 and 1873. Besides the land which the squatters have bought, it would appear that some 864 of them leased in 1874 an area approximating 24,230,000 acres. It is their interest, or they think it their interest, to keep farmers off this land as long as they can.

a heavy tax imposed on the land, in order to compel the squatters to disgorge for the benefit of smaller men. This land question need never have come on the colonies at all had they steadily refused to do more than lease the land on short-term leases, or had they even, as in the Cape, exacted the payment of a perpetual quit-rent sufficient to prevent vast accumulations. As it is, the combined policy of leasing large tracts and selling small, without regard to the lessee's interest, has already landed Victoria in trouble, and promises to land Queensland, and perhaps New South Wales, in trouble too. At the same time a most dangerous incentive to extravagance has been furnished by the large revenues which these colonies appear to enjoy without the necessity of paying taxes. As wool-growing flourished, squatters made haste to buy up the land, and poured their money in every colony into the Treasury, just as they did last year in New South Wales, where a rising wool market enabled the squatters to pay over 2,300,000*l.* on account of the counties they had purchased. This, when spent as income and borrowed upon to boot, is a most dangerous kind of riches, and presently, when the land is all alienated and the squatter reigns supreme in his wilderness, the cry will rise everywhere, as in Victoria now, that the people have no room and that the Governments have no revenue. Land alienations may yet lead to revolutions in these colonies. Victoria, as I have said, has almost reached the revolutionary point now; partly because her area is smaller than her neighbours' and more widely absorbed by the squatters, partly, also, because she has wedded herself to a bad trade policy. It has seemed wise to the Victorians to become Protectionists, and Protectionists especially against the productions of their neighbours, and hence their trade is not so flourishing as it might be. While New South Wales goes on adding warehouse to warehouse and manufactory to manufactory, Victoria stands relatively stationary. Her cultivated area increases very slowly, and if the New South Wales trade which comes and goes at her ports be deducted, her export trade is also by no means abounding in expansiveness. With a population at least 150,000 in excess of New South Wales, her indigenous trade is not appreciably larger. The totals amount to several millions more, it is true; but about 2,000,000*l.* has to be deducted from each side of the statement on account of New South Wales wool, which, coming from the Riverine districts over the boundary, is first treated as imports to, and then, when shipped at Melbourne, as exports from Victoria. This helps to swell the apparent volume of the trade of the colony. Making this deduction, the total trade of Victoria is only about 28,500,000*l.*, which is substantially that of New South Wales. The imports, moreover, have latterly exceeded the exports, in spite of the high tariff, which is such a clog on the prosperity of the community. This excess is not due altogether to the borrowing propensities of the colony, though these are considerable. A certain amount of capital is flowing into this or into all colonies in indirect ways through loan companies and banks, in the pockets of private immigrants, and so forth; while, on the other hand, many small hoards of money pass out of the colony, of which no account is taken in the official records of exports. All these help to swell the buying capacity of the community, and no countries require more allowance to be made for them under these heads than the Australian

colonies. From the money of immigrants, however, Victoria gains perhaps less than any of her neighbours; and, unquestionably, the loans which she has raised, and is raising, for State and municipal purposes, have had a strong influence on both her buying capacity and her revenue. These heavy imports, paying as they do large duties as a rule, make the inflow of large revenue apparently a thing to be counted upon. Should the imports fall off, therefore, as they will sooner or later be seen to do under the rigorous tariff, Victoria will be left to realise that she has yet to find a sure basis of national income; and this it will be most difficult for her to do with the land alienated and the country districts unpeopled. At the present time, the net income of Victoria from taxation—chiefly Customs duties[6]—is only about 2,000,000*l.*, and the entire revenue of the colony (including land money) last year was fully half-a-million less than that of New South Wales. Should Customs duties also fall off, therefore, the colony will have a sharp tussle before it readjusts its burdens, and may, amid internal convulsions, impose a land tax which will terrify emigrants from thinking of this colony as a home. How much depends on the Customs will be obvious from the subjoined note of the Budget estimates of Victoria for the year ending July 31, 1877.[7] With a smaller revenue, the debt is larger than that of New South Wales, and the railway and other improving schemes are by no means near an end. Altogether, Victoria ought to be a warning to the mother-colony to take care and not dissipate or alienate her resources, lest she also find herself in difficulties.

As regards the trade of Victoria with the United Kingdom, it is large and fairly satisfactory. Fully fifty per cent. of the total imports come from this country; both her jealousy of her neighbours and her incapacity for providing for her wants at home rendering such import a necessity. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact that, in spite of her tariff, Victoria is a much larger customer of the mother-country than New South Wales, and a much less promising manufacturer. Let her settle her land difficulty,

[6] The Customs duties of Victoria would no doubt be considered light for many countries, and probably were felt at first to be so by the colonists themselves, who were flush of new wealth. As a rule, all articles of English manufacture, including clothing and tissues of most kinds, machinery and millworks, hardware and furniture, pay 20 per cent. *ad valorem*. A few kinds of woollen goods pay only 10 per cent., and some two or three articles are admitted free. When we consider the distance which English goods have to be carried by sea, however, as well as the fact that the colony is less superabundantly wealthy now than it was even six years ago, there can be do doubt that duties which rule at 20 per cent. *ad valorem* for most articles of utility are oppressively high. The Victorians clamour, however, that they are not high enough. By the latest accounts the Protectionists are likely to have the victory, although there are considerable numbers of Free-traders in the colony.

[7] The estimates, as given in Gordon and Gotch's excellent Australian Handbook, were —Customs, 1,639,050*l.*; Excise, 166,600*l.*; land, including rents, 889,850*l.* (the proceeds of land sales alone appear to amount to about 600,000*l.* a year, all of which is properly chargeable to capital account); public works, i.e. roads, railways, and waterworks, 1,179,500*l.*; and various other small items, making a total of 4,385,716*l.* The expenditure is placed at 2,851,295*l.*, but that obviously does not include the 'working expenses' of railways and other public works. The expenditure for the year 1873-74 was 4,177,338*l.*, and since then the total has not decreased. Victoria has spent from first to last over 13,000,000*l.* on her railway system, some portion of which has cost more than 50,000*l.* per mile, a most extravagant sum; and the average for the Government lines is 32,863*l.*, which is also exceedingly high, and raises suspicion of considerable jobbery. Nearly the whole of the capital thus absorbed has been borrowed.

check extravagance, and lower the tariff, and she may in some respects be a smaller buyer of our home manufactures, although probably a larger and more prosperous general trader.[8] That is a long task, I fear, and we need be in no hurry to take alarm at the prospect of being ousted from the markets of the colony just yet. We are more likely to suffer by the temporary poverty into which Victoria seems to me to be drifting. Not that she will become absolutely poor; but she tends to fall into the condition of the United States, and, with pampered industries languishing, with people out of work, and artificially kept from settling on the land, may in her very infancy put on the appearance of a worn-out nation, burdened as if with the sins and mistakes of centuries. No fate could be more deplorable; but Victoria is at present courting it, and although I believe she will learn wisdom by her suffering, like other people, suffer she must. At present reaction has barely set in. The yield of the gold mines is, however, falling off, and thus one strong direct purchasing power of the colony is lessened, while all around her she has competitors running her hard in whatever she can produce. Her coal deposits are believed to be enormous, and she is rich in copper, possessing also iron, zinc, tin, and silver in more or less abundance; but of none of these has she a monopoly, and the Newcastle collieries in New South Wales, to take an example, distance her mines altogether as a source of coal supply, while the mineral centres of that colony are also better located for ready development. In order to utilise her wealth in these directions Victoria must, in short, have a larger population, and deal more freely with her neighbours. All sound industries are built up upon a home market to begin with, and there can be no sound home market without a large population of varied wants and pursuits. I am by no means sure, however, that Victoria is going to get a large population speedily. The exodus to her shores from Europe is over, and the stream which now flows towards Australasia is both small and much distributed. Victoria does not get the excessive share she did when gold was supreme. Nay, New South Wales, South Australia, and, above all, Queensland and New Zealand, as it were, entice or drive the emigrants towards their shores, and if a shadow of dull trade or of internal fiscal dissensions overtake Victoria, they will succeed in doing so more than now.[9]

In many respects, then, the con-

[8] Some figures given in Messrs. Gordon and Gotch's Handbook enable us to measure the position of Victoria as a manufacturing centre. In all, the number of manufactories, large and small, was 1,648 last year, employing 25,647 hands, and with machinery, land, buildings, &c., estimated as worth 6,798,820*l*. Now, of these manufactories 16 were 'account book,' 47 'agricultural implement,' 9 'cutlery,' 107 'coach and waggon,' 93 'clothing and boot and shoe,' 124 'aerated water,' 87 'tannery,' 52 'fellmongery,' and 76 'iron, brass, and copper,' with a host of lower numbers devoted to the production of either household requisites or of prepared foods for export. None of these compare for a moment with the substantial industries of New South Wales, if we except 'iron' and 'agricultural implement' shops, which are, we suspect, of an extremely insignificant kind for the most part. At all events, Victoria mines an almost infinitesimal quantity of iron ore and not much more copper. In fact, the production of the latter metal has no importance at all.

[9] The number of immigrants into Victoria, deducting re-emigration, is much smaller now than it was a few years ago. Thus, according to a table given in Mr. Hayter's report, the number of arrivals in the years 1865 to 1869 inclusive aggregated 30,738, and in the years 1870 to 1874, 28,134. In 1869 and 1870 the numbers were unusually large, amounting to over 22,000, but since then they have been extremely small, only 1,752 settling in the colony in 1872. Gold in New South Wales, and the attractions

dition of these two leading colonies differs. Both of them are not free from dangers, but the danger of Victoria is the greater. New South Wales promises to become a great country in time, but she must move cautiously, and beware of the allurements of sudden wealth. As a country for emigrants there is, to my thinking, and in spite of rocks ahead, none to compare with her; and in proportion as population increases, her prosperity ought also to increase. Our trade with her, as I have said before, may not directly increase at the same ratio, except along certain lines of business, but our general prosperity cannot fail to be enhanced as she grows more prosperous, and while intimate relations with the mother-country continue.

It is time now to turn to the other colonies of the group. Some of them demand only brief treatment, but most of them have some qualities worth noticing. South Australia, for instance, which lies west and north of Victoria, resembles New South Wales in its general economic position. The colony has made considerable progress without at the same time endangering its future. The discovery and working of enormous deposits of copper at Burra-Burra in 1845 has contributed, like the gold elsewhere, to the wealth of the community, and helped to place it third in population and trade amongst the colonies of the Australian continent, without, at the same time, turning its head. At the date of the discovery of these valuable ore deposits, the population of the colony was barely 65,000, and its export trade under half-a-million sterling. By 1876 the population had increased to 213,000, and the export trade to about 5,000,000*l*. The mineral wealth had not succeeded in diverting the colony from agriculture either. On the contrary, the acreage under crops is larger, relatively to the population, than in any other Australian colony. South Australia possesses many natural advantages, and much valuable soil on which it can grow not food grain merely, but grapes of fine flavour and quality, and every description of semi-tropical or other fruit; and these are not neglected. Attention is also paid to sericulture, and the attempts have been so far very successful. Of course, like its neighbours, South Australia has in some measure forestalled its resources; but its debt is comparatively very light, and it has, as yet, been under no necessity to depart from the almost free trade policy on which its Customs laws are based. English manufactured goods pay, as a rule, a duty merely of five per cent. *ad valorem*, and the taxes on luxuries and articles of food are, as a rule, light. It certainly seems strange to English eyes to see potatoes and prepared animal foods paying duty, and no doubt the sooner that all petty endeavours, such as these indicate, to be independent of sister colonies are abandoned the better; but, as a whole, South Australia is to be commended for an enlightened mercantile policy, and has undoubtedly benefited by it. There is little chance of manufactures being established there on a large scale inimical to the products of England, were its population thrice what it is; and so long as the colony continues to develop the soil, to introduce new

mentioned in the text, no doubt in part account for this falling off, which might therefore be esteemed temporary did no other causes crop up to frighten people away. The very unsatisfactory feature of the investigation into all the colonies, which I may note here, is the extreme paucity of women. In 1874 there were only 915 females to 2,452 males entering Victoria. This is not merely bad for the morals of the population, but also very detrimental to the rapid increase of a native Australian population.

objects of cultivation, and to spend its energies on the mineral wealth within easy reach, it will continue to grow in prosperity and in importance as a customer of the mother-country. Its trade is as large with England now, and as healthy, taking its size into account, as that of any colony we have. There is a magnificent territory belonging to it, which only wants peopling, and the people will, no doubt, in time be found, although lately there has been some slackening in the arrivals and a corresponding falling away in the demand for land.

One great danger which the colony is subject to appears to be drought. Last season's wheat crop, for instance, has been seriously imperilled for want of rain, and so scarce was fodder for the cattle, that in the early part of the season a considerable acreage of corn crop had to be cut down unripe to supply them with food. Owing to this, it is estimated that although nearly 970,000 acres were put under wheat originally, the yield of the present crop will not nearly equal that of the two preceding years. As is to be expected in a new country where high growing is not pursued, the farmer preferring to draw on the natural resources of the soil, the ordinary yield of wheat per bushel does not rank high at the best of times in South Australia, compared with the yield in England or France, being only about 11½ bushels to the acre. This average will not be nearly reached by last season's crop, however, which is estimated at about 6 bushels to the acre only, or a decline of nearly one-half. Fluctuations of this sort may not be of frequent occurrence, but they happen now and then, and ought to increase the caution with which the colony commits itself to heavy outlays. After the population has spread, and the face of large regions has been changed by cultivation, by tree planting and irrigation, the climate and physical conditions may be so far changed as to make the country secure. In the meantime, cautious growth is best. No doubt the bad harvest of last season will temporarily decrease the exporting power of the colony, and that may react on its imports from England and Asia; but on the whole we may expect its trade with us to grow, and it seems to be now on a very sound basis.

Very different, to my mind, is the position of Queensland, which, as a colony, has followed in the footsteps of Victoria rather than in those of New South Wales. Its population is considerably less than that of South Australia, being but 180,000 or so, and its export trade is lower by about a million. Yet the colony has continued to amass a public debt, which amounts to nearly three times that of South Australia, and it has made so little progress in solid agriculture that the total acreage under crop last year was only about 80,000 acres.[10]

[10] Perhaps I could not do better than give here a sort of rough comparative estimate of the progress of agriculture, exclusive of mere sheep herding, in the various Australian colonies and New Zealand. The figures in detail are obtainable from the abstracts appended to our own agricultural returns, or more diffusely from the statistics scattered through Messrs. Gordon and Gotch's Handbook. According to Mr. Giffen's tables, South Australia is by far the largest wheat-grower, having had 898,820 acres under that species of grain in 1875-76, as against 322,000 acres in Victoria, 134,000 in New South Wales, 4,500 in Queensland, 91,000 in New Zealand, and 43,000 in Tasmania. These figures give a fair idea of the progress of corn-growing in the various colonies, although the areas under wheat crops were in several colonies less in 1876 than in the previous year. Some of them also devote larger acreages to other kinds of grain. Victoria, for example, had last year 124,000 acres under oats and 32,000 under barley, and New Zealand 168,000 and 28,000 acres respectively, or much more than all the rest of the

The natural fertility of the land is apparently higher in Queensland than in any of the other colonies except New Zealand, and that offers the greater and not the less reason for extending cultivation as rapidly as possible. Instead of doing so, however, Queensland has turned her attention to a large extent towards mines, seeking to develop gold, tin, and copper mining in particular, by every means in her power.

Queensland has, it is true, extended her sheep-farming more rapidly than even New South Wales, and cannot, therefore, be considered backward in all respects; but when all is said sheep do not form a first-rate source of national wealth, and ought hardly to be taken as a justification for heavy expenditure on public works. Yet Queensland has spent and is spending very freely. Her railway system is already much larger than that of South Australia.[11]

From this it follows, of course, that the taxation is very heavy, notwithstanding the efforts made to import immigrants, and get them settled in the land. According to a very useful table appended to Mr. Reid's essay already cited, the taxation of Queensland was higher per head than that of any other colony in Australasia except New Zealand. It amounted to 3*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.* against 1*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.* in New South Wales, 1*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.* in South Australia, and 2*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* in Victoria. This is, of course, exclusive of the proceeds of land sales and leases. In the financial year ended June 30, 1876, the revenue of the colony, including

colonies put together. If we include lands partially cultivated, such as land under permanent artificial grasses and bare fallows, as well as the various experimental efforts at cotton and tobacco growing and the land under root crops, we get the following table showing the progress which each colony has made according to its population in the reclamation of the land:—

Colony	Population in 1875	Acreage under all kinds of crops	Acreage cultivated per head
New South Wales	595,465	451,138	0·8
Victoria	815,034	1,126,831	1·4
South Australia	206,476	1,444,586	7·0
Western Australia	26,459	47,571	1·8
Queensland	172,402	77,347	0·5
Tasmania	103,920	332,824	3·2
New Zealand	375,721	2,377,402	6·3

New South Wales has a less total in 1876 by nearly 14,000 acres than in 1875, and would appear to be in some danger of neglecting the due extension of her agricultural pursuits in following after sheep-farming and mining and manufactures. According to the figures given in the last column of the table she has less than an acre per head under crops, and her imports show that she is not raising bread enough for her population. South Australia stands out most prominent of all, and New Zealand follows, Queensland lagging behind New South Wales without possessing the justification which New South Wales has either in the wealth of minerals or extent of flocks. New South Wales has such vast tracts which are not yet suitable for agriculture, being, compared with Victoria and Queensland, badly watered, that there may be some excuse for her slow progress in this direction, although I admit it involves danger; but there can be no excuse for some of these colonies. The true progress is that which goes neither too fast —outstripping population and foreign markets—nor too slow, making the community dependent on foreign supplies. The first thing which all colonies ought to study to do is to feed themselves with the products of their own soil.

[11] According to the accounts of the Treasurer of the colony for the last half-year, the amount spent on immigration during its course out of borrowed money was 55,000*l.* and the railway outlay came to 226,600*l.* This kind of expenditure is constantly going on, and the colony has spent over 6,000,000*l.* on its railway system already, on which money it does not get a direct return of 2 per cent. Over a hundred thousand a year spent on immigrants, upwards of half-a-million on railways, form no slight outlay for so young a community.

land revenue so called, amounted altogether to 1,288,377*l.*, and the expenditure to 1,314,932*l.* There was a deficit, therefore, as there had been the previous year, and the colony has no means of making ends meet except by either increasing the taxes or by selling more land. Taxation cannot be much increased, however. The import tariff is not indeed heavy, but it is pretty widely distributed, as is found by the fact that it yielded nearly 500,000*l.* on a total import trade of less than 4,000,000*l.*, or say, roughly, 12½ per cent. over all *ad valorem*. Much of this is, of course, paid simply with the proceeds of the loans which the colony has raised in England, just as part of the income from land arises from the same source. Emigrants are settled on claims under Government guidance, and to some extent with Government money, so that the colony is not anywhere resting on the solid basis of its own resources. Nor with all these efforts at forcing is the land revenue increasing. There was last half-year a decided falling off in this source of apparent income. Possibly the enormous discoveries of tin said to have been made a year or two ago will help the colony out of its difficulties, but that is doubtful. I look rather for another financial and mercantile crisis there similar to that of 1866, only more disastrous, because now the credit of the State may be affected for years, while then it was mainly the credit of banks and private traders. Queensland is, in short, a country far too undeveloped for the pace at which it has gone, and with too few resources to fall back upon, therefore, when difficulties overtake it. There are no manufacturing industries of a solid character in the country, nor can there be any, so far as I can see, because Queensland is not favoured with the materials most essential to a country setting up in this way for itself. It cannot even take shelter in protection therefore, and has no realisable wealth but its wool, hides, and tallow, its preserved meats, and its minerals, in the sale of every one of which it meets with the keenest possible competition from its neighbours. I can see no way out of the tangle for this colony, therefore, but through much financial disorganisation and long-continued struggles, for its debts and taxation are now direct hindrances to the rapid extension of land cultivation; and many of the immigrants who arrive at the colony's expense leave it and take refuge in New South Wales or Victoria from this very cause. For all that, Queensland nibbles at becoming a great manufacturing country, and has established a joint stock woollen weaving mill at Ipswich, from which much is hoped.

But if the condition of Queensland be dangerous, that of New Zealand is much more so, although New Zealand is the most diligent of all the colonies in developing the soil. That colony has not been content with trying to rival Victoria; it has sought to imitate Canada. Nay, it is almost unjust to hint that Canada has been as reckless as this, almost the youngest of all our great colonies. It is not yet forty years old, and it rejoices in a debt of nearly 20,000,000*l.*, or something like 50*l.* per head of the population, which itself does not yet reach 400,000, Maoris included. Its taxation was 15*s.* per head higher than that of Queensland in 1875, and has since been increased, as has also the debt. Only the other day the Government of the colony had to borrow 500,000*l.* in Sydney, and the public works to which it is committed must entail a large expenditure for many years beyond the available income. By means of the huge borrowings in which it indulges,

the colony is able to import far more than it exports, and is, next to Victoria, the largest customer to the mother-country of any in the group. All its railway materials, most of its clothing and its hardware and cutlery, come from England, and it has to go to New South Wales for some of its coal. The entire trade of the colony, out and in, was about 13,500,000*l.* last year, and the imports exceeded the exports by about 2,500,000*l.*; and this has been much the state of its account for at least three years. Almost the whole apparent prosperity of the colony is, therefore, based on a quagmire of debt, and it is impossible to say what its real progress or prosperity may have been. A stimulant has been applied which has made its influence felt in every department of progress; and whether the colony will be richer or poorer for the efforts it has made may almost be considered an open question. In the immediate future a disaster is not merely probable, but to my mind certain. The colony cannot go on spending, as it has done, without a severe recoil, and when that recoil comes a great part of the present show of prosperity will disappear. Instead of being able to import more than she exports, New Zealand will be reduced to buying only what the interest on her debt abroad leaves her money to pay for. And that interest will then be by no means so easy to meet as it looks now, when the quickening effect of the foreign money is everywhere felt without any strong indication of the coming exhaustion and languor. But by-and-by, when this money is all spent, when it is no more to be had for paying the wages of thousands of men employed in carrying out a railway system far more ambitious and extended than that of Victoria, when the Customs receipts are no longer swollen by duties paid on goods imported with this money, and the country sinks back on itself with a thousand miles of railway to maintain out of its own resources, besides interest to pay on its heavy debt, New Zealand must inevitably face bankruptcy and a trade demoralisation which it is appalling to contemplate. Her gold mines will not serve her then, nor her wealth in copper, silver, iron-sand, and coal. She will be fortunate if she holds together and weathers the storm without the loss of half her population.

I speak strongly, because I feel very strongly. New Zealand has spoilt almost at the starting what might have been a career of prosperity such as few other countries could point to. The soil is rich and virgin, and no less than 12,000,000 acres are at present estimated to be adapted for cultivation, while 50,000,000 would be suited, when cleared, for pasturage.[12] There are many valuable minerals and some natural products of value, which by a judicious exploitation might all have contributed to increase the wealth of the colony. New Zealand, in short, had the properties within herself of being a comfortable self-contained colony, of a quiet, homely, peaceful kind, such as the world does not readily furnish now-a-days; but it took the gold fever and the 'progress' fever, and presently will have to pay the penalty in exhaustion, and, I fear, considerable misery.

The only satisfactory feature that we can dwell upon is the fact that, so far, a certain success has attended the efforts of the Government at colonisation. New Zealand receives a larger proportion of the British emigration to Australasia than any other colony, and retains most of

[12] Gordon and Gotch's Handbook, article 'New Zealand.'

those it receives.[13] Land is being rapidly absorbed for purposes of cultivation, and the true wealth of the country is thus being developed. According to the returns up to March of last year, about 2,400,000 acres were under cultivation, of which 91,000 acres were sown with wheat. This is a small proportion, and, of course, precludes the colony from being able to export grain. Indeed, it has to import, which is always an extravagant position for a young colony to assume. Still the yield per acre—31 to 32 bushels—shows both good soil and remarkably good agriculture. Were new settlers to continue to arrive spontaneously in large numbers, the colony might pass through its crisis without prolonged suffering. In the face of the enormous taxation, however, I do not see how these numbers are to be obtained except by a continuance of the present ruinous outlay. They will then cost the colony more than it can afford.

A certain amount of relief will also no doubt be given by the abolition of the provinces into which New Zealand was, till last year, divided. These provinces, with their separate councils and superintendents, were a source of expense to the country which was by no means necessary, and in a time of financial difficulty they would have almost certainly indulged in separatist views with the object of shirking their share in the national burdens. The agitation which preceded the abolition of these provinces gave indications of a party in Otago—the Scotch settlement—capable of raising the separatist cry even before the storm came on. There will now be no definite rallying point for such parties, and that will prove a very great advantage. Otago, however, promises to be very restive under burdens which have been imposed upon it by the politicians to a considerable extent against its will; and, I fear, the cry for subdivision may again rise to add to the general impotence when the colonists begin to reap the fruits of their rash lavishness.

Such being the general features of the economic position of this colony, it is hardly necessary to discuss the question of its tariff, or the minuter probabilities of the trade between it and the mother-country. Whether the tariff is high or low, that trade is sure to suffer a sharp recoil when the borrowed money is done. We cannot hope to sell to New Zealand the quantities that we have done of any of our manufactures except clothes, and even of these the demand must become less if the people get poorer. No doubt the tariff, which is as near as possible about 11 to 12 per cent. *ad valorem* on the invoice prices of the goods, will exercise a very strong effect against England in certain directions when the inflation passes away, although it is not felt apparently at present. To take one example: nearly all the Australian colonies had at first to import most of their boots and shoes, and manufacturers in England did a very fine business in consequence. But gradually, as they grew up, the colonies took to establishing manufactories of their own, and imported less and less of these primary articles. This has

[13] The statement of the Registrar-General of New Zealand, Mr. W. R. Brown, for 1874, which is the latest available, gives the immigration of that year at 43,965, of whom 18,135 were females. The emigration was 5,859, so that the net increase in that year to the population of the colony was 38,106. Out of this total 29,035 persons were imported entirely at the colony's expense. The total emigration to Australasia from the United Kingdom in that year was, according to official returns, about 54,000. New Zealand had therefore a very large share.

not yet been the case with New Zealand or Queensland to any large extent; but the tariff and pinching times may almost at once stop the home business in this line with these colonies. This is one of several domestic arts, as it were, which a new country is indeed justified in setting on foot as soon as it can, and New Zealand will certainly have every temptation to do so now. The hardware exports thence will also fall away for other reasons, and if we retain a business in cottons and woollens to any amount we may consider ourselves fortunate. The outlook for New Zealand is not bright, take it how we will. The colony has many mistakes to suffer for before it can emerge into greatness, and the old country must suffer along with it.

Of the minor colonies, Western Australia and Tasmania, it is hardly necessary that I should speak in detail. Both are at present too poor to be very extravagant, but the latter has contrived to get together a reasonable amount of debt, which appears to hinder its advancement to some extent. The island is a beautiful one, and full of natural riches, but its wealth is not yet developed by the presence of an enterprising population. Hardly yet free from the convict taint which stuck to it as Van Diemen's Land, it has not attracted the number of population which the country deserves to have, and, unaided by 'great gold discoveries' to dangle before the wealth seekers, it has been passed over. All the same, it has in it the elements of a very solid prosperity, and has displayed considerable energy in taking in and improving land. The colonists of Tasmania should become comfortable and even reasonably wealthy, although they will never take a great place amongst nations, or figure as large traders with this or any other country, and the pity is that so few colonists seek its shores—the population barely increased 4,000 in the five years 1870 to 1875. Western Australia, again, is entirely a colony in embryo, about which little can be said, except that the territory is apparently a very attractive one, capable of sustaining a large population. At present there are not 30,000 in the entire colony, which it is estimated, embraces an area eight times larger than the United Kingdom. Much of that vast amount of land is, however, as yet quite irreclaimable, like that of South Australia and Queensland; and indeed, speaking generally, all the Australian colonies are still more or less of the nature of coast settlements. Inland the population everywhere thins gradually off, so that the central territory, uninhabitable as it is said to be, for the most part effectually shuts off all chance of overland communication between one colony and another on opposite sides of the continent. Yet there is great room to spread, and to join hand to hand all round the magnificent coasts.

This isolation overland, to turn for a moment to the general questions involved in the future of these settlements, must exercise, however, a most important bearing on the possibilities of a federative union of the mainland and Tasmanian colonies. There is no great central colony to form a rallying point for the rest, as it were, and the mere fact that all communication between east and west must be practically by sea for many a day to come, will make the two colonies of New South Wales and Victoria strenuous rivals in the fight for leadership. Each will say that it is best placed for the seat of supreme government, and neither will give way until, as a refuge from conflict, some petty corner like Tasmania may possibly be chosen as a sort of neutral ground, just as the capital of the

United States is planted in the insignificant 'District of Columbia.' That is, supposing the federation project carried out, which is, I confess, taking a great deal for granted. So far is it now from being so that I almost fear the past history of several of the colonies, brief as it has been, makes it impossible until many revolutions have occurred. Each colony has grown to have its own aims and ambitions, and its own burdens, to such a degree, that necessity alone will drive them towards union, although union is, more than any other conceivable thing, a necessity for them all, whether we look at them as requiring more population, as aspiring States, or as sitting defenceless and apart, ready to be a prey to the first sturdy marauder almost who penetrates to these southern seas—not by any means an impossible event.

I firmly believe that, were the Australian colonies to unite now under one federal government, the necessity which impels some of them to tout for emigrants would be at an end. People would grow used to have a great country in their eye over which they could wander at will, as in the United States, and the new greatness which would thus rest upon these colonies would draw many to their shores. Not only so, but the abolition of all Customs barriers between the various States would materially aid the development of the peculiar resources of each, and might put an end, partially at least, to costly schemes of rivalry. The natural resources of New South Wales and Victoria would seem to fit them for becoming the industrial centres of the continent, while the others are adapted for every description of agriculture, and can furnish many raw materials, including cotton and silk of a most valuable kind. Break the artificial barriers away, and each district or province of the federation would attract to itself the kinds of labour most suited to its wants. We should have harmonious development rather than, as at present, rivalries which tend to hinder progress.

It is also necessary that these colonies should concert together and become one for purposes of self-defence. At present they lie open, and almost utterly without any means of defence in the event of an outbreak of war between the mother-country and any ambitious European power. These colonies are, in short, only communities of miners, shepherds, and farmers, and, however admirable as such, they require to have at least the capacity for calling into existence the means of fighting for their possessions, should they be threatened. Great Britain has so many possessions, and such heavy stakes of another kind in India and China, that the probabilities are no European war could occur now involving her participation which would not tax her utmost spare energies in keeping the peace in Asia. There would likely be neither men nor means forthcoming to help the colonies, except sparing them, perhaps, a few ships of war. In the main, therefore, they must look to their own resources, and federation would at once enable them to do so effectually. By forming a Bund, or a single State, such as that of the American Union, they could at once introduce a military and naval organisation of sufficient strength to protect them against any but the strongest aggressive powers. I fear the world has hardly yet reached that state of civilisation which renders this unnecessary; but the colonists do not seriously occupy their thoughts with gloomy contingencies of this kind. Till they do there will be no serious movement towards

federation, and without federation their settlements can never be strong and great. Union, in short, must at once lead to enormous changes in the government systems of several of them, and might also give them all an opportunity for revising the land laws, with a view to imposing taxation on the only kind of property capable of bearing it pretty heavily. A land tax and a light Customs tariff should provide for nearly all wants, federal and provincial, as the country filled up with people. The obvious necessity which exists for providing for self-defence ought also to be a strong argument in favour of prudent spending with all the colonies, especially if they should have to make such provision separately. No cost that a community can bear at all weighs on it and cripples its resources like the cost of maintaining armed forces. But for the army and navy of England, we might at present have no national debt, and might almost enjoy the entire revenues of our railway systems as a relief to taxation. Armies and navies protect trade no doubt, but they cripple the competing force of the trader also; and were the colonies in Australia to have to betake themselves to arms, they would find themselves in difficulties of a financial kind, however cheaply they organised their forces. At present only New South Wales and Victoria possess any semblance of a force, and none of them have tasted the bitterness of war taxes. It will be well if they unite as one nation before they have to do so, and I wish the dread of that contingency would force them to cease their rivalries. At present they are weak because divided.

I must look on the Australian colonies, then, as at best a nation in a nebulous state, of which the fragments show here and there vigorous life, but whose coming greatness can only be guessed at. As regards the future course of British trade with them generally, there is little more to be said. Obviously it will be larger in some cases and smaller in others, and over all may perhaps be expected for years to come to show small augmentation, so far at all events, as exports of British manufactures thither are concerned. As the more vigorous colonies develop their own resources, however, they will also do a wider foreign business, by which, as I have said, England will more or less benefit; but it by no means follows that they will then buy more English goods. Freights alone are against us, and must grow more so as money sinks in value in the colonies, and they become able to employ labour of the same quality as our own at something like an equivalent price. The wealth of England may then come to be increased not so much by the sale of home-made goods to the Australians, as by the employment of her surplus capital in the sustenance of new industries there. This has been the course, in fact, hitherto; and every industry which Australia has—just as almost every industry possessed by the United States—owes its origin, and no little of its prosperity, to English money. A new country has no saved money, strictly speaking, of its own; it has only the raw products of nature; and hence the price or value of saved money, or 'loanable capital,' in a new country is very high, by reason of its scarcity. On the other hand, labour is even more urgently needed than money in most instances; and frequently, in new countries, the purchasing power of money over labour is extremely low. This curious double scarcity tells, on the one hand, in favour of a strong flow of money from the mother-country, where it is cheap, to the colony, where it is dear, and, on

the other, induces an equally steady flow of all kinds of home manufactures which the colony cannot afford to make for itself. Gradually this state of affairs should equalise itself, and industry after industry starts into vigorous life, as the capital to start it and the hands to keep it going are found. The enormous amount of gold which the Australian colonies have found made their progress in this respect remarkably rapid; but the home supplies of money have also had an immense influence. What that supply has amounted to no one can say, because the private importations of emigrants cannot be even guessed at; but we may gather some notion of its magnitude from the capital of the numerous banks and other companies with English capital engaged in the Australian trade.

The capital involved in the banks of Australia and New Zealand—which may be considered of English origin—amounts to about 9,000,000*l.*, most of which has been found by this country; and besides this capital there are large deposits, and in some cases large reserves, portions of which may fairly be assumed to come from English pockets. The banks are not all, either. There are large numbers of mining adventures and agricultural companies, whose money, furnished by English investors, is employed either in lending upon mortgage or in developing property under direct English management. The finance companies, in particular, have not their capital merely, but also large deposits, all drawn from home, and employed in loans to squatters or farmers at higher rates of interest than could be got in the mother-country. By this means land is bought and, apparently, paid for; and by this means farms are stocked, produce raised, and the whole machinery of trade put in motion. The work done is most necessary and valuable; but the statistics of progress and wealth which the colonial budgets are founded on may well, under such a system, be most misleading. I am unable to give an exact statement of the amount of English money thus invested in the farming and mining of Australia and New Zealand, but the paid-up capital alone of the finance and loan companies amounts to over 3,000,000*l.*, and it is a moderate estimate which places the deposits borrowed on the uncalled portion of the capital of many of these companies at another 5,000,000*l.* Add another 2,000,000*l.*, which is within the mark, as investments in mines, and we have a very respectable total of more than 19,000,000*l.*—say, in round figures at 20,000,000*l.*—as the lent English money actively embarked in the internal development of the Australasian colonies. Were we to add private fortunes carried to the colonies, as well as English investments in strictly colonial companies, this total would be probably quite three times that amount, but I wish to avoid any appearance of exaggeration. Even this total reveals a good deal regarding Australian progress, as well as of the source whence England draws so much of her wealth. Mere trade figures do not show nearly all her gains, and trade figures alone ought not, therefore, to be dwelt upon as an exclusive sign of the good which she reaps from her possessions. By a table published in the last emigration papers, I find that, between 1848 and 1876 inclusive, emigrants to the colonies and the United States are estimated to have remitted to their friends no less than about 19,800,000*l.* in money, all of which did, in one shape or other, good to the trade of the mother-country. That again takes no ac-

count of the fortunes brought home by returned emigrants from all parts of the globe, or in part re-invested in the enterprises of the country in which they were originally won. In all these ways England gains by the prosperity of her colonies, and in one sense the more she lends them, the greater her tribute in return, whether their direct exchange of goods with her increases or not. All I deprecate is the lavish mortgaging of the resources of the State or community as such by heavy borrowings. Money is best risked on private account, and the states of Australia and New Zealand are too new to have laid on themselves the load which most of them carry. This I say bearing in mind fully the wise provisions which they have all more or less made for the repayment of debt, because I deem these in themselves something of a snare, inducing more and more outlay in the faith that one day all will come round, and that the community will ultimately have as it were for nothing what it pays so dearly for now.

The outflow of capital from the mother-country to the colonies is thus, in several ways, at once a chief source of her gain and main danger of the future. Their lavishness will produce miserable reaction, the sufferings of which will recoil on this country as well as on the colonists. The position of the settlements we have briefly looked at is therefore rather a chequered one. We cannot say with surety what their future may be. All of them have difficulties before them, and though I think the Australian colonies, with one or two exceptions, much better off than Canada, and rather more prosperous than South Africa, I yet cannot say that any of them will make the startling advances in the future which the generation passing away has witnessed. Yet the greatness of some amongst them seems secured, and so long as they are peopled by an English-speaking race, their union with the old country must be intimate in a mercantile sense, and the good they do her will in the main far exceed the evil. We shall in the next few years, perhaps, see our trade with Australasia both shrink considerably and shift in character; but it will still be in the aggregate a great trade; and if the colonies there would but unite in one, the field they would offer to the old country for emigration, for capital and enterprise of every kind, is such as North America alone could rival.

A. J. W.

AN OLD GERMAN POEM AND A VEDIC HYMN.

By Karl Blind.

I

In Upper Bavaria, in a country rich in beautiful rock and lake scenery, a remarkable monument was raised a short time ago; commemorating the oldest literary record of Teutonic speech in Southern Germany. It is the so-called 'Wessobrunn Prayer,' a semi-heathen, semi-Christian creation song, which has thus been perpetuated by a public structure. The monument consists of one of those erratic blocks that may once have been imbedded in the Ortler peak, and which, pushed forward by glacier action, now lie scattered profusely over a romantic spot of German Alpine land. Moved with great difficulty to the commemoration place, a colossal stone of this kind serves at present as a tablet; showing the ancient cosmogonic hymn as an inscription in bold Gothic letters.

The 'Prayer' is a bit of poetry in the Teutonic staff-rhyme—such as we find it in the fragments of the Hildebrand Lay and the Muspilli Song; in Otfrid's Gospel Harmony; in the Heliand; in Beowulf; in Piers Plowman and other ancient English poems; in the Edda, and so forth. To call the staff-rhyme 'Teutonic,' of course only means that the alliterative form was worked out, so far as our knowledge reaches, into a perfect system among the Germanic nations. Remarkable traces of alliteration exist also in early Indian and Greek poetry. Even stronger vestiges, indicating the consciousness of clear rules, are to be met with in Latin literature. But among the Teutons, the staff-rhyme was elaborated most fully. Their songs were bound by it in rhythmic fetters of great regularity and firmness.

Found in the Benedictine cloister of Wessobrunn, where it had been preserved amidst a number of Latin pieces, the valuable manuscript of the 'Prayer' is now in the Central Library of Munich. It probably dates from the eighth century of our era. The writer, or copyist, was a monk of the Cloister of the Three Holy Bournes or Fountains. In all likelihood, this monastic establishment had been set up on ground that once had served as a heathen place of worship; dedicated to the three Sisters of Fate, who were said to dwell at a fountain near the roots of the World-Tree. Indeed, by a strange piece of good luck, there has been discovered, in the neighbourhood, a rudely sculptured three-headed image, which is interpreted as an effigy of the German Nornes.

In folk-lore yet current in various parts of our country, three fays, or sisters of fate, are spoken of under the names of Wilbet, Worbet, and Ainbet. In but slightly differing versions, the tale is the same in the Tirol, in Bavaria, in Alsace, and Rhenish Hesse. The meaning of the names mentioned is not quite fixed. Probably there is an allusion, in them, to the well-disposed (Wil-bet) nature of a fay representing the Past; to the warring or worrying (Wor-bet) troubles of the Present; and to the terrors (Ainbet = Aginbet) of the Future. At any rate, so convinced are some German archæologists of the character of the sculptured image which came to light near the Cloister of the Three Holy Bournes, that they have catalogued it under the name of those fays.

The central head on the slab seems to be bearded; and this has puzzled some of the interpreters. They

fancied that what appeared to be like a beard, might after all be the hair of one of the fays, tied round the chin. I would, on the contrary, submit that if the image is really to be taken as a representation of the German Nornes, the beard would quite fit in with the description of the semi-masculine nature of the witches in *Macbeth*—'weird' sisters also, whose name, as mentioned in a previous essay, arose from that of one of the Nornes: Urd, or Wurd.

Says Banquo:

How far is't call'd to Fores? What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? Or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

It strikes me as noteworthy, I may remark by-the-by, that, in the greater part of the scene between Macbeth, Banquo, and the Witches, Shakspere uses the most regular alliteration. Not only does this add powerfully to the archaic impressiveness and awe; but it also seems to bring the form and figure of the bearded Sisters of Fate more closely within the circle of the Northern, Teutonic, idea.

But to go back to the Wessobrunn Poem. If the surroundings of the place where it was found, apparently bear the traces of heathendom, the same is to be said also—in part, at least—of the mode of writing adopted in the manuscript. When a copy of the 'Prayer' was first published in last century, nobody knew what to make of some curious marks in it. One of them looked like a Greek digamma turned to the left; another like a cross. The wise theory was started that the monk who had written the Song, had, at those places, made the sign of the cross over himself. However, what then seemed to be an inverted digamma is fully explained now as an old abbreviation of the word 'ent' (and). The cross, on its part, is now recognised as a runic hagol, used for the syllable 'ga'. It is not a chrismon; not a Christian cross—but a rune. A letter of the pre-Christian Teutonic alphabet thus stands, at several places in the manuscript of the Prayer, as a strange pagan relic.

The text itself bears the strongest marks of the same kind. In Grimm's opinion, it is far from being a bold supposition to believe that this Old German poem does not contain a Christian picture of the Creation, but that its writer had a heathen poem—dating from the time of Woden worship — either before him, or in his thoughts and remembrance. Massmann, another good authority, shares Grimm's view. He thinks the Prayer was written down by 'a brand-new convert, whose head was yet full of the inherited heathen recollections,' and that in truth we have here the work of a previous pagan poet, which the later monkish writer rewrought in his own way from hearsay and still current folk-songs.

This opinion was only combated by Wackernagel. But though Wackernagel's merits on the field of philology are undoubted, the well-known theological bent and bias of his mind render him an unsafe guide on such a question. At all events, the view now held by well-nigh the totality of those competent to judge, is to the effect that the writer of the Wessobrunn poem mainly transcribed a fragment of an Old German cosmogonic song: tacking to it a few words of his own creed.

II

At the end of a previous essay—on *The Teutonic Tree of Existence*—

I referred to this Wessobrunn Prayer in the following words:

> To suppose that the Germanic Ash-Tree had an early Aryan prototype, and that myths referring to such a tree had their counterpart in Greek, Persian, Indian, even Hebrew and Chaldean legends, is certainly not going against the ordinary rules of mythological evidence. Were it otherwise, the credit would be all the higher for that Teutonic race, of which a Roman Emperor said that 'their bodies are great, but their souls are even greater,' to have worked out the idea of a Tree of Existence in so comprehensive a form. But any one who will compare the Old German Wessobrunn Prayer with a well-known cosmogonic passage in the Edda, and again with similar classic, Persian, Vedic, and even Assyrian and Chaldean texts, in which the most striking concordance of thoughts and expressions occurs, will scarcely feel warranted to join in a doubt.

This special reference I will now illustrate.

Before doing so, I may premise here that the points of contact between the Hindoo and the Germanic creed are frequent and undeniable. They partly come out, even to this day, in German children's games which are the last poor remnants of religious ceremonies and rude dramatic representations, once performed, sung, and danced by Teutonic priests in the primæval forests of Northern Europe, or, earlier still, on the green hills between the Caspian Sea and the Punjaub. Many divine and semi-divine figures of the Germanic system of faith are clearly traceable to beliefs once commonly held by Aryan tribes before their separation.

In not a few Eddic conceptions, as well as in German folk-lore, there is, moreover, a peculiar tone of fantastic jugglery, given out in a mocking vein, which strangely reminds us of farther Asia. The multiform incarnations of Odin; the puzzling number of *aliases* in which he and others of the heavenly circle indulge; the mystic mirage which throws misleading reflexes of divine forms in all directions, and then suddenly vanishes: all this looks remarkably Indian or Asiatic. It may be difficult to ascertain whether the early Aryan was already that mixture of deep seriousness, and droll, occasionally ghastly, humour which characterises the Teutonic race. At all events, the Eddic Gods and heroes, and the sagas connected with them, are full of those apparently contradictory traits; and the same trait runs through Indian myths. It comes out again in our *Märchen*, the last popular, often boorish, version of once lofty mythological stories.

When we consider the gradual migration of the Teutonic race from Asia into Gardariki (the present Russia); thence into Saxon-land (the present Germany); and then by sea to Sweden—a migration of which the Icelandic Heimskringla has preserved the tradition in a half fabulous and perhaps half historical form—we will wonder all the less at meeting with such striking points of contact between Asiatic and Germanic systems of faith. Nor can we be surprised to find that cosmogonic views, clothed in poetical garb, should here and there appear almost identical in the Teutonic and the old Vedic mythologies. With these few forewords, I proceed to a comparison of the Wessobrunn Prayer with various Creation Hymns of European and Asiatic antiquity.

III

THE following is the text of the Prayer, mainly founded, with a few exceptions, upon Massmann's copy. A metric staff-rhyme division is added:

Dat ga | fregin ih mit | firahim | firi wizzo meista:
Dat ero | ni was, | noh ufhimil;
Noh | paum, noh | pereg niwas;
Ni | (sterro) noh heinig, noh | sunna ni | scein;
Noh | mano ni liuhta, noh der | mareo seo—
Do dar ni | wiht ni | was, enteo ni | wenteo.

Enti do was der | eino | al mahtico cot,
| Manno | miltisto ; enti dar warun auh | manahe mit inan,
| Coot lihhe | geista enti | cot heilac.
Cot | almahtico, du | himil enti | erda gaworahtos.
Enti du | mannun so | manac coot forgapi :
For | gip mir in dino | ganada rehta | galaupa.
Enti cotan | willeon | wistom enti spahida,
(Tugida) *enti craft | tiuflun za widar stantanne.*
Enti arc za pi | wisanne, enti dinan willeon za ga | wurchanne.

I subjoin as close a translation as possible :

This I found, from men, as the foremost wisdom,
That neither earth there was, nor sky above;
Nor tree, nor hill there was.
Nor stars there were; nor shone the sun.
Nor moon-light there was, nor the salty sea.
Nothing there was: neither end, nor limit.
And there was the One Almighty God,
The mildest of men; and many were with them,
Godly Ghosts: and God the Holy.
God Almighty! Thou wroughtest Heaven and Earth;
And to men Thou gavest so much good.
Give me the right belief in Thy grace;
And a good will, wisdom, and also prudence;
Virtue wherewith to withstand the Devils,
To drive away Evil, and to work Thy will.

The question has been raised as to whether the six concluding lines of the Prayer are non-alliterative prose, forming a mere appendage of the Poem; or whether even they may, by a process of restoration, be brought within the staff-rhyme system. It is a moot point. Such a division of even those six last lines has, however, been made—together with a suggestion of two words having fallen out—as to clearly mark the staff-rhyme from beginning to end. I have endeavoured to preserve this in the translation. In the case of the word '*sterro*' (star), there is general agreement that the monkish writer or copyist must have accidentally left it out. The suggestion of the word '*tugida*' (doughtiness, virtue) towards the end, though very plausible, is more doubtful in its character.

The introductory line of the Prayer has quite the ring of an Old German or Norse epic beginning. '*Dat gafregin ih mit firahim firi wizzo meista*' ('This I found, from men, as the foremost wisdom') reminds us of the references, in the Nibelungen Lay, to the ancient tales from which the poet drew his knowledge. In the abrupt briefness of style peculiar to such traditionary lore, we are then told that, before the origin of things—

Neither earth there was, nor sky above;
Nor tree, nor hill there was.
Nor stars there were; nor shone the sun.
Nor moon-light there was, nor the salty sea.
Nothing there was: neither end, nor limit.

So far, there can be no doubt of the heathen origin of the poem. The verses and lines which follow, refer to the Creation. They are of a mixed pagan and Christian nature. They mention Sacred Spirits—literally, 'Godly Ghosts' (*cootlihhe geista*)—that were at that time with the Creator. The words '*mit inan*' (with them), in the eighth line, suddenly throw the Creator himself into the plural! A polytheistic notion decidedly crops up here.

Instead of '*mit inan*,' Massmann suggests: '*mit-man*.' In that case, those Sacred Spirits would appear as the 'fellow-men' of the Creator. The Almighty himself is spoken of as 'the mildest, or most bountiful, of men, —(*almahtico cot, mannu miltisto*). This, too, is evidently a pagan phrase. It yet lingers to-day in the common German locution: '*Er lässt Gott einen guten Mann sein*.' The older language was full of such homely expressions. Thus in the 'Plaint' of the Nibelungen Lay, there occurs the designation: 'the heavenly Thane;'—not to mention even later phrases of the same kind, still in use at the time of the Reformation. Words, which afterwards only looked like a poetical image, had at first a strongly realistic anthropomorphic meaning.

Now, compare these passages of the Wessobrunn Poem, and their

half-heathen diction, with the Icelandic Völuspa!

There it is said that once was the age when there was—

No sand, nor sea; nor cooling waves;
No earth there was, nor sky above;
Only yawning abyss, and grass nowhere . .
The Sun knew not where a dwelling he had;
The Moon knew not what power she had.
The Stars knew not where they had a station.[1]

The resemblance between this introduction of the Eddic 'Prophetess Song' and the first lines of the Wessobrunn Prayer is all the greater, because, besides the perfect harmony in sense and general rendering, there is even a full conformity in a leading word. The 'sky above'—literally, the Up-Heaven—is in the Edda called *upphiminn*; in the Wessobrunn Poem *ufhimil*. Evidently the Icelandic and the Old German texts are referable to a common Teutonic tradition.

IV

FROM those records of Germany and of the northern Thule, let us turn to the southern countries of Europe. There we come, in Ovid's Metamorphoses, and in Hesiod's Theogony, upon verses curiously reminding us of corresponding passages in pagan or semi-pagan, Teutonic creation songs. Ovid[2] sings thus:

Ante mare et terras, et quod tegit omnia, cœlum,
Unus erat toto Naturæ vultus in orbe
Quem dixere Chaos; rudis indigestaque moles.

Hesiod[3] speaks of the '*οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὕπερθεν*' (the broad heaven above) in a passage which mentions the creation of the Gods and of the Earth, out of the original Chaos, in a manner resembling very much the Germanic view of the rise of the Universe. This assumption of an elementary chaotic matter, from which Titans and Deities come forth, who have to struggle against each other, is common to a great many religions that are traceable to the same origin. In the case of each separate race, the idea is worked out with special imagery. But now and then we detect a characteristic remnant of the ancient identity of the conception—an identity occasionally extending to the very words. This community of the sources of thought must be kept in mind, in order not to make us fall into the mistake of tracing a Teutonic passage from a Latin or Greek original, instead of referring them all to an older Asiatic origin.

Another danger has to be guarded against; and it is this. Too much must not be made of merely apparent resemblances, where the sound rather than the sense allows of any comparison being made. As a surprising instance of such similarity of sound, an Orphic creation song has been pointed out, which speaks of the—

Αἰθὴρ καὶ μέγα χάσμα πελώριον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα

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[1] In the Poetical Edda, the verse runs thus:

'Once was the age, *when Ymir lived*:
No sand nor sea was then; nor cooling waves;
No earth there was, nor sky above . . . . .

In the Younger Edda, however, a quotation from the Völuspa, inserted in the prose text, gives the first line in this way:—

'Once was the age, *when All was not.*'

The latter version comes closer to a Vedic hymn, to which afterwards reference will have to be made. Yet it may be doubted whether the words 'Once was the age, when Ymir lived,' are not the older text; seeing that Ymir, the hoary Frost Giant, represents an original Chaos, and an eternity of Matter, quite in keeping with the general train of Germanic thought. The absolute, unthinkable Nought was perhaps an abstraction which those Teutonic races were not able to form, or against which, at least, the mind of the mass rebelled.

[2] Metamorphoses, 5-7. [3] Theogony, 110.

No doubt we have here the 'great chasm,' the yawning gulf or gap, of the Edda. And in sound, though not in meaning, the '*entha kai entha*' of the Orphic hymn comes close to the '*enteo ni wenteo*' of the Wessobrunn poem! Now, it is certain that the Thrakians, that martial, musical, highly-gifted, and withal Bacchanalian race, among whom the Orphic cult arose, were a Getic, Gothic, Germanic people. They were only half-Greek by contact; they were not Greek by race. They belonged to the great Teutonic stock. A careful comparison of ancient writers—from Herodotos to Claudianus and Jornandes—has proved this beyond the possibility of cavil. I think I have found in the very name and mythic origin of the golden-harped Thrakian singer a fresh link of this Teutonic connection; but this is a point I will not treat here. The idea that stray bits of the dogmas attributed to the Orphic circle may be found in Germanic mythology, is, at any rate, not altogether to be rejected. Still, to assume that the '*enteo ni wenteo*' might be a faint echo, in sing-song manner, and with the gradual change of meaning sometimes occurring in similar cases, of the Greco-Thrakian '*entha kai entha*,' is a hypothesis scarcely bearing discussion. Not the slightest argument can be built upon it.

V

THE ground becomes clearer again when we seek for parallels between the Teutonic creation stories and those of Asia.

If we turn to the Persian system of faith, we hear of an epoch when there was no heaven, no water, nor earth, nor trees;—only the Word of Life and Motion did exist. But more striking is the affinity of the Germanic accounts with the Babylonian creation legend, as read in a clay-tablet by Mr. George Smith. In the description of the Void, or Chaos, it is there said:

1. When, above, were not raised the heavens:
2. And below on the earth a plant had not grown up;
3. The Abyss also had not broken open their boundaries:
4. The Chaos (or Water) Tiamat (the Sea) was the producing mother of all of them.
5. Those waters at the beginning were ordained; but
6. A tree had not grown, a flower had not unfolded.
7. When the Gods had not sprung up any of them;
8. A plant had not grown, and order did not exist.

This—as Mr. George Smith has remarked[4]—corresponds to the first verses of the first chapter of Genesis. In the lines which follow in the Chaldean account, demi-gods, as well as great Gods, are mentioned. So far as can be judged from the mutilated tablets, the demi-gods seem to have helped in the creation. This would fit in with the doctrine of some Fathers of the Church, as regards the first function of the Angels—a doctrine founded by them on Genesis i. 26; iii. 24; and Job xxxviii. 7. In a certain sense it is also in keeping with what the Edda says of the 'Sons of *Bör*,'[5] who are preceded by a creative Giant Being, of vaster form than they themselves are, and who compose the world out of his limbs. Again, the part apparently attributed to the demi-gods of the Chaldean myth corresponds to that of the Sacred Spirits, or Godly Ghosts, of the Wessobrunn Song.

Remarkably enough, the Babylonian or Chaldean creation-legend calls the Ocean, or Water, 'the producing mother' of everything. This view is contained not only in

[4] *The Chaldean Account of Genesis.* By George Smith. London: 1876.
[5] *Völuspa*, 4.

Hellenic systems of faith, and practically also in Genesis (i. 2); but the Edda, too, places 'sand and sea and cooling waves' before the earth and the sky and the vegetation, when enumerating the things that at first were *not*. From this may be concluded that, in the Germanic creation theory also, Water, or the Ocean, came first. At least, so it must have been in the Vana creed, or Water Religion, which was afterwards merged in the Asa creed—perhaps a Fire Religion—by means of a compromise which it was said had been concluded after a fierce battle.

VI

AGAIN, an extraordinary coincidence is met with between the sayings of the Edda and of early Indian literature, in regard to the Origin of Things. I pass by that well-known description of a period when 'there was only Narain—neither Brahma there was, nor Vishnu, nor Maha Deva; nor Water, Fire, Time, Moon, or Heaven.' A closer point of comparison is offered by the 129th Song of the Rig-Veda (x.). This hymn seems to contain, even in the literal wording of one or two passages, a most remarkable trace of the intimate connection between the ancient Vedic and the later Eddic views.

The Hymn—of which English, French, and German translations may be seen in Colebrooke, Muir, Max Müller, Langlois, and in the *Siebenzig Lieder des Rigveda*, by Geldner and Kägi—is one of the profoundest in philosophical speculation. Though of a less high age than other Vedic songs, it is allowable to suppose that remnants of earlier lays are preserved in it. Perhaps it went, before it took its present shape, through stages similar to those through which the great Greek and German epics passed. It is certainly antique enough to make many a modern thinker, who will not reck of the older thoughts of mankind, break out into wonder that the author of that hymn, in singing of the creation mystery, should already speak of an Evolution! The very word, which means 'Evolution,' is in the Sanskrit text. For all that, the author, with befitting modesty, declares it to be impossible to fathom the impenetrable secret of the Beginnings of Life.

In the translation of this Hymn I have alternately followed the different versions. The first passages describe an absolute state of unthinkable Nought, scarcely to be rendered by any form of language. The Vedic poet says:

1. Non-being was not, nor was there Being then; *nor was there air, nor any sky beyond.* What shut it in? Where was the cover of what? Was it Water? *was it the yawning gap?*[6]

2. Death was not, nor Deathlessness then; nor of night and day was there distinction. . . . .

3. Darkness was; by Darkness hidden in the beginning, an undistinguishable Sea, was this Universe. . . . .

The Hymn speaks, in verses 2 and 3, of a mysterious 'That One'—a neuter and abstract expression—as having been the shadowy origin of things. In the contradictory terms in which Indian philosophy likes to dress these world-riddles, or cosmic enigmas, the poet says:—'Without breath, there breathed That One, by its own self-power. Besides it, there was nothing, whatever afterwards was.' Again:—'The Void was enveloped in Nothingness, until That One arose from the Darkness. Then Desire (Love) was first evolved, which became the first germ of Mind.'

[6] For this rendering of the last two sentences I have the authority of two Sanskrit scholars.

The Hymn further mentions Sage Beings, or 'wise men,' who, by the work of their intellect, succeeded in 'establishing the bonds between Being and Non-Being,' and by their creative power aided in raising the present order of things. These Sage Beings are evidently once more the Godly Ghosts, or cosmogonic deities, of the Wessobrunn Poem—the demi-gods of the Babylonian and other legends.

But the Vedic account is, of all mythologies, the least pretentious; for it confesses in verses 6 and 8:—'Who, indeed, knows; who here can declare, whence sprang, whence came, this Evolution? The Gods themselves arose through its development! Who then knows whence it came into Being?' Even the strange question is started—'whether that Evolution caused itself, or not.' Finally the author indicates the utter impossibility of a solution.

On pondering repeatedly over this early piece of Indian thought, it struck me that the dark and deep chasm, or yawning gap, mentioned in the first verse, might perchance be spoken of, in the Vedic original, in words almost identical with the Eddic text. A comparison has verified this surmise. The Eddic *gap ginnunga* is, in Sanskrit, *gahanam gabhîram.*

Professor E. P. Evans, who has worked zealously also on the field of Germanistic studies, and to whose kindness I owe two versions of the Vedic song quoted — a strictly literal, interlinear translation; and a freer one—thinks that the first word in '*gahanam gabhîram,*' meaning deep, or a depth, abyss, may be connected with the German *gäh* or *jäh* and the English *yawn.* 'The second word'—he writes—'has a kindred signification, but implies rather "deep-toned," "hollow," or "mysterious." Both words could be rendered "a yawning gulf," or abyss, or "a fathomless *gap.*"' His opinion of the important etymological connection between *ginnunga gap* and *gahanam gabhîram* has been confirmed to me by other Sanskrit scholars.

So literal a coincidence, in a striking word conveying an important idea—added to the general concordance of thoughts and expressions—renders the similarity between the descriptions of the Icelandic Song and the Indian Hymn all the more impressive. It seems to me noteworthy also that, in the Vedic Hymn, Water is mentioned first in the order of Elementary Being. This, too, accords with the Völuspa. It also tallies with many Greek, Persian, Hebrew, and Babylonian terms which attribute to Water a permanent constitutive power, or make everything rise from the bosom of the Sea.

Thus, there is, in several respects, a clear line of connection—extending even, here and there, to an identity of words — between the Wessobrunn Prayer and the Eddic Hymn, as well as between both of them and the Roman, Hellenic, and early Aryan cosmogonic songs. With such a fact before us, it will appear all the more probable that a conception like that of the Teutonic Tree of Existence should also have had its prototype, though in a less developed form, among the creation myths of the race from which most European nations have sprung.

QUARTER SESSIONS IN DEVONSHIRE UNDER CHARLES II.

FROM ORIGINAL RECORDS.

By A. H. A. Hamilton.

THE records of Quarter Sessions are in one respect not unlike the records of geology. In that science we find certain fossils, like the nautilus, existing with little modification in a number of different formations. We find other fossils, like the ammonite, specially characteristic of certain formations, and very rare, or entirely absent, in others. So, in the county records, we find entries on certain subjects which are common to all, or at least to many, reigns. We find other entries which are so limited, or so nearly limited, to particular periods, that they may be considered characteristic of the reigns in which they occur, and may be as confidently referred to that time as the fossils of the geologist may be referred to his so-called epochs. Orders relating to bridges and settlements, and appeals in cases of affiliation, are common in every reign, from that of Queen Elizabeth to that of Queen Victoria. Entries respecting 'purveyance' and 'privy seals' distinguish the reign of the Virgin Queen. Prosecutions of 'Popish recusants' are most frequent under James I. The Civil War overshadows everything else in the reign of his son. Indictments for profaneness and immorality are characteristic of the Commonwealth. The entries which especially distinguish the reign of Charles II. are, as might be expected, of a very different character. They relate to the persecution of Protestant Nonconformists, and to the imposition of the hearth tax.

The Acts, however, which we shall find illustrated by these proceedings did not come into operation during the first two or three years after the Restoration. The first business was to undo as much as possible of what had been done by the preceding Government. While the authorities in London were occupied with hanging the surviving regicides, and digging up and insulting the bodies of the dead ones, and turning the officials of the late Government out of the public offices, the justices in Devon proceeded to take away the pensions of the unfortunate 'maimed soldiers' of the Parliament, and to bestow them upon those who had received their wounds in defence of the 'Royal Martyr,' to whose memory the new church at Plymouth was at this time dedicated.

In October 1660 the Court passed a resolution that no pensions should be paid without fresh certificates. A committee was appointed to take an account of the maimed soldiers, and, as it was neatly expressed on a subsequent occasion, 'to examine their indigency, impotency, and loyalty.'

At Epiphany the committee brought up a list of eighty-seven persons, who were to receive pensions amounting altogether to 241*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* At Easter fifty-six more were added. It is expressly mentioned that a maimed soldier of the time of Queen Elizabeth was to have his pension as before, as if there were anything wonderful in a pensioner living to receive his stipend for a period of sixty years.

The triumphant Cavaliers, in the midst of their gratitude to their old soldiers, preserved a more frugal mind than might have been expected.

The pensions very seldom amounted to as much as 4*l.* 10*s.* per annum, and sometimes did not exceed 1*l.* 10*s.* The average was scarcely 3*l.* All maimed soldiers were ordered to appear at the next Sessions, and to be examined by two 'chirurgeons.' The latter word is in one place spelt 'cureurgent,' which would not be a bad title for the medical profession to adopt.

Besides the surgeons' certificates it was necessary to produce 'certificates under their field officers' hands,' or other sufficient proof to satisfy the Court 'that they were maymed in his Ma^ty's service, and that they were never in armes against him,' and also certificates from two justices as to their character and poverty.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, the number of claimants was so great that it was found necessary to increase the rates. The rate for this purpose in the time of Charles I. had been 188*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.* It had been doubled in the time of the Long Parliament, and was now trebled, so that it amounted to 565*l.* 8*s.* Reference is made to a recent Act 'for the releiffe of poore and maymed officers and soldiers who have faithfully served his Matie and his Royall father in the late wars.' Even this rate was not found sufficient in 1664, but after that the expenditure seems to have declined.

A sum of 4*l.* was granted to Honor Deyman because her husband, 'at the tyme of the risinge of Colonell Penruddick,' was sent to gaol for twelve months, 'and afterwards sent beyond the seas, where he died.' This is a reminiscence of the abortive Royalist insurrection at Salisbury, and of Cromwell's transportations to Barbadoes. These last were so frequent as to produce a new verb—to *barbadoes* a man. Colonel Penruddock was beheaded at Exeter, May 16, 1655.

Jane Knott, widow of a 'leveten-ant' slain in the late King's service was presented with 5*l.* Grace Battishill, whose husband was a soldier, and 'was hanged for his loialty,' received 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Elizabeth Radford, widow of an ensign, was to have 20*s.* 'in full of all pensions.' A major had a pension of 4*l.* and 4*l.* gratuity. Captain Cockayne, 'formerly muster master of the county,' was allowed 8*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.* for arrears from November 30, 1642, to the surrender of Exeter in April 1646.

In 1664 it was mercifully provided that the maimed soldiers should no longer be obliged to come to Exeter to receive their pensions but might be paid by the constables. But mistakes would happen, and the Court was shocked to learn that four men had got pensions who had been wounded in serving against the King. But, as both parties were in the habit of pressing soldiers, it might have been argued that serving against the King was not a conclusive proof of disloyalty. In one case a maimed soldier was deprived of his pension 'because he went *voluntarily* into the Parliament service.'

The pensions seem in all cases to have been granted with reluctance and reduced rather than increased. Frequent orders were made for lists of maimed soldiers, and for their inspection. Although the number of applicants was increased by the Dutch war, we find the rates reduced by one-third part in 1674. The number of pensioners was at that time 203, and only 376*l.* was raised for them. The burden seems to have been gradually shifted on to the parishes. A pension of as little as 20*s.* was sometimes voted, and the unfortunate recipient commended to the overseers of his parish. A lieutenant got only 30*s.* In 1683 the justices went so far as to resolve that no maimed soldiers should have pensions until they had been relieved by their respective

arishes. From this time we hear ery little more of this subject, which had been at one time almost he chief business of Sessions.

The feelings which had proluced the restoration of monarchy prompted men to take a pleasure in recurring to the smallest details of the ancient order. The leaders of the Commonwealth had introduced the use of the vernacular language into the 'tortuous ungodly jungle of English law.' The officials of Charles II. restored the custom of employing what they were pleased to call Latin.

In July 1660 Sessions were said to be 'in the yeare of the raigne of our Soveraigne Lord Kinge Charles II. over England, &c., the twelveth.' But at Michaelmas the old Latin heading reappears.

Quarter Sessions were again 'sessio quarterialis,' and 'tenutus apud Castrum Exoniæ in et pro Comitatu predicto,' &c. Again the unhappy vagrant was informed that he was 'convict. essendi rogus incorrigibilis.' Again orders were made about 'fiat warrantum ad comprendum,' and offenders were again 'tradit. pro bene gerendo usque ad prox. Assisas.' Again they were indicted in this style: 'Quod vi et armis unum saccum valoris quatuor denar. et septem mensuras Avenarum (*Anglicè, pecks of oates*) valor quatuor solidorum, &c. &c., ad tunc et ibidem felonicè furat. fuit cepit et asportavit,' &c. &c.

When a farmer set his dog at a neighbour's cow, we find the fact translated into an indictment 'quod Thomas Mingo agricola apud Stokenham quendam Canem Molossum Anglicè *A Mastive Dogg* ad mordendum quandam vaccam pretii quatuor librarum de bonis et cattallis cujusdam Elianor Deary ad tunc et ibidem vi et armis illicite et malitiose excitavit persuasit et procuravit contra pacem dicti domini Regis nunc Coronam et dignitatem suas.'

Even when a dog bit a pig without having been 'excited, persuaded, and procured' to do so, his owner was indicted in this fashion: Thomas Stove 'quendam Canem Molossum (*Anglicè, one biting Mastive Dogg*) color *Dunne* (faucibus suis non ligatis) scienter malitiose et illicite habuit et custodivit et ad largum ire permisit. Qui quidem Canis Molossus quendam porcum pretii duodecim solidorum, &c.—ad tunc et ibidem, violenter et graviter incursavit et momordit, ac etiam in tanto lesit ita quod porcus præd. et alia averia præd. multipliciter deteriorat. devenerunt,' &c. &c.

It is time to turn to more important matters. When Mr. Pepys recorded in his diary the fact of his having been sworn a justice, he went on to say, 'With which honour I did find myself mightily pleased, though I am wholly ignorant in the duties of a justice of peace.' His cousin Thomas Pepys, being troubled with a conscience, confided to him that he was unwilling to be a justice, because he did not feel free to exercise punishment according to the Act against Quakers and other people for religion. 'Nor do he understand Latin, and so is not capable of the place as formerly, now all warrants do run in Latin.'

The two qualifications, then, esteemed necessary for a justice under Charles II. were intolerance and Latin. Of the latter we have seen a few specimens. Of the former it will not be difficult to give a sample.

The Conventicle Acts made it a crime for any five persons, not of the same household, to join in an act of religious worship differing from the forms of the Church of England. At first this crime seems to have been punishable only by imprisonment, and, for the third offence, by transportation. A subsequent Act enabled, or rather enjoined, every justice to inflict penalties, which were divided into three parts

—one-third to be paid to the King through the Court of Quarter Sessions, one-third to the poor of the parish in which the offence was committed, and one-third to the informer, or such persons as had been diligent and industrious in 'the discovery, dispersing, and punishing of the said conventicles.' Any person preaching in a conventicle incurred a penalty of 20*l.* for the first offence, and 40*l.* for the second. And if the preacher could not be caught, or was unable to pay, the sum due from him might be levied on any persons who were present. A single justice was authorised to convict. The only appeal allowed was to the Court of Quarter Sessions, and any offender appealing, and failing in his appeal, was to be condemned in treble costs. Justices were directed to break open any house where a conventicle was supposed to be held, and might call upon a military force to help them. The Act was to be 'construed most largely and beneficially for the suppressing of conventicles, and for the justification and encouragement of all persons to be employed in the execution thereof.' And any person neglecting to perform his duty in enforcing the Act was liable to a penalty amounting in the case of a constable or churchwarden to 5*l.*, and in the case of a justice of the peace to 100*l.*

The latter penalty does not seem to have been much needed. The justices were now almost all Cavaliers and Churchmen, many of whom had suffered for their political and religious opinions, and were only too eager to inflict similar sufferings on their vanquished foes. The Puritans had had their day, and had used their power with little reluctance or remorse. The Churchmen now had their innings, and were ready to play the same game with at least equal spirit.

As early as March 1661 the grand jury of Devon made a presentment desiring that the law might be put in force against Popish recusants, 'who, with the sectaries, *Tub Preachers*, Quakers, &c., are the most pernicious enemies and subtil underminers of the established religion.'

The offences for which persons were imprisoned or transported are seldom mentioned. We are therefore unable to judge from these records how many were punished for religion in that manner. But, under the Act imposing fines, one-third of every penalty was to be paid in at Quarter Sessions, and we thus have some record of the amounts collected by the active justices of the period.

In 1665 we only find that 'Roger Muckle, for being at a conventicle, was fyned x^{s}, wch he, refusing to pay, is com̄. for one moneth.' But soon afterwards the Act comes into full play. We have a 'conviction of conventiclers' given at full length, probably as a precedent. It relates to William Frade, tanner, Thomas Mapowder, gentleman, Samuel Sheeres, ironmonger, Westcote Doble, mercer, James Liverton, tanner, and William Harrison, tanner, all of the parish of Holsworthy, who were indicted for that they, on a certain Sunday, 'apud domum Manconalem cujusdam Thomæ Mapowder assemblaverunt et illicite congregaverunt et quilibet eorum assemblavit et illicite congregavit sub colore exercendæ religionis in alio modo quam allocatum est per liturgiam aut usum Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ contra pacem domini Regis nunc et contra formam statuti,' &c. &c. They were convicted and committed to gaol—Frade for one month, Mapowder and the others for ten weeks—unless they paid certain fines, varying from 5*l.* to 1*l.*

At the same Sessions we notice a list of unusually heavy fines. Daniel Northern was fined 100*l.*, Anthony King and Elizabeth May 500*l.* each,

Peter Oxenham, John Huish, and Christopher Pearse, 100 marks each. But the reason for imposing these penalties is not stated.

On another occasion twenty-three persons belonging to the city of Exeter were summoned for being at a conventicle in the house of Mr. Barton at Netherexe, in the county of Devon. Five persons living in the county were also summoned at the same time.

At Midsummer 1670 several magistrates brought into Court sums of money, being one-third part of the fines they had levied since the last Sessions upon persons present at assemblies, conventicles, or meetings.

At Michaelmas in the same year there is a long list of these cases, which may be taken as a specimen of many entries in subsequent Sessions.

George Reynell, Esq., paid in 9*l.*, being one-third of a sum of 27*l.* levied upon divers persons for being at a seditious conventicle in Kingsbridge.

Francis Fulford, Esq., paid in 13*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*, being one-third part of 41*l.* 15*s.* levied for a similar reason at Moreton Hampstead.

William Bastard, Esq., brought 13*s.* 4*d.* from the parish of Sherford.

John Tuckfield, Esq., brought 15*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* from persons meeting in the house of Catharine Northcote in Crediton.

Francis Drewe, Esq., brought 8*l.* 16*s.* from a conventicle held in the *parish church* of Sheldon.

The mayor of Dartmouth brought 11*s.* 8*d.*

Francis Drewe and William Walrond, Esqs., brought 5*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* from the parish of Halberton.

John Beare, Esq., brought 8*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* from the parish of Malborough.

Sir Thomas Hele, Bart., brought 10*s.* from Modbury.

The mayor of Bideford brought 7*l.* He had also imposed a fine of 20*l.* upon Sarah Dennis, but this conviction was reversed upon appeal—a very rare occurrence.

At Culmstock 5*l.* apiece was levied on several persons *for a preacher unknown*, and at Silverton 6*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* apiece for a similar reason; but these convictions were quashed because the preacher was not convicted.

Robert Collings, of Ottery, was fined 20*l.* for preaching in his own house, and 20*l.* more for permitting a conventicle to be holden there. He appealed to the Sessions, failed to get his sentence reversed, and was ordered to pay treble costs —amounting to 20*l.* more.

As all magistrates at this time were sworn champions of Church and King, an appeal to the Sessions was not a very hopeful undertaking; and as the treble costs were always inflicted, appeals soon ceased to be attempted.

A constable was fined 5*l.* for negligence in detecting a conventicle. We do not find that it was ever necessary to impose a penalty on any justice for his remissness in this business, but it is evident that some were far more active than others. One brought in as much as 28*l.* at a single Sessions. These proceedings go far to explain certain epitaphs of the period, wherein we find it recorded, among the other virtues of the deceased *Irenarcha*, that he was 'Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ vindex acerrimus.'

In 1661 Sampson Larke, refusing to take the oath of allegiance, was 'put out of the King's protection, and his lands, goods, and cattle forfeit to the King, and is imprisoned and ransomed at the King's will.' His name, being rather an uncommon one, attracted my attention, and I observe that he is entered in every calendar for ten years, as remaining in prison 'for *præmunire*.' It is probable that he was never liberated,

except by death. Several others remained nearly as long.

Two counsellors were to have 20*s.* each 'for their paines as counsel for his Matie against the Dissenters on several traverses.'

The county of Devon, like the rest of the country, was kept in a state of terror and excitement by rumours of plots and counterplots, Papists and Exclusionists, Oateses and Dangerfields. The feelings of the public are reflected in the proceedings of our Court.

At Epiphany 1681 the justices thought it right, 'as good Christians and faithful subjects,' to issue the following public order:

Forasmuch as religion is the foundation of civil government, and whilst faction and schism is allowed and permitted in the Church we can never expect peace and quiet in the State; and observing at this time (as we have heretofore by sad experience found) that those that dissent from us in our established religion, of what persuasion soever, though at seeming variance and difference among themselves, yet agree in their wicked attempts upon the Government and their traitorous plots and designs against the King's sacred Person—We therefore think ourselves obliged, in discharge of the trust reposed in us (as good Christians and faithful subjects), to put the laws effectually in execution against all Dissenters, whether Papists or Sectaries, and do unanimously resolve, agree, and order that the laws following through every division of this County shall be put in due execution.

Imprimis. We think the King's sacred Person (whom God long preserve) and the Government cannot be safe and secure unless all persons who are of due age be required to take the oath of allegiance. We therefore order and appoint that the oath of allegiance be duly tendered to all persons through every subdivision of this County, according to the statutes made in the third and seventh years of King James, and that all refusers be prosecuted as the said laws appoint.

Secondly. We order and appoint that the laws made in the first of Queen Elizabeth and the third of King James, requiring all persons of the age of sixteen years and upwards to resort to their parish church, and there to abide soberly and orderly during the whole time of Divine service, under the penalty of twelvepence for each neglect, &c., be duly put in execution. And the Justices are desired to meet in their several subdivisions of this County once every month to take the presentments of all head constables, petty constables, tithing men, churchwardens, and others, all which said several officers of the respective parishes they are to require to attend them and make true presentments of all absentees from church as aforesaid. And the Ministers, Parsons, and Curates of the respective parishes are desired to be aiding and assisting to the said parochial officers, and to inform the Justices if they shall observe any of them to be negligent or remiss in their duties.

Thirdly. And those whom this gentle discipline will not correct and reform, we do order and agree shall be prosecuted according to the directions of the statute made in the third year of King James, as recusants. And the said presentments, for as many months as they shall absent from church, shall in due form be returned into this Court, so as there may be such proceedings thereon as the law appoints. And those whom we find yet more incorrigible and dangerous we resolve to prosecute and punish according to the directions of a statute made in the thirty-fifth year of Queen Elizabeth, entitled an Act against Seditious Sectaries, &c.

Fourthly. Forasmuch as the great danger that at this time threatens the Government flows from Corporations and Boroughs, which are the Nests and Seminaries of faction and disloyalty, where, notwithstanding and in contempt of a law made in the seventeenth year of this King, entitled an Act to Prohibit Nonconformists from Inhabiting in Corporations, we find that in some of our boroughs and corporations in this County several of those dangerous and disloyal persons inhabit and reside, taking the same seditious methods they did in the late rebellion of drawing the people from their allegiance and duty—That we may therefore prevent the mischiefs that may flow from such practices, we order and agree that the aforesaid law be duly put in execution through every part of this County.

Fifthly. We likewise order and agree that a statute made in the two-and-twentieth year of this King, entitled an Act to Prevent and Suppress Seditious Conventicles, be carefully and duly put in execution. And all Constables, Churchwardens, and Overseers of the Poor, in whose parishes any such unlawful meetings shall be held, are to take notice that they give due information thereof to the next Justice of the Peace, so as they may be suppressed; otherwise the penalties in the Act mentioned will, with all severity, be inflicted on such of the said officers as shall be found negli-

gent or remiss in their duties. And, that faction may have no encouragement, we order and agree that all Churchwardens and Overseers of the Poor, that from and after the first day of March next ensuing, in their contribution to the poor, shall give and allow any relief to such as are able of body and not repair every Sunday to their parish church, and there abide soberly and orderly during the whole time of Divine service, no such contribution in the passing their account shall be allowed.

And that all people may have notice of this our Order, and avoid the punishments of the aforesaid laws by a regular conformity, charitably believing that some may be ignorantly misled, we desire that all Parsons, Vicars, Curates, of the respective parishes within this County, will, some Sunday before the said first day of March next, in their parish churches publish this our Order.

And we would have all men seriously consider the gentleness of our laws and the wonderful goodness and clemency of our present King, who, till provoked by unsufferable affronts and traitorous plots against his sacred Person, would not turn the edge of those laws towards his subjects, but try the effects of kindness and indulgence. But, to the eternal infamy of those people, he hath proved the experiment that not kindness, but the Rod and Discipline, must keep them within the bounds of duty and allegiance.

This order was signed by Arthur Northcote, Coplestone Bampfield, Peter Fortescue, John Rolle, and twenty-three others. Several persons were committed at these Sessions for *præmunire*, or refusing the oath of allegiance.

The disloyalty of corporations seems to have been deeply impressed on the minds of the justices. At one time it was the practice to adjourn Sessions to Clovelly, Dartington, Ermington, Stonehouse, Totnes, Ashburton, &c., and this was probably done to give people in various neighbourhoods an opportunity of taking the oath of allegiance. In 1681 it was resolved that Sessions should not be adjourned for taking the oath, 'except for loyal gentlemen, and not for any Corporations.'

An address was presented to his Majesty in 1681 by the justices, officers of militia, and free-holders of Devon. We have not the text of it, but no doubt it was about Nonconformists and 'Absenters,' as recusants were commonly called. John Lambert was indicted because he

illicite et injuriose dixit propagavit et asseruit hæc falsa scandalosa opprobriosa et seditiosa Anglicana verba sequentia, viz.: *They are all knaves or fooles that signed the Addresse* (humillimam aplicaconem prædictam innuendo). In manifestum contemptum dicti domini Regis, in magnam depravaconem et scandalizaconem præfat. justic. officiar. militiæ, liber. tenent. et al. person. præd. qui humillimam applicaconem præd. signaverunt et subscripserunt.

When the justices spoke of the 'wonderful goodness and clemency of our present King,' they were probably alluding to a letter which had been sent from the Council some years before:

After our hearty commendations. His Majesty's constant desire for the ease and happiness of his people having, amongst other things, put him upon enquiry into the gaols and prisons of this Kingdom, and having received information that in many of them there are objects as well fit for clemency as justice, both which he is willing to dispense in such manner as bold offenders may receive no encouragement, whilst his Majesty extends mercy to unwary and seduced persons whom there may be any hopes of reclaiming—His Majesty hath therefore, in order to his clearer information in this affair, thought fit to command us to write these our letters unto you the Justices of the Peace of the County of Devon, to be read at the next Quarter Sessions to be held for the said County, charging and requiring you to examine and certify unto this Board, at or before the 20th day of January next, the names, time, and causes of commitment of all such persons as shall then be in custody in any gaol or prison of that County, and particularly of that sort of people called *Quakers*, with your opinion concerning them respectively, who of them may be fit objects of his Majesty's mercy, and who are Ringleaders of faction in contempt of the laws; and hereof you are not to fail at the time aforesaid. And so we bid you farewell.

From the Court at Whitehall, the 10th day of December, 1667.

Your loving Friends,

GIL. CANT.	ARLINGTON,
LAUDERDAILL,	THO. INGRAM,
CARLISLE,	ANGLESBY.

LINDSEY,	BERKSHIRE,
BRIDGWATER,	WILL. MORICE,
CRAVEN,	W. COVENTRY,
CARBERY,	JOHN NICHOLAS.

We have here a list of the Council at this period. Most of them are mentioned by Pepys, and nine of them were present when he was called before 'a large Committee of the Council' on June 19, 1667.

The justices were so pleased with the effect produced by their order of 1681, that they proceeded in the same direction in the following year, being of opinion that the corporations within the county would be the better for their advice, and that the Dissenting preachers might probably like to know what they thought of them, and might enjoy a pun upon the word 'minister.'

Having found so good an effect of the order and resolutions agreed on last Sessions for the putting the laws in execution against Dissenters, it having wrought so great a reformation, and (in those parts of the County where it was observed) reduced most of those wandering people into the bosom of their mother Church, whom they had undutifully forsook, we are encouraged and resolve cheerfully to proceed in the method we have begun. And we hope all those whom his Majesty hath entrusted in the Commission of the Peace in this County will heartily concur with us, and show their zeal for our established religion and their love of the King in the punishing those people who have declared themselves enemies to both.

And though we will not take upon us to advise, yet we heartily recommend the putting those laws in execution to the Chief Magistrates within the several Corporations of this County, inasmuch as, unless that be done, we can never hope to reform the country. And we would desire you all, gentlemen, seriously to consider the great and more particular obligations you have received from the King, who, upon his happy restoration, was graciously pleased to confirm to you all your ancient privileges, and hath since given you so many testimonies of his great grace and kindness as should raise you to the highest pitch of loyalty. And we hope (when you have throughly considered it) you will not think it agreeable with the rules of loyalty and gratitude to shelter and protect from justice any of those people who are professed enemies to the King and his Government, but will inflict such punishments on them as the laws direct. But, more particularly we desire you would deliver up to us those *ungrateful Monsters* (Nonconformist *Ministers*, we mean) who in the late rebellion preached up sedition and treason. And though the King, out of his wonderful grace and mercy, hath since been pleased to pardon them, yet we have reason to believe they take the same methods and endeavour to debauch the people with the same doctrines still.

Some ungrateful monsters had probably remarked that the Cavaliers were a drunken, dissipated, and swearing party, and that they were far more ready to fight for their Church than to be guided by the common precepts of Christian morality. Although nothing but virtue could flourish under a monarch who had issued a proclamation against vice and immorality, the justices were not, perhaps, free from some uneasiness in their consciences, and the rest of their order runs thus:—

And because it is a common objection that profaneness, debaucheries, and irreligion are countenanced or never punished by us (which yet those Zealots who raise this Scandal are as much guilty of, though they hide it under the Vizard of hypocrisy and of pretended sanctity) we declare that (according to the precepts of our religion, which teach us obedience, temperance, and the strictest rules of virtue, and according to the directions of his Majesty's Royal Proclamation, 1660) we will endeavour with as much zeal to suppress all profaneness and debauchery. And we do resolve, agree, and order that the several Laws following shall with all severity be put in execution in every part of the County.

We will with all diligence, according to the direction of the Statutes made in the One-and-Twentieth year of King James and Third of King Charles, punish all profane Swearers and Cursers, which give so great an offence to religion, and which we acknowledge to be the Common Sin of our Age. And because Disorderly Alehouses are most commonly the *rendezvous* of profane, debauched, and lewd persons—

We do therefore order and agree that all such Alehouse-keepers as shall permit or suffer any such profane or lewd persons to sit tippling in their houses shall be carefully suppressed in every part of the County. And we do resolve that in the licensing and allowing Alehouses we will strictly observe the directions of the Laws

made in the fifth year of King Edward the Sixth, and the first, fourth, and seventh of King James.

And we do further order and agree that no persons shall be permitted to keep Alehouses that shall not every Sunday repair to their parish church, and there abide orderly and soberly during the whole time of Divine Service, and shall not likewise produce a certificate that they have at least twice in the year last past received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the usage of the Church of England.

And we do further order and agree that at all our monthly meetings we will strictly require all Constables, Churchwardens, and Tithing Men to present unto us upon oath all Drunkards and such as shall remain tippling in Alehouses at unreasonable times, according to the Directions of the Laws made in the One-and-Twentieth and Fourth years of King James.

And we would have those Schismatical factious people who upbraid us with the countenancing debauchery and lewdness to look back upon the late times, and they will find it was their Schism and Rebellion which was prologued with such an entry as this too, which first weakened and at last broke down the banks of Government, and let in upon us a deluge of profaneness and irreligion; and though they call themselves now the Sober party, it is evident they take the same methods again, and would (if it were possible) bring us into the same confusion.

This order was signed by Edward Seymour, Coplestone Bampfylde, Arthur Northcote, H. Acland, and eleven others. The four whom I have mentioned bore the names of families known beyond the narrow limits of Devonshire. The representative of one of them is the present leader of the House of Commons. Another occupied a similar position two hundred years ago. We all know how Sir Edward Seymour of Berry Pomeroy, member for the city of Exeter, stands out in the brilliant picture of Macaulay, 'looking like what he was, the chief of a dissolute and high-spirited gentry, with the artificial ringlets clustering in fashionable profusion round his shoulders, and a mingled expression of voluptuousness and disdain in his eye and on his lip.' His eloquence, knowledge, and habits of business had caused him to be the first country gentleman who was elected to the chair of the House of Commons, a post that had been usually reserved for a trained lawyer. He was long the head of the Parliamentary party called the Western Alliance, and afterwards the leader of the whole Tory party. The order I have quoted, which was, in fact, a political manifesto, is in some respects characteristic of his fierce and haughty temper. If it was not written by his own hand, there can be little doubt that its terms were settled in accordance with his suggestions.

The orders of the Court at this period are somewhat long, yet it may perhaps be allowable to quote another. It is not without historical interest to know what a large body of country gentlemen thought of the state of public affairs at an important crisis. The discovery of the Rye House Plot in 1683 brought the rage and panic of the dominant party almost to a state of rabidity. The sectaries were denounced in language like that sometimes applied to the modern Turks, as the enemies of the human race. The laws were declared to be too gentle to admit of such creatures being dealt with according to their deserts. The justices were shocked to hear that people who were fined for not going to church were depraved enough to go there 'only to save their money,' and not to join heartily in the service. The holiest mystery of the Christian religion was degraded into a mere political test. The present generation can hardly realise the fact that it continued to be so used until the days of our fathers. The county record rooms are full of 'Sacramental Rolls'—certificates that soldiers and sailors, and persons of all ranks and degrees, had received the Sacrament according to the forms of the Church of England.

Here is the order of Michaelmas 1683:

We have been so abundantly convinced of the Seditious and rebellious practices of the Sectaries and *Phanaticks*, who through the course of above one hundred years since we were first infested with'em have scarce afforded this unhappy Kingdom any interval of rest from their horrid Treasons, as that we must esteem'em not only the open enemies of our established Government, but to all the common principles of Society and Humanity itself. Wherefore, that we may prevent their horrid conspiracies for the time to come, and secure (as much as in us lies) our most Gracious King and the Government from the fury and malice of'em, we resolve to put the severest of the Laws (which we find too easy and gentle unless enlivened by a vigorous execution) in force against'em.

First. We agree and resolve in every division of this County to require sufficient Sureties for the good Abearing and peaceable behaviour of all such as we may justly suspect, or that we can receive any credible Information against, that they have been at any Conventicles and unlawful meetings, or at any factious and seditious Clubs, or that have by any discourses discovered themselves to be disaffected to the present established Government either in Church or State, or that have been the authors or publishers of any Seditious Libels, or that shall not in all things duly conform themselves to the present established Government.

Secondly. Because we have a sort of false men and more perfidious than professed *Phanatiques*, who, either wanting courage to appear in their own shape or the better to bring about their treasonable designs, privately associate with and encourage the Seditious Clubs of the Sectaries, and with them plot heartily against the Government, and yet, that they may pass unsuspected, sometime appear in the church with a false show of Conformity, only to save their money and the better to serve their faction—That we may (if possible) distinguish and know all such dangerous enemies, we will strictly require all churchwardens and constables at all our monthly meetings to give us a full account of all such as do not every Sunday resort to their own parish Churches, and are not at the beginning of Divine Service, and do not behave themselves orderly and soberly there, observing all such decent Ceremonies as the laws enjoin; and that they likewise present unto us the names of all such as have not received the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in their own parish churches thrice in the year.

Thirdly. Being fully satisfied, as well by the clear evidence of the late *Horrid Plot*, as by our own long and sad experience, that the Nonconformist Preachers are the authors and fomenters of this pestilent faction, and the implacable enemies of the established Government, and to whom the execrable treasons which have had such dismal effects in this Kingdom are principally to be imputed, and who, by their present obstinate refusing to take and subscribe an Oath and Declaration that they do not hold it lawful to take up Arms against the King, and that they will not endeavour any alteration of Government either in Church or State, do necessarily enforce us to conclude that they are already to engage themselves (if not actually engaged) in some rebellious conspiracy against the King and to invade and subvert his Government—Wherefore we resolve in every parish of this County to leave strict Warrants in the hands of all Constables for the seizing of such persons. And as an encouragement to all officers and others that shall be instrumental in the apprehending of any of them so as they may be brought for justice, we will give and allow forty shillings as a reward for every Nonconformist Preacher that shall be so secured. And we resolve to prosecute them and all other such Dangerous Enemies to the Government, and Common Absenters from Church and frequenters of Conventicles, according to the directions of a law made in the five-and-thirtieth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, entitled an Act for the Keeping her Majesty's Subjects in due Obedience.

Lastly. That we may never forget the infinite mercies of Almighty God in the late wonderful deliverance of our gracious King and his Dearest Brother and all his Loyal Subjects (who were designed for a Massacre) from the horrid Conspiracy of the *Phanatiques* and their Accomplices, and that we may perpetuate as well our own thankfulness as their Infamy, that the Generations to come may know their treachery and avoid and never trust men of such principles more, and also that we ourselves may perform our public Duty to Almighty God before we enter upon the Public Service of our Country—We order, resolve, and agree, with the advice and concurrence of the Right Reverend Father in God our much-honoured and worthy Lord Bishop, to give and bestow for the beautifying of the Chapel in the Castle of Exon, and for the erecting of decent Seats there, Ten Pounds; and we will likewise give and continue Six Pounds to be paid yearly to anyone of the Church of Exon whom the said Lord Bishop shall appoint to read the Divine Service with the prayers lately appointed for the day of thanksgiving on the ninth of September last, and to preach a Sermon exhorting to

obedience in the said Chapel on the first day of every general quarter sessions of the Peace held in the said Castle, to begin precisely at eight of the clock in the morning.

And may the mercies of Heaven (which are infinite) always protect our religious and gracious King, his Dearest Brother, and every branch of that Royal Family, and may all the treasonable Conspiracies of those rebellious Schismaticks be always thus happily prevented.

It was scarcely complimentary to the Nonconformist preachers to offer as little as forty shillings a head for their apprehension. But surely it was not much more flattering to Church and King to vote ten pounds as a thank-offering to the former for the preservation of the latter, and at the same time to devote the said thank-offering to providing comfortable pews for the justices at the chapel in the Castle, which pews were also to serve as a perpetual monument of the infamy of the Dissenters. Nor were the justices disposed to rush into excessive extravagance when they allotted 6*l.* for four services and sermons on the duty of obedience. They made the most of this grant, and at each Sessions formally voted a sum of 30*s.* to one of the prebendaries 'for his excellent and *apposite* sermon preached this day at the Chappell in the Castle of Exon.'

If the Dissenters thought they were going to escape punishment by coming to church and squatting when they ought to have knelt, and sitting down when they ought to have stood, they were very much mistaken. The justices had their eyes on them, and were determined to make them 'serve God in the beauty of holiness.' If they brought a horse to the water, they were determined to make him drink.

Macaulay tells us that great numbers of persons who had been accustomed to frequent conventicles repaired to the parish churches; but 'it was remarked that the schismatics who had been terrified into this show of conformity might easily be distinguished by the difficulty which they had in finding out the collect, and by the awkward manner in which they bowed at the name of Jesus.' This statement is well illustrated by the following order:

The good effects which our former orders and resolutions have had, enforcing the Laws against Dissenters and suppressing factions in this County, doth encourage us to proceed till we have made, if it be possible, a thorough reformation according to the established Laws, and reduced all our Dissenters to a perfect conformity. And because we have received frequent Informations, as well from the respective Ministers as from the Churchwardens and Constables of the several parishes within this County, and also by our own observation, that although almost all our Sectaries do now resort to their parish churches, yet, as it appears by their rude and disorderly behaviour here, it is no kind of their duty, but only to save their money and avoid the penalty of the law, they behaving themselves with all imaginable irreverence and ill demeanour in time of Divine Service, contemning at once both the laws of God and man, and giving just offence to all devout Christians, and intimating by their rude Carriage that though they be enforced to come to church yet they scorn to communicate with us in our solemn offices of religion—We do therefore, by the advice and with the concurrence of the Right Reverend Father in God our much-honoured and worthy Lord Bishop, order and resolve in every division of this County strictly to require all Constables and Churchwardens carefully to present unto us at our monthly meeting all such as do not kneel at the prayers of the Church, stand up at the repeating of the Creed and in giving glory to the Blessed Trinity and at other hymns of the Church, and observe all other decent ceremonies as they are enjoined by the Rubric, which is allowed and confirmed by several statutes. And because we are afraid that some may offend through ignorance, not knowing their duty, we do therefore desire the Lord Bishop of this Diocese to admonish the respective ministers of every parish to instruct their parishioners either in their sermons or in catechising to understand the directions and orders of the Church, by which means in a short time we hope they will come to a sense of their duty, and we shall all of us with one accord serve God in the beauty of holiness.

This violent enforcement of con-

formity goes far towards explaining the cause of the enthusiasm with which the middle and lower classes of the West of England greeted the arrival of Monmouth in 1685, and of William of Orange in 1688.

Incumbents of parishes were required from the beginning of the reign to come into Court and take an oath of passive obedience. The form is given in the cases of the Rector of Denbury and the Rector of Woodley:

I, Richard Bickle, and I, Richard Binmore, doe sweare that it is not lawfull upon any pretence whatsoever to take armes against the Kinge, and that I doe abhorre that traiterous position of taking armes by his authority against his person or against those that are commissionated by him in pursuance of such commissions, and that I will not any time endeavour any alteracon of goverument either in Church or State.

Richard Saunders, clerk, formerly beneficed, 'and being lately taken preaching in the corporation of Tiverton,' and refusing to take the oath, was sent to prison for six months.

Richard Sparke, clerk, 'for depriving (depraving?) the Booke of Comon Praire,' was fined 100 marks, and 2*l.* for an assault.

Even the County Treasurer, a gentleman who had for many years done good service to the shire, and had been repeatedly complimented by the Court, and presented with sums of money in token of their approbation, was by no means safe from an accusation of nonconformity. At Michaelmas 1682 it appears that the Duke of Albemarle recommended John Hutchings, Esq., for the office of Treasurer in the room and place of Mr. Henry Fitzwilliams, who was 'charged for nonconformity and other neglects.' But a *locus pœnitentiæ* was left, and it was ordered that if Mr. Fitzwilliams did receive the Sacrament before the next Sessions at his own parish church, and did also prove that he had received it within twelve months before the present Sessions, he might be continued in his office, 'but otherwise to be discontinued.' This notice seems to have been disregarded, and at Epiphany in the following year a more formal and elaborate warning was recorded:

Informations being given unto this Court that Mr. Henry Fitzwilliams, Treasurer of the Stock of this County, hath heretofore and of late neglected to yield due obedience to the Laws and Statutes of this Kingdom in Causes Ecclesiastical—This Court doth think fit and order that if the said Mr. Henry Fitzwilliams shall not at the next General Sessions of the peace for the County prove his due and full conformity to the Laws and Statutes of this Realm by frequenting the ordinances of the Church by being usually present at the beginning of the Divine Service, and demeaning himself there as the Law directs, at his own Parish Church, and receiving the Sacrament, That then the said Mr. Henry Fitzwilliams do attend this Court at the said next Sessions with a full account of his receipts and disbursements, *to the end* the same may be adjusted, and *a more conformable person* placed in his room.

This order seems to have had its effect, for Mr. Fitzwilliams retained his office until his death in 1689.

MOLIÈRE.[1]

WHATEVER place we in England may give to Molière among the names great in French literature, there can be no doubt that in France his name is the most popular. His comedies are pictures of human life, at which people laugh now as they would have laughed two hundred years ago, and he wrote his plays to be acted in that theatre in Paris in which he was himself the principal actor and the chief manager. By degrees, as the story of his life becomes known to us, we learn to respect him, and to feel that he tried to do his best in the world, not only for himself, but also for others round about him. Let us look back and recall some of the incidents in his life, and in so doing try to get a sight of the man, and, if it be possible, to see in some measure what he was like.

Jean Baptiste Poquelin (who afterwards took the name of Molière) was born on the 15th of January, 1622, in his father's house in Paris, in the Rue St. Honoré—the house now numbered 96, at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré and the Rue Sauval, formerly the Rue des Vieilles Etuves. He was not christened Baptiste, but took the name afterwards to distinguish himself from a younger brother, also called Jean. His father, Jean Poquelin, was an upholsterer by trade, as his father had been before him; and Molière's mother, Marie Cressé, was the daughter of an upholsterer. Jean Poquelin and Marie Cressé were married in April 1621, and she, before her death in 1632, gave birth to many children. The baptismal registers of six of her children have been found, and it is probable that she also had two others. At Marie Poquelin's death, only four of her children survived her; Jean (Molière), another Jean, Nicolas, and Madeleine. She is represented to us as being a good, homely woman; and while she lived her husband's affairs went well with him. He dwelt in the same house where he had his shop; his rooms were well furnished, his business was good, and he was evidently a man whose position in life was easy and comfortable. The inventory made in January 1633 of the things in his house after his wife's death the year before, presents to us a very different picture from that shown by the inventory made in 1670, after his own death in 1669. In his latter years, as his business was falling away from him, either through his own fault or by ill-chance, he became morose in his disposition and parsimonious in his habits. Voltaire speaks of him as being a 'marchand fripier.' If there was ever any truth in this, it was not until after his wife's death; but Voltaire's assertion may be doubted. If Jean Poquelin in his latter years had become a miser, we may be very sure his son would not have given us Harpagon. A year after Marie Cressé's death he married Catherine Fleurette. She bore him two children, and died in November 1636.

Poquelin had intended that his eldest son should follow his own profession. In 1631 he bought from

[1] *Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Molière*, par J. Taschereau. Fifth Edition. Paris, 1863.

Recherches sur Molière et sur sa Famille, par E. Soulié. Paris, 1863.

Les Grands Ecrivains de la France—Œuvres de Molière, tomes i. ii. and iii. Par Eugène Despois.

his brother Nicolas the office of *tapissier-valet-de-chambre du Roi*; and the power which from this purchase he possessed of passing the appointment on to his son, made him wish that his son should succeed him. Years went on, during which the young Poquelin probably got some rough kind of education, and he also probably served as apprentice in his father's shop. His grandfather, Louis Cressé, liked him, and was fond of taking him to the theatre. The Hôtel de Bourgogne, then the principal theatre in Paris, was close to his father's house, and the lad was taken to the play oftener than his father thought good for him. It was in 1637 that Jean Poquelin obtained permission to transfer his office to his son; but the boy had become weary of the business. He wished to be educated, and begged his grandfather to intercede for him that he might leave an occupation that was distasteful to him. He was then sent to the Collége de Clermont, and there under the protection of the Jesuits he made rapid progress in his studies.

At the Collége de Clermont, Poquelin first began to read Terence, Plautus, and Lucretius. Terence was his favourite author, and we are told that he selected his writings as the most perfect model of composition. He made, probably at this time, a translation into blank verse of different parts of Lucretius, choosing the passages that pleased him most. Grimarest, Molière's first biographer, who wrote in 1705, says that the descriptive pieces were translated into verse, and the philosophical passages into prose. He goes on to say, speaking of the translation, that one day when Molière ordered his maid-servant to mend his wig, the girl took one of the manuscript sheets for curl papers, and that Molière, when he discovered this, flew into a rage and threw the rest of his translation into the fire. This has done very well as a story for Grimarest, but it is not true. Molière's translation of Lucretius, and seven of his unprinted comedies, were, after his death, sold by his widow for 1,500 livres to Thierry, the bookseller, who in 1682 published the first complete edition of the great dramatist's works. Thierry had wished to publish the different fragments of the translation, but thought afterwards that they were too strong in their bearing against the immortality of the soul. He therefore omitted them. All that remains to us now of Molière's translation of Lucretius is the speech of Eliante, in Act ii. sc. 5 of the *Misanthrope*, commencing by—

L'amour pour l'ordinaire est peu fait à ces lois,
Et l'on voit les amants vanter *toujours leur* choix.[2]

Young Poquelin left Clermont in 1639, and then went to Orleans and read philosophy under Gassendi. If we can believe the results told to us of his studies he must have applied himself to his work with a surprising ardour, or the tests of the work of the students of those days were easier than they are now. Probably the latter was the truth. Charles Perrault has left us an account of how he took his law degree at Orleans in 1651. He and two other young gentlemen bethought themselves one evening at ten o'clock that they would there and then get admitted as advocates. They knocked at the gate of the college, and made known their wishes to the porter. The porter asked them if they had their money ready, and on getting a satisfactory answer he went off to awaken the doctors whose duty it was to examine them. Three learned pun-

[2] Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, lib. iv. 1147—1164.

its then made their appearance, all wearing their nightcaps under their black square legal caps. In answer to a question one of the students answered: 'Matrimonium est legitima maris et fœminæ conjunctio individuam vitæ consuetudinem continens.' The doctors then took the fees, complimented the young men upon their learning, and a few days afterwards the three students were admitted as advocates. Poquelin's examination, for anything we know to the contrary, may not have been harder than Charles Perrault's. It is believed that he took his degree and was admitted as an advocate, or as we should say called to the bar, in the latter half of 1642.

But before this came an event of which mention should be made. On January 27, 1642, Louis XIII. started from Saint-Germain for the South of France, and he did not return until July 23 following. In the meantime he travelled about the province of Languedoc, accompanied by his suite, and young Poquelin followed the king as one of his dependants, his father having obtained for him the succession to his office of *tapissier-valet-de-chambre du Roi.*

It was after his return from this journey that Poquelin took his law degree at Orleans. He then came to Paris and tried to practise law, but he had no success. His heart was elsewhere engaged. When his grandfather took him as a little boy to the theatre to see Gaultier-Garguille, Gros-Guillaume, and Turlupin, then the principal farce actors, he was unconsciously inspiring him with a love for the profession which he afterwards chose, and which nothing could make him abandon. When Jean Poquelin first knew of his son's determination to leave the honourable profession of the law and to become an actor, he was much grieved. He used all the means in his power to dissuade him. He begged his friends to implore his son to change his resolution, authorising them to say that he promised to buy him any appointment, provided that it was not beyond his means. But it was to no purpose. The young man felt the fire that was in him, and he could not and would not quench it. On his return from Orleans he spent much of his time at the theatres, and probably took lessons from a famous Italian actor, Tiberio Fiurelli, popularly known as Scaramouche. He also became intimately acquainted with a small set of persons who, like himself, wished to set up a theatre and play before the public. In January 1643 he formally gave up all idea of maintaining his father's business, and apparently also of law practice. He abandoned the succession to the appointment of *tapissier-valet-de-chambre du Roi*, which his father had obtained for him in 1637, allowing it to pass on to his younger brother Jean. After his brother's death, however, in 1660, he again secured the appointment, finding that it would be of service to him. Before the end of 1643 he and his new comrades, the *enfants de famille*, as they were called, had bound themselves together under the title of the *Illustre Théâtre*. Amongst the actors there were four belonging to one family, Joseph, Louis, Madeleine, and Geneviève Béjard, all children of Joseph Béjard and Marie Hervé, his wife. At first they acted gratis, but very soon afterwards demanded a money payment. As professional actors the members of the *Illustre Théâtre* were not pecuniarily successful. They tried their fortune in three different situations in Paris, and were unlucky in all of them. Molière (for when he was launched into his new line of life he changed his name from Poquelin to that by which the world now knows him) very soon came to be considered as the head of the little troupe. He was not only their director, but

was also responsible for their debts. Consequently, upon two occasions when the troupe were unable to pay their way, he was most likely put into prison. The first time was because the actors owed Maître Antoine Fausser, a tallow chandler, 142 livres, and the second time was for 150 livres, due to one Dubourg, a linendraper. At least, he was certainly twice *condemned* to imprisonment; but at the utmost not more than twelve days could have passed between his first arrest and his final release.

After this the *Illustre Théâtre* thought they had better try what they could do in the provinces. It is probable that they continued their performances in Paris until the end of 1646, and that they started on their wanderings early in 1647. Speaking of this time, Le Boulanger de Chalussay, in his *Elomire hypocondre*, a satirical comedy against Molière, published in 1670, says:

L'on nous siffla d'abord, et, malgré mon caquet,
Il fallut derechef trousser notre paquet.
Piqué de cet affront, dont s'échauffa ma bile,
Nous prîmes la campagne, où la petite ville,
Admirant les talents de mon petit troupeau,
Protesta mille fois que rien n'était plus beau.
. . . . . .
Enfin, dix ans entiers coulèrent de la sorte,
Mais, au bout de ce temps, la troupe fut si forte,
Qu'avec raison je crus pouvoir, dedans Paris,
Me venger hautement de ses sanglants mépris.

Molière's little band of actors, we see, excited the admiration of the provincials; and on one occasion they proved themselves so strong as to oust a rival troupe who had been summoned to play before the Prince de Conti at his château near Pézenas. Their prices of admission were from five or six to twelve sous, or from twopence-halfpenny to sixpence of our money.

It is impossible to follow exactly the wanderings of the little family of actors through the provinces during the next eleven or twelve years. We know that Molière was at Nantes, at least from the 23rd to the 26th of April, 1648. He there met Charles Dufresne, the director of another troupe, who put himself and his company under Molière's guidance, so that the two troupes coalesced and became one. After Nantes, we think we can trace Molière at Agen in February 1649, then at Bordeaux, Toulouse, and at Narbonne in 1649–1650. In 1652 Molière was probably at Vienne, in Dauphiné; in 1653 he certainly was at Lyons, and the *Etourdi*, his earliest comedy in verse, is generally believed to have been first played at Lyons in 1653, though indeed it is very possible that it was not played until 1655. At the end of 1654 we find Molière at Montpellier, where the Prince de Conti had been sent to open the States. In 1655 Molière was a second time at Lyons, and in the winter of 1655–1656 he was again playing before the Prince de Conti, who was holding the States that year at Pézenas. About this time Molière had an offer made to him of the post of secretary to the Prince de Conti. He wished to appear not uncourteous to the Prince, but he could not leave his troupe. 'Ah, gentlemen,' said he to those that urged him to accept the offer, 'we ought not to misplace ourselves. If I can believe the public opinion, I am a tolerable author; but I might make a bad secretary. I amuse the Prince by the pieces that I play before him, and I should annoy him by serious work badly done. Do you think, too, that a misanthrope such as I, capricious even, if you like, can be of any use to a great man? My ways are not flexible enough for such domesticity. And, more than all that, what would become of these people that have come with me from so far? I should reproach myself if I were to abandon them.' After

leaving the Prince he wandered about, playing at Narbonne and at Montpellier, and the following year we know that he was at Béziers, for it was there towards the end of 1656 that he first played the *Dépit Amoureux*. Molière seems to have stayed at Béziers until the early part of 1657, and from there to have gone again—the third time—to Lyons. Here he gave two performances for the benefit of the poor, on February 19, 1657, and on June 11 following. In December of the same year we find him at Avignon. He passed the carnival of 1658 at Grenoble, and stayed there until after Easter. From Grenoble he went to Rouen, where he spent the summer. Leaving his troupe behind him at Rouen, Molière made different journeys to Paris, and through the influence of the Prince de Conti gained an audience of Monsieur—the king's brother. Monsieur was very gracious. He promised to take Molière and his troupe under his protection, and to give three hundred livres a year pension to each of the actors, which pension, however, was never paid. He introduced Molière to the king as the head of a company of actors, and at length the great comedian was gratified by being allowed to play before the Court on October 24, 1658. The performance was held in a large room used as a theatre in the Hôtel du Petit-Bourbon. Two pieces were chosen, Corneille's *Nicomède* and the *Docteur Amoureux*, one of Molière's own early farces. The success obtained by the latter play was perfect; and Molière was at once authorised to establish himself and his troupe at the Petit-Bourbon theatre.

The apprenticeship had been a long and an arduous one, not without its joys perhaps as well as its difficulties. The troupe went about from one town to another on horseback or muleback, two generally sitting on each beast. Molière, however, we are told, as director of the troupe, was allowed an entire animal for himself. It was during one of these journeys that he is supposed to have lost his valise with some of his early farces. The story is that going one day from Gignac to Montagnac his pack became unfastened and dropped from behind the saddle of his horse. Molière, as soon as he perceived his loss, turned back to make inquiries after his luggage, but to no purpose; it was gone. Some time afterwards, he was relating the event, and said: 'Comment voulez-vous qu'il en fût autrement? Je partais de Gignac, j'étais devant Brignac et j'allais à Montagnac en passant par Lavagnac; au milieu de tous ces *gnacs* ma valise était perdue.'

That Molière had composed several farces during his peregrinations before he came to Paris is certain, but they have now mostly been lost. Two, however, which fortunately were not in his valise—*La Jalousie du Barbouillé* and *Le Médecin Volant*—have been rescued, and since 1845 have been printed in complete editions of his works. In many of these early farces there is the same story or the same intrigue as we find in some of his lighter comedies. *Le Fagoteux* became *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*; a scene in *Gorgibus dans le Sac* was afterwards put into *Les Fourberies de Scapin*; and *La Jalousie du Barbouillé* was transformed into *George Dandin*.

We have seen that leave was given to Molière and to his troupe to play at the Petit-Bourbon theatre; and early in November 1658 they began their performances with Corneille's tragedies, but without much more good fortune than they had met with in Paris years before. Molière then tried his own two comedies, the *Etourdi*, and the *Dépit Amoureux*. These two plays brought the public to his house, and the success was complete. The *Etourdi* is certainly the best comedy that

had then been written in the French language, and it is easy to conceive the excitement of its representation. It is altogether a comedy of intrigue. Molière had formed his play very closely upon a former Italian comedy; the plot of the play is all Italian, except the *dénoûment*; the *dénoûment* is Molière's, and it is the worst part of the piece. But still the play is Molière's own, and could be no other's than his. The stratagems of Mascarille, his freshness and his vigour, startle and amaze one. His thorough good humour, and his anxiety that Lélie, his master, may succeed in obtaining the lovely slave, urge him on to the most hazardous enterprises. He devises half-a-dozen schemes which all, one after another, are in a fair way to succeed, until the blundering awkwardness of Lélie makes them abortive. He persists, nevertheless. His love of adventure is like the love of the chase, it will not allow him to be beaten. He not only has all our wishes, but he makes us as keen after the pursuit as he is himself, and in spite of his roguery he fairly forces out of us his own words:

Vivat Mascarillus fourbum imperator.

In the *Dépit Amoureux* there is a mixture of intrigue and the manners of real life, but the intrigue bears the largest proportion. What there is of character in the play is inferior to what we see in Molière's later works, and the action of the piece is not so lively nor stirring as in the *Etourdi*.

These two plays were both new to Paris, and they were constantly performed until Easter, 1659. Then occurred some changes in the composition of the troupe, of which two deserve special mention—the entrance of La Grange and of Du Croisy. Du Croisy afterwards undertook the important character of Tartuffe, and La Grange became the *jeune premier* of the troupe. He was a man much liked and esteemed by Molière, and he is now known to us by his famous Register, which was published for the first time by the Comédie Française in January 1876. The Register as now published contains a long prefatory memoir on La Grange, written by M. Thierry, the late administrator of the Comédie Française. This is a work of little interest to the general reader, but it is all important to the history of Molière's theatre. Indeed, without it such a history could never have been written. Its title is '*Extraict des Receptes et des Affaires de la Comédie depuis Pasques de l'année* 1659. Apartenant au S^r. De La Grange.' This was not an official register, but was written by the actor for his own use or amusement. It gives us the days on which Molière's theatre was open, the pieces played, the receipts taken, and the share coming to each actor out of such receipts. It also tells us in the same way what representations were made before the Court, and what were the performances of the troupe at the houses of the *grands seigneurs*. Events that concerned the troupe are recorded—such as the king's saying to Molière that he wished that the troupe should henceforward belong to him instead of to his brother, and promising 6,000 livres a year pension; the interdiction of the *Tartuffe*, and consequently the journey of La Grange and La Thorillière to Lille, where the king then was—which journey cost the troupe 1,000 livres; and the misconduct of Racine in changing suddenly the scene on which his *Alexandre* was played, a matter which greatly stirred the minds of the actors of those days. The most important passages of the Register have already been quoted by M. Taschereau and by other writers, and have long since ceased to be new to the world.

The *Précieuses Ridicules* was Molière's next play, written probably

in 1659, and a thorough examination of this piece would take us far into the history of the society of the time. It has long been a matter of dispute as to whether Molière meant to satirise the affected purism of the Hôtel de Rambouillet or to ridicule the manners of those who imitated it. Whichever his idea was, the attempt was a bold one. He probably intended to do both—to laugh at the purists and at their imitators, but to make the latter the general butt at which he aimed his shafts. Molière wished to draw an amusing caricature of certain people of the time; and his picture being a caricature resembled most closely those who carried on the affectation to an extreme. The defenders of the Hôtel maintain that the title of the play showed that Molière had no intention of attacking their institution. They urge a passage in the preface: 'aussi les véritables précieuses auraient tort de se piquer, lorsqu'on joue les ridicules qui les imitent mal.' They lay stress upon Madelon and Cathos being called 'deux pecques provinciales.' And they pretend to scorn the idea that Molière could have meant to portray Madame de Rambouillet and her friends under the guise of two under-bred women who are taken in by a sham marquis. The defence would be well enough, were it not that the same persons who are sometimes strong may also sometimes be very weak. The Hôtel de Rambouillet had its period of decadence as well as its period of glory—or rather of glorification. Catherine de Vivonne was married in the year 1600 to the Marquis de Rambouillet, and in the first decade of the century she built for herself a large house known as the Hôtel de Rambouillet, where the reunions used to take place. The court life was little to her taste; she disliked its gallantry and its licentiousness, and she wished to form for herself her own set of friends. By 1625 or 1630, her receptions had become famous, and their most brilliant days lasted until 1645. In that year her daughter, the celebrated Julie d'Angennes, was married to the Marquis de Montausier. Madame de Rambouillet then also lost her son, killed at Nordlingen, and as she retired from the world the society began to wane. Its prestige carried it on for some years, but the *éclat* was gone. The affectation and the pedantry increased, and other circles sprang up trying to model themselves upon the old Hôtel. Imitation nearly always springs from false ideas and from bad taste, and the imitators did not belie their nature in copying what was bad instead of what was good. The Femme Savante says:

> Quand sur une personne on prétend se régler,
> C'est par les beaux côtés qu'il lui faut ressembler.

It was in these later days that *préciosité* became the mode, and that ladies rejoiced in the title of *précieuse*. In Madame de Rambouillet's time the tone of manners had been simpler, though more severe. Purity of language and elegance of expression was with her much thought of, and none of her immediate admirers would have used the adverbs *terriblement*, *furieusement*, as we find them employed in Molière's comedy.

It was on November 18, 1659, that the *Précieuses Ridicules* was first played at the Hôtel du Petit-Bourbon, and the *beau-monde* of Paris was astonished to find itself so quizzed and made the laughing-stock of the town by one hitherto known only as the author of two plays in which the interest was merely of plot or incident. Molière himself was astonished at his own success. We can conceive his joy at hearing an old man in the pit of the theatre call out, 'Courage, Molière! Voilà la bonne comédie;' and we can imagine his heart beat-

ing as he says to himself, 'I need no longer study Plautus and Terence, nor gather fragments from Menander; I have only to observe the world.' The second representation was announced for November 21—for then the theatres used to play three times a week only—but the anger of the *précieuses* and of their friends had been roused, and the performance was interdicted. The interdiction, however, lasted for a few days only. On December 2 the piece reappeared, and during the next two years it had fifty-three representations!

The success of a new author is at first welcomed, but as his triumph increases he often finds that beside the friends who are willing to greet him arise critics who spare no pains to disparage his work. Satire, even in the hands of the most cautious satirist, is apt to be as injurious to its author as to its victim. Molière, hailed with delight as he was by the theatre-going townspeople, became odious to the class whose follies he had just exposed. He attacked also his rivals, the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and hence arose another quarrel, which a few years later became dangerous to him.

Molière's next play, *Sganarelle, ou Le Cocu Imaginaire*, was nearly as great a success as the *Précieuses Ridicules*. Then came *Don Garcie de Navarre, ou Le Prince Jaloux*, a failure, and the most complete failure that he ever incurred. He had here been ambitious, and wished to paint kings and queens with royal desires and royal passions. His troupe had been made to leave the Petit-Bourbon in October 1660, and go to the Palais Royal. They commenced their performances there on January 24, 1661, and on February 4 was first performed the unlucky *Don Garcie de Navarre*. It is certain that Molière had attached much importance to this play, and it is equally certain that the play was hissed off the stage. After seven representations it was withdrawn; and nearly three years later it was again tried and then performed twice only.

After *Don Garcie* Molière brought out *L'Ecole des Maris* and *Les Fâcheux*—both of which were successful, but I have hardly space here to record more than their success.

We must now come to Molière's marriage with Armande Béjard. Till M. Beffara, in 1821, published his pamphlet, *Dissertation sur Molière*, it was supposed that Armande was the daughter of Madeleine Béjard and the Comte de Modène—of that Madeleine, who with her two brothers and her sister Geneviève had belonged to the troupe who accompanied Molière through the provinces. As Madeleine had been supposed to be the poet's mistress, hence had arisen some bitter scandal. But M. Beffara's pamphlet, and M. Soulié's book, *Recherches sur Molière et sur sa Famille*, have set the matter at rest, and have proved that Armande was the legitimate daughter of Joseph Béjard and Marie Hervé. And M. Soulié is of opinion that Armande was born towards the end of 1642, or during the early part of 1643. Molière and she were married on February 20, 1662, and during the remaining eleven years of his life it would seem as if she did all that she could to make him unhappy. She was both extravagant and vain, she was a heartless coquette, and she was more than once unfaithful to her husband. All this we know, and many other of his married troubles; and we know also that he was still foolishly fond of her. Some of us may remember the lines in the *Misanthrope*:

J'ai beau voir les défauts, et j'ai beau l'en blâmer,
En dépit qu'on en ait, elle se fait aimer.

And also:

Et quoique avec ardeur je veuille vous haïr,
Trouvé-je un cœur en moi tout prêt à m'obéir?

It is impossible not to believe that Alceste and Célimène were unconscious portraits of the poet himself and of his wife. He had tried to live apart from her, seeing her only at the theatre—for after her marriage she became one of the troupe—but no real separation took place. He was unwilling to make public the quarrel between himself and his wife, and except when he was at Auteuil, where he had taken an apartment, they both lived in the same house in Paris, he in his rooms, and she in hers. With a man of Molière's loving nature, it was impossible but that his home should have been very wretched. Armande was pretty, and her manners were fascinating. Her portrait, we are told, is traced in the ninth scene of the third act of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*; and if Molière here pictured himself in the figure of Cléonte, it is not difficult to conceive the kind of life he and his wife led together. Unfortunately he could not carry out the magnanimous resolutions that at the end of the scene he proposes to himself. By his wife Molière had two sons and one daughter. The two boys died quite in their infancy. The girl, Esprit-Madeleine, born in 1665, lived; and in 1705, after her mother's death, married a M. de Montalant. They, however, had no children.

The *Ecole des Femmes*, first played on December 26, 1662, requires to be looked at, not only critically as a play and a poem, but morally, as teaching a new doctrine. It was a complement to the *Ecole des Maris*, and the two comedies show the broad and liberal ideas of Molière as to the bringing up of girls, and denounce the folly of those who would watch over them as they would guard a dog who had a propensity to steal. In the seventeenth century, as at present, good conduct on the part of girls could not be insured by locking them up, nor by keeping them in ignorance; and Molière knew then, though others around him probably did not, that they could be made neither virtuous nor happy by being taken from their nurseries and made to marry middle-aged men whom they had never seen. Isabelle finds means to escape from her keeper, and Agnès has wit enough of her own to elude the vigilance of her jealous tyrant. But in all this Molière was too far in advance of his age for his own comfort, and the success of the *Ecole des Femmes* produced a host of captious critics who were as incapable of judging the piece critically as they were of understanding it morally. Fault was found with the play because the scene was laid in an open street. It was said that too much of the story was told in narrative. Objection was taken to Arnolphe's sudden generosity in lending his purse to Horace, the young rival of whom he was unconscious. Ladies cried out against the indecencies of the play; and the men said to each other, ridiculing the supposed ignorance of Agnès, 'Tarte à la crème.' 'Y a-t-il assez de pommes en Normandie pour tarte à la crème?' Such were some of the ingenious judgments passed upon the new work. Blame of a more serious kind was also cast upon the poet. M. Bazin in his *Notes Historiques sur la Vie de Molière* remarks that from the first representation of the *Ecole des Femmes* dates the hostility of the clergy, and of the devout people towards Molière. The boiling caldrons, with which Arnolphe threatens Agnès should she be naughty, and the whiteness of the lily that he promises to her soul if she be good, and the ten *maximes du mariage* which he makes her read, seemed to these people as though the writer was too closely imitating

upon the stage the work of the priest, and too nearly following the language of the catechism and the confessional.

On the 1st of June, 1663, Molière answered his detractors by the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, a little sketch in one act in prose, in which with admirable tact and infinite humour he showed up the follies of those who sneered at him, and defended his play against both the silly and the hostile criticisms. I would strongly recommend this little comedy to the attention of those who have not yet read it. Molière here shows himself a dramatist as strongly as in any of his greater plays. The scene takes place in a lady's drawing-room, where half-a-dozen people are discussing the *Ecole des Femmes*, and the whole action of the play consists in the questionings and the replies. The opinions of each, and the rapidity with which they are given and taken, show distinctly the individuality of each personage, and form a wonderful exposition of dramatic art.

Then came the great battle between Molière and the Hôtel de Bourgogne, the rival theatre. An amusing and an instructive chapter of the quarrels of authors might be made out of the plays consequent upon the *Ecole des Femmes*. One Boursault thought that he recognised himself as Lycidas in Molière's *Critique*, and he replied by *Le Portrait du Peintre, ou la Contre-Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, performed at the Hôtel de Bourgogne in the autumn of 1663. Molière answered sharply by the *Impromptu de Versailles*, satirising the absurd declamation of the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Other pieces followed quickly from the opposite side, attacking Molière and his play. Their merit is small, but historically they are interesting as showing the tone of thought at the time, and the struggles with which Molière had to contend. Ordinary criticism Molière well knew how to bear. He had both enjoyed and profited by it; but his opponents trying to put him down on the score of irreligion, was felt by him to have exceeded the bounds of criticism, and he was enraged. A few days after the appearance of the *Ecole des Femmes*, while protestations were being made, and abuse scattered here and there, Boileau, then a young man, wrote and sent to its author his *Stances à M. Molière*. As these stanzas contain some graceful lines, I will venture to quote the following:

> En vain mille jaloux esprits,
> Molière, osent avec mépris
> Censurer ton plus bel ouvrage:
> Sa charmante naïveté
> S'en va pour jamais, d'âge en âge,
> Divertir la postérité.
> . . . . . .
> Laisse gronder tes envieux:
> Ils ont beau crier en tous lieux
> Qu'en vain tu charmes le vulgaire;
> Que tes vers n'ont rien de plaisant:
> Si tu savais un peu moins plaire
> Tu ne leur déplairais pas tant.

In *Don Juan* we have a delineation of character of which *Tartuffe* was the counterpart. Sganarelle, Don Juan's valet, horror-struck with the enormities of his master's wickednesses, exclaims, 'Un grand seigneur méchant homme est une terrible chose.' This is the keynote to a great part of the play. Sganarelle, a poor cowardly creature enough himself, and not endowed with any precise notions of right and wrong, has certain instinctive ideas of a man's duties, and of what he ought to believe. Don Juan is cast in a stronger mould. He believes, or affects to believe, in nothing — neither in God, nor in man, nor in devil. He lives simply to enjoy himself, and is not turned from his purpose by any wretchedness that he may cause to others. In the *Tartuffe*, instead of a simple villain we have an equally villainous hypocrite; instead of the open-handed ruffian we have the lying

knave, the pretender to devoutness.

Molière, as has been said, first roused the anger of the clergy against him by Arnolphe preaching to Agnès in the *Ecole des Femmes*; but the clerical anger then was as nothing to that caused by *Tartuffe*. In tracing the history of a people, it is extremely difficult to get at the sentiments of the masses. Except in very extraordinary times, the feelings of the middle classes are unknown to us, and each man can only form his own opinion from the observations he himself is able to make. What were the religious convictions of the French people at this time, we can hardly tell; there must have been strong feeling in favour of the priests, or Molière's play would hardly have become the mark for so much religious persecution. The *Tartuffe* had been interdicted for five years, and then at length, by the king's express permission, was allowed to be reproduced on the stage. Even then the clergy took Tartuffe to be an attack upon themselves personally. They could not but believe that as Molière had ridiculed other orders of men, he now meant to attack them, and they consequently spared no exertions to excite anger against him and against his play. Besides the clergy there were those who fancied themselves in the position of Orgon, and imagined that they were the dupes at whom ridicule was pointed. But Molière, we may suppose, was not at enmity with any special class. When he saw a man going about with a lie in his mouth, whether as a quack doctor or as a religious hypocrite, at that man he let loose the shafts of his satire.

There were none that Molière ridiculed so often as he did the doctors. He first satirises them in one of his early farces, the *Médecin Volant*, and his later plays, the *Amour Médecin*, the *Médecin Malgré Lui*, and the *Malade Imaginaire*, are specially directed against them. He is reported to have said once that a physician is a man that one pays to talk nonsense to the sick person until nature shall have cured him or the remedies shall have killed him. There was at that time much in the outward appearance of these men that made them grotesque. They always wore a long robe and a high hat, and they rode about from one part of Paris to another on a mule. Their language was for the most part so framed that their words were unintelligible to the uneducated, and they frequently used Latin words to express to the patient the nature of his malady. Molière himself was delicate in health and quick of temper; and it may be thought that in his attacks upon the doctors he was avenging some affront or injury done to himself. But there is no evidence of this.

His mother had died at the age of thirty-one, and he, the eldest of her children, and the one who lived the longest, was much troubled by the weakness of his chest. His friends had wished him to give up acting; and in the last year of his life Boileau said to him one day, 'Your health is gradually getting weaker. The profession of an actor is killing you. Why do you not give it up?' 'Alas! it is a point of honour for me,' replied Molière. 'And what point of honour can it be for you,' said Boileau, 'to smear your face with Sganarelle's moustache, and to come on the stage to be beaten with a stick? That is a nice point of honour for a philosopher, as you are.'

Molière's boldest attack upon the doctors was in the *Amour Médecin*, a little comedy in one act in which four of the court physicians were openly ridiculed; and this play was performed at Versailles before the king, who, we are told, was much amused by it. In the *Mariage Forcé* he has satirised two pedant doctors,

Pancrace and Marphurius. These men are both made ludicrous by their extravagant would-be subtleties. They mistake all the lessons of philosophy, and use words and arguments in a counter sense. The situation is made the more comic by their being consulted by Sganarelle as to whether he would do well to marry.

Here let us note, that in forming our estimate of Molière's works we should remember that he thought much more of the effect his plays produced on the stage than of their literary value when printed—as, indeed, did Shakespeare and our older English dramatists. As chief actor and principal manager of his theatre, it was more important for him to fill his house than to prepare editions of his works for people to read after his death—in respect to which he was probably very indifferent.

The *Misanthrope* is usually regarded as Molière's greatest work, though the *Tartuffe* is perhaps more generally popular in France. The idea of the *Tartuffe* is more daring, and the outward action of the play is stronger than in the *Misanthrope*; whilst in the latter comedy we have a more highly finished picture of life and manners. In this play the development is altogether of mind and pure intelligence. The thoughts of the personages, which require no customary stage movement for their elucidation, are so presented to us that they reveal the intention of the author without any scenic effort. Alceste, a man of high principles and of stern probity, annoyed by the flattering usages of the world, becomes unsociable and churlish to his friends, and he is further tormented by the coquetry of his mistress, Célimène. She is an artful woman, who knows how to draw herself out of a difficult situation, and to make the fault appear to rest with her lover. Alceste cannot leave her. In spite of himself, he is drawn to her by irresistible force. He knows her failings, and he imagines that no one sees them so plainly, or condemns them so strongly, as he does, but he hopes that in time his love for her may conquer her coquetry. And when Arsinoé upbraids Célimène, he turns with awful severity upon her—

> . . . Laissez-moi, madame, je vous prie,
> Vider mes intérêts moi-même là-dessus.
> Et ne vous chargez point de ces soins superflus.

He will not suffer another woman to reproach his mistress. If she does not regard his pleasure, she shall not be reproved by another. It has been thought that for Alceste Molière had taken the Duc de Montausier as a model, and different conjectures were made as to the original of Célimène, Madame de Longueville among others having been named. But in spite of some contemporary authorities and whisperings, I do not think we are warranted in believing this. A misanthrope who should make himself ridiculous by an overstrained love of truth was not a new character in the world peculiar to M. de Montausier; and there were other women who had their trains of admirers, and who were fond of soft slander, before Madame de Longueville. But what we know of Molière's nature—strong, affectionate, unselfish, and apt to be irritable—and of his wife's conduct and temperament, resemble too closely the picture drawn in the *Misanthrope* to allow us to doubt that the poet was here describing, either consciously or unconsciously, much of his own troubles and sorrows. His marriage with Armande Béjard, rather *more than* four years before, had been unfortunate to both of them. They were not suited one to another, and he suffered cruelly because of her indifference to him. We *should be* wrong to imagine that Molière wished to expose his domestic quar-

rels, or to publish his wife's folly. He wanted a subject for a comedy, and from a full heart his mouth spoke.

We cannot, however, say that Molière has never ridiculed people intentionally on the stage. In the *Impromptu de Versailles* he mentioned Boursault by his name; in the *Amour Médecin* he satirised four of the court physicians; and the Abbé Cotin and Ménage, two pedants of the day, were known all through Paris as Trissotin and Vadius in the *Femmes Savantes*. Ménage had the good sense not to appear troubled about the matter; but Cotin, upon whom the ridicule was thrown more heavily, showed himself to be much mortified. Cotin's bad verses had been satirised some years previously by Boileau, and he had replied very unbecomingly in a pamphlet entitled *Despréaux, ou la Satire des Satires*, joining Molière under the name of Turlupin most unnecessarily in his censure.

Despréaux, sans argent, crotté jusqu'à l'échine,
S'en va chercher son pain de cuisine en cuisine.
Son Turlupin l'assiste, et, jouant de son nez,
Chez le sot campagnard gagne de bons dîners.

Molière was unquestionably wrong in the way in which he revenged himself upon the poor abbé; Cotin's satire had appeared in 1666, and the *Femmes Savantes* was not played until 1672. Shortly after Cotin's death the following epigram was handed about from mouth to mouth:

Savez-vous en quoi Cotin
Diffère de Trissotin?
Cotin a fini ses jours,
Trissotin vivra toujours.

It has long been a disputed point whether the *Misanthrope*, when it first came out, succeeded on the stage, or whether it was coldly received. If we compare the number of performances and the receipts taken during the early representations of this piece with other plays of Molière, we shall see that it was far from having the success that some writers have attributed to it. On the first four nights the sums taken were fairly good, but the receipts for the seventeen others were, on the whole, below the average of those taken at the Palais Royal theatre; and in after representations during Molière's lifetime we find only one instance of the *Misanthrope* having made a high receipt.

What seems to us now more astonishing than the small success of the *Misanthrope* is the failure of the *Avare*. This play did not fall dead so completely as *Don Garcie de Navarre*, but after nine performances, with a fair receipt only on the first night, it had to be abandoned, and was only played again casually. La Harpe, in one respect, has strangely misunderstood the *Avare*. He says, 'If Molière did not versify the *Avare*, it was because he had not the time to do so.' Now, of all Molière's plays in prose, the *Avare* undoubtedly stands the highest; and there is no other that shows the same care in execution, or so much thought in the working out of the incidents and the characters. It was manifestly Molière's intention to use the natural and everyday language of the people to give better effect to the comic side of the meanness of Harpagon—to show the miser, forced from his position to keep a carriage and horses, but feeding the horses as poorly as possible; his having to entertain a party at supper, but striving to arrange that his guests should not eat and drink much; and to point out that his dislike to giving anything was so great that he could not say, 'je vous donne,' but, 'je vous prête, le bon jour.' Fénelon, too, in his letter on *Eloquence*, addressed to the Academy,

has expressed himself in very strong terms against Molière's style. 'Though Molière thinks well, he often writes badly. He uses the most forced and the least natural phrases. Terence says in four words with the most elegant simplicity what Molière says with endless metaphors, approaching very nearly to nonsense. I like his prose much better than his poetry; for instance, the *Avare* is less badly written than his plays in verse. . . . But in speaking generally, it appears to me that in his prose as well as in his poetry he does not write simply enough to express all the phases of passion.'

Molière's verses are graceful and often natural — they are always characteristic and are rarely ambiguous. He is not magniloquent as Corneille, not rigid and correct as Boileau, nor euphonious as Racine. Among the five contemporary poets, La Fontaine and Molière offer, perhaps, the greatest resemblance in that easy grace of language which is given by nature rather than acquired by study. Born within a year of each other, they both lived in an age of transition as regards style, and the change may be noticed in Molière, if we contrast his earliest and his latest comedies in verse. Without going back to the *Etourdi*, which has a charm in the vivacity and freshness of language peculiar to itself, a little consideration will show us the difference between the plain and downright style of the *Ecole des Maris*, and the polished elegance of the *Femmes Savantes*. And, indeed, the change is observable during the process. In the *Tartuffe* the diction is smoother and more equable, and the language is stronger than in the *Ecole des Maris*; and in the *Femmes Savantes* there is a delicacy of touch and a mellowness of tone that we do not find even in the *Misanthrope*.

I would perhaps place the *Femmes Savantes* the first of all Molière's plays for the truthful and fine delineation of character, though it is not equal to the *Misanthrope* in strength of design. Molière has here partly chosen the same subject for his piece as he had taken thirteen years before for the *Précieuses Ridicules*, his first comedy of manners. It was then his intention to ridicule those who sought to affect the manners and the language of the *beau-monde*. In the *Femmes Savantes* the tone is more elevated; there is a grace and a dignity throughout the play that would have been out of place in the early comedy. Philaminte, Bélise, and Armande have higher aspirations than Cathos and Madelon. They seek erudition and literary culture, though they are far from distinguishing between sense and nonsense. Trissotin's bad verses appear to them as graceful as Mascarille's ludicrous impromptu did to the *Précieuses*; and the *Femmes Savantes* were as well pleased with the acquaintance of a man who knew Greek as Madelon and Cathos were with that of an officer covered with wounds.

In judging Molière and his plays, when recognising his keen sense of the ridiculous and the fineness of his humour, we cannot help being struck also by the absence of wit. Molière and Beaumarchais in this respect present a curious contrast. Beaumarchais, and Voltaire also, neither of them deep-natured men, were both witty. Molière's nature was too earnest and sympathetic for wit. He could hardly find place for wit in such expressions as he used, and we rarely see it in his comedies.

The following is the opinion of his acting, given shortly after his death by a contemporary writer: 'The ancients never had an actor equal to him whose death we are now lamenting; and Roscius, the famous comedian of antiquity, would have yielded to him the first place if he had lived in his time. And he justly deserves this praise. He

was an actor all over from head to foot: it seemed as if he had several voices. Everything spoke in him; and by a step, by a smile, by a wink of the eye, by a movement of the head, he made one imagine more than the greatest talker would have done in an hour.' The most graphic word-portrait that we have of Molière was written by Mademoiselle Poisson, the daughter of an actor contemporary with Molière: 'He was neither too fat nor too thin. His stature was large rather than small, his carriage was graceful, his leg well made; he walked well, he had a very serious air, his nose was full, his mouth large, his lips thick, his complexion brown, his eyebrows dark and strong, and the different movements that he gave to them gave great comedy to his face.' And La Grange, his friend and fellow-actor, said of him in the preface to the first complete edition of his works published in 1682, 'though he was very agreeable in conversation when people pleased him, he spoke little in company unless he found himself with people for whom he had a particular esteem. That made those who did not know him say that he was dreamy and given to melancholy. If he spoke little, he spoke to the purpose, and he used to observe the manners and habits of everybody.'

On February 17, 1673, the first anniversary of the death of his sister-in-law, Madeleine Béjard, and the day fixed for the fourth representation of the *Malade Imaginaire*, Molière was entreated by his friends at the theatre not to have a performance on account of the bad state of his health. He insisted, however. 'What would you have me do?' he said. 'There are fifty poor workmen who have only their day's wages to live upon. What will they do if I do not act? I should reproach myself if I failed to give them their bread for one day, while I am able to do it.' It was agreed not to stop the performance, but everything was to be ready at four o'clock precisely. La Grange, in his journal for February 17, says: 'This same day after the play, at ten o'clock in the evening, Monsieur de Molière died in his house in the Rue de Richelieu, having played the part of the said *Malade Imaginaire* very much troubled by a cold and a fluxion on his chest, so that in the great efforts that he made to spit he burst a vein in his body, and lived only half an hour or three-quarters of an hour after the said vein had burst.'

HENRY M. TROLLOPE.

THE PROBABLE RESULTS OF DISESTABLISHMENT.

TO speculate upon the results of an event which may never happen is not perhaps the most profitable occupation that the human mind can undertake; and yet there are cases in which it is wise to consider carefully what is likely to follow in a given event, especially when such consideration may have an important influence on our present actions; when, for instance, it may help us to decide whether we will do what we can to bring about or to ward off the supposed event, or when it may teach us how best to prepare for it in case it should be destined to happen. On these grounds it may not be an altogether barren enquiry to ask, what will be the effects of Disestablishment on the Church of England, supposing it comes?

On the first of the above-mentioned grounds, indeed, it is not only not superfluous but absolutely necessary to consider this question. For although, as Mr. Gladstone has pointed out, the advocates of Disestablishment have still to convince the majority of the English people, yet it is clear that they are determined to spare no pains in endeavouring to convince them; and it is clear, too, that the question will be decided in the long run, not by the zealots on either side, but by the deliberate judgment of the nation. And this judgment will be formed on a consideration not of abstract theories of the necessity or the unlawfulness of an alliance between Church and State, but of the practical results which may be expected from the continuance or the dissolution of that alliance.

In discussing this subject, we are thrown very much upon *à priori* reasonings. We may, indeed, see the working of the voluntary system in the Nonconformist Churches, but they are so entirely different both in their antecedents and in their constitution from the Church of England, that we can no more judge from them of the effects of Disestablishment on the Church, than we could form an idea from the working of the Swiss Confederation of the probable success of an English Republic. In America we may observe an unestablished but not a disestablished Episcopal Church; while the Colonies with their young and democratic society present too many points of contrast to England to help us much in our speculations. The case of Ireland, though at first sight more to the point, is yet widely different from our own. For the Established Church of Ireland, instead of being, like the Church of England, surrounded by a multitude of churches, each numerically much smaller, united to each other by little else but antagonism to herself, was confronted only by one gigantic rival, the National Church, if by those words we mean the Church of the nation—the Church of Rome. And from this it results that the Irish Church was and is far more pronounced and far more pugnacious in her Protestantism than the Church of England. Across the Irish Channel, Ritualism has never dared to show its face; moderate High-Churchism, though not unknown, exists only on sufferance and under difficulties; Liberalism, if it exists, counts for nothing as a power in the Church. In England, on the other hand, though the laity are as a body strongly and often even fanatically Protestant, High-Churchism is domi-

nant among the clergy; while externally it is not the Church of Rome but the various Protestant denominations that are pressing for Disestablishment. We must therefore endeavour to infer from the existing condition and tendency of things in England what would be the result here if the important factor of Establishment were eliminated. In doing so, it will be well as far as possible to take the position not of an advocate but of an indifferent and unprejudiced observer; to weigh the advantages and disadvantages impartially; and to look fairly and honestly at all sides of the question.

In dealing with Disestablishment, we must not forget that we have also to deal with disendowment. It is generally admitted that the precedent of the Irish Church would not be followed in case of another disestablishment, and that the Church of England would not be permitted to carry with her into the wilderness so large a portion of the goods that she has gotten in Egypt. As far as the advocates of Disestablishment have developed their programme, it would seem that the proposal would be something of this kind: that the Church should retain all endowments and all buildings given to her during the last half-century; that she should retain all buildings restored or materially enlarged during the same period by private generosity; that with these exceptions all buildings and all endowments should be secularised, opportunity being allowed for a given time to purchase any buildings for religious purposes.

It is probable, therefore, that while the Church would retain the greater part of her buildings, the majority of parishes would be left without any other endowment, and no provision would remain, after vested interests had been satisfied, for Bishops, Deans, or Chapters. Under these circumstances, the funds of the Church would have to be provided almost entirely by the voluntary contributions of the people; and it is obvious that if the laity provided the funds, they would claim a large if not a preponderating share in their administration. Here then we come upon the first effect of Disestablishment upon the organic life of the Church. Whatever advantages endowments may possess, they are attended with at least this disadvantage,[1] that they tend to paralyse corporate life, and to make people content to open their mouths and shut their eyes, and take quietly what fortune sends them. If by some mysterious means the expenses of the Army, the Navy, the Civil Service, and the National Debt were provided without taxation, and were therefore placed beyond the control of Parliament, it is doubtful if Parliamentary Government would last long; if Charles I. had found means to provide for the ordinary expenses of government without appealing to Parliament, the victory would probably have been his. This explains the fact that while among the Nonconformists the laity take an active part in all Church matters, in the Church of England it is hard to stir the laity to any activity unless it be by the introduction of a novel vestment or an obnoxious hymnal. Great efforts have of late years been made to revive the dormant energies of the laity by Diocesan Synods, Ruridecanal Conferences,

[1] This was written before the appearance of Mr. Gladstone's article on 'The Courses of Religious Thought,' in the *Contemporary Review* for June, in which he speaks of the religious influence 'which has grown up in new soil, and far from the possibly chilling shadow of National Establishments of religion.' A phrase of which, as coming from Mr. Gladstone, it would not be easy to overrate the significance.

Parochial Councils, and the like; but for the most part the laity who attend are of one type, somewhat clerically-minded men, who do little else than echo in a lower key the more authoritative utterances of the clergy; there is usually but a half-pennyworth of lay bread to an intolerable deal of clerical sack; and this, not because the constitutions of such bodies are not liberal enough in theory, but because the laity know, as they say, that 'nothing will come of it,' and so they prefer to give their time to some more practical and fruitful purpose. And if in Parochial Councils the personal influence of the clergyman sometimes secures a reasonable attendance, yet there must necessarily be at the bottom of it all a consciousness that after all it is rather a gathering for friendly talk than a meeting for despatch of business, for that the law puts into the hand of the clergyman the whole authority and the whole responsibility, and that after he has consulted his Parochial Council he can still do as he likes about listening to their advice. There is still a good deal of the old feeling, that Church matters are the parson's business, and that if the layman attends Church with reasonable regularity and subscribes to the charities with decent liberality, that is all that can be fairly expected of him. But if you throw the maintenance of the Church's machinery wholly or in large part upon the voluntary contributions of the people, it is pretty certain that an Englishman's first instinct will be, to claim a voice in the management. In the Church at large, he will claim the right, which is being freely exercised in the Irish Church, to revise the formularies of belief and worship; in the diocese, he will require to be adequately represented in the Bishop's Council; and in the parish, he will demand, if not a share in the choice, at least a veto on the appointment of his minister, and a right to vote on all questions concerning the ceremonies, the hymns, and the ornaments of his parish church. In short, the power of the laity will be greater, and the power of the clergy proportionately less. The Church will become less of an oligarchy and more of a democracy.

That such a change would be on the whole a change for the better few reasonable men can doubt. Indeed, it is pretty certain that sooner or later it must come, even if Disestablishment be postponed or averted. It is no doubt quite true to say that the Church of England is governed by Parliament, and that as long as the connection between Church and State is maintained, the government of the Church is in the hands of the people. For this reason any sort of general synod, such as a reformed Convocation with a lay element introduced, could never, while the Church remains established, be entrusted with legislative powers. But there can be no reason why enfranchisement should not begin from below, and why the lower organisation, the parish, which after all is more obvious and more tangible to most people than the grander and more abstract conception, the Church, should not, within the limits prescribed by the law, be allowed to regulate its own affairs with regard to religious life and worship. In Boards of Health, Boards of Guardians, School Boards, and in many other forms, Englishmen are learning the lesson of local self-government in secular affairs; we can hardly expect them very long to abstain from applying what they have learnt to matters ecclesiastical. It would no doubt at first be difficult for our ecclesiastical autocrats to accept such a change gracefully; the Rector, who for thirty years had done as he

liked in his church, would be inclined to fret and chafe when he first felt the rein of a Parochial Council; but Englishmen are supposed to possess the valuable power of adapting themselves to circumstances, and it is not unlikely that the clergy might soon find that the dreaded bugbear of lay interference had transformed itself into the pleasing reality of lay co-operation and support, and that the position of a spiritual autocrat was after all less to be coveted than that of a constitutional monarch.

It cannot indeed be denied that the revival of activity in the Church of England in the last half-century has been accompanied with a tendency to increased separation between clergy and laity. To some extent this has been inevitable, and even desirable. In the old days, when the only visible distinction was that the parson wore a black coat in the hunting field, and was more moderate in his potations after dinner, he was in fact to all intents and purposes a layman for six days in the week. Now, when both clergy and laity are as a rule far more devoted than in past times to the duties of their several callings, when the clergyman gives all his energies to his parish, the politician to the business of the country, the barrister to his practice, the man of business to his office, the division of labour becomes more thorough, and 'the spiritualty,' to use the old expression, becomes necessarily more separate from the temporalty. The separation has been further increased by the prevailing prejudice against clergymen serving on Boards of Guardians or as magistrates, and by the withdrawal from the Parish Vestry, of which the rector or vicar is ex-officio chairman, of most of its secular functions, by which the clergyman has been deprived of many valuable opportunities of contact with lay opinion. But further than this, the religious movement of the last forty years has certainly tended to exalt the clergy into a separate caste. Not that the clergy as a body are unpopular; not that they are less welcome in society than they used to be; but there is a feeling that the clergyman has his own point of view, his own way of looking at things, his class interests and feelings, which put him in another sphere from that of the ordinary layman. It is true that this tendency is not confined to established churches, though in them probably it is strongest; but where the laity have the power of the purse, it is impossible for the clergy to magnify very seriously the power of the keys. Indeed, even the Roman Church, where she is unestablished and unendowed, as in England and the United States, is compelled to take up a far more popular and modern attitude than in countries like France and Belgium.

This, then, would probably be the first and most obvious effect of Disestablishment: that the laity would take a more keen and active interest in Church matters, and that the clergy would be compelled to throw themselves more unreservedly upon the popular vote. But at the same time, as Mr. Gladstone long ago pointed out in his Essay on the Church in its Connection with the State, there is one class of the laity who in case of Disestablishment would probably drop off altogether. There is a considerable number of persons of the middle class, especially in country towns, who feel that their position requires of them a certain profession of religion, and who count as members of the Church of England, partly because they think it right to give the weight of their names to the national Church as one of the institutions of the country, and partly also because the Church lets them off more

easily than any other religious society in not requiring them to contribute to the support of the ministry nor to take any active part in Church work. The shake of Disestablishment would at once loosen the very slight connection which attaches these to the old tree, and would bring them all fluttering down like mulberry leaves after a frost. Not, indeed, that one should welcome Disestablishment as relieving the Church of useless members; the mere fact that an established church affords a nucleus to attract atoms which without it would probably be wandering in space, though not much, is something; and there is always a hope that any revival of Church life may affect such persons, and that a quickened circulation may restore warmth to the extremities. Indeed, it is a fact that such persons are far rarer now than they were thirty years ago, and that not uncommonly their children become active and even enthusiastic members. They are the relics of the old days of Church and King; they harmonised well with Greek-play Bishops and Port-wine Parsons, but they are an anachronism in the days of the Bishop of Manchester.

The mention of this typical Prelate suggests another question with reference to Disestablishment: What would be its effects as regards the appointment of Bishops? Now, it is certain that if the Church were separated from all connection with the State, it would be impossible for the Crown to retain the appointment to Bishoprics. People would say: Why should we find funds to provide patronage for the Prime Minister of the day? There can be no doubt that in this respect the precedent of the Irish Disestablishment would be followed, and the election of bishops would be entrusted to some elective body of clergy and laity, the former having probably a preponderating vote. It becomes then a question of importance: What manner of men would such a body be likely to elect? It would be essential that in the elective body the different parties in the Church should be fairly represented: we may suppose, therefore, that the majority of the clergy would be High-Church and the majority of the laity Low-Church, with a small infusion of moderate Liberals to see fair play. It is evident that the laity would not consent to the election of a decided High-Churchman, nor the clergy to that of a pronounced Evangelical. Nor would either party wish to choose a man, like the late Bishop Thirlwall, who looked at all such questions from a higher level, and in whom high and low alike would dread a formidable critic. But if a man could be found who combined (to use a favourite phrase of the late Bishop Wilberforce) Evangelical faith with Apostolic order; a man who would conciliate the High-Church by high-sounding language about the Church and the Sacraments, while he gained the confidence of the Low-Church by stern denunciations of the errors of Rome; a man with enough of the appearance of learning to be respectable, but not enough of the reality to be dangerous; a man skilful enough to combine the watchwords of both parties, using Evangelical language in a High-Church sense, and High-Church language in an Evangelical sense: such a man would unite all the votes, and would satisfy everyone except such as were unreasonable enough to wish to see a man of statesmanlike and judicial mind placed in a position where such a mind is eminently needed. Under such a system we might get as bishops men of high character, of much zeal, of deserved popularity; we should not get men 'of wide discourse, looking before and after;' men who would rebuke party spirit

by standing on a higher level; men who would regard truth and justice as superior even to religion and piety, and who would be above all the pettiness and clericality which is so repulsive to the laity. Such a system might have given us some of the present occupants of the Episcopal bench; but it would not have given us Archbishop Tait, nor the late Bishop Thirlwall, nor Bishop Temple, nor Bishop Fraser. And in the case of a popular panic directed either against Tractarianism or against Liberalism, it might give us a man of the worst possible type, a mere controversialist, pledged to put down whatever might be the obnoxious heresy of the moment.

With regard to the appointment of parochial clergymen, the case is not so clear. Indeed, the whole question of patronage is at present so complicated, that it is impossible to say what might be the result of Disestablishment in settling the various questions connected with it. Probably some attempt would be made to preserve the variety of patronage which is the counterbalancing advantage of the present system; but it can hardly be doubted that private patronage would cease, a large proportion of the revenues of the Disendowed Church being employed in compensating patrons for the interference with their vested interests. This large amount of patronage, and, probably also, the Crown and Chancellor's livings, would fall into the hands of some representative Church body in the several dioceses. Such a body would, we may be sure, be anxious to appoint good and efficient men; we should avoid the scandal of a young and inexperienced man being preferred to a wealthy living because his father had bought it for him, or because it was the recognised provision for the younger son. They would probably take pains to place men according to their particular qualifications, sending good preachers and active organisers to towns, and men fitted for quiet pastoral work to villages. So far, the change might be for the better, though it must be observed that some of our very best-served parishes are in private patronage; but there is much to be said on the other side. If such a body had existed thirty years ago, the great High-Church party, which even its adversaries must admit has done a noble work in the Church, would have been altogether left out in the cold, and would have been refused even the crumbs that fell from the Evangelicals' table. Nor would a pronounced High-Churchman meet with much favour now from the lay members, while a pronounced Liberal would meet with still less from the clergy. They would probably exclude the best and the worst men; and there would be great danger of modest merit being supplanted in their favour by the fluent tongue and popular arts of the ecclesiastical demagogue. Spiritual puffing succeeds too often even now; it would succeed ten times more often under such a system.

Another very grave question that would have to be settled in carrying out a scheme of Disestablishment would be: What is to take the place of the present Court of Final Appeal? It would be idle to speculate on this question in any detail, but we may be pretty sure that Liberationists and High-Churchmen would agree in demanding that it should be a body deriving its authority not from the State, but from the Church; a body therefore acting, not on legal, but on ecclesiastical principles (alas! two things not always identical); and representing rather ecclesiastical opinion or tradition than the law of the State. And had the ecclesiastical suits of the last thirty years been brought before such a tribunal instead of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, we may say with almost certainty,

that neither the Gorham case, nor the Essays and Reviews case, nor the Bennett case would have been decided as they were; in other words, that first the Evangelical, then the Liberal, and then the High-Church party would have been extruded from the Church. It is true that in some of these instances —notably in the Gorham case— the formularies were somewhat stretched to enable the Court to give 'vindiciæ secundum libertatem;' but the eminent lawyers who composed it felt that it was better to give judgment according to the spirit of the Church of England, which is a spirit of comprehension and toleration, than according to the letter of the formularies. Would any ecclesiastical body whatever, in which clergymen had an influential voice, have acted on this principle? Would not such a tribunal have been more likely to illustrate the proverb 'Summum jus summa injuria' by trying to force men's views into conformity with the formularies, rather than to endeavour so to interpret the formularies as to include within them as wide a diversity of views as is consistent with honest membership in the Church? If the separation of the Church from the State involves the transfer of ecclesiastical causes from civil to ecclesiastical courts, it may gratify abstract theories, but it will certainly not be a gain either to the Church or to the nation. Not to the Church, for it will narrow her boundaries and embitter her controversies; not to the nation, for it will tend to withdraw the most important side of human life from the controlling and moderating influence of lay thought into the more heated atmosphere of clerical passions.

This question of the Court of Appeal in cases of doctrine has an important bearing on the question of the future supply of ministers. For before a man commits himself for life to a profession, he naturally wishes to know clearly and definitely the terms of the engagement on which he is entering. At present, in whatever direction a man's doctrinal or ecclesiastical sympathies may lie, he knows exactly to what he commits himself if he enters the ministry of the Church of England, and he has a reasonable security that he will not afterwards find his liberty narrowed by fresh dogmatic tests or be persecuted successfully for any views or practices which are now legal. Nay, he may feel tolerably sure that if there is any change, it will be in the direction of greater liberty. But if the Church is to be 'set free,' to use the phraseology common to the Liberationists and the High-Church party, if, that is to say, the Church's standards of doctrine and ritual are liable to be modified at the will of a shifting majority, it is certain that men of independence and self-respect will hesitate to conclude an engagement of which the terms on one side are so unsettled. Not that we would argue against all revision of formularies: to adapt the existing standards to the intellectual and theological standing-point of the present day would be one of the most fruitful and noble works in which the Church could engage: but such a work undertaken under the control of Parliament and with the weight of responsibility which attaches to a National Church would be a very different thing from the mere party scramble that would ensue if the restraining hand of the State were withdrawn. To enlarge and repair the ecclesiastical cloak would be more difficult but more useful than to cut it up into a number of little garments, each, perhaps, retaining some of the old pattern, yet fitting no longer the mature frame of a grown man, but the puny limbs of a number of children. The day may indeed have gone by

for ever when it would have been possible by a generous measure of Church Reform to tap Nonconformity at its source, and to draw its scattered rills into one majestic stream; but it is not too late to endeavour to make the Church a more adequate representative of the national Christianity by recognising ungrudgingly and adopting freely the results of the religious experience of the last three centuries. Such a reform undertaken after Disestablishment must inevitably partake of the nature of a party struggle; undertaken while the Church is still established, it would be carried out with the weight of the nation's authority, and as a national and not a party movement.

Thus far the question has been discussed mainly with reference to its bearings on the internal condition of the Church. There is, however, another not less important aspect under which it must be considered, with reference, namely, to the external relations of the Church to other religious bodies. Indeed this is really the root of the matter as regards the Liberationist party. It is difficult to believe that their zeal is stimulated entirely by an *à priori* theory of the unlawfulness of any connection between Church and State; even in religious matters Englishmen do not make war for an idea; it is not even the mere abstract preference for what is called religious equality that supplies the motive for such persevering efforts; when once the Burials question is buried, Nonconformists will find it difficult to produce a tangible grievance; it is the sense of social inequality, the feeling that they are weighted in the race, that the Rector is a greater man than the Minister, that the Establishment gives its clergy an unfair prestige, and that if once this were swept away, all denominations would start fair, and none would have any advantage to start with. It is worth while to enquire how far this is true, because most of the agitation in favour of Disestablishment is either avowedly or unconsciously based upon the assumption of its truth. Is it then the fact that the separation of the Church from all State connection or recognition would result in the social enfranchisement of Nonconformists, and in the frank recognition of the ecclesiastical equality of all denominations, or must those who desire such a consummation look rather to more gradual and natural influences to bring it about?

Those who know the English clergy best will be most ready to admit that the one cause which most powerfully unites them is the defence of the exclusive claims of the Church of England. They are not, indeed, agreed on the grounds of those claims; the High-Church party base them on the Divine authority of the Church as alone possessing the Divinely appointed succession of Bishops; the Low-Church party less consistently and less logically on a kind of compromise between the advantages of Episcopal government and national establishment; but practically both parties agree in holding with greater or less precision that the Church of England is the one duly authorised religious community in the country, and in claiming for it as of right the religious allegiance of every baptized Englishman. Now if the Establishment were withdrawn, the High-Church party would of course stand exactly where they did; the Church would still be the one religious organisation in the country, which, by right of its Apostolic organisation, possessed an exclusive claim on all Christians. But the Low-Church party would find one of their supports suddenly withdrawn; they could no longer maintain that the Church was to be preferred to all other religious or-

ganisations as alone possessing a national authority; would they then be content frankly and ungrudgingly to recognise other denominations as their equals, to acknowledge their ministers as on the same footing with themselves, and to surrender the prestige which they have hitherto possessed as members of a dominant clergy? All experience shows that they would not; rather than fall to the ground between two stools, when the one stool was withdrawn they would sit all the more firmly on the other, and finding that they no longer possessed the character of ministers of a national Church, they would take refuge in a more or less sacerdotal position. Nothing is more certain than that the Establishment tends to discourage sacerdotal pretensions, and that its removal would at once give the Church a vast impulse in a High-Church direction. When the French Revolution placed the old Noblesse theoretically on a footing of equality with the proletariat, their social exclusiveness became not less but far greater than before; and it is probable that Disestablishment, instead of hastening the movement which is now going on in the direction of the removal of social inequalities, would tend to accentuate and perpetuate those inequalities which all sensible persons agree in deploring. High-Church theories of Apostolical succession are more prevalent in the unestablished Episcopal Church in the United States than in the Established Church of England; and if the disestablished Irish Church has not yet developed any decided movement in this direction, this may probably be accounted for by the fact that her great rival possesses the Episcopal succession, and that, therefore, whatever exclusive claims she may advance must be based, not upon her Catholic organisation, but upon her Protestant doctrine. At present the prestige of Establishment undoubtedly exercises a considerable attractive power upon the rank and file of the Church of England; but if this were withdrawn, they would find a centripetal force in a strong development of Church principles. And Church principles would then mean, not the mild form of Ecclesiastical Toryism which now goes under the name, but a set of rigid theories on Episcopal government, on creeds and liturgies, on Sacraments and the power of the keys; theories which, if now often held unobtrusively and almost unconsciously, would then tend to become the badges of loyalty to an Episcopal Church. Disestablishment, indeed, far from lessening religious animosities, would probably tend to increase and intensify them. At present, the State connection acts as an effective check upon the aggressive energies of the Church; remove this, and you will set her free for a theological campaign which, on whichever side the victory might ultimately rest, cannot fail to divert into civil strife much of the energy 'Quo graves Persæ melius perirent,' and to array in hostile camps those who should be only rival regiments in the same great army. The stoutest advocate of universal disarmament would hardly recommend the French Republic to liberate the army from State control and to withdraw its pay, while leaving its organisation intact and allowing it to manage its own affairs; and the liberation of the Church from State control might prove almost equally detrimental to the public peace.

To advocate Disestablishment in the interest of peace seems, indeed, to argue wilful blindness to the actual tendencies of the time. In spite of occasional acts of intolerance, and of violent language in obscure journals, there is a marked mitigation of the traditional asperity between Churchmen and Nonconformists—a growth of a

better understanding between them, which, if it can be allowed its natural development, must surely bring about a better and a healthier state of things than the chronic envying of Ephraim and vexing of Judah, wherein the religious energies of some people find a delightful exercise, and which may perhaps prepare the way for some kind of organic *rapprochement*. But if this gradual and natural process is suddenly checked by the violent treatment of Disestablishment, you may find that for the sake of a pedantic theory you have postponed indefinitely the growth of a true and living unity. The shock of Disestablishment, instead of uniting the two parties, would drive them further apart than ever; whereas, if a better mutual understanding is allowed to ripen into friendship, it may be that, in spite of the present temporary phase of High-Churchism, some kind of federal relation might spontaneously spring up between the Conformist and Nonconformist Churches; and, if this were the case, the old shell of the Establishment would either expand to meet the growth of the fruit within, or crack and drop off of itself if it proved to possess no power of growth and adaptation.

It does not fall within the scope of this article to discuss the question, what reforms and modifications in the Church are required as a condition of her retaining her position, and to render her a more adequate expression of the national Christianity. Nor has it been possible to glance at the possibility of a third course which is suggesting itself to some minds, that of Disendowment without Disestablishment. Our aim has been simply to point out what results would be likely to follow from a policy which is now being earnestly pressed upon the nation, and which is offered to the Liberal party as the condition of the support of a large and well-organised body of voters. It is a question on which men are peculiarly liable to be led astray by party watchwords and by political and ecclesiastical passions, and on which it is very difficult to take a wide and impartial view. It is most desirable that they should approach it, not as Nonconformists or Churchmen eager for a party victory, but as Englishmen, anxious above all things for the welfare of their country, proud of her glorious past, and hopeful of a yet more glorious future, having learnt from their country's history that it is better to reform than to destroy, yet ready, if need be, to destroy whatever may be proved to be inconsistent with the great laws of justice, liberty, and progress.

R. E. B.

EXPERIENCE OF AMBULANCES.

By Jessie White Mario.

WHETHER the war now commenced between Russia and Turkey be of brief or long duration; whether it be limited to the present belligerents, or whether other nations of Europe will deem it their duty to transform their thoughts into action, it is already apparent that the feeling of the general public —hitherto suppressed, or only partially manifested for fear of embarrassing their respective Governments during the prolonged efforts for the maintenance of peace—will soon find vent in organising and sending out ambulances for the sick and wounded. It is also pretty certain that these ambulances will be organised for the benefit of the subject and struggling provinces rather than for either of the great Powers now in hostile array. Hence the organisation must be adapted to volunteer instead of to regular armies.

This form of sympathy with human suffering has been rendered not only much less dangerous and difficult, but also much more effective and practicable, by the International Convention of Geneva for the neutrality of the wounded and of those engaged in attendance on them.

Of the benefits and value of that convention those alone can be competent judges who have been wounded, or have attended upon wounded men both under the old, and since the introduction of the new régime. Its value direct and indirect is incalculable—indeed, our experience of its working faculties during the Franco-Prussian war imbued us with the conviction that the only improvement needed is a stringent code for the condign punishment of any and of all who disregard, disobey, or violate the rules of this wise, simple, and essentially humanitarian convention.

These benefits meet us on the threshold of our efforts for the alleviation of the inevitable sufferings caused by war. When the public has subscribed the necessary funds and chosen the individuals who seem best fitted for administration, there is now no difficulty in establishing direct relations with the parties for whom the succour is intended. Before a farthing of money is expended, a direct answer can be obtained to the following indispensable questions:—

What are your special needs? Have you stores for supplying temporary hospitals? camp beds? surgical instruments, appliances, dressings, anæsthetics, medicines? splints, bandages, linen? portable food, Liebig broth, potted meats, farinaceous food, vegetables, lemons, cooling drinks? cooking apparatus? disinfectants, &c.?

Have you transports for the wounded? litters, stretchers, light cars? calcolets?[1] mules, asses, or horses? appropriate harness for mountain transport? Have you competent surgeons, doctors, trained bearers, skilled nurses? Can you obtain all or any of the requisite material if we send funds? Or must we send them from this country, or from the nearest available spot? In case you require a complete ambulance for field service, will our corps be able to act independently? Or be annexed to, or be subordinate to your sanitary

[1] Litters for the backs of mules, on which the wounded can be borne in reclining posture.

authorities? Does your sanitary service depend directly on the commander-in-chief of the army, or of the volunteer forces? Has the chief of the sanitary service funds, material, authority? Is he responsible only to the commander, or to the War Office, or is he subject to the head of the various generals for orders? And dependent on the head of the commissariat staff for supplies? All these questions and many others equally important may now be addressed to the Governments of the provinces for whom the help is intended, or even to our own consuls, who, if I may judge by these representatives of Great Britain resident in Italy, possess entire knowledge of the resources or wants of the people.

And the answers, howsoever obtained, will prevent much waste, confusion, mortification, and bitterness. The waste of money and time incurred by sending stores from long distances which can be purchased on or near the seat of action is too obvious to need demonstration; but the necessity of ascertaining the quality and quantity of individuals who may be really useful, who will be gratefully, and not merely courteously, welcomed by the head of the sanitary department and by his staff in foreign countries, is not so easily recognised by amateurs.

When sanitary organisation, in a country at war against foreign oppressors or against native tyrants and foes, becomes, as during the civil war in the United States, the 'great artery which bears the people's love to the people's army,' enthusiasm for a long time walks hand in hand with extreme unwisdom. President Lincoln was not much to be blamed for fearing that the popular sanitary societies, as at first organised, or rather when they were devoid of organisation, might prove the fifth wheel in the coach; nor the Secretary of War for dreading lest they should run foul of his express trains; nor was it strange that the medical bureau should experience a sense of terror at the over-help pouring in.

That all these apprehensions proved groundless—that all these real and imaginary dangers were averted—is due, in the first instance, to the intelligent sympathy of Dr. Bellows with the non-combatants who could not and would not be excluded from sharing in some form or other in the struggles of their country, in the sacrifices and sufferings of their fellow-countrymen; to his practical comprehension of the future needs of the combatants; to his patient persistence in searching for, and final discovery of, the channels by which the surging and rushing torrent of public feeling might be prevented from overflowing, or from breaking the embankments, and be instead transformed into life-giving, death-averting streams. His first words to the men and women who besought him to help them to weld and to organise the numerous associations that had sprung up spontaneously all over the States give the key to the discovery of the irrigating channels:

> You must obtain information from the fountain-head; you must find out first what the Government *will* do and *can* do, and then help it by working with it, and by doing what it *cannot*. Advice must be obtained for you direct from Government.

This advice Dr. Bellows, with a few other gentlemen, did obtain; and, generously supported by the acting surgeon-general, succeeded in inducing the Secretary of War to allow them to institute 'a Commission of enquiry and advice in the respect of the sanitary interests of the United States' forces.' This permission granted by the Secretary, and 'I APPROVE THE ABOVE' annexed to the official document by President Lincoln, the Commission in all its future intercourse with the Government studied the

strictest subordination, asked the fewest possible favours, conferred the largest assistance in its power, claimed the least possible recognition of its services.

Its first step was to 'survey its ground,' inspect the troops, report on their sanitary conditions to the medical bureau, and to instruct their branch commissions, established in every State, as to the most useful moulds into which to cast their efforts. Physicians of the highest ranks in the medical hierarchy offered themselves as inspectors. All were strictly enjoined to avoid collision with the military authorities; to obtain the formal approval of the major-general, the brigadier-general, and of the medical director of the camp; also an introduction to the commanding officer of the regiment, and through him to the company officers.

Then they proceeded on their mission, and how they and their brothers and sisters fulfilled it history has recorded. From the moment when the soldier fell sick or wounded (and the hygienic instructions disseminated as to the selections of sites for encampment, on camp police, ventilation, drainage, diet, camp cooking, clothing, and general cleanliness, reduced sickness to a minimum), he became the adopted child of the Sanitary Commission, whose members, counted by millions, were all working at the same time, and in different ways, to relieve his sufferings and to abbreviate their duration.

And if Dr. Bellows and his colleagues are worthy of all praise for their wondrous forbearance and wisdom in dealing with the military authorities—who, even when representatives of 'the sovereign people,' are a very autocratic race at best—the tact and forethought with which they possessed themselves of the hearts, heads, hands, and tempers of the eager and excited populations, turning their every gift and faculty to account—making each old woman planting cabbages in the cottage plot, which perhaps no son or grandson would ever till again, happy in the belief that she was doing as much for her loved ones as those who brought off the wounded under the enemy's guns—amounted simply to witchcraft.

To any country placed in similar circumstances, fighting as a whole against foes within or foes without, the experience accumulated by the Sanitary Commission would be invaluable. Every incident or episode would teach how to avoid some error, or to overcome some difficulty; would prove the utility of the division of labour; would imbue associations and individuals with a sense of the necessity of obedience, discipline, order, which would immensely enhance the value of their efforts, and multiply the results.

Even when, as in the present case, only partial efforts will be made for the relief of the sufferers and victims of the war in foreign parts, much valuable information may be gained by a perusal of the documents of the Sanitary Commission; and it may not be out of place to subjoin here a letter addressed to ourselves in answer to an appeal for advice as to how best to utilise the sympathy and yearnings of the non-combatants in Italy to assist their brethren on the battlefield.

The advice, sound throughout, and capable of practical application, had the war continued, in our own case, may be followed by any benevolent associations; and women especially will do well to read, meditate, and profit by the experience of their American sisters, who, by dint of far more self-control than appears on the surface, disciplined themselves so thoroughly; each accepting, not the special work which each would have chosen, but the special fraction as-

signed to each by their chosen leaders, and doing it in such precise and thorough fashion that the men who aided and guided the vast organisation came to regard them as fellow-workers—co-operators in the true sense of equality, of mutual liberty, and fraternity.

NEW YORK: *June* 7, 1866.

My dear Signora Mario,—Your favour of the 11th May has just reached me. You do no more than justice to my feelings in assuming that I retain a lively interest in the Italian struggle for unification of her territory and defence of her ancient rights.

You ask me what the women of America have done to promote our national cause, and to uphold and succour the heroes who were fighting for it. I have just written a letter on this subject to M. Dunant, secretary of the 'Comité International,' designed for general circulation in Europe, of which I will send you, the moment it comes from the press, a printed copy. Meanwhile, I will say more briefly what you may think it worth while to print in the Italian newspapers for immediate effect, illustrative of what the American women did, and what the Italian women may do just as well if they will.

The first disposition of all our noble women the moment our war broke out, was to fit themselves to be useful in hospitals as nurses, and, perchance, on battlefields. They were crazy to get to the front and share in some way the hardships and sorrows of the soldiers. Many, unable to get there in any other way, disguised themselves as men, and actually carried muskets in some cases through whole campaigns. This fever, however, was soon corrected. It began to appear that the demand for female nurses in the hospitals and the room for women in the camps was very small; that a very limited number could be received; a few were acceptable as nurses, as cooks in diet kitchens, and as Christian comforters among the dying. Many cases of exceptional energy, administrative skill, and capacity of accommodating themselves to military and medical rules, appeared among women; but the whole class was small and *comparatively unimportant* when measured with the vast multitude who in other ways ministered to the comfort of the army. The first thing to say to the women of Italy is, that a few exceptional women of age, experience, self-control, tact, and patience are the only ones wanted in hospitals and camps, and that the great majority of patriotic women must turn their attention to some other form of service. This other form of service is the creation of all the kinds of hospital clothing or hospital food, of which the volunteers are so certain to stand in need in a people's war. You will find that your Government is wholly unable to meet the demands which a general war, calling all your able-bodied men to arms, will very soon make upon the humanity of the whole people. Every woman in Italy should be making shirts, drawers, sheets, pillow-cases; knitting woollen stockings and picking out such blankets and old linen as the house can spare. But all this industry will avail nothing if it is not organised. Let every town or community form a Soldiers' Aid Society of women, meeting with their own officers—president, secretary, treasurer—at least once a week, to cut out and sew upon soldiers' garments. Let the women who are willing, carry home the work to finish it. Let it be boxed up when a considerable quantity is finished, and sent to some general depôt, of which there ought to be a dozen, at least, in Italy. These depôts should be under the control of women also, receiving, sorting, and repacking these supplies, and holding them in readiness for orders. These orders should come from a *National Committee of Men* established at the capital, like to our U.S. Sanitary Commission, whose duty it should be to study the wants of the army in field and hospitals, to employ *paid* inspectors and relief agents, to discover the existing necessities, and apply the relief. The board of the 'National Army Relief Society,' you might call it, composed of trusted patriots of high intelligence, broad views, and administrative skill, should have the whole ordering and carrying out of this plan. This board, self-constituted if you please, ought to meet at once, and proceed to organise a general scheme, based on the support of Italian women, and seeking to organise, economise, and apply their generous gifts to the systematic relief of the army.

But everything depends on the intelligent universal co-operation of the women. They produced in our war *fifteen millions of dollars' worth of supplies*—clothing and hospital food—which the Sanitary Commission distributed. They can do, if not as much, certainly a vast deal in Italy. Nor is it only clothing, but also food; our people saved the army from scurvy and other scourges growing out of a salt or monotonous diet, by supplying dried fruits, canned tomatoes, onions, potatoes, apples, in vast quantities. Many women and children in the rural districts, during the whole war, cultivated with their own hands small fields of vegetables for the soldiers, and the result was wonderful both in quantity and consequences.

Don't allow local and sectional rivalries, in this work of mercy, to weaken and scatter the fruits. Let one great national organisation of humanity be formed by competent heads at the centre and in good understanding with the Government, and let all the men and women of Italy gather round it, working for it and acting through it, and under its directions. Let Catholics and Protestants, rich and poor, high and low, all forget their jealousies in this common service. This systematic work will of itself steady and strengthen the national character, bring out the latent powers of women—who have shown in America the finest practical talents—keep up the fires of patriotism in the homes, and give the army the joy of knowing that the hearts of all Italian homes are with them, and that all hands are working for their protection and comfort.

You will find at first a tremendous waste of feminine energy in the creation of lint and bandages. Almost *any kind* of lint is good enough, and there *is* an end to the demand for bandages. Let the women go to work at shirts and stockings, sheets and pillow-cases; to this end they will want not only their active fingers, but *money* to buy materials; this money must be collected from the communities in which they live, by systematic solicitation. Invite every class to give something—shop-keepers goods, and capitalists money; the poor their time, and the gifted their skill; artists their works, and singers their voices. Get the means of carrying forward the work of mercy in every ingenious way that a fervid patriotism can devise; do not let anybody say that this *cannot* be done because it has not been done. Shall America do it for four long years, and cannot Italy do it too? Are Italian women less gifted, less generous, less pious and humane, than American women? Is not woman's piety, woman's versatility, woman's patience, woman's tact, woman's humanity, the same in all countries?

You ask me if the Sanitary Commission cannot send its superfluous stores to Italy. Alas! we have none. We gave all that we had at the close of the war to the poor negroes, in millions gloriously emancipated from chains, but also sadly stripped of homes and necessaries of life. I do not doubt that societies will spring up in America under Italian leaders for the aid of your national movement; I shall not be found among those who are backward in lending them support. Meanwhile, I send you a few documents containing valuable hints, and, as the best and swiftest contribution I can, this hasty leaf torn out of a large experience which I hope may be found to be not wholly without value to Italian women, and to the sacred cause of Italy.

Faithfully and cordially yours,
HENRY W. BELLOWS,
President of the U.S. Sanitary Commission, and President of the American Association for Relief of Misery of Battlefields.

If, however, our surmise, that the desire to alleviate the sufferings of war will take, among passive spectators, the practical form of organising ambulances for the subject-provinces of Turkey — provinces which will become the theatre of war—be correct, it is probable that the lessons to be derived from Italian experience during the Revolutionary struggles that lasted throughout a quarter of a century, will be of still more practical utility than those to be derived from the United States.

Unfortunately, we think, for the world, those Italians who have effected most for the liberation of their country rarely speak or write (now that Italy is free and united) of the dreary journey performed, the dangers and hardships encountered, the errors committed, the apparently insurmountable obstacles overcome, from the time when they first willed to be a nation until the goal was reached. It is much if you can obtain from some of the actors diaries and journals, or induce their friends to allow you to make extracts from their private letters, or glean any information from files of old newspapers.

No real history of Italy during the present century exists, nor are materials for writing such a history collected or ordinated into any available form.

A would-be historian of French revolutions and wars, of the Crimean War, the Franco-Italian war against Austria, of the American Civil War, of the Indian Mutiny, of the Franco-Prussian War, would find all needful material ready to hand at the British Museum; but

let him attempt a history of Italy, and, although our great librarian and true Italian patriot Panizzi collected and ordinated all works and pamphlets published, it will be found that the entire collection amounts to little or nothing; that more details and information can be extracted from a file of the *Times* or the Blue Books containing the correspondence and reports of consuls and ambassadors to our Foreign Office, than from all and anything that the Italians have written themselves. The comparatively few survivors of the generation of Italians who created Italy seem to feel an insurmountable repugnance to talking or writing about their own share in its creation, while the heirs of their toils and sufferings seem content to enjoy the inherited boon without caring to learn how the treasure was acquired, or what was the countless price paid down.

This lack of contemporary historians renders it very difficult to give a correct and just notion of any phase of Italian revolutions. Even in this simple matter of volunteer ambulances one has to trust to memory, to personal observation, to notes dotted down between one battle and another, and to scant answers given to direct questions put between one campaign and another to the various chiefs.

I have just looked over a list of one hundred and thirty-nine books on ambulances and hospitals organised during the last twenty years. One little pamphlet only relates to an ambulance episode during one of our campaigns, so that it might be assumed that Italian volunteers were either never wounded or that they were never tended; whereas the truth is that no set of men who ever offered themselves as voluntary soldiers in their country's cause could count more surely on being succoured on the battlefield than could the Italian volunteers.

A true scientific and historical work on Italian ambulances could only be written by the Surgeon-General of Volunteers, who organised, or, when summoned to a wider sphere of action, directed the organisation of, every ambulance that succoured the 'irregulars,' volunteers, or Garibaldian soldiers from the first—improvised along the barricades of Milan in 1848—to the last, also improvised in the deserted village of Mentana in 1867, when the *chassepôt miracles* scattered their victims at his feet, and the French champions of the temporal power allowed him throughout the awful night of November 3–4 to dress, tend, and comfort them, taking them from him on the morrow to carry them into Rome—prisoners and trophies of devotion to the Holy Father who refused to recognise the Convention of Geneva!

The experience gathered in this practical form, added to rare medical talents and unsurpassed surgical skill, fits Dr. Bertani to be the historian *par excellence* of the Italian Volunteer Sanitary Service; and if such a work could help other chiefs to train such a set of surgeons as he has trained in Italy, and who in civil or military services are now distinguishing themseves, it is a pity that the world should be longer deprived of it. And while, relating some of our experiences as a mere ambulance nurse, we should shrink from the presumption of speaking for, or in the name of, our chief, it is as impossible not to speak of him as to narrate an episode of Italian revolution without naming Garibaldi.

A pupil of the celebrated Porta at the University of Padua, Agostino Bertani soon became his master's favourite pupil, and, having obtained his diploma in medicine and surgery, was promoted his assistant as clinical professor of practical surgery. Named, after his

European tour, assistant-surgeon of the Grand Hospital of Milan, he founded the *Gazetta Medicale* of Lombardy; was named secretary of the Society of Arts and Sciences and of the Medical Society founded in Milan.

On the 18th of March, 1848, came news of the revolution of Vienna! Milan, garrisoned by 16,000 Austrians, was the centre of the entire army of occupation. The Milanese—i.e. the people and the youths—determined to drive out the Austrians. Their recognised leader in those days was Carlo Cattaneo, and he stood aghast when Bertani and other three of his disciples came to claim his chieftainship—our pearl of a consul, Sir Robert Campbell, who had profited by Cattaneo's practical wisdom and knowledge of Lombardy for years, following in the rear to hear the decision of 'the Sage.'

No choice was left, and Cattaneo must and did take the direction of the revolution. Barricades sprang up mushroom-like all over the city. Every man was a soldier, every woman and child made cartridges, or took their stations on the roofs of houses to hurl down stones and pour boiling water on the Austrians. For the wounded no one had time to prepare. On one of the barricades, where the future surgeon soldier was standing, one cannon ball carried off three legs belonging to two individuals. These he amputated at the nearest house. Also the arm of another, who with his left hand held his right for the operation. Bertani then planted an ambulance in his father's house, Casa Borgo Spesso, another in Casa d'Adda, arranging an expeditious transport service to and fro the barricades.

At the close of the five days, 18th to 22nd of March, every Austrian, save the sick and wounded, was in full flight for the fortresses. The committee of war named Bertani member of the Superior Sanitary Council, and gave him the direction of the military hospital of St. Ambroise, with its numerous branch hospitals. Here not only were the sick and wounded, Italians and Austrians, tended with skill and care—the populations furnishing beds, linen, all necessaries, and even luxuries—the rules of hygiene strictly attended to, but also the smallest desire of the sufferers respected. The iron stoves with which the Archduke John, proprietor of an iron foundry, had filled the hospitals, being prejudicial to the sick, the War Minister is requested to 'melt them into cannon balls.' The wounded evince such repugnance to wear the Austrian pantaloons, can others be furnished? A list of all the citizen offerings is made out; an entire list of the killed and wounded, afterwards published by Cattaneo in the *Archivio Triennale*, furnished to the war committee. A special military sanitary commission demanded, and a plan for an institution for the improvement of military physicians and surgeons drawn up.

On the 6th of August, the King of Piedmont having signed the capitulation of Milan, Radetzky returned, conqueror, and resolved to make the citizens pay for the humiliation of the defeat; but the transformation of the military hospitals astounded him; the care taken of his own sick and wounded touched his iron soul. He sent messages and messengers offering a safe-conduct if the director would return. But the director was but one of the 40,000 Lombards who quitted their native city rather than witness its desecration.

We next find Dr. Bertani occupying a very modest position during the siege of Rome. Now at the hospital of the Pilgrims, now at the ambulances of Monte Citorio, at the Quirinal, at Santa Maria della Scala, at S. Pietro in Montorio,

helping and directing that noble band of women, Anita, Garibaldi's wife, the Princess Belgioso, Giulia Modena, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and others whose names the Romans still remember with the most grateful affection. Naturally, the Roman physicians and surgeons occupy the prominent positions; but the Lombard legion, which played such a magnificent part in that struggle, reclaim their own surgeon soldier. A bomb fell into the hospital of the Pilgrims while Bertani was operating, and it was his presence of mind that calmed the terror and prevented the wounded from rushing into the open air.

When the French had entered by the breach, the survivors, desirous only to mingle their ashes with the sacred dust of the 4,000 defenders who had fallen for Rome, made one more desperate, passionate assault; it was the Lombard and Italian legion, with Garibaldi at their head. Manara, the hero of the legion, the beloved of all Lombardy, fell, and reading in his friend's eyes that he, at least, will never see the Frenchmen in possession, whispered, 'Agostino, let me die quickly,' was taken to the ambulance of S. Maria della Scala, and there expired, not yet thirty, a husband and a father. The desire to take back the body of Manara to the young widow and her children decided Bertani to embalm it. Neither arsenic, nor aromatic, nor bituminous substances were at hand —bi-chlorure of mercury merely, and an instrument for common injections. The operation succeeded, but the operator absorbed the poison through the pores of his skin, and for a month after the entry of the French into Rome it was doubtful whether the safe-conduct procured for him by a Corsican military surgeon would be of any avail.

When, in 1859, the alliance against Austria was formed between Louis Napoleon and the King of Piedmont, the volunteers, crossing the highest mountain peaks, swimming across the Po and the Adige, swarmed to Turin, to the cry of 'Who is against Austria is for us.' Cavour, wiser than his colleagues, foreseeing that if the popular element were excluded from participation in the actual war it would become a powerful factor of disorder and embarrassment at home, overcame the tremendous opposition of the military authorities, and obtained permission for Garibaldi to form a legion, subject to, but to act independently of, the regular army. When Garibaldi announced his intention to don the King's uniform, nay, to form part of the army that was to fight side by side with the army of the man who had destroyed the Roman Republic and restored the temporal power, it seemed as though the heart's pulse of his friends and followers ceased for a moment to beat, that the blood was suddenly arrested in their veins; but the momentary horror passed. Cattaneo, from Lugano, scathed them even for hesitating. All the emigrants in Piedmont sent in their adhesion. Bertani was charged with the collection of money, arms, and especially with the organisation of the sanitary service. The *cadres* were drawn up for a division, but when they were submitted to Garibaldi he quietly observed, that as the corps of the *Cacciatori delle Alpi* would not be considered a division, but only a small brigade, one regimental surgeon and six surgeons of battalions would, he presumed, be all that would be sanctioned. So the numbers had to be reduced, a task rendered easier than at first, it seemed, by the willingness of the excluded to enlist as soldiers. Three regimental surgeons, five battalion and five assistant-surgeons were admitted: the first three are all dead,

and looking over the list of the survivors, I note that several of these stand to-day in the foremost rank of their profession.

The exploits of the *Cacciatore delle Alpi*, detailed, with unusual spirit and amplitude, by one of the actors, were scarcely heard of by foreigners, though this corps was the first to cross the Ticino and attack the Austrians. It formed but an episode in the Franco-Italian campaign—though a never-to-be-forgotten episode by the always-defeated Urban, whose terrified soldiers surnamed Garibaldi the 'red devil,' and by the freed populations of Como and Varese. Even so, the Sanitary Service was but a fragment of the episode, but the wounded remember gratefully how they were caught and carried off as they fell—saved and succoured as few soldiers were in the regular ranks. The surgeons and doctors look back to that time as to their first real drill in field surgery and ambulance routine, while more than one has told me that he realised for the first time the meaning of 'conservative surgery.' One instance of this fundamental theory of Bertani's practice was jotted down for me by Garibaldi's 'fighting doctor,' Achille Sacchi, who received a wound, deemed mortal, at Rome, in 1849, and which has never entirely healed, while it has not been his fault if he has failed in obtaining a similar decoration in every successive campaign. Among the wounded at Varese, deposited in the civil hospital of the town, was H., a fine fellow, with a comminuted fracture of both bones. Amputation was decided on, when our surgeon-general came in to take a last look at his 'boys' before marching onwards with the advancing column. The hospital surgeon offered him the knife, saying that it would be a treat for them to see him operate. 'My wounded are safe in your hands,' he said courteously; 'and all operations performed here are yours by right.' At the same time he was examining the wound, and the lad himself anxiously watching his face. 'What a fine fellow! what a beautiful leg!' he said at length; 'what if we were to try and spare it? Doctor, what say you? Perhaps you were thinking of a resection. Give us your opinion frankly.' 'My opinion is yours,' said the doctor; 'on the condition that you operate yourself.' Bertani made a neat resection, and the 'lad,' now (1876) a hale man, scarcely limps. I could quote scores of similar instances of Bertani's 'conservative surgery' in successive campaigns, and believe, that if on the field or nearest ambulance the question of primary or secondary operations were to be decided by men of experience and wisdom—instead of by the younger ones, always eager for practice and fearing to give nature a chance—many limbs would be spared now ruthlessly sacrificed.

When, after the Peace of Villafranca, Garibaldi threw up his commission and went to central Italy, Bertani followed the example, and General Fanti, commander of the regular forces of central Italy, offered him the post of surgeon-general to his entire army, but Bertani declined. General Fanti was Minister of War during the revolution of Milan in 1848.[2]

The next year, 1860, brought us the revolution of Sicily, and Garibaldi's expedition to assist the islanders in overthrowing the Bour-

[2] For most of these details I am indebted to the late D. Pietro Maestri, member of the War Committee of 1848, ambulance surgeon in successive campaigns, who was refused permission to share in the Sanitary Service of 1866, the Government declining to dispense with his services as head of the statistical department, of which he was the initiator and chief worker.

on yoke. Garibaldi had always romised that I should nurse his rounded, and on our return from America, when we were exiled at Lugano, invited us to join him, but the difficulties of crossing the frontier in disguise debarred us from the famous expedition of the Thousand.

Cavour, convinced at length by the passionate protests called forth by the cession of Nice, and by the force of inertia manifested by the Tuscans against any such impediment to unity as would be occasioned by the formation of Tuscany into a separate state under Prince Napoleon (though he was the husband of the King's daughter Clotilde)—that the Italians were bent on unity as well as independence—that the liberation of one province from native or foreign tyrants would not suffice even that province itself; that nothing short of One Italy would suffice each and all—determined to assist in the realisation of that unity by passive if he could not by active co-operation.

If Garibaldi could free Sicily, let him; only he would take care that Sicily and all other freed provinces should be annexed, and that right speedily, to his King's dominions.

So he offered no impediment to the preparations—to the public subscriptions of money and arms—to the departure of the Piedmont and Lombardo mail steamers, from Genoa, with their freight of patriots. More than this he could not do; as much no other statesman in his position—save Bismarck—would have dared to do; though it seemed to the revolutionists, in those days of antagonism, a poor part to play!

This mere sufferance necessitated the utmost caution and apparent secrecy on Garibaldi's part; the embarkment of his volunteers as mere passengers on board the steamer; the sending on of all arms and ammunition by boats, to be picked up when well out to sea.

But, as in the case of the Pisacane expedition to free Naples in 1857, the steamers never fell in with the boats, and Garibaldi, launching a portion of his men into the Papal States to prepare revolution there, was obliged to content himself with such sinews of war as he could obtain from the governor of Talamone.

As to ambulance material, men whose nearest peril was to be sunk by the Bourbon cruisers never thought of its necessity. On the voyage Garibaldi named Dr. Ripari—his own private medical attendant at Rome, who had suffered seven years of imprisonment in Papal dungeons, for remaining to attend on the wounded after the entry of the French—head of the Sanitary Service.

A footing gained at Marsala (where to this day Garibaldi maintains that he could never have effected a landing but for the cool interposition of Admiral Munday, who, while waiting for some of his officers to return from shore, kept her Majesty's flag-ship in such a position that the enemy's bullets must cross his deck before they could reach the Garibaldians), the liberators had to fight their way right across the island; give or receive pitched battles at every step; the battle of Calatafimi, where the Bourbons were ten against one, being the deadliest on record. Then Garibaldi—throwing the enemy, who followed in his rear, off the scent, by a stratagem which, competent authorities admit, would alone establish his military genius—fought his way into Palermo, and there his little band, with the inhabitants, had to suffer all the horrors of bombardment. Throughout that cross-country warfare, old Ripari, now fighting, now doctoring, aided by the unwounded and

by one woman—Signora Crispi, wife of the present Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies—managed to dress and bring over all that were transportable. Once in Palermo, the only fear was that the liberators, sick or well, would be killed with over-kindness!

At Palermo I gained my first experience in hospital and ambulance work, rendered as easy and delightful as such work can be by the perfect harmony that existed among all—by the fact of my husband (detached for the organisation of a military college for the boys of the poorest classes) being on the General's staff: of Ripari, and all the leaders being old comrades in conspiracy, or companions in exile. The generosity, the kindness, the devotion of the inhabitants not only of Palermo but of all the towns or villages visited; of the men, the women, the priests, the nobles, burghers, working classes, baffles description. I read now, as in a dream, of the brigandage, Maffia, general corruption which now exists in the island; indeed, it needed such books as those lately published by Franchetti and Sonnino, to convince me that the reports are neither exaggerated nor malignant. Why, a recollection of the bright swift intelligence of the tiny lads assembled in the college—who became soldiers in a trice, learned to read and write with a facility that was surprising, and deserting from the college to the battlefield, fought like veterans and suffered silently like martyrs—suffices alone to prove to us what all Italy tacitly recognises, 'that some one has blundered' in the management of Sicily.

Such was the intelligent care taken of our wounded in the hospitals and in the private houses, that when Garibaldi 'flitted' from Palermo to Milazzo, hearing that Medici was attacked by overwhelming forces, and we had to scramble together stores and make for the first steamer that could take us after him—bitter as it was to leave our boys on their beds of pain, we felt no anxiety on their account. Would not the kind doctors and patriotic priests, and tender Italian-hearted women supply their every need and minister to their slightest wish?

When, without losing one second we reached Milazzo, Garibaldi gave an ironical 'welcome' to the 'ambulance on the day after the battle,' and the words, though apparently unreasonable, were really wise, for I think he saw how we had been absorbed by the wounded of yesterday; whereas, the sole duty of an ambulance corps is clearly to assist the fallen of to-day, and prepare for those that will be smitten on the morrow.

My husband, much to his discomfiture, was requested — Garibaldi never orders, always requests —to return to his college; then, reminding the General that he had only accepted the work while no fighting was going on, was given permission to return to the staff as soon as he could find a substitute, which he succeeded in doing in time to be one of the first pioneers who crossed over, before Garibaldi himself, to the Neapolitan continent.

Ripari (leaving us with the wounded of Milazzo, under the orders of Cesare Stradivari, a man and surgeon worthy of his musical ancestor, Stradivarius) kept up with the General then, and refused permission to cross from the Faro to the continent with the pioneers, *literally* organising his ambulance on the sands of the Faro shores. At Milazzo we lived in the hospital where the Genoese heroes—their corps decimated, as it had been before at Calatafimi—were gathered; and there Emilia Bignami now the wife of Dr. Albanese, a distinguished surgeon of Palermo, proved of what an Italian woman is capable

a nurse for the wounded. We ared the same room, taking rest y turns, so that never, either night r day, were our men left with the aid nurses; and when I crossed ver to the continent, she, under tradivari, nursed them to the last.

The passage of the straits was erformed by Ripari and Papa nominally our head chemist, in eality our factotum) and myself unler the enemy's guns. Ripari had to eturn for stores and valuables just rrived and to send surgeons to he crossing regiments; and when I presented myself to Garibaldi for orders, he, standing in the midst of his generals, asked, 'What do we want with your rags and plaisters? Look there!' And *there* were the Bourbon soldiers fraternising with the redshirts and dispersing to their homes. His magic presence had dissolved the army like 'snow-wreaths in thaw.'

We had no transport service; our saddle horses had not yet come over from Sicily; but I held the General's order for the third available carriage; when he and the telegraph officers had been served, and clung to it as to life itself.

Once the ambulance of the third expedition coolly took possession of a splendid diligence that Papa had secured, and we had to keep up with them in a shaky old trap till the head of the General's staff enforced the written order *vivâ voce.* Then, the prior rights of the general ambulance asserted, we took pity on our colleagues, looking very discomfited, with their traps in the middle of the muddy road, made friends, and crammed all things and everybody into the capacious vehicle. Such was our terror lest an engagement should find us in the rear, that as often as not we found ourselves in the van. On one occasion Garibaldi, coming up with his staff, said, 'I thought that *I* was ahead of my army.' But, contemptuous as they all still were of rags and plaisters, they gratefully devoured a breakfast of eggs, sausages, tomatoes and grilled fowls which we—perfectly aware that we were transgressing rules—had induced the country people to unearth from the holes where they had hidden them from the Bourbons, and prepared as a peace offering.

Garibaldi, throughout that march from Reggio to Naples, gave breathing time to no one. The normal state of himself and private staff was to be without bite or sup. Figs or grapes, with or without bread, sufficed him at any time, but his followers were made of hungrier stuff; and I, during that march, wrote on my tablets what ever since I have had good reason to act upon: 'If you want to be in for the fray, to really succour the wounded, and not be voted back to the rear, then blamed for not being up to time, feed the hungry *un*wounded whenever you get a chance.'

On the 7th September, Garibaldi, with seven followers (among them Bertani, who had remained in Genoa to organise all the expeditions and was now named his secretary-general), entered Naples—full of royal troops, the guns of Elmo pointed at the city—and was welcomed with that passionate frenzy which can only be manifested by a people suddenly freed from an intolerable burden.

He had cast everything upon this throw. His army could not join him for three days at soonest. He went to see the miracle of S. Gennaro performed, as on the saint's approval or rejection hung the acceptance by the *lazzaroni* of the new order of things, and fortunately the saint's blood flowed instantaneously on his entrance; went to the Feast of Piedigrotto, where the archbishop presented him with the palm, never before offered save to kings and emperors in Naples; then directed all his attention to the Volturno: the King and the army, that remained true as steel to him, fortified in Capua.

We—i.e. my husband, who had

come up with the horses midway between Reggio and Naples—entered Naples on the same evening. And I may mention that it was no slight feat to have brought up the horses safe, if weary, all that tremendous and unceasing march. Only Garibaldi and a few others succeeded, by dint of never resting until the horses had been fed and watered: walking, as he has done himself, for half an hour to find water, plucking green meat wherever it was to be found, and cleaning when you could not feed them. This was another note for the ambulance tablets. My 'Pilo,' the half-Arab on which Garibaldi entered Palermo and gave to me, thus went through two campaigns, and now sleeps through his well-earned rest in the orchard at home. Many a wounded man has he borne, many a life has he saved by a timely lift. Indeed, I think it open to question whether quadrupeds do not play a more necessary part in ambulances than bipeds. The latter are always at hand; of the former the supply is as limited, in volunteer ambulances at least, as 'the powers that be' can make it.

Garibaldi on the Volturno, the general ambulance established its outposts at Sta. Maria di Capua, trusting, perhaps a trifle too much, with Sicilian memories in our hearts, to the inhabitants of Naples to prepare the hospitals for future emergencies.

Ripari brought up the magnificent stores sent out from England by the committee headed by Lady Shaftesbury and splendidly helped by Mr. Hart. They had sent us out money to Palermo, through our fine old consul, Goodwin, but in that campaign certain things that were most precious no money could purchase, such as tents, elastic and water beds, rubber sheeting, cotton wool, surgical instruments, tins of broth and cases of biscuits. These, with the lemons and *scorcia nera*, the drink most thirsted for by our wounded, were really invaluable. Some doctors, too, came and offered their services, but few could adapt themselves to the inevitable irregularity of everything. One English surgeon, however, must be remembered with gratitude, and that was Major Franklin, on furlough from India, who was the ideal of a 'help.' If we had to set up a temporary hospital, he was sure to know the number of beds, and help to put them; to detect hiccough in the wards, to teach an unhandy dresser, and, when he could, to give chloroform, never given by Neapolitan doctors throughout the campaign.

The month of September passed with only a few skirmishes, *but the* battle of Caiazzo (which occurred during Garibaldi's absence at Palermo to settle the feuds between the annexionists and the anti-annexionists) ended in a number of our wounded being carried prisoners to Capua.

With a handkerchief for a flag of truce and an order from Ripari to pass the outposts, I was admitted to the Neapolitan camp and taken blindfold through it to the hospital, where the dirt and squalor alone sufficed to account for the wan misery depicted on the faces of all alike. We found a major, ten officers, one chaplain, *eighty-nine* soldiers prisoners. Permitted to distribute money, I gave them about 25*l.* from the English donations, and promised supplies of cigars, linen, lemons, and *clothing*, of which they stood much in need. The major told me afterwards that the money was a godsend, as it enabled them to secure the services of the wretched nurses, who before *had* neglected them utterly; and that the supplies were no less valuable, as the things were unattainable in Capua. The officers maintained their apparent serenity, but the men were beyond consolation. 'Get us back, get us back!' was their anguished cry. 'Think what it will be for us when the next battle comes, and we shall hear all and

know nothing!' I promised them that the exchange should be made at the first opportunity; but the fact was that Garibaldi had liberated, or rather never imprisoned, any of the Neapolitans who had fallen into his hands along the march; his principle being, that by allowing them to return free to their homes they became a centre of liberal propaganda.

Such was the intolerable suffering of one of our men, that the young King of Naples, who visited the hospital frequently, was so moved by it that he sent him back to our camp freely and without exchange.

Such suffering is now spared to the wounded of the future by the Convention of Geneva! Now each side may carry off all their own wounded who can bear transport; while those who cannot be moved may be tended by their own surgeons and nurses in the enemy's hospital, or with the wounded by the enemy's surgeons. The former is, however, the best arrangement for the wounded of both sides; for whereas doctors and nurses who have been interchanging help and courtesies on the battlefield itself, may have a benevolent and impartial feeling to all the sufferers; the soldier, writhing in agony from a wound—say such as the needle-gun inflicts—does not feel kindly to the foe who has inflicted it, does not like to have him in the same carriage or ward, or to see his own surgeon lavish attentions upon him.

This is especially the case where a strong party-spirit inspires the combatants. During the wars of 1848–66 it was really baneful to the Italian wounded to have an Austrian in the ward, and the feeling was almost as strong between the volunteers and the Neapolitan soldiery. Can we think that it will be less intense in the Roumanians and Bulgarians towards the Turks—in the Turks towards the Russians? The separation of the wounded into different wards is generally easy, so that it is a small matter to content them.

On the 30th of September there was a severe tussle at the outposts, which began and ended so late that it was impossible to send the wounded off to Naples, so we arranged them with the utmost care in the temporary hospital of Sta. Maria di Capua, and, all but the most necessary operations being postponed till the morrow, left them almost all sleeping their first sleep of prostration—the doctors deciding to alternate their watch, having small faith in the so-called *infermieri* or men nurses, unable—owing to stringent orders that every soldier should be at his post—to secure the care of any of their comrades. It was 2 A.M. before we left the hospital. Ripari, who had a faculty for doing without sleep, or for sleeping anywhere, coiled himself up on the flagstones in the courtyard; and the doctors and Papa took possession of the carriages brought up from Naples, which always disappeared if not strictly guarded. I, leaving my orderly with cocked revolver in charge of our horses, went to get a bath in the house where I lodged; for when you have had the handling of soldiers who perhaps have not changed their flannel shirts for a month, a bath is a necessity and not a luxury. The darkness that precedes the dawn had scarcely lifted when crash followed on crash as in a thunderstorm on the Alps.

'They are at the very gates,' said Ripari, well versed in military music; 'and we shall have a field-day at last.'

He was right; the Neapolitans had resolved to make one universal and tremendous stand; to attack Garibaldi at every point—and there were five points where a defeat would cut off his retreat on Naples.

Garibaldi, if not perhaps expect-

ing such a daring assault, took in the whole situation at a glance. Nothing will ever persuade the survivors of October 1 that he was not gifted with omnipresence. Coming up from Caserta at 5 A.M., he found Milbitz attacked at Sta. Maria di Capua; Medici, overwhelmed at S. Angelo; knew that Bixio would have a tough task to hold his own at Maddelona, and that he must leave the reserves at Caserta for the point where the contest should be hottest. Here on foot, there on horseback, his carriage-horses killed, his carriage overthrown, taking one of the dykes that separate the main road from the fields, he reappeared in his eyrie on the heights, gave concise orders and the reinforcements necessary, ordering us to send back all the wounded to Naples or to Caserta.

We had from the first been busy in picking them up round the Capuan gate where they fell like hailstones. Overpowered by numbers, the bands were obliged at times to retreat, which, to their credit be it said, they never did without bringing back their dead and wounded comrades. These were carried on litters to the hospital as long as we had any—when they ran short, overcoats with muskets thrust through the sleeves supplied the deficiency—or, if they were but slightly wounded, to the carriages that conveyed them to Caserta. Any operations of immediate necessity were performed at the hospital, and one of the most disagreeable sensations of the day was witnessing the struggle between the young surgeons for the right of operating! All doctors, surgeons, chemists, turned bearers when needed; I do not think that there was one who was not a good portion of the day under fire. Dr. Sacchi came up from Naples though just appointed vice-director to the S. Sebastian hospital, by our friend Cosenz, then Minister of War, who had probably considered his wound, his wife and children, in selecting a post out of danger. But the care was of no avail: you will never quench the soldier in the Italian surgeon of the last generation. The fact, if it does credit to their patriotism and does certainly ensure the immediate removal of the wounded from the field, lessens the chances of care and order in the temporary hospitals, and was in the campaign of 1866 the cause of irreparable confusion in one serious battle, where the regimental surgeon on whom the entire ambulance depended received a bullet through his brain in the very front of the battle, just as the colonel of the regiment fell mortally wounded at his feet.

These 'inconveniences'—to use the mildest term—arise partly from the half-contemptuous attitude of the combatants towards the Sanitary Service until their services are needed, which renders it difficult to secure any able-bodied men for bearers or nurses—partly from the real delight of a volunteer to feel himself in the thick of the battle, and which renders him deaf to any appeal that shall remove him. I remember at Monterotondo, when the only two surgeons we had were unable to do all the work in the adjoining ambulance, that I implored some whom I knew to be medical students to come to our aid, and, for all answer, was asked, 'Do you take us for deserters!' These 'inconveniences' are not likely to occur in an ambulance corps, organised specially for succour to people in whose quarrels no special interest is felt; but it seems to us that very strict regulations ought to be made to prevent them.

So engrossing is the task of getting the wounded off the field that after a very short time one heard neither the roar of the cannon, nor the clattering of musketry; all the senses seemed concentrated in the eye and hand, and every sentiment seems superseded; the sensation being that you were play-

ing at snap-dragon and trying to get the plums out of the flames in the most dexterous and expeditious manner. The dead you left till the last; a rough or careless bearer would get a sharp reprimand; you extracted from the sufferer himself how he could best bear to be touched, and then obeyed implicitly.

Once rescued, every wounded man becomes to you as a hurt and helpless child; once the battle over pity and tenderness are instincts that suggest the methods of relieving or soothing pain; but as long as it rages the man out of range of the enemy's fire is nothing to you: for him your work is done and must be recommenced for others.

As a special train had been secured for transporting the wounded to Naples, we carried into it all that could, accompanied by surgeons, endure the journey. What was our horror at seeing a tribe of Neapolitans trying to take possession of the carriages! Ripari swore, pummelled, cudgelled, tore them down by the hair of their heads. Then they scrambled on to the top of the train, and we wished them a pleasant smashing under the tunnels.

How the day went, in a military point of view, we could scarcely understand. 'Medici's aide-de-camp and numbers of his men are wounded'—'The ambulance on the plain below S. Angelo has a bomb through the roof'—'Carriages can't pass from —— to ——'—'The wounded in the church are without water or food'—'Transports are wanted by Corte'—such were the only bulletins that had any meaning for us; the regimental ambulances—jealous of their independence in ordinary times—laying all their burdens and responsibility on the general ambulance in the emergency of battle.

Eight hours passed and then one missed the thunder we had ceased to hear. I was casting about for a way to get to Garibaldi with some figs, biscuits, and water, when half a dozen sailors came up with 'The Hannibal' in gold letters on their hats, and, probably recognising me for a countrywoman, asked if I could get them a musket apiece. 'If you will carry this basket,' I said, 'I dare to say we shall pick up some as we go along;' and they, hearing it was for Garibaldi, fought over the light burden.

We came up with the General about a quarter of a mile down the great white road that runs between Sta. Maria and S. Angelo. He drained the water eagerly—it was the first drop that had passed his lips during the day—munched the figs and biscuits, looked round on the men with beaming satisfaction, then, when I proffered their request, said, 'Why, you are encouraging deserters from your own Queen's flag-ships.'

This idea had not occurred to me, nor had I time to feel repentant, for crash came a bomb, tearing up the earth at our feet, and the music recommenced.

Garibaldi turned his field-glass in the direction of the road leading up from Caserta, looked anxiously for a moment, then his face cleared as he said:

'The day is ours.'

The fresh reserves had come up from Caserta.

As we crossed the brigade coming up at a run (they were chiefly Lombards, who had been eating out their hearts with rage at the enforced inaction), I pounced upon Gemelli, the regimental surgeon, almost in the front, asked him if he had no better duty than to die just then, and warned him that the means and men of the chief ambulance were almost exhausted.

'All right,' he said; 'our traps are in the rear. I'm only here to see the fray begin. I have got the Caserta hospital in order for you.'

The fray had already begun, and lasted for an hour and a half; then, when real silence fell, and you missed the thunder you had scarcely heard, Garibaldi, in its first pause, wrote in pencil—a drum serving for a table—the telegram that gladdened the oppressed and terrified the oppressors in Europe, 'Victory along all the line.'

Our work lasted until midnight though all the separate ambulances combined, for over all the irregular ground lying between the road and the fortress the wounded of both sides lay in heaps together with the dead, and when no voices answered ours we had to kneel and see whether faintness or hæmorrhage instead of death prevented their reply.

When sure that all the wounded and all the dead that could be found were brought in, the houses and hospitals of Sta. Maria were occupied, as it was too late to send on any more to Naples, it was decided to leave a batch down at a little church below S. Angelo until the morning.

But in these days doctors and officers proposed and Garibaldi disposed of every item that concerned his volunteers. He knew what was the dodge of the enemy on the morrow and decided that they should fall into the trap which they had laid for him; hence that the ground should be cleared. So after midnight we received an order to carry off all the wounded from the church. The snarling drivers had to be roused, and, what was harder, we had to turn the half-starved, weary horses out again and bring in a fresh batch of sixty wounded; so that night passed into morning, when the transports to Naples recommenced.

The work of getting and keeping the hospitals in order was extremely difficult, owing to the almost impossibility of securing efficient nurses. Many ladies and women helped from time to time, and the material was sufficient, food abundant; but the so-called *infermieri*, all paid men, were about the worst set of rogues it was ever our lot to meet. When, to the intense delight of the wounded, Garibaldi came to visit them, he ordered that they were to have everything that they could fancy and that the doctors would allow. And whatever the doctors ordered we saw prepared. Every day fowls by scores, pounds of beef and veal, were put into the cauldrons, but the soup tasted merely of salt water, and the hungry ones were always piteously holding up wings that were mere skewers, and legs that were drumsticks. At last our chemist, some of the doctors, and myself kept a ride and tie watch, and came upon the larder, where the 'nurses' hid the fowls' breasts and the *consommé*, either for sale or for their own consumption.

Then the Sisters of Mercy were summoned, and things went on better, only then we had to take care that the food was distributed fairly, whether the patient recited his rosary or no, and that no poor fellow was beset with priests unless he wished to confess, which very few of our northern volunteers did wish.

Later, pernicious fever set in, and the director of the volunteer hospital of S. Sebastiano, Dr. Morosini, ordered large doses of quinine. This the doctors or surgeons or nurses of the ambulance were to administer, lest the patients, always rebellious against medicine, should throw it away, and all performed their duty faithfully. Several of the patients died. Morosini said that they could not have taken the quinine in the doses he had ordered. This was a charge too bitter to be borne. He accompanied us to our several wards, examined the books and the remaining powders, and admitted that we were not at fault. He took away the rest of the powders and had them analysed. The chemist of the city who had

the contract had either put in no quinine at all or very trifling quantities, thus deliberately depriving the poor fellows of their one chance of life. He was arrested and put on his trial, but never condemned. Clearly the *Camorra* was as rife in Naples then as now.

With the King's entry into Naples Garibaldi, forbidden to go on to Rome, returned to Caprera. Everything was handed over to Piedmontese administration.

I only waited to have my accounts of the funds and stores sent out from England examined and audited; Mr. Henry Wreford, correspondent of the *Times*, Dr. Sims, Dr. Bishop, and Dr. Roskilli, Madame Meuricoffre, Mrs. Robert Whyte, the Princess Mora, and Miss Durant, kindly forming a committee for the distribution of the remaining stores and sums, and promising to visit our wounded, a promise faithfully fulfilled. The convalescent were sent for a time to Sorrento, where Colonel Maiocchi, whose right arm had been amputated, superintended them. Then we, too, quitted Naples, and so ended my first ambulance campaign, leaving me with the sensation of having picked up a few words of a foreign language by ear. and the conviction that all real drill and training had yet to come, to be gained by hard study of grammar and syntax.

Our surviving wounded considered that they had been well cared for; and certainly, when I look over the list of amputations and disarticulations that succeeded, both as primary and secondary operations, and contrast them with the statistics of other wars, they are right so to feel. Victory, the being surrounded with their own people, the best food that doctors would allow, and moderate quantities of the best wine that English money could purchase, certainly assisted the well-done work of the surgeons and doctors.

(*To be continued.*)

ITALIAN MASKS.

SOME representative of the great class of impromptu humorists has never been wanting to Italian comedy. Centuries ago, the Romans knew their prototypes, the *Mimi Atellanæ*. And even the growing seriousness of an age which appears to rehearse its pleasures as carefully as it prepares its work is unable to weigh down the gaiety, to fetter the frivolous fun, of these immortal children of the moment. The Italian nature, on its lighter side, is so faithfully represented in them, that, as long as it remains unchanged, they must, we imagine, continue to flourish, they must be supported by it. The boyish *verve*, the want of reflection, which long have been, and even still are, characteristics of the Venetian Carnival, are the essence of the disposition both of the lounger, laughing in his rags, of Naples, Venice, or Milan, and of the 'masks,' the national comedians whose scarcely varying jests have amused him for generation after generation. *Arlecchino*, *Scaramuccia*, *Tartaglia*, live by their thoughtlessness, their little childish passions, their unhesitating self-satisfaction, and please because in them, as in a mirror, their spectators see themselves.

We have in England our clowns of the pantomime and the circus, our street-niggers, and some professedly impromptu drolls of the music-halls; but these hold nothing like the rank of the Italian masks, even now that the regular drama, on the one hand, and the marionettes on the other, have largely invaded the territory of those established and once artistic buffoons. With our stage-history reaching up to the days of Shakspeare, we can hardly believe that scarcely more than a century ago the principal performances in the Venetian theatres were all *commedia dell' arte*—plays with improvised dialogue; that it was so recently that Goldoni brought into fashion comedies of which the conversations as well as the plots were written out and studied beforehand. Night after night, these daring improvisatori would perform fresh pieces, after a study, often of necessity hasty, of the *scenario* (a written sketch of the plot, indicating the entrances and exits, and the events of each scene), which was posted on a 'wing,' sometimes only an hour or so before the play began; and the dialogue, wanting though it must have been in literary finish, was not only often bright and sparkling, but *always strictly consistent and in character*.

This will seem impossible, especially to those who have noticed how seldom a dramatic author makes all his characters speak throughout consistently, and how few actors can sufficiently merge their individuality in that of more than a very limited number of parts. How it was accomplished, we will explain in a brief history of these Italian masks—their origin and development, their differences, the creators of some of the principal types among them; and we hope that this hasty sketch of their characteristics may send readers both to the charming plays of Gozzi,[1] who employed them most constantly and skilfully, and to M. Maurice Sand's two luxurious volumes on *Masques et Bouffons*, wherein is traced elaborately the history of each of the stock characters of Italian comedy.

Most people know vaguely that

[1] The best of these have been well translated into French by M. Alphonse Royer.

the Harlequin, Columbine, Clown, and Pantaloon of our modern pantomime had ancestors in Italy, among whom what is now a confused *mélange* of practical joking had a distinct plot—as, indeed, it had in England a hundred years ago—in which Harlequin and Columbine were lovers, Pantaloon an irascible guardian or father, and Clown his foolish servant. Some Englishmen, in their yearly trip to the Continent, may even have seen, as we ourselves saw a little while ago in a small town in Luxembourg, this earlier form of the play, with the Harlequin in a dress of triangular patches, and the Clown entirely in white, with floured face, his clothes cut very much after the Chinese fashion, and his fun gaining greatly from his unvarying melancholy.

There, however, their knowledge probably ends. They know nothing of the changes these characters have gone through—of the gradual transformation of Harlequin, from exactly what the Clown is now to a dumb edition of the lover of the old story, the *Lelio* or *Orazio* who is now omitted, while the Clown is introduced to fill the place of buffoon, left vacant by Harlequin's metamorphosis, and Pantaloon is degraded to a humble follower of the Clown. Nor is it likely that they have heard of the old companions of these — their superiors, one might almost say—*Truffaldino*, *Tartaglia*, *Brighella*, who were yet in their day (and that no distant one) not only famous throughout Italy, where some of them still survive, but personally known and loved as far as Paris, where troupe after troupe of Italian comedians flourished for years, rivalling and surpassing the one French company of their time.

Now, the internal classification of these troupes of actors, which is what we are concerned with, was rather unusual. In a regular English or French company of to-day we find a leading man, a *jeune premier*, a low comedian, a 'walking gentleman,' and so forth; we say colloquially, it is true, that a man plays 'the *Sir Peter Teazles*,' 'the *Touchstones*,' or 'the *Mercutios*,' but we do not mean that *Sir Peter* is introduced in every comedy in which our actor appears—we hardly even imply that all his parts are exactly the same, much less that he only performs one part, bearing always the same name, in play after play. Yet this is, odd as it seems, the exact description of the 'casts' of Italian *commedia dell' arte*; each play—and, consequently, each company — had its *Arlecchino*, its *Brighella*, its *Capitano*, and *Pantalone*, its *Lelio* or *Flavio*, its *Colombina* and *Smeraldina*; and the character of the part never varied as long as it was entrusted to the same actor, no matter in how many pieces it appeared. To be sure, Brighella was now a Grand Vizier, now a court poet, now a thievish servant; but he was always Brighella, and always the same—a Bergamese, honey-tongued, insinuating, lying, and absolutely base.

And it must be seen that in these comedies of improvisation this was the only way to secure anything like an adequate presentation of character. The names need not always have been the same, to be sure—though this was an immense assistance to the actors — but the constant reproduction of strongly-marked types, with unvarying mannerisms, was a necessity. The actor, when he had learnt from the *scenario* what he had to do, knew exactly how he had to do it, had no need to consider what manner would be most consistent with his part, and had not even any trouble about his dress, which was unvarying. A new type was sometimes added to the stock by a young and original actor; very slowly some of the old types were modified and trans-

formed; but on the whole it may be fairly said that every actor played in every piece the same part—it was his, and he was it, upon the stage, and very likely sometimes off it.

These parts originally represented the inhabitants of different cities or provinces. Just as we have many actors who always play Irishmen, an Italian company possessed its Neapolitan, *Tartaglia*, speaking the dialect and endowed with the principal characteristics of his fellow-citizens; its Venetian, *Pantalone*, and representatives of most of the other Italian States or cities; and the descent of each of the leading masks might be traced from the typical inhabitant of some province, introduced very often by an actor really coming from the place, and speaking its dialect naturally.

These characters were gradually modified into the leading types of all comedy—the jealous old man, the stupid servant, the knavish valet, the pompous lawyer or doctor; and their different combinations, in intrigues of more or less ingenuity, made up all these improvised comedies, which in the main greatly resemble those of most early dramatic schools—the Latin, the Spanish, the French, to some extent a portion of the English. Molière, indeed, and many of the French writers, imitated the Italian custom of frequent reproduction of a character—*Sganarelle* appears in half-a-dozen comedies, *Mascarille* in three or four; *Jodelet*, *Gorgibus*, and others are repeated more than once.

The principal masks of Italian comedy number, perhaps, twenty, but these were not all contemporary. Like all other things, a mask was created, grew popular, eclipsed nearly all its fellows, then gradually became fossilised, lost its distinctive qualities, or retained them merely as empty badges, and was superseded by characters whose fresher mannerisms had life, humour, and significance. Their exact dates of creation and decay it is, perhaps, impossible to find, but we will endeavour to indicate, as far as we can, the order in which they became popular, to suggest what may have been their origins, and to point out to what individual comedians they chiefly owed their fame.

There is, perhaps, no older type, as there is none more strongly marked or varying less, than *Il Capitano*—the Captain Spezzafer, Spavento, Rodomonte, whose name was changed more often, perhaps, than those of his comrades (generally, one would think, for the sake of introducing some novel and tremendous polysyllable), but whose characteristics of swaggering, lying, and cowardice remained unchanged from century to century, in every land to which his fame penetrated. Captain Escobombardon della Papirotonda of Italy was as like to Captain Matamoros of Spain as was the Taillebras or Engoulevent of France to the Horribilicribrifax of the Germans; and we shall find but little variation, even in details, whether we go back to the Pirgopolinices of Plautus, or cross the sea to examine the English Bobadil and Pistol.

In the *commedia dell' arte* the Captain appears perpetually, always boasting of his amazing achievements, always running away when there is danger, or quietly allowing himself to be beaten; entirely insensible to shame, protected by a thick hide of insensibility, generally poor and in want of a meal, and capable of descending to any meanness to procure one; interlarding his conversation with many Spanish words of terrible sound and signification; making love with prodigious boastfulness and very little success; finally, always trying to cheat, and very often cheated himself. His costume was altered from time to time, generally following at some distance the changes of fashion.

His early dress was not unlike that of the English Punch—a doublet and knee-breeches of yellow striped with red, a short scarlet cloak lined with yellow and embroidered with gold, red stockings, and yellow leather shoes, with large yellow rosettes; his hat of reddish felt, with a gold band, into which were stuck some red cock's feathers. At first he always wore a mask of flesh-colour, with a tremendous nose and immense mustachios; but later he appears to have given up the mask, and endowed himself only with a complexion of a rather extraordinary purple.

His appearance, with these gorgeous garments something the worse for wear, and with a very long sword swung defiantly at his side, must have been sufficiently awe-inspiring; and we may be sure that his language, left to the invention of a ready improvisatore, would not be less terrific. There are, indeed, few parts which would seem to lend themselves more readily to this species of comedy than that of the braggart and coward. One can imagine an audience hanging upon and cheering the successive boastful stories as a clever comedian improvised them, trying ever to cap himself—'I took the Sultan of Trebizonde by the beard and dragged him through his camp a prisoner, striking down his guards with my disengaged hand. When I reached my tent, my cuirass bristled with numberless arrows—you would have taken me for a porcupine! Ha! The sound of my name overthrows walls, wins battles, puts armies to flight,'—and so forth, his stories growing ever more impossible, and of grander imagination.

All sorts of disaster happen to the unlucky man; in play after play he is exposed, beaten, made a laughing-stock just after he has been bragging of his courage, his strength, or his good fortune among ladies. Arlecchino makes fun of him, Flavio cheats him, and it is but very rarely that after all his troubles he is allowed to wed the lady of his love. We need not describe him at greater length—his character is as old as the stage itself: from the *Huanebango* of a rough old comedy by Peele to the *Wellington de Boots* of the present day, the drama has never been without its swaggering soldier, fierce in appearance, more remarkable for invention than veracity, and always in the end publicly discomfited.

As old as *Il Capitano*, however old he be, and varying less frequently in name, if perhaps more in character, *Arlecchino* claims attention as the buffoon, the butt, the wit, the satirist of many centuries and of half-a-dozen countries. He is sometimes thought to have been originally a negro, and his black mask makes the supposition not unlikely: if so, his many points of resemblance to the modern 'Christy Minstrels' become extremely interesting. Whether, however, his face was naturally black, or was darkened as a disguise, its colour and a coat of many patches have distinguished Harlequin and his ancestors from the time of the Romans, according to a passage from Apuleius, quoted by M. Sand, to the present day; and it is said that his present mask has a doubly classic origin, having been copied by Michael Angelo from that of an antique satyr.

The variations in the costume of Arlecchino have corresponded to some extent with the changes in his character. In one of the earliest extant descriptions of him, we find that he was wont to wear a jacket open in front, and fastened with shabby ribbons; pantaloons tight to the figure, covered with patches of different colours sewn on at random—the jacket also being of patchwork—no linen, a cap slashed after the fashion of the time of

Francis I., a girdle and a wooden sword; his beard was stiff and black, and he wore the usual black half-mask. This was his costume during the sixteenth century, and had probably changed little for many years; but later—speaking roughly, one may say about the year 1670—it became modified, and assumed the appearance it still bears, except that the spangles, now worn chiefly in England, are a much later addition. The dress was made to fit closely all over, and consisted entirely of lozenge-shaped patches of different colours. The bat of wood and the mask were retained, and another badge of the character—a hare's tail, the symbol of cowardice, attached to the hat—was still generally worn; but all the rest was brighter and more dapper.

The effect of these changes is easily seen. They typified the alteration of the character from a loutish Merry Andrew, to be laughed at, to a graceful and debonair wit, to be laughed with. First of all, Arlecchino seems to have endeavoured to raise laughter by extraordinary contortions, by buffoonery of the most extravagant kind; but soon after — perhaps, indeed, at the same time—he showed himself, in his sayings and doings, a type of the folly of his native place, Bergamo (whence also came Brighella, sometimes called his brother), which seems at one time to have been the Gotham of Italy. He was at this period, in the most exact sense of the word, a 'Zany'—*Zanni*, the Italians called both him and Brighella—a naïve, child-like fool, ignorant and clumsy, and yet with a certain, almost accidental, wit and grace. His greed, his helplessness, his perpetual mistakes, never destroy our sympathy; we cannot treat him as a responsible being—he would laugh away our anger with the charm, the *insouciance*, traditional with the Irish peasant.

From this character to that of the professed wit, the change, though gradual, is comprehensible enough: place the Court jester (or even the English circus-clown of to-day) between the two, and the process of transformation is at once plain. Later still Arlecchino became the brilliant and witty lover, the hero of the story; and even before this transformation was entirely consummated, we are told that Antonio Vicentini, one of the most famous of harlequins, was wont to introduce every now and then scenes of pathos —'in the midst of the laughter which his antics caused, suddenly drawing tears from all that beheld him.'

This Vicentini, however, preserved the alternation of peasant-like stupidity—often joined to a rough outspoken honesty — with his wit; the parts he was fondest of playing would seem, indeed, to have been not unlike the *Zekiel Homespun* type of character in English comedy, with a dash, let us say, of Sancho Panza, or even of Sam Weller. He was born in the year 1682, at Vicenza; and, going with an Italian troupe to Paris when he was thirty-four, made his assumed name, *Thomassin*, famous there until his death in 1739. It is an odd instance of the power of individual talent, and of the tendency of uncritical admirers to confound a man's mannerisms with his merits, that, in spite of Vicentini's success in his own country, it was greatly feared that he would fail in Paris, simply because he had a good voice, and his illustrious predecessor, Biancolelli, had taught the public to prefer a bad one! However, it was ingeniously arranged that the piece in which he made his *début* should begin with a long scene in dumb-show, in which Harlequin was a sleepy servant, ineffectually waked half-a-dozen times by his master; and Vicentini had firmly established himself in the favour of the audience

before they had discovered that he spoke clearly and naturally, instead of in a cracked falsetto!

Giuseppe-Domenico Biancolelli, the most celebrated, perhaps, of all harlequins, was a man of letters and of genuine talent. He was born in 1640, at Bologna, of parents both of them members of the stock company of the theatre of that town; an actor from his childhood, he had achieved more than Italian fame before. In 1659 he left the troupe of Tabarini, at Vienna, to appear in Paris. Here he established himself at once as the only rival of Locatelli, the great Trivelino (a sort of harlequin) of his time; and after Locatelli's death was himself unrivalled. He became a great favourite with Louis XIV., and said one or two very neat things to that monarch. Thus, Louis noticed once at supper that Biancolelli's eyes regarded a plate of partridge very attentively. '*Que l'on donne ce plat à Dominique*,' said the King.

'*Et les perdrix aussi?*' asked Biancolelli.

'*Et les perdrix aussi.*' And the harlequin got them, as well as the plate—which was a gold one.

It is of Biancolelli that first was told the story—which may well have happened to more comedians than one—of the harlequin who, consulting a doctor who did not know him, was advised to go to the theatre to see himself! If, however, this tale, told of so many later harlequins (the English Rich among them), belonged of right to Biancolelli, it would ill become him to object, for a more unblushing adapter of venerable jests than himself never lived; he was actually guilty of using, in some piece in which he appeared, the school-boy story of 'the man who, having a house to sell, carried with him a brick as a sample!'

Evariste Gherardi, born at Prato, in Tuscany, and Carlo Bertinazzi, of Turin, were the most famous of the successors of Biancolelli. The latter was warmly praised by Garrick himself; the former was so sublimely conscious of his own merits that he needed no other praise. Hear his attempt to disguise his child-like vanity, so characteristic of Arlecchino that we need not wonder at his success in the *rôle*. 'If I were a man to be rendered vain by the talents which nature has given me for the stage—whether in masked or unmasked parts, in leading *rôles*, serious or comic—I should be able sufficiently to gratify my *amour propre*. I might say that I did more as a beginner, on my first appearance, than could the most illustrious actors after twenty years' practice, and in their ripest manhood. But I protest that, far from having ever been puffed up by these rare advantages, I have always looked upon them as the effects of my good fortune, and never as the consequences of my merit!'

The last stage of the transformations of Harlequin, in which he appears as little more than a graceful dancer, was reached a good many years ago, and there seems little chance of any revival of his earlier glories. Still, it would be rash to predict the disappearance of a character which has existed so many hundred years; and it is always possible that some eccentric genius may animate anew the soulless form of Arlecchino.

Truffaldino, originally only one of the types of the lying and witty valet (probably varying little from Brighella and Scapino), became towards the middle of the seventeenth century a species of harlequin. The most famous Truffaldino was Sacchi, the head of the Venetian *troupe* which produced the celebrated *féeries* of Carlo Gozzi: his scenes were never written—sometimes, indeed, 'Truffaldino enters, then goes,' was the simple stage direction, and Sacchi was left to fill

in both dialogue and action at his will. Some specimens of his style, however, exist. The following is not a bad one: 'I am a foundling—let me think over my family tree a moment! There's certainly some probability that I am the son of a king, for I have always felt that blood of a superior quality ran in my veins. . . . . I was once captured by pirates, and sold as a slave. The Turks, seeing signs of noble birth all over me, would not take less than fifty filippos as my price. My purchaser, having tried me at various kinds of work, and found how much my regal spirit despised them all, sold me again for fifty pounds. My next purchaser exchanged me for an ass. In time I became so celebrated for my contempt of all occupations, except that of eating, that the last buyer sold me again for seven-and-twenty shillings. Finally, I was decorated with a kick on the seat of honour, and thus left, with glory and repute, the state of slavery.'

Of *Trivelino* we need only say that he was a species of harlequin, with a costume somewhat varying from the ordinary type—looser, and perhaps less formal, with a guitar in place of the bat. It was under this name that Biancolelli played.

Associated with Harlequin in the oldest *commedia dell' arte*, as now in the modern pantomime, was the *Pantalone*, who, except that originally he was sometimes a dignified and venerable old gentleman, may be said to have altered but little in the course of centuries. Always the type of old age, in whatever play he appeared, he now and then represented its nobler characteristics—simplicity, honesty, candour—but much more often showed the qualities that make it contemptible; was the dotard, avaricious, cunning, amorous, and vain, who has figured in all comedy from Aristophanes downwards. Pantalone was always a Venetian, and very often a merchant—sometimes rich, sometimes very poor—who was the father of two marriageable girls, as the stage merchant still so frequently is. That these girls and their lovers, aided by the invariable valet and soubrette, perpetually plagued and cheated him, we need hardly say: filial obedience is a virtue rarely insisted upon in the drama—except, possibly, on the modern French stage.

According to Riccoboni, the favourite type of Pantalone at the beginning of the eighteenth century was a simple and upright old man, constantly in love, and as constantly the dupe of a rival, a servant, or his mistress; but it hardly seems likely that, having placed an old man in such a position, a dramatist of that period would not heighten the comedy of the situation as much as possible, by making him in every way ridiculous. And Pasquale, Cornelio, Facanappa, Cassandro, and Il Biscegliese, who may all be classed with Pantalone—of whom, indeed, only two can be said to be in any way different types—were all of them much more frequently foolish and contemptible, than in any way redeemed by worthier qualities.

The two among them that to some extent stand out—Cassandro and Il Biscegliese—do so in virtue of the invariability of their characters, not of their great originality. Pantalone might well be exactly like either, without changing his name; but Cassandro could only be like one particular kind of Pantalone—miserly above all things, irascible, unscrupulous, and cunning[2]—and Il Biscegliese was always the typical inhabitant of the

[2] This was Cassandro in his most famous period (beginning in 1732); originally, strange as it seems, he was created to fill the part of the serious father in those pieces in which Pantalone was used as the ridiculous old man.

little town after which he was named; speaking its curious, whining dialect, and preserving all its rustic prejudices; slow, bigoted, and dull, but always honest and unsophisticated.

As companion of Pantalone, we often find a personage of a somewhat similar character—*Il Dottore* (generally a doctor of laws, or a man of science; not often an ordinary M.D.). He is a Bolognese, and usually bears the name of Graziano, or Baloardo Grazian. Another type, created a little later—the former dates from 1560—was called Balanzoni Lombarda, but probably differed only from Graziano in details resulting from the mannerisms of Bernardino and Roderigo Lombardi, his creators; except, indeed, that he was nearly always a doctor of medicine.

Il Dottore was a pedant, a perpetual chatterer, sometimes really learned, sometimes an ignorant impostor; he interlarded all his sentences with scraps of Latin, or with classical allusions generally entirely misapplied. He was an admirable contrast to the Harlequin, or to the Scaramuccia, with whom he often had scenes of discussion of scientific subjects—his pedantry and the naïve ignorance of his interlocutor coming into contact, generally to the advantage of the latter.

His appearance may easily be guessed. He was clad always in black, wearing from the middle of the sixteenth century to about 1650 a long legal robe, but afterwards a shorter and less imposing garment. He wore a black half-mask, and his cheeks were generally of the deepest purple—a somewhat unfeeling allusion, it is said, to a winemark on the face of an advocate at Bologna.

The Notary, who generally made his appearance in the last scene of an Italian comedy, was a smaller edition of the Doctor. Pompous, stout, and spectacled, he entered with rejoicing to draw up the contract of marriage between the happy lovers, his joy arising not merely from the prospect of the handsome fee he was to pocket, but from the hope of wedding festivities to come, at which he should assuredly be of all the guests most constant to the bottle and the well-filled dishes.

The mention of these characters brings naturally to the mind that of Tartaglia, who, though one of the four regular 'masks' of Italian comedy (the other three were Brighella, Truffaldino, and Pantalone), did not in point of fact wear a mask at all, unless his enormous blue spectacles might be held to take the place of one. He did not generally fill a very important part, but his characteristics were very clearly defined; they were, indeed, so strongly marked that, while they rendered him exceedingly amusing for a time, they would have become wearisome and annoying had he appeared in many long scenes. He stammered frightfully—this was the chief of them; and this, added to his strong Neapolitan accent, would have made him unendurable had he played a character of any prominence; but as the notary, the judge, or the apothecary, appearing only in a brief scene or two, he made great merriment with his hesitating and yet pompous stupidity.

Tartaglia is properly very large and very fat, with a defiant expression which covers the most enormous cowardice. Beltrani, of Verona, said to have been his creator, dressed him in a green jacket with a few yellow stripes, short green pantaloons, and a great white collar; his face was always beardless, and his head bald. To-day, however, he wears a large white periwig of the time of Louis XV., and the three-cornered hat and the coat of the same period.

the coat being always green, Tartaglia's distinctive colour.

It is difficult to give any examples of the wit of a character to whose sayings a stammer so often gave their principal point, sometimes simply by the droll effect which this involuntary hesitation always has (when it is not painful), sometimes by dwelling on or iterating one syllable or word, so as to produce a sort of pun, and sometimes by emphasising in a similar way some word containing a political or personal allusion. For a 'hit' of the last sort Tartaglia was once punished by imprisonment for a week, and by a cruel prohibition from wearing for a month his favourite blue spectacles.

We have now spoken of three out of the four masks which appeared regularly in almost every one of the comedies *dell' arte*. At least as important as any is the fourth, *Brighella*, originally the 'villain of the piece,' and if afterwards a little less entirely repulsive, always quite without redeeming qualities. At first he would stab you in the back, not only 'as soon as look at you,' but a great deal sooner; he betrayed women, picked pockets, lied incessantly, and fled from any man who was not too old to fight, or a greater coward than himself. As time went on, he left off assassinating, and perhaps became more amusing; but never ceased to be the most obsequious, insinuating, honey-tongued of scoundrels. He was originally a Bergamese—sometimes, as we have said, he is called the brother of Arlecchino—and his earlier dress, of white linen bordered with green, was meant to show that he was from the country; but his nature is so essentially that of the polished villain of cities, that, as is always the case, his costume in time was modified to suit it. In its most modern form it has to a certain extent lost its significance, and is more a comic mixture of garments of different periods than the characteristic costume it once was. It is still, however, white bordered with green; and the half-mask, from beneath which a moustache of malicious curl peeps forth, is still of a dark brown or olive green.

Of the company of Antonio Sacchi, for which Carlo Gozzi wrote his famous fairy plays, the Brighella, Atanasio Zanoni, was among the most prominent members, though the Truffaldino was Sacchi himself, the Tartaglia Fiorilli (said to have been unrivalled in the character), and the Pantalone, the celebrated Darbès. Of all the parts which Gozzi wrote for Zanoni, perhaps the best and most original was that in *L'Angellino Belverde*, where Brighella is a court poet, perpetually composing doggrel verse, and always on the look-out to make sure of a good place in the will of his aged mistress, Queen Tartagliona, mother of Tartaglia. It is satisfactory to be able to add that his cunning meets with the fullest punishment—at the end of the play he is transformed into a donkey.

This Zanoni, like several of the greatest of Italian masked actors, was a highly educated man. He entered Sacchi's Venetian troupe partly from a love of the stage, and partly, we may guess, from another love, for he subsequently married his manager's sister. He was distinguished for his exquisite delivery, his grace, animation, and finesse, and the brilliancy of his impromptu repartees. Like many stage villains, he was off the stage the most inoffensive and popular of men.

Beltrame and *Fenocchio* were little more than variations of Brighella; and a name which Molière has made more widely known than any, perhaps, that we have mentioned—*Scapino*—was used for a type almost identical, except that it was more the merry and cunning

valet, less the dangerous villain. His character was fixed, if not absolutely created, by Angelo Beolco, surnamed Ruzzante, one of the most brilliant of Italian writers of comedy; who also was the first exactly to define Arlecchino, Pantalone, and Il Dottore. Ruzzante's plays were written entirely in various provincial dialects, and he himself always played the principal character—a peasant, who varied, like the creations of the English Robson, from the merest buffoon to an almost tragic compound of rustic power and passion.

We cannot here attempt to describe and distinguish between the innumerable clowns or comic servants, who may be said to range from Scapino to the Italian counterpart of our Jack Pudding or Merry Andrew. Many of the later ones do not belong to the class of 'masks' at all; are in no way connected with the true *commedia dell' arte*; of these we need only mention the names—*Stenterello* (a Tuscan), *Gianduja* (a Piedmontese), *Meneghino* (of Milan), *Zacometo*, formerly *Momolo* (of Venice)—and characterise them generally as either types of foolish countrymen, or the half-witted jesters who are still, at English fairs, the companions of professors of magic.

Earlier than most of these, but not greatly differing from them, were the Bertoldos, Pagliaccios, and Peppe-Nappas, who were all very like the French Pierrot; and the better known *Tabarino* was of the same class, though he developed later into a sort of burlesque Cagliostro—but a Cagliostro of the market-place and the fair, *bien entendu*. His jests are still the stock-in-trade of every booth-buffoon, though, indeed, he probably succeeded to many of them by inheritance. It is he who teaches us to make fifty pairs of shoes in half-an-hour—by cutting off the tops of fifty pairs of boots; who shows that invalids are the persons that behave most disrespectfully to doctors — because they always put out their tongues at them; and who tells us how to play a hundred mischievous tricks, not all remarkable for decorum. In fact, his jokes are very much the jokes of Harlequin at one stage of his development; and there is no real line of demarcation to be drawn between certain stages of Scapino, Piero, Arlecchino, Bertoldo, Tabarino, Stenterello, Truffaldino, and Pagliaccio, except that of differing dialects and periods.

Between all these and *Scaramuccia* (and his brethren, *Pasquino* and *Pasquariello*) there is a certain difference; it is not great, but it exists, as the distinct variation from their dress shows. Scaramuccia is always clothed entirely in black, and his face is ghastly white; he is a valet, certainly, but his character bears at least as strong a likeness to that of Il Capitano as to Pagliaccio's. He is boastful and amorous (with unvarying want of success), and traces his descent from a royal family, owner of many magnificent countries not to be found in any map.

Of the stock lovers of Italian comedy — *Lelio*, *Orazio*, *Isabella*, *Fioranetta*—we need not speak, nor of the soubrettes *Columbina* and *Betta*; lovers and chambermaids are much the same all the world over. There remains to be noticed one other mask, popular alike among the ancient Romans, the Italians of to-day, and in a humbler form the English—a character entirely depraved, and yet universally loved; a wife-beater, a murderer, and a mocker, adored of all wives and children—Pulcinella, Polichinelle, Punch. He was not the associate of what we may call the classical masks—Brighella and the rest—but we find him often with Scaramuccia, and often the centre and chief character of pieces composed expressly for him. His cos-

tume varied greatly, though he was always distinguished by the hump-back, the protuberant belly, and the immense nose of to-day; he was now clothed in gaudy yellow, red, and blue; now entirely in white (always a favourite costume with Italian jesters); sometimes he would wear a cocked hat, sometimes an almost flat cap of many colours; now and then a long nondescript head-dress something like a night-cap; even his half-mask and his stick he did not always carry; yet he always stood apart from the crowd of jesters, even in Naples, where he least resembled our English Punch, who has perhaps preserved the characteristics of the original Roman *Maccus* more closely than any other of his descendants.

It must be said, though, that Pulcinella differs in several respects from Punch. He is not nearly so cruel as the old rascal of our puppet-shows; he is slower generally in his movements and speech, having, indeed, in some Italian cities an indolent, sleepy delivery, which gives a fresh point to his bitter sayings; with less active wickedness, he has the additional vice of laziness, of which no one ever accused our energetic wielder of the wooden weapon.

At heart, though, Pulcinella is Punch as essentially as our English clown is the original Italian Arlecchino, our Bobadil the Capitano. Italy is the native land of the masks, and all other countries are her imitators. The conjuror of the country fair, the cheap-jack of the village-green, even the showman, whose Pan-pipes and drum proclaim the coming of Punch and Judy—purveyors of wit and practical fun for uncultivated minds—are humble cousins of the same family as the masks of Italian extemporaneous comedy.

EDWARD ROSE.

THE BATTLES OF PEACE.

IF the news that a great battle had been fought by English soldiers, not on some distant Asian or Indian field, but in the very heart of our island, in which the killed and wounded amounted to more than seven thousand men, were flashed through the wires of the telegraph, the intelligence would stir the nation to the very heart. It would produce a temporary stupor. It would take hours before we could realise the magnitude of the loss. But when calm had to some extent returned, and when the most cruel doubts of personal anxiety had been solved, one general and widespread feeling would be common to us all. We should ask —supposing victory to have been on our side—what object had been secured by the carnage? What was the practical, material gain, every man would inquire, for which so much suffering had been bravely encountered? And in making such an inquiry it would not be of money that we should think. It would not be of territory, except in so far as the preservation of the unstained sanctity of our native soil was concerned. It would rather be questioned what was the gain to the national honour; impersonating under that phrase the defence of our land, our homes, and our families, and the rolling back, at least to a very distant future, of the black menace of war.

Some feeling of this kind must have attended on the arrival of tidings of the events of that brief and glorious campaign, fought early in the present century, which secured to England, and to a great extent to Europe, forty years of peace. The British and Hanoverian troops engaged in the battle of Waterloo had 2,432 killed and 9,528 wounded on that hardly contested field. At Quatre Bras Wellington lost 350 killed and 2,380 wounded. Thus we may say, in round numbers, that the price of blood paid by England for the effort which finally crushed the intolerable tyranny of Napoleon Buonaparte was 3,000 lives and the laceration of 12,000 men. This was the price we paid for a repose of forty years. The rate, thus calculated, if spread over the ensuing period for which protection was obtained by the prestige of that great battle, would be only 75 deaths and 300 other casualties per annum. Fierce as was the struggle, and noble as was the stand, the penalty does not seem disproportionate to the result obtained.

The concentration of suffering is the feature which most powerfully affects the imagination. Thus the account of a fierce battle affects us more than that of a war in the course of which, though really a larger amount of casualties may have occurred, there have been no brilliant or critical passages of arms. It is the same with the battles of peace. When we hear of sudden loss of life and limb in a colliery explosion or in a railway collision, we are affected in proportion to the numbers of the killed and wounded. The same number of casualties, if spread out over a period of days or of weeks, affects us only with a comparative feebleness of impression. But many a thoughtful man will rub his eyes, and be inclined to ask 'What is the gain attendant on so cruel a loss?' when he is told that the actual number of persons killed was 1,290, and of those wounded 5,755, being 7,045 in all,

in the course of the ordinary working of the railways of the United Kingdom in the year 1875. The proportion between killed and wounded does not very materially differ in the two cases; the wounded on the field of battle being 42, and those on the railway lines 44, to every ten killed on the spot.

It is true that the loss, heavy as it is, is not quite half so severe as that which occurred during those four days of June 1815 to which we have referred. But the former is an *annual* list. Not only so, but it seems to be an increasing list. The last General Report made by Captain Tyler to the Board of Trade dwells chiefly on that class of railway accidents which is the smallest in point of number; and gives no comparison of the total sum of casualties year after year. But we can gather from its statements that the casualties amongst officers and servants of railway companies or of contractors, which were 3,603 in 1874, had risen to 4,383 in 1875. From another source we have ascertained that the average number of railway servants killed and wounded per annum in the years 1872, 1873, 1874, and 1875 has been 2,990. This great increase of casualties is a subject of more importance to the nation, although it may less immediately appeal to the apprehension of the traveller, than that reduction in the number of passengers killed from causes beyond their own control which is so prominently put forward on the first page of Captain Tyler's report as to give something of the *couleur de rose* to that document, unless it be more carefully studied than is the wont of most general readers.

The maintenance of the internal communications of this country, so far as they depend on the service of the locomotive, is effected by a large body of picked men, of whom it may be said, with justice, that they both require and evince the possession of as high an order of intellectual and moral merit as can be held to characterise any army in the world. As far as actually looking death in the face goes, it is only on the eve of some great battle that the expectation of the soldier is necessarily more fatal than that of the railway engine-driver, guard, or pointsman. The demands made on the anxious watchfulness of the latter are incomparably more constant, unvarying, and prolonged than is the case with the soldier. The railway signalman is on sentry duty for ten, twelve, fourteen, or even sixteen hours at a time, discharging a duty more arduous and more responsible than that of the three or four hours of the patrol of an armed sentry. The individualising of responsibility is far greater in the case of the railway servant than in that of the rank and file of the army. It is out of this army of peace that an annual loss, which has ascended in four years from 2,032 to 4,383, has to be supplied.

It may be hoped that it is impossible for the English public to grasp this very ugly fact without the expression of a loud demand for information as to what is the national gain secured by this costly annual hecatomb. It is easy to reply to such a question by magnificent generalities, to speak of the fifty-eight millions per annum earned by the railway companies, and of the far greater amount of annual production which has been stimulated and fostered by the spread of the railway system. All that is true, but it is irrelevant. The question is not—'Can we afford to pay a tax of 7,000 killed and wounded per year for the maintenance of our railway system?' but 'What is it in the conduct of our railway system which causes so heavy a list of annual casualties?' and, that ascertained, 'What is the gain, first

to the nation, and secondly to the proprietors of railways, secured by that particular feature of the railway system?'

It is obvious to every mechanic that one very potent cause of danger exists, and is developed in various degrees, on the railways of the United Kingdom. That cause is the fact that streams of traffic running at different velocities are conducted over the same lines of rail. In almost all cases of collision the immediate cause is the contact of a rapidly moving train with a train or portion of a train which is more slowly moving, or which is at rest. Such a casualty as the meeting of two engines on the same line is now comparatively rare. But there can be no doubt that such an occurrence ought to be made practically impossible, and hedged round by the severest penalties. In 1875, out of 164 collisions, 7 were between meeting engines or trains, 91 were collisions between following trains, or at stations and junctions. Neither the report of Captain Tyler, nor the returns included in the appendix to the same, throw much light on any direct attempt to classify the accidents according to their main causes. Detailed causes are abundantly specified; but this very minuteness of detail tends to throw dust in the eyes of anyone who seeks to prosecute such a serious inquiry as that which we are now attempting. The various tables annexed to the report include a return of broken axles, occupying 38 pages, and a return of broken tires, filling 46 pages; but no statement of the number of killed and wounded per railway. There is, indeed, an 'Abstract of the accidents which have been reported on by the inspecting officers of the department during the year 1875, classified according to the class of each accident, and the causes to which it may be attributed.' This table, however, contains 'train accidents' alone; and thus excludes that far larger number of casualties which are directly caused by the interference of different streams of traffic, but which are only murderous to individual sufferers, and not injurious to the carriages or the engines. Even in this table the personal injuries are not totalled. We are thus restricted, as far as the statistics furnished by the Board of Trade go, to the very limited field of inquiry into train accidents proper —that is to say, to the causes of 1,206 out of the 7,045 casualties reported to have occurred during the year.

It cannot for a moment be supposed that it was the object of the gallant officer who drew up the report in question to leave any doubt on the most important part of the whole question he discussed. Parliament has prescribed the forms of returns to be made by the railway companies. But it may well be held to be the case that, in the discussions which preceded the preparation of the parliamentary schedules, every effort was used by the various counsel for the railway companies to secure such forms as should give the very minimum of information as to the profitable character of any part of the complex business of the companies. And when the English are compared with the French, the Indian, or even many of the American returns, it cannot be denied that the companies have been eminently successful in attaining that object. The relative cost and earning of the mineral traffic, for example, is a matter on which the Government, the public, and the shareholders are up to this moment absolutely in the dark.

Turning, then, to the very restricted field of investigation afforded by Captain Tyler's report, we find the train accidents, as they are called, vary in number from 1 to 25

on the various railways on which they occurred. Absolute number, however, tells us little. There was one accident on the North and South-Western Junction, and one on the Great Southern and Western Railways. But the length of the first line is 5 miles, and that of the latter 465 miles. It is not, indeed, so much the length of each line into which we have to inquire, as into the amount and character of its traffic. The number of passengers who were carried over the five miles of line is not given. The number of passenger journeys over the Great Southern and Western in 1875 was 8,219,000. But even this statement is inadequate as a basis of comparison. We ought to know not only the number, but the average length and other details, of these passenger journeys, in order to arrive at definite statistical results. Here the foreign accounts are all luminous, the English accounts hopelessly obscure.

Even thus, certain features, indistinct indeed, but highly suggestive, stand out from the darkness of the report. The number of passenger journeys on the London and North-Western Railway in 1875 was 44,829,000. That on the Metropolitan Railway was nearly as large, 43,614,000. The average length of each journey, it is true, is not given. But as the receipts from the former were 17½ times those from the latter, the length of the respective average journeys may be assumed to be approximately in that proportion. It would, therefore, seem at the first glance as if the number of twenty-five accidents on the London and North-Western gave a greater expectation of safety than the two accidents on the Metropolitan line. But another element has to be borne in mind. The average interval between the trains is a more important question, as regards safety, than the number of passengers conveyed, or than the length of a passenger journey.

The crowding of the passenger traffic on the rails may be to some degree indicated by the interval between the trains. According to the elaborate and excellent analysis published by Mr. W. Fleming, under the title of *The Index to the Railway System*, the average interval between the trains on the Metropolitan line is 7 minutes, while that on the London and North-Western line is 24 minutes. Even this by no means fairly represents the case; for the traffic of the Metropolitan is crowded into a smaller number of hours than that of the London and North-Western, on which line the nightly activity is far greater than on the shorter urban railway. A very rough comparison of these data shows how far superior is the result of the working of the Metropolitan line as far as safety is concerned, even on the assumption that the danger increases in proportion as the margin between the trains decreases. In point of fact, it cannot be doubted that it increases in a much more rapid progression.

The Metropolitan Railway, no doubt, carries a far larger proportion of passengers free from any accident than is the case on any line of a mixed traffic. The trains, indeed, follow one another with a perilous rapidity; but the speed of the following trains is approximately equal. The mineral traffic on this line is of the very smallest proportionate amount; only 2·3 per cent. of the total receipts being derived from this source. We therefore find in fact, what we might anticipate from theory, that, where the two descriptions of business are mixed, the maximum of safety in railway travelling coincides with the minimum amount of mineral traffic.

We may obtain more tangible results by another process. If we divide the total number of passenger journeys on any line by the

length of that line, we obtain a rate of passenger traffic per mile. It is true that this rate is not an absolute unit for comparison, inasmuch as the length of the journeys, as before remarked, is not given. But, on the other hand, this mode of calculation includes, in an approximately truthful manner, the element of time. And, as the great majority of casualties occur at stations and junctions, it is rather to the number of stoppages than to the length of line between the several stations, that the degree of risk attaches. For these reasons it would seem that a comparison between the rate of traffic per mile carried on any line, and the number of casualties which occur in the conduct of such traffic, must be highly instructive. If it be complained that the results are not absolutely accurate, the reply is, that they are the most precise at which the accounts given by the companies allow the investigator at present to arrive.

The seven thousand casualties occurring in 1875 have taken place, to use round numbers, in the running of 200,000,000 train miles, of which nearly half were run by passenger trains, and rather more than half by either goods or mineral trains. The actual weight of the 500,000,000 passengers conveyed is about one-sixth of that of the 200,000,000 tons of goods and minerals conveyed—the latter item, minerals, being rather more than double the weight of all other merchandise taken together, as well as being probably carried, on the average, for greater distances. As to the average weights of the respective trains, the English companies furnish no information whatever. On the principal French railways the average weight of a goods train is 2·32 times that of a passenger train. On the Indian railways, where the passenger traffic is proportionately very large, the average goods train weighs 2·12 times as much as the average passenger train. On the French lines the weight of passengers is 5·5 per cent. of the gross weight of the passenger trains. On the Indian lines it is 11·8 per cent. The net weight of goods on the French lines is 38·5, and on the Indian lines is 32·7 per cent. of the total weight of the goods trains, including vehicles and load.

If we apply figures taken from the average of the above statistical details to the English railways, we shall find that, while the passenger traffic may be represented by the figure of 400,000,000 tons gross, the goods traffic will be represented by the figure of 200,000,000 tons, and the mineral traffic by that of 400,000,000 tons gross. The relative bulk of these different branches of traffic is thus to some extent indicated. But the immediate point we have in view is the mode in which the conveyance of the 400,000,000 gross tons of mineral traffic interferes with the safety of the 500,000,000 passengers. The point where we are now left in the dark is the difference between the length of the average passenger journey and the distance to which minerals or goods are conveyed. The only authority who throws much light on this subject is M. de Franqueville, to whose patient researches into the *régime* of our public works we are so much indebted. This author estimates the average length of a passenger journey in England at 8·68 miles, and the average distance for which a ton of merchandise is conveyed at 36 miles. Taking these figures, we find that a passenger traffic of 3,472,000,000 ton-miles—that is, of tons of gross weight of train and passengers conveyed for one mile—has to keep its place on the rails together with 7,200,000,000 ton-miles of

merchandise traffic, and with 14,400,000,000 ton-miles of mineral traffic; the latter, as a rule, being conveyed at from two-thirds to one-half the velocity of the passenger trains.

We may now be somewhat prepared for the statement that, while on the Metropolitan Railway, with a traffic of 3,355,000 passengers per mile per annum, and a mineral traffic which may almost be taken at zero (as it is not allowed to interfere with the passenger time-table or rates of running), only 4 passengers were injured out of 43,600,000 conveyed in 1875, the Midland Railway, with a passenger traffic of only 24,376 passengers per mile per annum, but with a mineral traffic so heavy that, in spite of its low tariff of from one-half to two-thirds of a penny per ton net per mile, it contributes 27½ per cent. of the total gross revenue of the railway, killed and injured 124 persons out of 27,764,000 passengers conveyed. These figures, it must be borne in mind, represent only about one-sixth of the actual railway casualties. But they are the only figures tabulated by Captain Tyler; and the question of the distribution of the total number of casualties is one which is thus unavoidably left to inference. If the proportion of all kinds of casualties be the same that obtains in the case of the casualties from train accidents alone, the Midland would have to account for 677 deaths and wounds within the year, and the Metropolitan for 22.

Keeping, however, to the figures actually tabulated by Captain Tyler, we find that less than one person to every ten million passengers was injured by train accidents on the Metropolitan Railway in 1875, while one person to every 224,000 passengers was killed or wounded on the Midland. The ratio of safety was therefore more than 44 to 1 in favour of the exclusively passenger line; and this was the case notwithstanding the great additional strain thrown upon the officers of the latter by the more rapid succession of the trains. Thus, while the risk from this cause is 3½ to 1 against the Metropolitan, the actual safety is more than 44 to 1 in its favour.

These statements are not matters of opinion; they are simple statistical facts. The numbers of casualties, and the numbers of passenger journeys on the lines on which they occurred, will be found on the 5th page of Captain Tyler's General Report for 1876. Is it a matter of small interest to the public to ascertain why, on a line which carries 3½ millions of passengers per mile, there should not be quite so much as one casualty to every 10,000,000 passengers, while on another line, which carries 24,000 passengers per mile, there should be a casualty out of every 224,000 so carried? To attribute such an enormous difference in safety to a corresponding difference in the care and watchfulness with which the two lines in question are worked, would be as unjust as it would be absurd. It would be to throw a stigma on one regiment of the great railway army, which, no doubt, is as deserving of the public confidence as any other body of men in the service. For the mechanical result—that is to say, for such a high number of collisions on the line on which, judging by the numbers of passengers alone, there ought to be 44 times the expectation of safety which exists on the more thronged thoroughfare of the Metropolitan Railway—there must be a mechanical cause. Nor is that cause far to seek.

Of the 27,764,297 passengers conveyed by the Midland Railway Company (exclusive of season tickets) in 1875, 24,936,099 were third-class. If, therefore, we allow

the fare of a penny farthing per mile, that price cannot be in excess of the truth. The sum received for passenger traffic was 1,567,083*l.*, which, at that fare, would be equal to a movement of 264,000 passengers over the entire length of the line in a year, or 880 per diem, taking 300 working days to the year. The sum received for minerals was a little more than that received from passengers, being 1,663,836*l.* We learn from the railway papers that the Midland is charging ·55*d.* per ton per mile for the carriage of coal. But, to be on the safe side, we will take the rate at 0·7*d.* This gives a mean distance of a little over 49 miles for the 11,507,972 tons of minerals carried by the Midland in 1875, which is equivalent to a transport of nearly 500,000 tons over the entire length of the line in a year, or 1,666 tons so carried per diem. The 880 passengers will weigh under 59 tons, and if the tare is 19 to 1, as on the French lines, the passenger trains will weigh 1,121 tons per diem. On the same showing the mineral trains will weigh 4,320 tons per diem. As to the merchandise traffic, we have not the means of arriving so nearly at its weight; but as the gross tonnage is rather over two-thirds of the mineral tonnage, it may perhaps be taken at 3,000 tons per diem. The merchandise traffic is conveyed in better vehicles and at a more rapid speed than the mineral traffic; and when it is of a superior character to the lowest class, such as manure, bricks, &c. (which ought to rank with minerals), may fairly be expected to run at the same velocity as the passenger trains. We find, then, that a passenger traffic of 1,121 tons, or a passenger and merchandise traffic of 4,121 tons, per diem, running at an ordinary velocity, is so interfered with by the conveyance along the same lines of rail of a slow mineral traffic of 4,320 tons per diem, that the results we have indicated are the consequence. If we have allowed, as is very possible, too large a proportion of empty seats in the passenger trains, the disproportion will be even greater than we have estimated.

It thus appears that, to earn 27½ per cent. of the gross revenue of the Midland Railway, considerably more than half the work of the line is performed, and that, considering the difference in the rates of speed maintained, the rails, sidings, and stations of the company are occupied by the mineral traffic to a far greater extent than by the entire passenger and merchandise traffic taken together. What is the financial result is a question that may hereafter be raised. But the question now before us is the cost not of money, but of life and limb. The difference between an accident rate of 1 in 10,000,000 and one of 1 in 224,000 appears to be attributable to no other cause than the interference with the thin stream of passenger traffic, in the latter case, by nearly four times its amount in the gross tonnage of slow mineral traffic.

The Midland, as being the line most dependent on mineral traffic of any that enters London, naturally suggests itself as the example to be contrasted with the purely, or almost purely, passenger lines. But similar lessons are to be learned almost wherever we look. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway has a higher passenger traffic than any line not touching London, amounting to nearly 79,000 passengers per mile. The rate of casualties on this line in 1875 was about 1 in 280,000, or 25 per cent. lower than on the Midland, although the density of the passenger traffic was more than three times as great. This higher rate of safety, accompanying so much denser a traffic, is at once

explained by the remark that the proportion of mineral traffic on the Lancashire and Yorkshire is only about two-thirds of that on the Midland, earning 17·8 instead of 27·5 per cent. of gross revenue. Again, on the London and North-Western, the casualty rate for 1875 was 1 in 315,000, or 12½ per cent. better than on the Lancashire and Yorkshire. But the density of passenger traffic is also far less, being only 28,000 per mile, or about 28 per cent. of the other density. We might therefore expect a proportionate increase in the safety of the travellers on this old and favourite line. But the difference in the proportion of the mineral traffic (which is 21·3 instead of 17·8 per cent.) accounts for the comparatively small improvement in the mathematical expectation of safety.

It is not the case that mineral traffic is in itself necessarily dangerous. On those lines where it forms the real bulk of the traffic, and where the passenger carriages wait upon the heavy trade, safety is not disturbed. On the Festiniog line the latter vehicles earn only about one-fifth of the revenue. On the Taff Vale Railway the passenger receipts are not much more than a seventh part of the income. Neither of these lines figures in the report of Captain Tyler. But the earnings of the former line are 1,800*l.* per mile, and those of the latter 6,000*l.* per mile. This latter rate of income is higher than that of either the Midland or the London and North-Western Railway. Thus, while a traffic of one description may be conveyed with a great amount of safety, whether it be a heavy traffic amounting to 6,000*l.* per mile per annum or a passenger traffic amounting to as much as 38,000*l.* per mile per annum, the attempt to conduct a mixed traffic, in which the slow and heavy vehicles interfere with the transit of the rapid trains, proves to be in point of fact attended with a danger that appears to increase as a direct function of the amount of the slower and heavier transport.

If we assume that each class of traffic, taken alone, is equally safe, it will be allowable, for the sake of investigation, to divide the total number of casualties over the total amount of work done, estimated in tons moved. If we take these as tons of net weight, we have to compare the results of a passenger traffic of 34,000,000 tons with that of a merchandise traffic of twenty times the amount, and of a mineral traffic of twice the amount of the merchandise movement. If the distances for which the different kinds of traffic were conveyed could be taken into account, the disproportion would be increased. But, on the simplest showing, we should have to attribute 233 casualties to the first department of transit, 2,270 to the second, and 4,642 to the third. We do not, of course, say that this is an exact division, and if we could compare, not the net weight, but that element which the companies so carefully conceal, the gross weight, multiplied by the average distance, other figures might be substituted. But it is hardly necessary to do more than allude to this theoretic distribution. If the 34,000,000 tons of passengers were carried with the same safety as exists on the Metropolitan Railway, the total number of casualties arising from train accidents to passengers would be reduced to 124 per annum, or about one-tenth of the actual amount. On the other hand, the experience of the Taff Vale line shows that a heavy mineral traffic may be conducted without train accidents. It is the interference of the heavy traffic with the light, when the latter regulates the time-tables of the line (with the punctual

observance of which the former is continually interfering), that is the source of mischief. The heavy non-passenger trains, in which, taken alone, even serious disarrangements need not be attended by loss of life, inflict on the light rapid trains, full of human freight, injuries of a fatal nature, when the two incompatible descriptions of traffic are carried over the same rails, or even over points of common intersection.

By an extraordinary coincidence the weight of 133,000,000 tons, which the 'Railway Returns for England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland' show to have been conveyed over our railways in the year 1875, is almost identical with the tonnage of coals raised from our collieries in the same year. The first figure is only approximately given, because the London and North-Western Railway Company choose to derange the Government returns by failing to distinguish between mineral and merchandise traffic. The latter is returned at 133,306,486 tons. The cost of raising this quantity of coal is not stated. If we estimate it at 5*s.* 2*d.* a ton, we have an amount of 34,500,000*l.* sterling. The total sum received for the carriage of minerals by the railway companies was 13,405,283*l.*; so that, admitting (which we can only do for the sake of argument) that the carriage of these minerals has not cost the railway companies more than they have received in freight, the work done in raising the coal will have been more than two and a half times as much (2·57) as that done in conveying it over the railways. But what about the more important element of cost, that of human life and suffering? The fatal accidents reported in the mines in 1875 were 1,161. The lowest proportion of railway casualties that, as before shown, we can attribute to the conduct of the mineral traffic, is 4,672, of which 855 have been fatal. Thus, taking no heed of wounds, and adopting a distribution of the causes of casualty which is certainly a very favourable one to the mineral traffic, we find that the performance of two-fifths of the amount of work in the handling of coals on the railways, that has been applied to that mineral in raising it to the surface of the ground, has been attended by a loss of 73 per cent. of the number of persons killed during the latter operation. Taking the two ratios together, the work done in the transport of the coal has been nearly twice as fatal to human life in its character as that employed in the winning of it.

When we reflect on the many causes of peril to which the miner is exposed—peril of fire-damp, peril of choke-damp, peril of water, fatal falls of coal and roof, accidents in shafts, miscellaneous accidents on the surface and underground—when we recall the horror and sympathy which have been roused by a knowledge of the amount of the death-tax thus paid on coal—a life for every 120,000 tons raised—and the efforts made by Parliament to ascertain and to remove the causes—what shall we say of the far heavier rate of loss, taking work done into account, incurred by the mineral traffic on our railways? A life is sacrificed, on the calculation above given, for every 156,000 tons conveyed over our lines. If we ask for what average distance these tons are conveyed, the returns are silent. But as we know the sum which the companies have received for the service, we can calculate that if they have charged one penny per ton per mile, the mean distance will have been 34·7 miles. At the freight of ·7*d.* per ton per mile, the mean distance will have been 49·57 miles. It results that it has cost as much human life to convey a given quan-

tity of coal for a distance of from fifty to sixty-eight miles by railway, as it has done to extract it from the bowels of the earth!

No man conversant with mechanics will allow that the natural and inseparable peril of conveying a hundred tons of minerals by railway for sixty-eight miles is in any way comparable to that which the miner has to face in order to bring the mineral to the surface. Four million tons of minerals were conveyed on the Taff Vale line in 1875 without a fatal casualty. Yet there are the figures before us. It follows that some great disregard of mechanical law is involved in our method of conveyance by railway. Can we now doubt that such disregard is mainly evinced by attempting to conduct, over the same lines of rail, or over the same stations, junctions, crossings, inclines, and points of intersection of traffic (where the great bulk of railway casualties occur), the two incompatible streams of passenger and mineral traffic? The present mixed system costs us, on an approximate computation, a human life for every 156,000 tons of minerals conveyed by our railways. As far as the servants of the companies are concerned, the annual number of reported casualties has more than doubled in four years. At what profit, or at what loss, to the proprietors of our railways this perilous traffic is carried on is an independent and a very serious question.

F. R. Conder, C.E.

Erratum

In the May number, page 588, the name of the author of the article on 'Titian' should be Josiah (not Joseph) Gilbert.